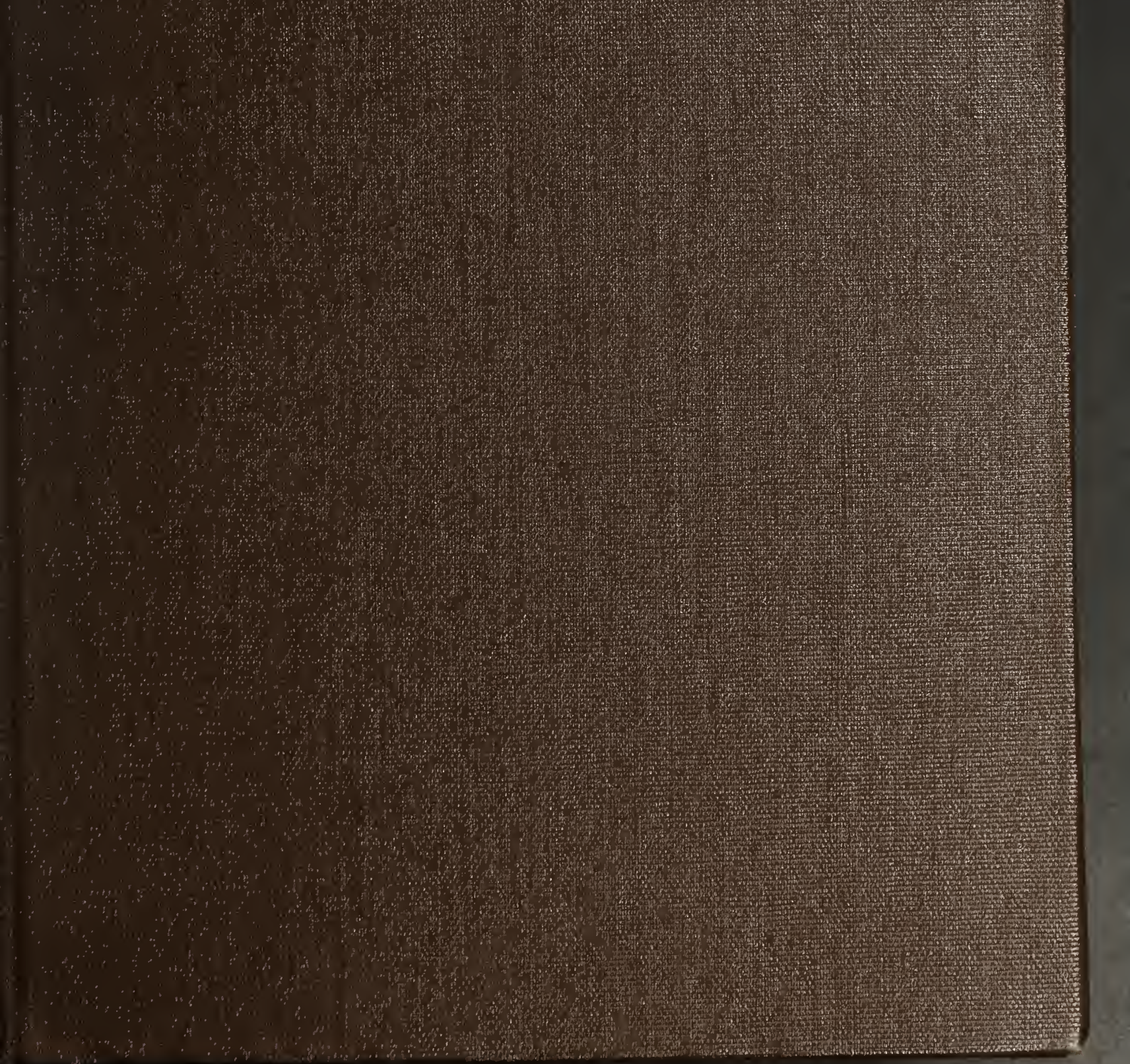




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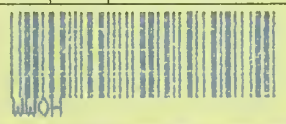
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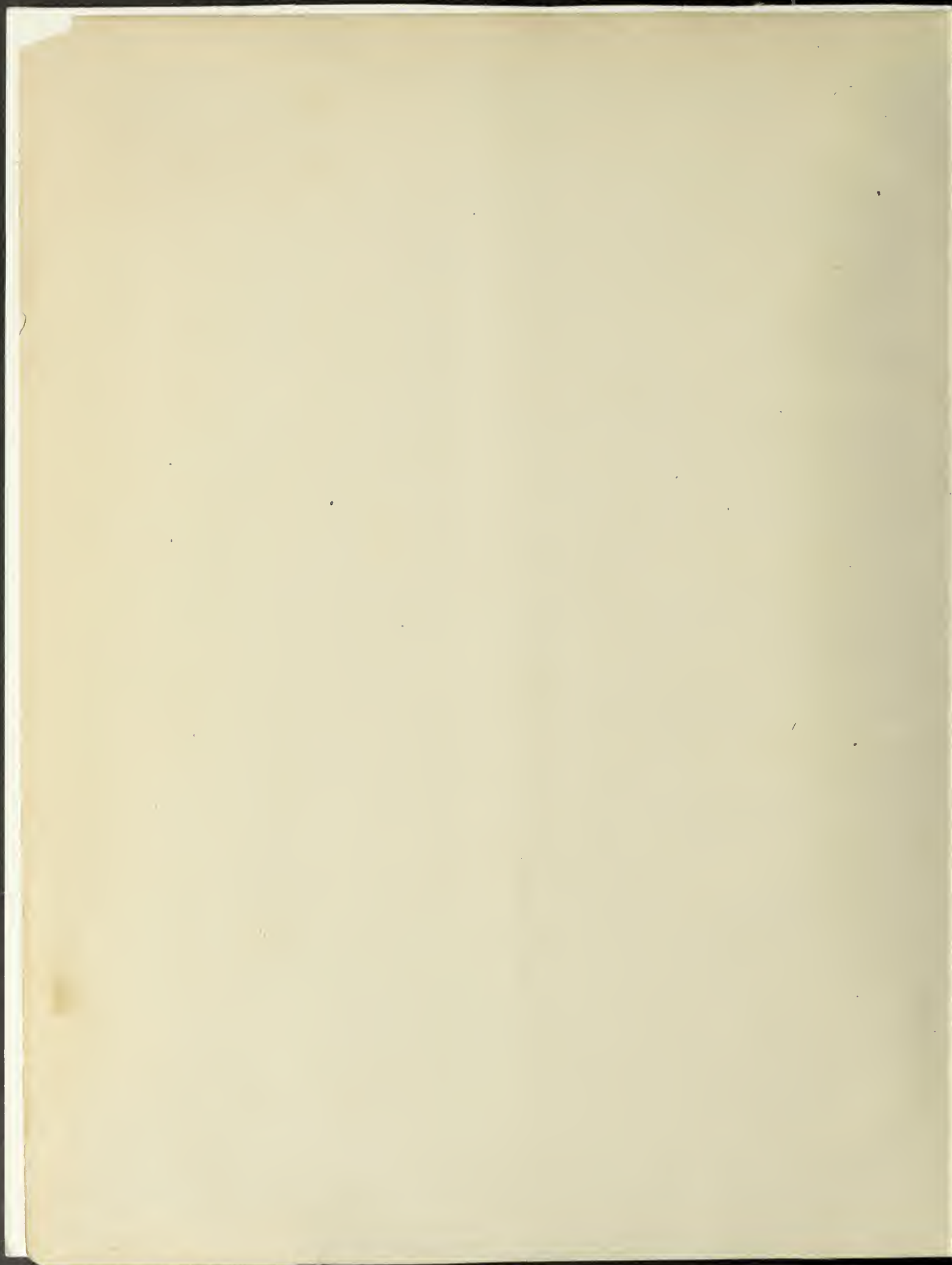
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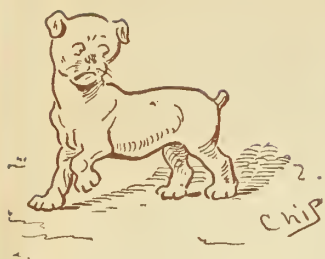
VOLUME XXVII.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 2, 1896.

NUMBER 679.

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.
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"Chip's" Dogs.

A collection of humorous drawings by the famous "CHIP," so well known in the columns of LIFE and elsewhere. Large Quarto, 9½ x 12, on plate paper, handsomely bound.

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Another collection of quaint and amusing sketches by F. P. W. BELLEW ("Chip"). Large Quarto, 9½ x 12, on plate paper, handsomely bound.

Price, \$1.00.

For sale by all booksellers, or will be sent postpaid to any address on receipt of price by the publishers.

R. H. Russell & Son, 33 Rose St.,

NEW YORK.



Our Annual Linen Sale

will commence Monday, December 30th, and will continue throughout January. We have made a number of extensive purchases of reliable goods at prices which enable us to offer these

25, 33½ & 50¢

below regular prices.

A printed list giving particulars of the special values offered will be mailed on request.

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THE GRANDEST HOLIDAY BUSINESS

we ever saw. What wonder? There never before was such a storeful of goods at such tempting prices. And there never were such Holiday beauties in the decorations of a store so far as we know. More than 150,000 visitors came in the evenings of Holiday week alone.

What we have done for Holiday buyers is in line with what we shall do right along. A grand sale of Women's Muslin Underwear is now going on and will continue during January.

OUR GLOVE STORE

All New York is talking of it. A new and very wonderful stock came in by last week's steamer and gets to the counters on Monday. We don't offer cheap sorts of Gloves, but Gloves that are made of good leather, and are warranted to fit perfectly, that are fitted to the hand if desired, at \$1 a pair. Such gloves were \$2 and \$1.75 all around town until we began this \$1 selling.

Dogskin Gloves, with clasps, real Nappa skin Gloves, fine pique Gloves, the Celebrated Gismonda Gloves, fine suede Gloves, all \$1 the pair.

Then the Souveraine Glove, the Russia Glove, the Wear-well Glove—known to New York Glove wearers as one of the best Gloves existing—\$1.50 a pair.

A handsome box is given with every purchase of 3 pairs of Gloves or more.

HIGH CLASS GROCERIES

Delivered free anywhere within 100 miles of New York, and at prices that startle the wholesalers.

Maine Sugar Corn, extra fancy quality, famous Baby corn, 15c. can, \$1.72 doz., \$3.40 case two doz.

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Jersey Whole Tomatoes, in glass, cold packed, 25c. quart jar, \$2.90 doz. Genuine French Peas, extra fine, very small, new pack expressly for us, 24c. can, \$2.76 doz.

French Mushrooms, extra petits, smallest, full button, no stem mushrooms packed, 34c. can, \$3.96 doz.

French boneless Sardines, purest oil, packed expressly for us at Concarneau, France, key opener, 28c. can, \$3.24 doz.

Genuine French Olive Oil, finest quality, makes a stiff mayonnaise dressing, our own importation, 64c. large bottle, \$7.20 doz., 36c. medium, 24c. small.

Shelled Rice Pop Corn, each box pops 10 quarts, 9c. box.

Spanish Queen Olives, best quality, crisp, large, fine flavor, 30 oz. bottle, 37c.

New England prepared Pie Crust Preparation, 10c. pkg., makes rich, flaky crusts for two pies.

Mixed Nuts, best, 5 kinds, 14c. lb. box. Paper shell Almonds, new, bright, 18c. lb.

Holiday Bunch Raisins, 5 lb. box, 73c. Hallowee Dates, large, new, 8c. lb. box.

Sweet Corn on the cob, a mid-winter luxury, about 9 ears in a can, unobtainable elsewhere, 45c. gal. can.

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Men's Furnishing Dept's

an importation of

French De Joinville Scarfs

in entirely new designs and

A complete assortment of

Evening Neckwear

And in addition

Silk Night Shirts,

Pajamas, Braces

Dress Sh

Gloves, Umbrellas

and C

at

Popular Price

West 23d



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS TO FOLLOW.

He: A BORE LIKE A MICROBE? I GIVE IT UP.

"BECAUSE IT TAKES A LONG TIME TO FREEZE HIM OUT, BUT YOU CAN EASILY MAKE IT TOO HOT FOR HIM."

ANONYMOUS.

I WAS wrought by a maiden with beautiful hands,
Who painted my sides in a day,
And stitched me with silk and bedecked me with bands,
And afterwards sent me away.

I went through the mail with her card in my grasp
To a bachelor man who lived near,
And when he beheld me he gave quite a gasp
And sighed o'er the message of cheer

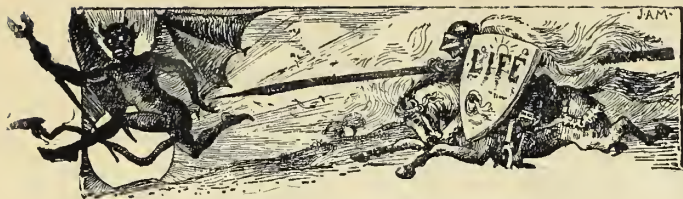
That she, with her dainty and feminine pen
Had written above her fair name;
And he looked me all over again and again
With a look that was ever the same.

"Oh, tell me," he muttered, "for I must reply
To the one who has wrought with such grace,
Are you to hold photos? Are you a necktie?
Or are you a handkerchief case?"

"Maybe you're a tool bag to tie on a wheel,
Or a mat for a swell jardinière.
Your name and vocation now straightway reveal."
And his voice was the voice of despair.

But how could I tell? For she didn't tell me.
So he wrote an acknowledgment fit
To express his surprise and his absolute glee,
And referred to me all through as "it."

Tom Masson.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVII. JANUARY 2, 1896. NO. 679.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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DISPACHES from Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, report that General Crespo, the president of the Venezuelan republic, has returned to the capital after an absence of some months at his country seat, and is ready now to resume the business of government. It is good news that

General Crespo has got back to work. He has much to do. His country, a Spanish-American republic somewhere in the northern part of South America, has a long-standing boundary dispute with England, and it owes

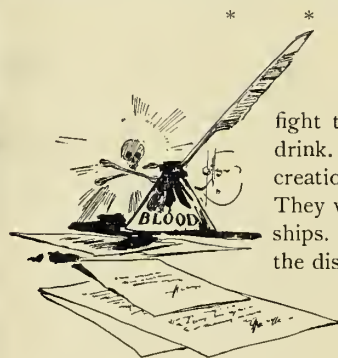
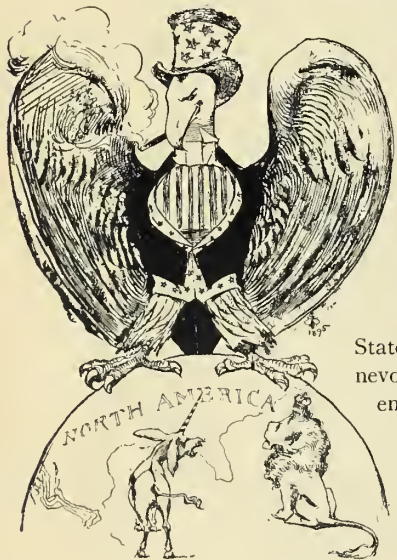
money to Great Britain, France, Germany, and several other important nations of Europe on various claims, most of them for damages sustained during the last Venezuelan revolution. Being unwilling or unable to pay up, Venezuela ceased some time since to have diplomatic relations with its creditors, and sent their ministers home. It appears, too, that while General Crespo has been at home working on his farm, four of

his cabinet officers have been caught plotting some sort of treason looking to a new revolution. They undoubtedly need his personal attention, and altogether it is a happy thing that he is now back in Caracas and ready for work.

IT is true that during his absence the United States has shown a most benevolent disposition to straighten out Venezuela's affairs, and that President Cleveland has lately pointed out to Lord Salisbury in strenuous and unmistakable terms the propriety of settling the boundary dispute

in which Great Britain is concerned. The benevolence of the United States in seeking to hinder Great Britain from gobbling up such territory in Venezuela as she cares for is superlatively great. It has led her to contemplate, and actually to face the possibilities of war with a great and friendly nation to whom she is bound by the strongest ties of nature, commerce and mutual convenience that exist between herself and any nation on earth. A war with that nation would cost her a vast sum of money and many lives; it would replace friendship with hatred, and kindness with bitter jealousy.

ITS issue would be doubtful. If the United States won she would establish the somewhat inconvenient right which she claims to be recognized as the big sister of all the republics and military dictatorships in South America. If she lost, it would mortify her a good deal and discommode her largely, but of course she would not lose if she could possibly help it. The disinterested character of her attitude is so conspicuous that it seems impossible that anyone should mistake it. Certainly General Crespo should recognize it, and should be grateful and should show his gratitude by hiring a man to work his farm, and sticking close to his presidential duties, and doing his best to straighten out his country's concerns before he is revolutionized out of office. Lord Salisbury ought to recognize it, and do his best to remove a cause of controversy which, of pitiful insignificance in itself, is still sufficient to imperil the relations of the two great English-speaking nations. Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Olney should also recognize it, and realizing that the performance of their duty as they see it abounds much more in present difficulties than in the promise of future profit, they should perform it with all the reluctance, all the forbearance, all the gentleness and courtesy which they can command. Every American and Englishman should see that for Great Britain and America to fight over a dispute in Venezuela would be a crime against civilization.

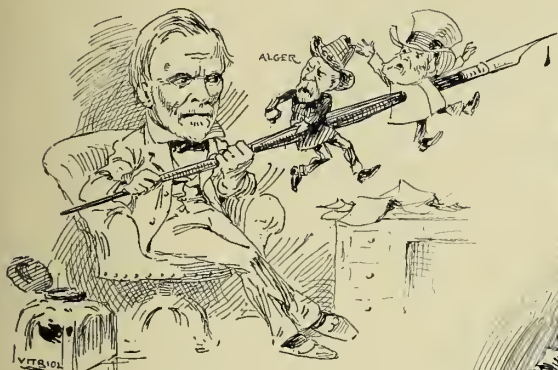


THE Jingoes won't recognize it, of course.

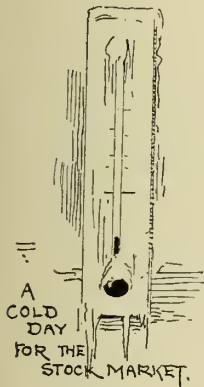
The Jingoes would rather fight than work or eat, or even drink. The Jingoes can lick all creation and are ready to begin. They want to try our new warships. They howl with delight at the disclosure of perils that make brave and wise Americans sad and anxious. From their homes in Colorado and the backwoods of

Maine, and from Indiana and from Concord in New Hampshire, and from the South, and even in Boston and New York they whoop joyously at the distant rumble of war, and get out their long glasses and search the sky line for the smoke of hostile steamers. Some of them have silver to sell and some have newspapers to sell, and a good many have nothing to sell or to tax or to lose, but they are all eager.

DECEMBER



== IT IS BETTER TO WRITE
THAN TO BE PRESIDENT. ==



== BOMBASTES CLEVELANDO FURIOSO ==

"WHOEVER DARES THESE BOOTS DISPLACE
MUST MEET BOMBASTES FACE TO FACE —
THUS DO I CHALLENGE ALL THE HUMAN RACE!"

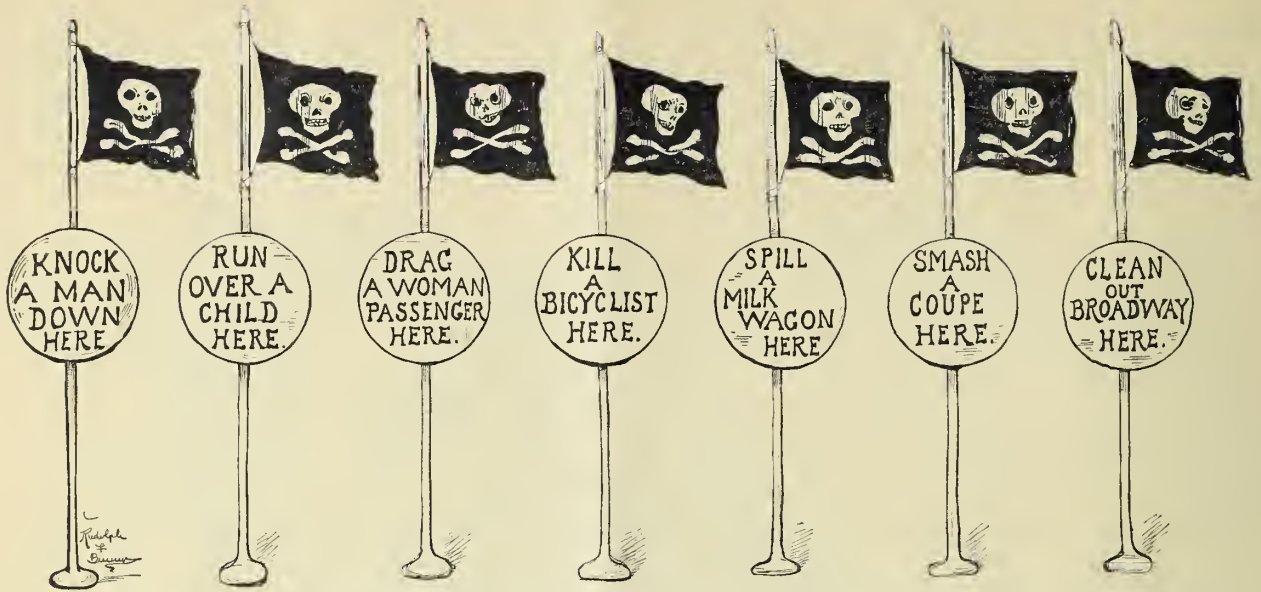


A LITTLE BACKWARD
IN COMING FORWARD.



CHICAGO
UNIVERSITY.





IF THE METROPOLITAN CABLE COMPANY HAVE SPACE FOR MORE SIGNS WE WOULD SUGGEST A FEW LIKE THE ABOVE FOR THE GUIDANCE OF INEXPERIENCED GRIPMEN.

BOOKISHNESS

IN AN ALCOVE—NEW YEAR'S EVE.

"It has been a great year for fighting," said The Red Elphberg, as he settled back on his shelf and looked around the fiction alcove in the dim and quiet last-hour of the year. "What a war-worn lot of veterans you look—backs bent, gilt tarnished, pages dog-eared and torn! Why, Weyman's company and Doyle's battalion are seamed and scarred almost as much as the Dickens and Thackeray veterans of fifty years."

"We have spilled a lot of blood with paper swords," said A Gentleman of France. "The great public has been as insatiable as the daughters of the horse leech, and we've given them all they want of it."

"I'm fearsome that we've been ower muckle wi' our fechtin'," said A Man of the Moss Hags, with customary canniness. "You canna kill a maun in more than so many ways, and we've done them all."

"I've noticed," said Sherlock Holmes, "that when you are used to it, blood is as commonplace as water. That is why I warn you in my professional capacity that you won't be as popular next year as this."

"After all," said The Red Elphberg, "it is barbaric instincts that we have made our appeal to. I do think that we have done it very well—good writing, good taste and all that sort of thing. But a civilized man is something more than a fighting machine. You'll notice, gentlemen, that I'm rather

prouder of my love-making than of my fighting."

"I have done something in that line myself," said the Gentleman of France, "yet I'm convinced that most of the love-making in contemporary novels is about as barbaric as is the fighting. We're over-fond of making the brutal instincts prominent in each."

"Some of us don't," said Dolly Mickleham. "We play the game of love as we play tennis—bandying over sentiments back and forth with quick strokes, and always keeping them in the air."

"You are not on the right track either," said the Brier Bush Dominie; "love is more than a game of repartee. When brutal fighting and brutal love-making are lost to life and to literature, and when the cold cynicism of society has ceased to be considered smart, there will still survive the pathos of homely affection, the love that is founded on sacrifice."

"He likes to preach," said The Red Elphberg, "but he has got hold of the right end of a truth. There is going to be a reaction toward spirituality in fiction, and our popular trick of killing and making love for Honor—as we say—will cease to attract. The novel of spirituality went under a cloud when it became over-analytic and introspective. Healthy-minded people can't stand spirituality that is self-conscious and pharisaical. But civilized men and women ought to be and are something more than high-minded animals."

"I have always said so," remarked Marcella, waking up from a deep reverie on a question of social economics. "You have all taken yourselves too frivolously. Fiction is brain-

food for most people—all they ever try to get. In the name of Culture give it to them with some solemnity of purpose!"

"Gracious, what a blue stocking!" laughed Dolly, shaking her little curls. "I'm glad this watch-meeting is almost over—for I don't want to listen to a sermon on Duty. Listen, the clock is striking twelve! My good friends, I give you all a New Year's toast: *The New Novel—may it be clean and bright and honest and full of love, but not too solemn!*"

Droch.

A PLACE FOR ITS EXERCISE.

SENATOR GORMAN: I understand that lecture of Senator Hill's, which the people wouldn't go to hear, he is going to work off on the Senate in a speech one of these days.

SENATOR BRICE: Great Scott! Has the man no idea of what Senatorial courtesy means?

CAWKER: I have discovered what started the New Woman craze.

CUMSO: Let's have it.

CAWKER: Listen to this testimonial in a patent medicine advertisement: "Since taking four bottles of your Health Restorer, I am a new woman."

LAWYERS' houses are built with fool's money.



THE HOUR OF MIDNIGHT.



AT SEA.

The Lion: ANYWAY, I OWN MORE OF THIS BOAT THAN YOU DO, AND AS I CAME ABOARD BEFORE YOU WERE BORN, I HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT IT.

A POSSIBILITY.

"HEIGH-HO! I'm glad the holidays of 1895 are over," said Smith, at the club on the evening of January second. "Holidays always get to be an awful nuisance towards the end."

"Did I ever tell you fellows," asked Brown, "about the year I had to celebrate two Christmases?"

"Nonsense," said Smith.

"Tommy-rot," said Jones.

"True as you're alive," retorted Brown.

"Tell us," said Smith.

"No, don't," said Jones.

"I will," said Brown. "It happened when I was doing up Europe. I had a lot of friends in London——"

"Why don't you go to see them?" asked Smith.

"I should think you'd feel lonesome here," observed Jones.

"And we celebrated Christmas in royal shape," continued Brown, ignoring their interruptions. "Along towards



"YOU BLACK RASCAL! STEALING AGAIN, HEY? I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO SEND YOU AND THE MULE BACK TO ITS OWNER."



THE SEND OFF.



"MY KING! HE'S GWINE TER ROLL DOWN DIS HILL."





AND HE DOES.



"DE LAWD DONE REMEMBER HIS SERBANT, AND HE'S CUM RIGHT SIDE UP."



"COME OUT HERE, DINAH. TWO KIND GENTLEMEN DONE TIE DIS MULE TER MY BACK AND 'BLIGED ME TER BRING IT HOME FOR A GIFT."

the last of Christmas week, I succeeded in reducing my caput sufficiently to get it through the door of a railway carriage——"

"You must have been financially embarrassed," observed Smith.

"Or in jail," suggested Jones.

"So I started for St. Petersburg," continued the unmoved Brown, "where I had an engagement——"

"With a grand duchess," suggested Smith.

"Or the Emperor," observed Jones.

"I was considerably delayed on my journey," continued Brown.

"Thirty days or three months?" asked Smith.

"Walking bad?" asked Jones.

"Consequently I did not reach my destination until the second of January, as I supposed," Brown continued. "I noticed that there was a good deal of excitement and extra illumination in the streets as I drove——"

"In an ambulance?" asked Smith.

"Or the patrol wagon?" asked Jones.

"To my hotel," continued Brown, "but I was too tired——"

"Poor fellow," sympathized Smith.

"Delirium tremens *is* wearing," observed Jones.

"To notice anything particularly," continued Brown, "and I went to bed and fell asleep at once. When I hunted up some of my friends——"

Smith tapped his forehead significantly.

"Gone, completely gone," murmured Jones.

"In the morning," continued the patient Brown, "I found that, by Jove, I'd plunged right into the beginning of the Christmas holidays. You see, I'd forgotten that the Russians use the old Julian calendar, and are days behind us in their dates, so that their Christmas comes in our January."

"That's a good story," said Smith.

"If it's true," said Jones.

"It isn't," said Brown, "but it might be." *Alex. Ricketts.*

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

(SEE CARTOON.)

WILL: Prithee, good friend, unfold to me
The mystery in these blazons hid.

THE KID: Why, William, do you mean to say you are so little up
to date

You do not know the stage's fate?

WILL: The stage? And surely thou wouldst not imply

That knaves like these would seek or try

To interfere with the great art

In which my humble plays once had a part?

THE KID: I do, indeed, Theirs are the money, brains and gall

Which help along the stage's fall.

And those poor bums——

WILL:

Bums, sir?

I know not bums.

THE KID: The sandwich men who bear the bills

Showing to the vulgar crowd the ills

Your muse is made to suffer.

WILL:

My muse?

And has my muse aught to do with such abuse?

THE KID: 'Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true.

WILL: And I am banished. Be it so.

I'd rather comfort me with shades below.



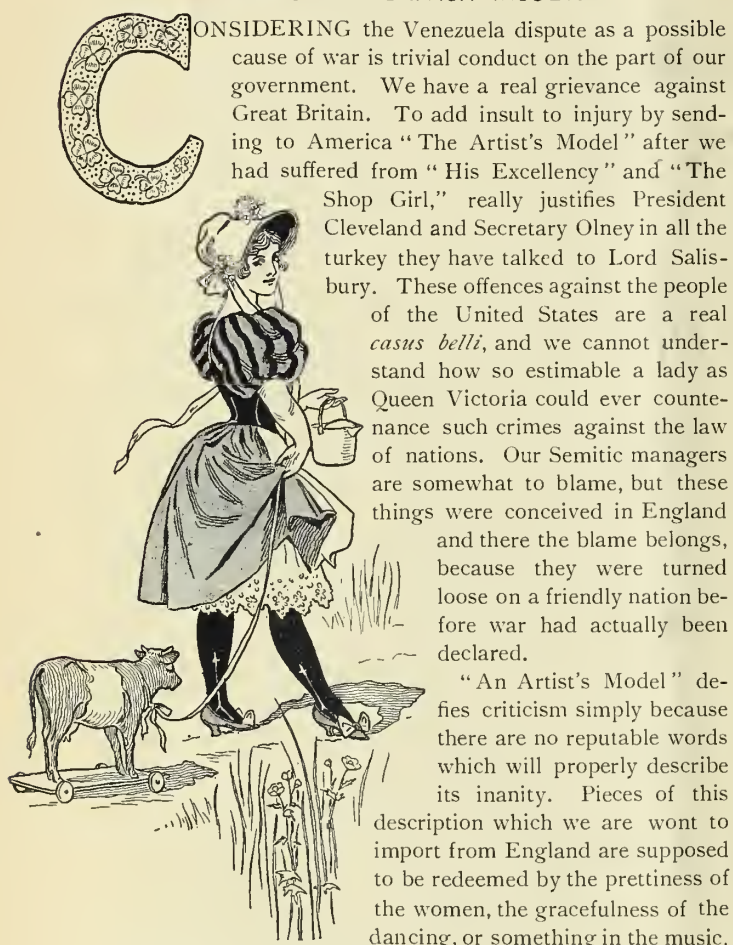
A DISTINGUISH

(SEE PREC





ANOTHER BRITISH INSULT.



Absence of plot, stupidity of dialogue, and thoroughly British humor we expect to endure, but the things essential to the happiness of our imitation Johnnies we cannot dispense with. "An Artist's Model" lacks everything but absolute tiresomeness. The people must have been collected from provincial music halls. The book and score would stop a cable car.

America has made no serious nor cruel threats against Great Britain, but it must be distinctly understood that in case of war "An Artist's Model" and the people who perpetrate it will be sent back to London.

WE can manufacture some pretty bad shows right here in America, and "The Stag Party" at the Garden

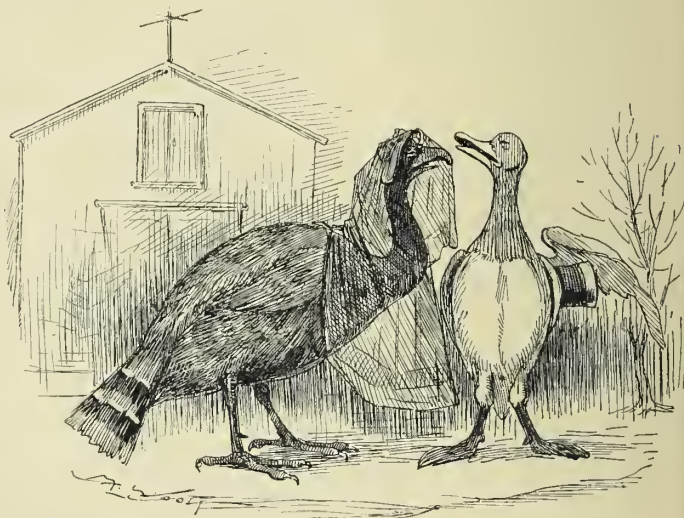
Theatre is an excellent example of what we can do in this line. There is really one thing, though, that can be said in its favor. It is not as bad as "An Artist's Model."

Most of the women in "A Stag Party" are comely, a few of its musical numbers are bright, and once upon a time its jokes were new. Neither Bill Nye nor Mr. Paul Potter are going to soar up to the realms of immortality on any wings they can win from this creation.

* * *

SUCH crimes as these make us wonder what our managers really think of the New York public. In the case of "An Artist's Model" there is a deliberate attempt to force a bad show down the throats of our theatre-goers. In the other case there is an evident desire to accomplish something. In both instances the intelligence of the public seems to have been left out of consideration. From the managerial point of view this may be good policy, and sometimes—alas!—succeeds, but it has become axiomatic that even theatrical managers cannot fool all the people all the time. A bad production may become a fad, and may succeed because the public is a flock of sheep and follows its leaders. It is not to be supposed that managers wish to produce failures, but it is evident that they are trying to catch the silly element in the community by imitating past fads rather than by producing anything new or original. The commercial spirit is so strongly in the ascendant in American theatricals that anything approaching art is subordinated almost to the disappearing point. While this remains true even our lighter stage entertainments are going to be crudely done and depend for their interest on pretty slender talent.

Metcalf.



SEASONABLE GRIEF.

Widow: WERE YOUR LOSSES HEAVY THIS YEAR, MR. DRAKE?

Widower: I SHOULD SAY SO. I LOST THE DEAREST DUCK OF A WIFE IMAGINABLE, AND THREE OR FOUR BATCHES OF OFFSPRING.

Widow: MY COOP IS ALSO DESOLATE, AND THERE'S SUCH A SMELL OF ONION DRESSING COMING FROM EVERY KITCHEN IN THE VILLAGE THAT I AM IN A CONTINUAL COLD SHIVER.



"HE DIDN'T TELL ME HE LOVED ME, BUT HE KISSED ME,"
"WELL, HE MUST LOVE YOU IF HE KISSED YOU."



"ARE you the man who painted that 'ere picture of 'Mose in the Bulrushes?'" asked a countryman of an artist, who had recently startled the town by an exhibition of oil paintings.

"Yes," replied the artist.

"All right; then I want you to paint my father."

"Certainly, if he gives me a few sittings."

"Can't do it; he's dead."

"Let me have a photograph of him."

"Can't do that, neither. He never had his picture taken."

"I am afraid, then, I must decline."

"Decline? What for? Haven't you painted Moses? You didn't have a photograph of him, did you? No, I thought not. Well, my father hain't been dead nearly so long as Moses. If you can paint Moses, you ought to know enough to paint my father."

Appreciating the situation, the artist went to work, and evolved such a portrait as he thought might satisfy so original a son.

"Crikey!" exclaimed this art patron, on seeing the completed painting. "That almost knocks the stuffing out of Moses; but, I say, how he has changed!"—*Exchange*.

A CERTAIN schoolmaster occasionally compares the achievements of his pupils with the work of noted men in their boyhood days, much to the scholars' disadvantage.

"Now, John, have you solved the problem?" asked the teacher the other day.

"No, sir," replied the boy, "I can't."

"How old are you, John?"

"Sixteen," was the answer.

"Sixteen," repeated the instructor. "Sixteen, and can't solve a simple problem like that. Why, sir, at your age George Washington was surveying the estate of Lord Fairfax."

The pupil looked thoughtful, but made no reply.

After the class was dismissed, a classmate inquired of him if Washington ever did anything else remarkable when he was sixteen.

"I don't know," responded the boy. "He was a surveyor when he was as old as I am, and when he was as old as our teacher he was President of the United States."—*Philadelphia Call*.

AN Englishman, traveling on the Continent, engaged the services of a smart courier, and on arriving at an inn one evening he sent him for the traveler's register that he might enter his name, in accordance with the Austrian police regulations. The man replied that he had anticipated his wishes, and registered him as an "English gentleman of independent means. But how did you write my name?" "I can't exactly pronounce it, but I copied it faithfully from Milor's portmanteau." "But it is not there. Bring me the book." What was our traveler's amazement at finding, instead of a very plain English name of two syllables, the following portentous entry: "Monsieur Warrantedsoldleather."—*Devon Gazette*.

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EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saabach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence, Germany. Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

IVORY SOAP

"A cold bath is a good tonic and nerve bracer."
If Ivory Soap is used, it is a beautifier as well.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINTI.

THE LATTER END of a contract is vastly more important than the front end.

Five dollars saved on a premium is a trifle; five thousand dollars lost by bad security when the claim falls due is not a trifle.

Always try to find out which is likely to live longest, you or the company you insure in; and therefore whether the company is insuring you or you are insuring the company.

A thing you can't get after you have paid for it isn't cheap at half a cent.

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OF HARTFORD, CONN.

is the Oldest Accident Company in America, the Largest in the World, and has never reorganized or frozen out any of its claimants.

Rates as low as will give permanent security of receiving the face value of the policy.

Policies world-wide, and as liberal as consistent with the Company's keeping alive to pay claims at all.

Assets, \$17,664,000. Surplus, \$2,472,000.
Paid Policy-Holders, \$27,000,000
\$2,151,000 in 1894.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, President.

RODNEY DENNIS, Secretary.

GRANDE Maison de Blanc

Importers of

Fine Lace Curtains,
Bed, Table and Fancy Linen,
391 Fifth Ave.

This celebrated House, with world-wide reputation, has been reorganized, and all orders will now be promptly executed.

Special Imported Novelties in Fancy Linen and all Lace Centre Pieces, Doylies, Handkerchiefs, Lace Inserted Table and Tea Cloths, Lace Bedspreads and Silk Bed Quilts.

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"Shape Up" with

Bromo=Seltzer

No better bracer.

Trial Size 1

No line in the world equals the New York Central in the comfort and speed of its trains and the beauty and variety of its scenery.

In the opinion of a prominent English expert, the New York Central possesses the most perfect system of block signals in the world.

8¾ hours, New York to Buffalo; 9¼ hours, New York to Niagara Falls; 24 hours, New York to Chicago; 21¼ hours, New York to Cincinnati; 29¾ hours, New York to St. Louis, via the New York Central.

The most comfortable route to St. Louis is the New York Central.

The best line to Cincinnati is the New York Central, through Buffalo and Cleveland.

The direct line to Niagara Falls is the New York Central.

Traveling by the New York Central, you start from the center of the City of New York, and reach the center of every important city in the country.

That Delicious Flavor

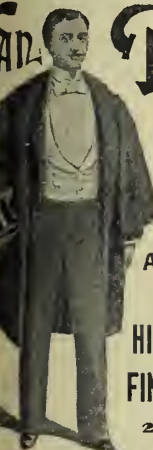
which your relish so much in Soups served in the best Cafés, can be secured at home, by using

Armour's

Extract of BEEF.

It gives to Soups a zest and flavor attainable in no other way. Anyone can make delicious Bouillon or clear Beef Soup with Armour's Extract, boiling water and a pinch of salt. Nothing simpler. Send for our book of "Culinary Wrinkles" —mailed free.

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CIGARS.
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Profusely Illustrated.

Now Ready

To be had at all First-class Newsdealers

25 Cents a Copy.



A LITTLE TERROR.

"SHAME ON YOU, FIGHTING WITH YOUR LITTLE BROTHER LIKE THAT; SUPPOSE HE WERE TO DIE, THEN YOU'D BE SORRY—FOR YOU'D HAVE NO LITTLE BROTHER AT ALL!"

"I DON'T CARE. I GIV' HIM EVERY CHANCE, AN' HE COULDN'T GET A BLOW IN ON ME. I FOUGHT HIM THE QUEENSBURY RULES AN' KNOCKED 'ER STUFFIN' OUT O' HIM. I ON'Y WISH HE'D A BIN TWINS, THEN ER FIGHT'D A BIN MORE EXCITIN' AN' NOT SO MUCH OF A CINCH!"

J. B. SPICER, *President.*

F. YOUNGHUSBAND, *Treasurer.*

O. SPOONER, *Gen'l Manager.*

The Halcyon Matrimonial Co.



Lady from Spain desires an amiable American husband with blond moustache and some capital. Is willing to reside either in New Jersey or in Andalusia.

Procures desirable partners
for those matrimonially
inclined.

FULL PARTICULARS WITH
BEST REFERENCES
REQUIRED.



This charming girl, of exceptional talents and fascinating manners, will accept a young man of good social position, who is not bald-headed or too stout for beauty.

SCHEDULE OF RATES.

For Candidates under 30 years of age, - \$50.00	Payable at	For Candidates between 45 and 60, - \$75.00
" " between 30 and 45, - 60.00	Nuptials. }	" " " 60 " 100, - 95.00

A preliminary deposit of \$25 to be made in all cases.

Address all communications to HALCYON MATRIMONIAL CO., 21 West 31st St., N. Y.

TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY.

THERE was a man riding on the rear platform of a car with a package between his feet, that attracted the attention of a little man. Presently he queried :

"Ever read Sherlock Holmes?"

"Yes, sir."

"Great hand to deduce and conclude, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

"But no greater than I am. For instance, you have a tea kettle in that paper. It follows that you are a married man. Being a married man it follows that your wife has been asking you about four times a week for the last year to buy that kettle. Having been a year in buying it, the inference is that you are absent-minded in a general way, and have little concern for things around the house. The chances are that you will leave the tea kettle in the car when you get off and forget that you ever bought it. Am I correct?"

"You are an ass!" was the blunt reply.

"My dear sir, I have every reason to believe that —"

"You have lots of gall to talk to me as you have," interrupted the tea kettle man.

"I was simply trying to prove to you that Sherlock Holmes only —"

"What do I care about Sherlock Holmes? Who are you, sir, that you presume to be so familiar?"

"My name is Horntackle, and I like to deduce and conclude. Being an irascible man, it naturally follows that your poor wife has —"

"If I had you on the sidewalk I'd punch your head, sir. You have said quite enough. I'll remember your mug, and if I ever catch you on the ground I'll teach you manners!"

With that he got off. He not only got off, but left his tea kettle. The little man held it up to him and waved it on high and yelled to him, and the conductor stopped the car, but the man would not return for it. After having been told that he would leave that tea kettle behind and after having left it, he would not have claimed it for a million dollars.—*Exchange*.

An old Confederate, after giving a very brief account of the war to his little granddaughter, had her put to him the question: "Then your side was beaten, grandpa, wasn't it?" "Oh, no, my child, they only got the better of us, and one would think we must have made it *pretty hot* for them from the amount of pensions they are drawing on their disabilities."—*Exchange*.

IT IS....

NOT PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH

BUT REALLY ECONOMICAL...

To Buy the Shawknit Half-Hose

OUTWEARING ALL OTHERS. THEY ARE FOUND TO BE **THE CHEAPEST IN THE END**

LOOK FOR THE TRADE-MARK *Shawknit* WHICH IS STAMPED ON THE TOE.

SOLD BY THE TRADE GENERALLY.

Descriptive Price-List, free, to any applicant.
Beautiful Castle Calendar, free, to any applicant mentioning this publication.

SHAW STOCKING CO.
LOWELL, MASS.



Ridden by the Elite
Of both continents.

Elegant in Design,
Surperb in Finish.

The acme of perfection in cycle construction.

Art catalogue describing ladies' and gentlemen's models free by mail.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO.,

Do You Play Cards?



Above 1/4 actual size.

Send two-cent stamp and we will mail **FREE**

Our SOUVENIR GAME COUNTER

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

The only awarded at the Paris Exhibition 1889.

VELOUTINE

SPECIAL, HYGIENIC, ADHERENT & INVISIBLE.

TOILET POWDER — **CH. FAY, Inventor**

9, Rue de la Paix, Paris.—Caution. None Genuine but those bearing the word "FRANCE" and the signature CH. FAY.



CORPUS LEAN
Will reduce fat at rate of 10 to 15 lbs. per month without injury to health. Send 6c. in stamps for sealed circulars covering testimonials. L.E. Marsh Co. 2315 Madison Sq., Philada., Pa.



ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.
Simply **stopping** the fat producing effects of food. The supply being stopped, the natural working of the system draws on the fat and reduces weight at once.
Sold by all Druggists.



TEUTONIC

A CONCENTRATED LIQUID EXTRACT OF

MALT AND HOPS

FOR CONVALESCENTS, NURSING MOTHERS AND THOSE SUFFERING FROM INSOMNIA, DYSPEPSIA, etc.

RECOMMENDED AND PRESCRIBED BY ALL LEADING PHYSICIANS

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A VALUABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR SOLID FOOD

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

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No. 4711. Essence OF RHINE & VIOLETS

(Name Registered.)

THE QUEEN OF PERFUMES

If you want a real Violet Perfume, be sure you get

"No. 4711 Rhine Violets"

It is not a combination of other scents, but is absolutely true to the flower.

Cut this advertisement out and show it to your dealer.

MÜLHENS & KROPFF, New York, U.S. Agents.



TRANSPARENT KNIFE.
Name, address, pictures under handle. Agents w'd. Nov. Cut. Co. Canton, O.

YOU can't tell a balky horse by his looks and you're just as likely to be deceived in a bicycle. There's no better guide when buying a wheel than this famous name—

Monarch

It identifies the king of wheels—it's a guarantee of strength, speed and reliability. A name that you can proudly point out to your friends. 4 models, \$35 and \$100, fully guaranteed. For children and adults who want a lower price wheel the Defiance is made in 3 models, \$40, \$50, \$60, \$75. Send for Monarch book.

Monarch Cycle Mfg. Co.,

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VEUYE CLICQUOT

YELLOW LABEL SEC GOLD LABEL BRUT

PARQUET FLOORS THICK OR THIN. PLAIN OR ORNAMENTAL. OF FINEST WOODS. For Halls, Parlors, Dining, Bed-Rooms, Etc. CAN BE LAID OVER OLD FLOORS OR NEW. Write for New Design Book. The Interior Hardwood Co. Indianapolis, Ind.

Beeman's THE ORIGINAL **Pepsin Gum**

CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.

The Perfection of Chewing Gum

And a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion and Sea Sickness. Send 5c. for sample package. **Beeman Chemical Co.** 23 Lake St., Cleveland, O. Originators of Pepsin Chewing Gum.

JANOWITZ'S DUPLEX EAGLE DRESS BONE

BETTER THAN WHALEBONE

for FREE SAMPLE ADDRESS JULIUS JANOWITZ 135 GRAND ST NY

Blair's Pills Great English Remedy for GOUT and RHEUMATISM. SAFE, SURE, EFFECTIVE. Druggists, or 224 William St. New York.



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The exclusiveness of my styles and individuality of design, together with the most selected skins and best workmanship, places before the public Fur Garments that are unparalleled.

An examination of my stock and prices is invited.

Send for Fashion Plate.

11 East 19th Street,

Between Broadway and Fifth Avenue.



TOOTH SENSE

Your address on a postal will bring a sample of Wright's Antiseptic Myrrh Tooth Soap. Gives beautiful teeth and sweet breath. Heals sore gums. Prevents decay. Large china box for 25c. in stamps, postpaid, which includes a complete edition of Webster's Pocket Dictionary and Guide to Spelling. **Chas. Wright & Co., Chemists, DETROIT, MICH.**

HOW TO MAKE



Many women with fair faces are deficient in beauty owing to undeveloped figures, flat busts, etc., which can be remedied by the use of

It is impossible to give a full description in an advertisement; send 6c. in stamps and a descriptive circular, with testimonials, will be sent sealed, by return mail.

ADIPO-MALENE.

L. E. MARSH & CO., Madison Sq., Philadelphia, Pa.



GAMELAND, the Sportsman's Ill., tells you where to freely fish and hunt. It reveals virgin woods and waters. Christmas Number, 10c. Yearly Subscription, \$1.00. For sale at **BRENTANO'S**, Union Square, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

LEMOINE Natural Champagne

AS SUPPLIED TO
H.I.M. THE LATE EMPEROR
FREDERICK OF GERMANY.
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H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK,
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS LOUISE,
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SEND FOR PAMPHLET OF EUROPEAN
FAC-SIMILE TESTIMONIALS
FREE TO
G.F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
AGENTS FOR UNITED STATES,
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Cheese Fanciers

everywhere find a pleasing Delicacy in the soft, rich

American Club House Cheese.

"It Ticks the Palate." Best Tables. Put up in hermetically sealed glass jars to prevent mold and waste. A regular-size jar will be sent to any address, express prepaid, on receipt of 50 cents.

"I am exceedingly pleased with the Cheese."—
Mrs. S. T. Rorer.
CHANDLER & RUDD CO., 36 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.

No Time or Trouble IS REQUIRED WITH **WHITMAN'S INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE**

Delicious in flavor—Best in quality. Requires no boiling. Put up in pound and half pound tins.

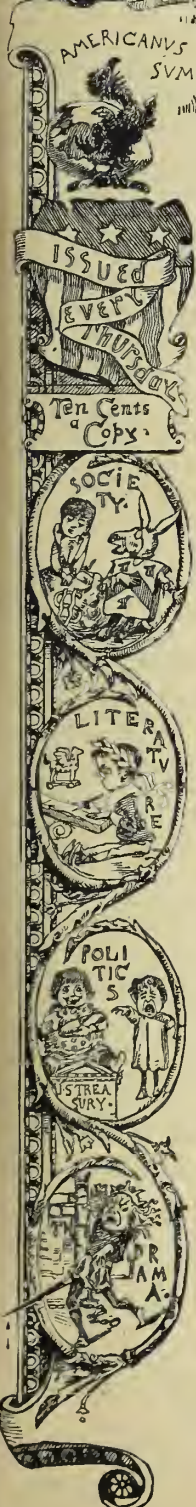
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
Sole Mfrs. Philadelphia.

Back numbers of LIFE can be had by applying at this office, 19 and 21 West 31st Street, New York City. Single copies of Vols. I. and II. out of print. Vol. I., bound, \$30.00. Vols. II., VIII., XIII. and XIV. \$20.00 each, bound. Vols. VII., X., XI., XII., XV. and XVI., \$15.00 each, bound. Vols. III., IV., V., VI., IX., XVII. and XVIII., \$10.00 each, bound. Vols. XIX., XX., XXI., XXII., XXIII., XXIV. and XXV., \$5.00 each. Back numbers, one year old, 25 cents per copy. Subscribers wishing address changed will greatly facilitate matters by sending old address as well as new.



THE ORIGINAL JOKE FACTORY.

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.
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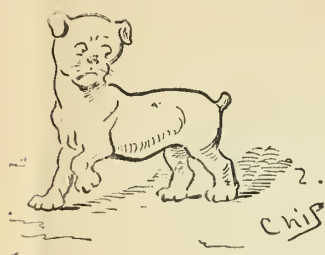


A PREDICAMENT.

"SHE'S TO LET ME KNOW AT THE END OF A WEEK IF SHE ACCEPTS ME."

"IT MUST BE A TERRIBLE SUSPENSE."

"RATHER! I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO BREAK OFF MY OTHER ENGAGEMENTS OR NOT."



"Chip's" Dogs.

A collection of humorous drawings by the famous "CHIP," so well known in the columns of LIFE and elsewhere. Large Quarto, 9½ x 12, on plate paper, handsomely bound.

Price, \$1.00.

For sale by all booksellers, or will be sent postpaid to any address on receipt of price by the publishers.

R. H. Russell & Son, 33 Rose St.,
NEW YORK.



"Chip's" Old Wood Cuts.

Another collection of quaint and amusing sketches by F. P. W. BELLEW ("Chip"). Large Quarto, 9½ x 12, on plate paper, handsomely bound.

Price, \$1.00.

For sale by all booksellers, or will be sent postpaid to any address on receipt of price by the publishers.

R. H. Russell & Son, 33 Rose St.,
NEW YORK.

Our Annual Linen Sale



is now in progress.

Very exceptional values are being shown in

Cloths and Napkins,
Hemstitched and Fringed.
Luncheon Cloths,
Table Damask (by the yard),
Hemstitched Bed Linen,
Fine Toilet Towels,
Roller Towels and Glass
Towels, (ready hemmed).

Bona fide reductions of

25, 33⅓ & 50%

have been made on a number of special lots of reliable goods.

A printed list giving particulars will be mailed on request.

James McCutcheon & Co.

"THE LINEN STORE,"

14 West Twenty-third St.,

Opposite Fifth Ave. Hotel.

BROADWAY
9th & 10th Sts.
FOURTH AVE.

Hilton, Hughes & Co.
SUCCESSORS TO A.T. STEWART & CO.

BROADWAY
9th & 10th Sts.
FOURTH AVE.

THE GREAT SALE OF MUSLIN UNDERWEAR

Women who do not know our recent way of selling goods scarcely believe their eyes. They come almost fearing to find low grade garments at the little prices. Nothing of the kind. Low grade goods have no place here, at any price. The startling fact is that these Muslin Underwear articles—brand new, perfect shapes, thorough work, generous sizes—are often at **THIRD TO HALF UNDER USUAL PRICES.** You can order by mail. These are sample lots.

GOWNS

Gowns of good strong muslin, mother hubbard yoke of pleats, trimmed with cambric ruffle on neck, yoke and sleeves, 38c. Only 3 pieces to one buyer.

Gowns of good strong heavy muslin, cambric ruffle on neck, yoke and sleeves and around pleated yoke, 50c.

Good strong heavy muslin Gowns, mother hubbard yoke of 24 fine spaced pleats, large turnover collar and cuffs trimmed with feather beading, 75c.

Fine muslin Gowns, Empire style, elaborately trimmed with embroidery, ribbon and feather beading, \$1.75.

And so on to the fine exquisite French Gowns to \$25, with all between prices.

DRAWERS

Good strong heavy muslin Drawers, deep hem and 5 pleats, full size yoke band, well made, 18c. 3 to a buyer.

Good strong heavy muslin Drawers, wide hem and 9 spaced pleats, 30c.; same, in cambric, 30c. Only 3 to a buyer.

Good heavy muslin Drawers, trimmed with ruffle of guipure embroidery, fine pleats above, 50c.

And so on to the handsome elaborate French hand-made Drawers at \$8.75, with all the between prices.

SKIRTS

Good muslin Skirts trimmed with cambric ruffle, 3 fine pleats and pleats above, 50c.

Good heavy muslin Skirts, trimmed with ruffle of neat Hamburg embroidery, 75c.

Heavy muslin Skirts with wide Hamburg embroidery and pleats above, 85c.

Heavy muslin Skirts, trimmed with fine Hamburg embroidery, \$1.

And so on the Skirt range goes to the fine French imported Skirts at \$50, with all between prices.

CORSET COVERS

Fine cambric Corset Covers, high square neck, trimmed with neat Hamburg edge, full length and size, well made, 12c. Only 3 to a buyer.

Fine cambric Corset Covers, V front, high back, trimmed with Hamburg edge, 25c.

Fine cambric Corset Covers, pleated front, round neck, suitable for trimming, 30c.

Fine cambric Corset Covers, V front, square back, trimmed with ribbon and machine-made torchon lace, 50c.

And so on to the more elaborate trimmed Corset Covers, imported and domestic, at \$7.50, with all between prices.

FOR THE CHILDREN

DRAWERS

Girls' good strong muslin Drawers, hem and four pleats, 2 and 4 years, 10c.; 6 to 10 years, 14c.; 12 and 14 years, 18c. Only 3 to a buyer.

GOWNS

Misses' Night Gowns, good strong muslin, yoke of embroidery and pleats, 4 to 14 years, 75c.

BABY CLOTHES

Cream eiderdown Coats, with large sailor collar trimmed with angora fur, very large full sleeves, trimmed with braid, lined throughout. 1, 2 and 3 years, \$2.

Dresses of good quality gingham, pretty stripes, suspender effect on waist, ruffle at neck, 1, 2 and 3 years, 50c.

Fine gingham Dresses, yoke of box pleats and fine Hamburg insertion, ruffle over shoulders, embroidery at neck, 1, 2 and 3 years, 75c.

Dresses of fine white lawn, pointed yoke of 24 fine pleats and 3 rows of Hamburg insertion, handsomely trimmed with fine embroidery, \$1.50.

Stern Bro

Annual Sale
of

Linen Housekeeping Goods

consisting of
Table Cloths,
Table Linen,
Breakfast and Dinner
Napkins,
Huck, Damask and Bath
Towels,
Hemstitched
Linen Sheets and
Pillow Cases.
Bed Spreads,
From the Leading Manufacturer

Greatly
Reduced Prices
West 23d St.

TO A WOULD-BE NEW WOMAN.

And

thou wouldst know this wicked world?

Try not that task, my sweet;

The paths that wander through the marsh
Are not for thy dear feet.

Deep in the depths,
back of the gaze
Of thy sweet, wonder-
ing eyes,
Far happier thought, far
better hope
Of future gladness
lies.

There's love untold and store of joy
And wealth of happiness for thee,
Gaze not then forth with saddened look
To know the world's iniquity.

Think rather of the joys of life,
Love's bliss and rapture,
And let some other, uglier maid
The suffrage capture. *Metcalfe.*

HERDSO: Do you believe men are the architects of their own fortunes?

SAIDSO: Certainly; but too many of them fall in with Buddensick contractors.



THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

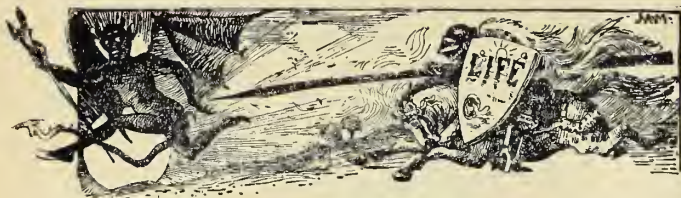
UNDER DIFFERENT SKIES.

KANSAS MAN (*visiting in the East*): Yes, sir, the West is the country for the farmers. Look at her vast prairies covered with crops so heavy that they make whole counties sink down in the middle. Look at her corn crop, so vast that it crowded township lines into the rivers!

KANSAS MAN (*at Populist meeting in his native State*): Fellow-sufferers, dry weather, Hessian flies and gold-bugs prey like vampires on our land. Our once fair State is plastered over with mortgages so heavy that we have to bore a hole through with an auger in order to plant corn. Rouse, ye slaves!



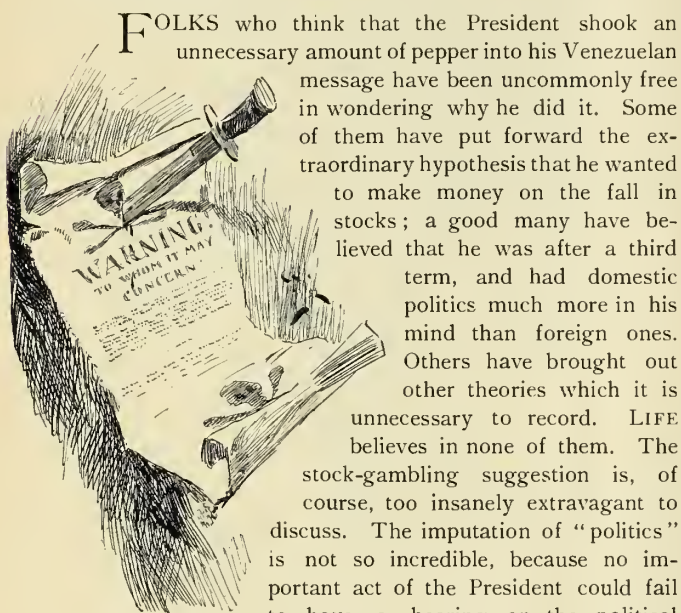
The Bishop: WELL, TOMMY, I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW THE LORD'S PRAYER.
"THAT HE MAY MARRY AN AMERICAN HEIRESS."



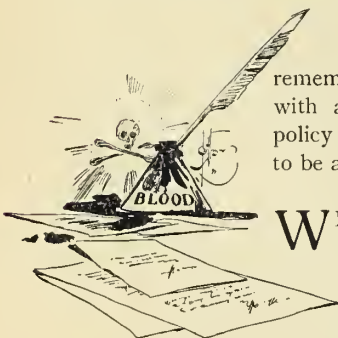
"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVII. JANUARY 9, 1896. No. 680.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents. Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

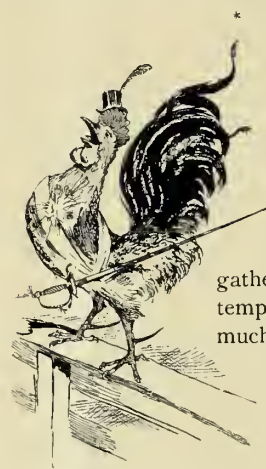


FOLKS who think that the President shook an unnecessary amount of pepper into his Venezuelan message have been uncommonly free in wondering why he did it. Some of them have put forward the extraordinary hypothesis that he wanted to make money on the fall in stocks; a good many have believed that he was after a third term, and had domestic politics much more in his mind than foreign ones. Others have brought out other theories which it is unnecessary to record. LIFE believes in none of them. The stock-gambling suggestion is, of course, too insanely extravagant to discuss. The imputation of "politics" is not so incredible, because no important act of the President could fail to have a bearing on the political situation whether he intended it so or not. For LIFE's part, having observed Mr. Cleveland pretty closely for a dozen years past, it can much easier believe him capable of a lapse of temper, or of manners, or of diplomatic discretion, than of a defect in patriotism or probity. Those of his former backers who are talking about his moral turpitude and decrying him as a schemer and an unscrupulous alarmist, are overdoing their job. Neither he nor Mr. Olney deserve such abuse, and their critics should remember that it is possible to differ with a statesman on a question of policy without necessarily believing him to be a rogue.



tions of domestic politics. We have done it so much that

we have gradually taught all foreigners, and our British cousins especially, to believe that every important step which any American President takes in foreign affairs is taken to catch votes at home. This is by no means a safe belief for our neighbors to rest in or for us to encourage. In the present case LIFE believes that the President's language to Congress about the Venezuela boundary was more bellicose than the necessities of the case demanded. It believes that the widespread and urgent desire for a peaceful settlement of the dispute which has since found expression both in England and America has been of immense value, and will help on such a settlement as both countries desire. But it does not believe that either the President or Mr. Olney have been lacking in patriotism, or will fail to deserve and receive the support of the American people in their further conduct of our foreign affairs.



* * *
THE way the President's enemies rallied to the support of his war message was surprising to witness. Mr. Dana, Mr. Chandler, Mr. Lodge, and all Tammany were with him as one man. Not since the Philistines took a holiday and gathered around Samson in Dagon's temple has a strong man made so much sport for such a congregation of his bitter foes. LIFE doesn't expect to see Dagon's roof come down on either Mr. Cleveland or his new friends, but it will be due to other discretion than that of the Philistine Jingoos that nothing drops on them. Samson was permanently blind and had nothing but vengeance to live for. With Mr. Cleveland it is different.

* * *
AND now, brethren, let us think of other things than Jingoos and war scares. The new year is under way and there is lots to do. There is Congress to watch and see what it is willing to do to fill up the national treasury, and put the gold reserve and the currency on a safe basis; and there is money to make and to spend, food and clothes and shelter and education to be provided for families, balls to go to, shows to see, dinners to be eaten, speeches to be made, all the ding-dong business of life to be transacted just as usual. Let us leave the care of the Venezuela boundary to Mr. Cleveland's commission (which is sure to be a good one, though at this writing its membership has not transpired) and hope confidently for a peaceful and honorable issue to all international perplexities, and cease to worry and go strenuously about our business. A Happy New Year, somewhat belated but never so cordial and sincere, to all LIFE's friends and readers. Let us to our tasks and our pleasures with a confident hope of clearing skies, and gales favorable to our peaceful progress.



The Doctor : DID YOU GIVE MY NOTE TO MRS. BARTON ?

"GREAT SCOTT ! I THOUGHT IT WAS A PRESCRIPTION AND MADE IT UP FOR HER !"



SWEET PEACE.

AMONG the various causes that give a humorous coloring to the war scare is the soothing fact that both countries fully realize that a fight is impossible. England's foreign relations forbid her even discussing such a calamity, and the United States has nothing to fight with. Our Navy of course is good as far as it goes, but it goes numerically a very short way. And LIFE refuses to believe that President Cleveland is sufficiently blood-thirsty to allow our standing army of twenty-five

thousand men to overrun defenceless Europe.

From the Chronicles of Psattichus.

JOVE AND TRILBY.

JUPITER sat with an open book in his lap. "Why is it," he growled, "that I have heard nothing of this before? It seems the world is ringing with it."

Minerva, to whom he spoke, made answer:

"Because, O Jupiter, your mind was filled with weightier things, and once having picked up that"—pointing to the book—"it is impossible to lay it down until finished. It is as enthralling as a new theory of gravitation."

"Or a new dice game," said Mercury;

"Or a new drink," said Vulcan;

"Or a new man," said Venus;

"Or the new woman," said Ganymede.

"Is it a true story?" asked Jupiter.

"It was indeed inspired by her who dwells at the bottom of a well," answered Minerva.

"There's where you lie," snapped Mercury.

"There's where she lies, too," retorted Minerva.

"Come, come! stop that!" said Jupiter. "What's the plan of the story?"

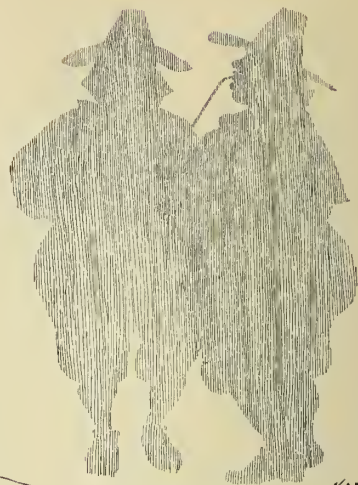
"It shows," said Minerva, "that Virtue can stand on her head and juggle the world with her feet, to the tune of 'Odontyoure-membersweetalicebenbolt.'"

"WHAT!!" roared Jupiter. "Kreutz! Himmel! Carramba! Sapristi! Dunnerwetter! Sacrebleu!! Is that rippety-split song in it!!! Take it away! Fiddle-dee-di-dum. Toodle de dee!!!* Take it away!!!"

And of all the thunder and destruction turned on in Olympus, that was the limit. The people on earth wondered what had fetched loose.

H. W. Phillips.

*Supplied by Anthony Comstall in the place of the original.



KAPLAN.

HOLLAND SHADES.

"**I** AM going to be married," said Miss Trotter to Miss Kittish.

"You! You going to be married! I thought you were an inveterate man-hater, who wouldn't marry the best man living."

"Yes, but that was before one of the horrid men had proposed to me."



"EXCUSE ME BACK, DIVLIN!"

"WITH PLEASURE, O'HARA, HAVIN' A KNOWLEDGE AV YER FACE."



KIPLING'S RECENT WORK.

THERE is abundant evidence in all of Mr. Kipling's recent work that he is consistently holding himself to a harder master than either popular favor or commercial opportunity. That hard, unrelenting master is his own artistic self. He exacts of himself the last painstaking effort to say the thing in what is the only right way as *he* sees it—not, as some critics would have him do it, as *they* see it. The only test for a man of imagination is the rigorous expression of himself. That is where certain critics fall foul of writers like Kipling and Meredith—they apply their placid, methodical, syntactical foot-rule to the measurement of rainbows. The test of the artist is that he reveals the rainbow, and not that he makes it measurable.

* * *

IASKED a clever twelve-year-old what he thought of "The Second Jungle Book" (Century Co.) He did not back and fill like a critic, but said straight out: "I like some of the stories, but some are all mixed up." Now that is a valid criticism, so far as the twelve-year-old audience is concerned. The rainbow was not quite revealed to him.

But the significant thing to a man two or three times twelve years old is that, even when he does not quite see it all himself, he knows that it is not through any lack of clear vision on Kipling's part or carelessness in expressing it. He has hammered it out with nouns and adjectives to the best of his ability, but like all prolific imaginations he takes too much for granted. Just as a simple melody may suggest an elaborate harmony to the musical imagination, so a word or phrase may always carry with it a vivid picture to the man of literary imagination.

But if you use the modicum of your own imagination with industry you will surely catch enough of the "vision splendid" in even the obscure parts of these jungle stories to give you acute pleasure. You will feel that you have lived for a little while in a new Land of Fancy, of which Kipling is the sole discoverer and the only historian.

* * *

FOR the "grown up" there is even finer pleasure in the reading of Mr. Kipling's remarkable tale in the

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.



Christmas *Century*—"The Brushwood Boy." You may call it an idyll, a phantasy, or a bit of strong realism with equal truth. It is all of these contradictory things combined. More than all, it is a love story that shows the strength of the passion, but gives it spirituality as well. Now, spirituality is the last quality that most people find in Kipling, but it is there—clean, manly, poetic.

Droch.

RONDEAU.

IN Sappho's deep brown eye, I see

A very imp of roguery;

A wanton, nimble, gladsome wight

Whose dimpling mirth beshrews my sight,—

An instant captive makes of me.

I dread the rogue may set me free,—
Undo the velvet witchery

That holds me liegeman to the sprite

In Sappho's deep brown eye.

Ah! Shall I trust this elf's decree;
Or cruel will my captor be?

With love each prank I could requite,

Submit me still with sweet delight,

Could I but read security,

In Sappho's deep brown eye.

N. E. D.

THE UP-TO-DATE BARD.

JENKS: Ah, but you modern poets are not much like the old singers.

BINKS: No? Well, just imagine John Milton taking "Paradise Lost" to a dyspeptic editor, and being told to change it into dialect, and put in a bill at fifty cents an inch.

MR. LINGERLY (*who is studying medicine*):

Yes, the effect of hasheesh is peculiar. It destroys distances and time. A man who takes it cannot tell the difference between one hour and ten.

MISS WEERIE (*yawning*):
How did you get the habit?



THE WOMAN IN THE CASE.

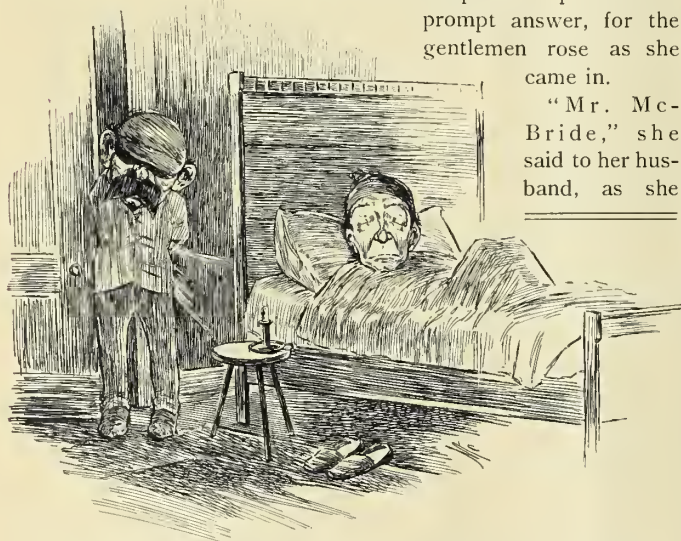
"WHO is the woman in the case?"

It was Mr. McBride who asked the question, and the query was directed to McBride's friend, Mr. Darley, as the two sat and smoked in McBride's den after dinner.

Mrs. McBride was about to enter the room at the time, and she heard the inquiry, and resented it. "The woman in the case," she repeated to herself. "The men always think there is a woman at the bottom of it when a man gets into trouble. It was my husband who asked the question, and I am just going to read him a lecture which I hope will also do some good to Mr. Darley."

Mrs. McBride entered the room while these thoughts were passing through her mind, and her presence prevented a prompt answer, for the gentlemen rose as she came in.

"Mr. McBride," she said to her husband, as she



The Professor (awakening): IS THERE ANYBODY IN THIS ROOM?

"NO, SIR."

"OH, I THOUGHT THERE WAS."

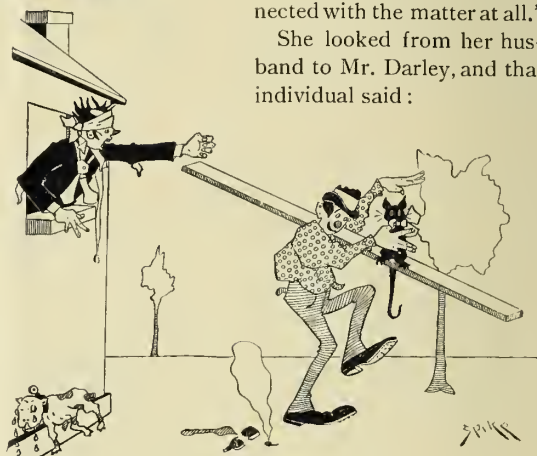
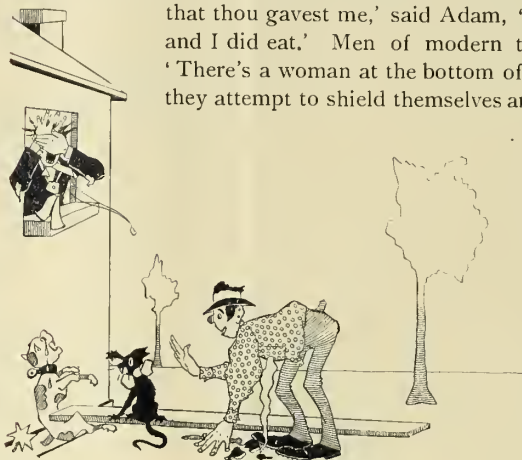
Falls asleep again.

seated herself. "I heard you ask Mr. Darley who the woman was in the case. Now, I don't know what case it is you have been discussing, nor do I wish to know. I merely wish to express my opinion on the masculine idea—for I think it is a distinctively masculine notion—that when a man disgraces himself or gets into difficulty or trouble of any sort, there must perforce be a woman at the bottom of it. Ever since Adam set the example in the Garden of Eden his imitative sons have followed his example, and with great unanimity have thrown the blame upon the woman. I protest against this custom as a flagrant injustice to my sex. It makes me angry every time I hear the insinuation, and I hear it pretty often. 'The woman that thou gavest me,' said Adam, 'she gave me of the fruit, and I did eat.' Men of modern times are just like him. 'There's a woman at the bottom of it,' say they, and thus they attempt to shield themselves and shift the consequences

of their own misdeeds.

It is enough to make every woman's blood boil in her veins. Now, I don't know what case that was you two men were discussing when I came in, about which I heard my husband ask, 'Who is the woman in the case?' but I'll venture to say that there is no woman connected with the matter at all."

She looked from her husband to Mr. Darley, and that individual said:



"You would better be careful, Mrs. McBride. You have made a very vigorous and a very praiseworthy defense of your sex. Don't you think it would be better to let the matter rest there, and not run the possible risk of destroying the effect of your very forcible speech by citing an illustration which possibly might not help your case?"

"No, I don't think so, Mr. Darley. I'm so convinced of the general truth of what I have been saying, and of the fact that in ninety cases out of a hundred no woman is any way to blame for a man's trouble, that I am willing to rest the matter on this case you



"ISN'T HEAVEN IN THERE?"
"YES, BUT THIS IS THE LADIES' ENTRANCE."

have been discussing, and defy you to show that there is a woman connected with it."

"I'm afraid we'll have to tell her, Darley," said McBride.

"It looks that way, although I strongly advise her to let the matter drop just where it is."

"No, I shall not drop it. You two great big men are afraid, that's all. Now tell me what case you were discussing."

"Since you must have it, my dear," said Mr. McBride, with evident reluctance, "we'll tell you."

"Please don't insist, Mrs. McBride," pleaded Mr. Darley.

"But I do insist," the little woman declared. "What case were you discussing?"

"Mr. McBride was telling me of Mr. Keedick's engagement to be married, and I——"

Mrs. McBride burst into tears.

"I think you men are real mean," she sobbed.

William Henry Siviter.

MATRIMONY.

A VERY old man, nearly ninety years of age, being asked what he had done, to live so long, answered: "When I could sit, I never stood. I married late, was a widower soon, and never married again." But a learned bishop, who was married four times, thought differently, for he was so well pleased with his matrimonial ventures that he placed this motto on the wedding ring of his fourth marriage:

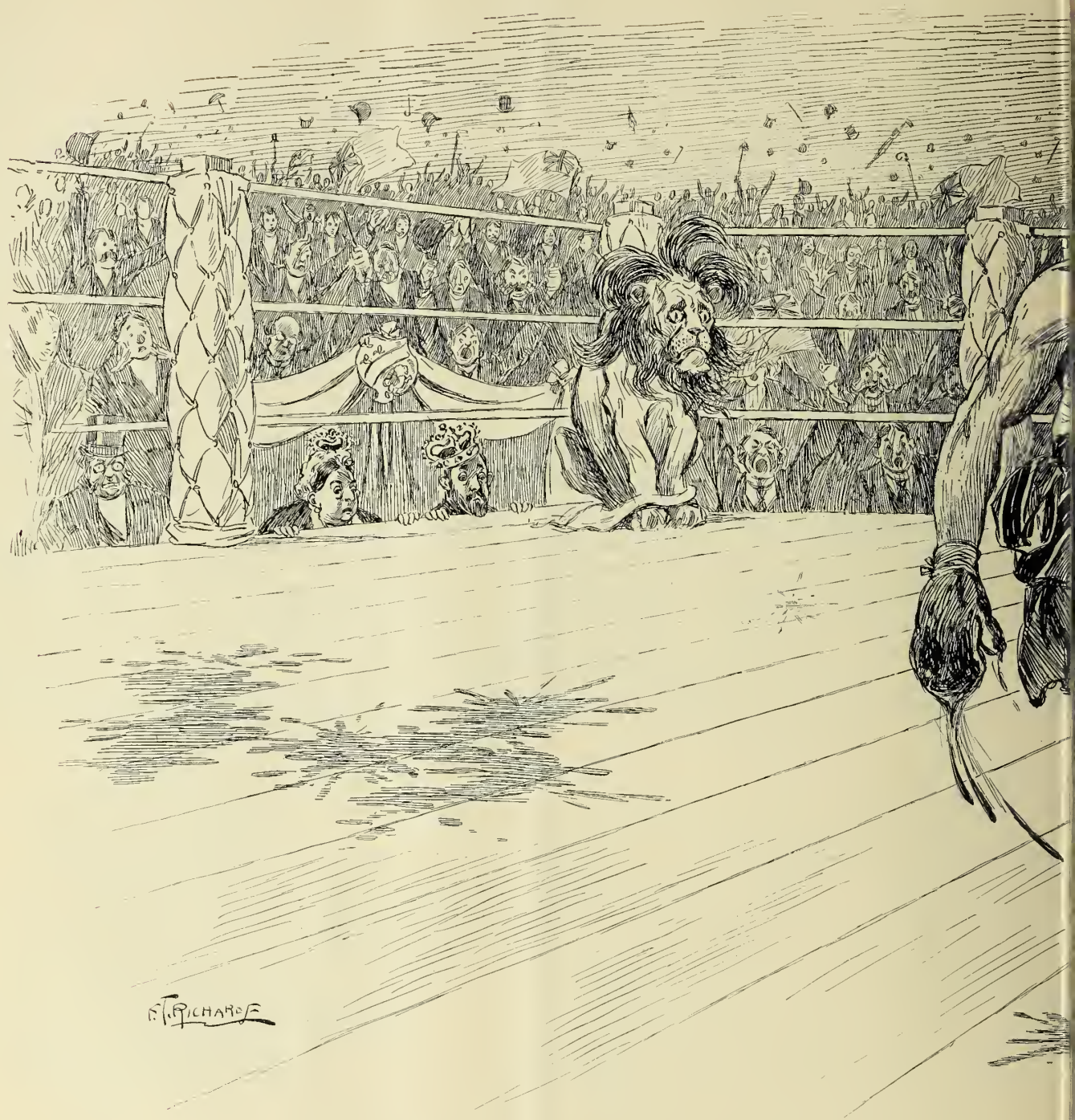
"If I survive,
I'll make it five."

DIMLEY: I see Dumbleton is wearing diamonds now. What business is he in?

PRIMLEY: Oh, he's making his living by the pen.

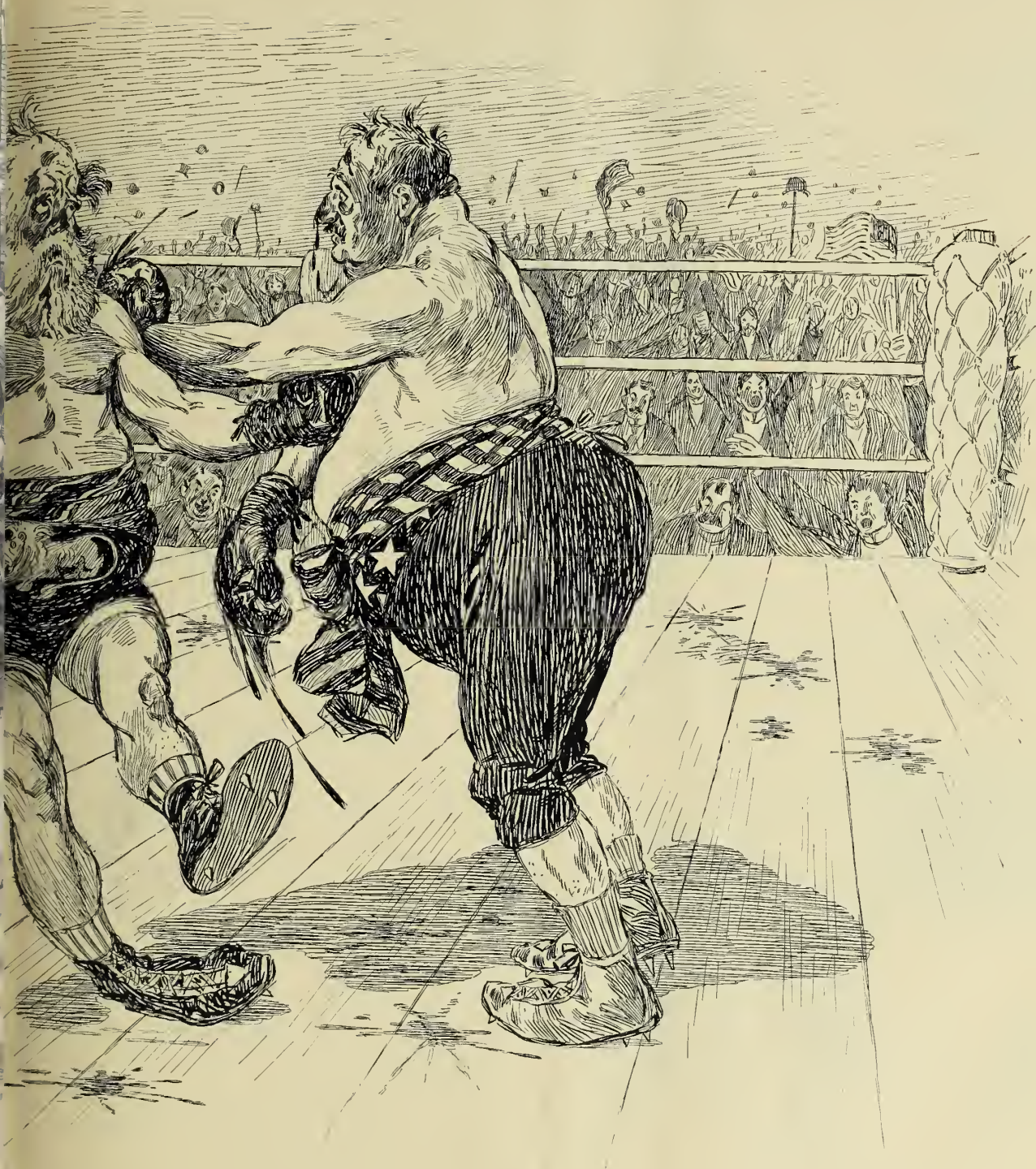
DIMLEY: Why, I didn't know he could write. I thought he was illiterate.

PRIMLEY: So he is, but you see he is manager of a Literary Revision Agency.



F. RICHARDSON

IF THERE
WHY NOT LET SALISBURY AND THE



BE WAR

FIGHT IT OUT BETWEEN THEM?



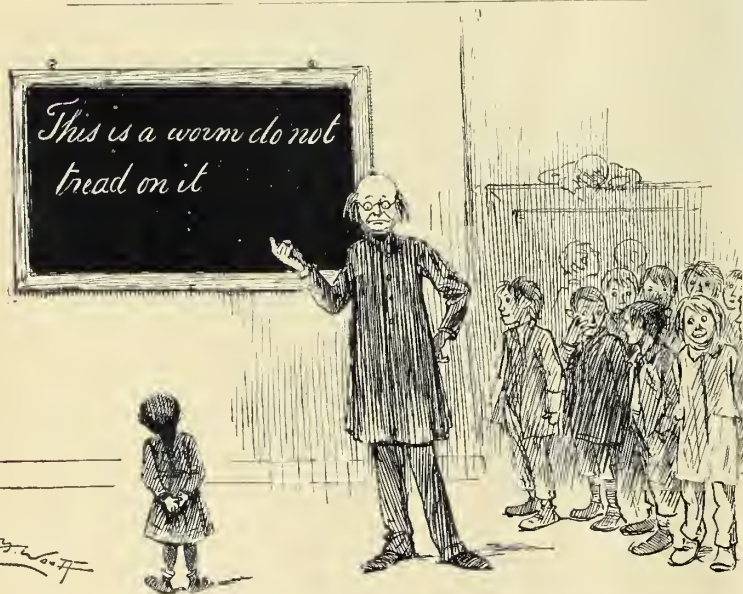
"THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH."

THE Mr. Pinero of to-day seems to have a curious notion of the stage. In "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" he uses it as a sort socio-economic review for the discussion of a domestic question which

might more properly be left to the pages of such a publication. His choice of a title perhaps throws a little light on his choice of a subject. "Mrs. Ebbsmith" would have been sufficiently distinctive, but without "The

Notorious" it would not have been so likely to attract the notice of the prurient-minded. His topic is one calculated to interest the same class of people, and is handled in the brutally frank fashion which seems to delight the British heart.

Leaving aside the motives of the author, the piece itself is didactic to a wearisome degree. The continual harping on the causes of matrimonial infelicity, and the splitting of hairs over questions of immorality are not calculated to



"Now, Sissy Thompson, show these great big boys that you can read writing just as well as they, even if you are so small!"

Sissy (slowly): THIS-IS-A-WARM-DOUGHNUT;-TREAD-ON-IT!



"AT EIGHT O'CLOCK THE ORCHESTRA WAS RAPIDLY FILLING UP."

hasten dramatic action. In fact the piece is practically one of Lady Cooke's essays on the relations of the sexes cut up into four acts and set to scenery.

The best thing about the play is that it gives us a peep at Mr. John Hare's abilities as an actor. They are evident. His *Duke of St. Olpherts* possesses the quality of a finely cut cameo, and might be looked at under a microscope without losing its detail of finish. The author is at pains to describe the career of the character in rather a lengthy conversation, but this is unnecessary, as Mr. Hare embodies the whole description in his flesh and blood portrayal of the dissipated English peer. His enunciation is delightful and in distinct contrast to that of many English actors we have seen lately who do not speak English. His work is the best thing that has been sent to us from England in many a long day, and our native actors might study him with profit.

Miss Julia Neilson has the grotesque and ungrateful part of *Mrs. Ebbsmith*. She labors conscientiously to reproduce the author's idea, but verges constantly on the edge of ridicule. The character offers delightful opportunities to the clever gentlemen who write the amusing burlesques for the "Gambols" of the Lambs' Club.

The American stage appears to have been given over bodily to the British, who send us very few good things, and many that are bad artistically and morally. "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" belongs distinctly to the latter class. It should be shelved along with the plays of the Oscar Wilde school. If our clergymen wish to elevate the American stage they should direct their supplications heavenward *via* London. We have no Court Chamberlain here to act as censor, but if there were such an official, we do not think he would permit these plays which seem to be the joy of his British constituency.

Metcalfe.



IF she knew that I am Cupid
I could never, never win,
For she'd close the door upon me
And I'd ne'er be taken in.

But she'll think that I'm an angel,
(The disguise perhaps *is* thin),
So she'll let me enter freely
And then *she'll* be taken in.

D. D. P.



MANY of Mr. Labouchere's *mots* have been recorded. One or two will bear repetition. Once, in the House, he referred to the conduct of some political opponent as being "unworthy of a pettifogguing attorney," and, being called upon by the speaker to withdraw this unparliamentary expression, did so, declaring that he was glad of having an opportunity of retracting it, "as it was a great injustice to the attorney." So, again, on being informed that a wealthy nobleman had bequeathed a very large sum of money to the church, he remarked that that "was the largest insurance against fire he had ever heard of." On another occasion he was visiting a parvenu, who had a very exclusive library of the newest books. Labouchere had taken down one of these volumes, which had never known the paper-knife. The parvenu said: "Ah, you see, I am surrounded by my friends!" pointing to the books. "Yes," responded Labouchere, "and I am glad to see that you haven't cut them yet." Once, after visiting the House of Lords, he was asked what he thought of it, as compared with the Commons. "Well," was the reply, "I might almost have imagined myself in Heaven if it hadn't been for the presence of so many bishops."—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

NOT long after Lincoln's election to the Presidency, he was in his office in the old State-house in Springfield, when a tall, lank countryman put his head into the door and asked to see Mr. Lincoln. He was from Kansas, he explained, and with his family was going back to Indiana. He had voted for Mr. Lincoln, and wanted to see him. Mr. Lincoln received his unconventional caller with politeness, and presently the man asked: "What kind of a tree is that below there in the yard?" It was a warm November day, and the window was open. Mr. Lincoln looked out, and said: "It is a cypress. I suppose you would have known it if you had been on the ground." "No, I don't mean that," said the countryman; "I mean the other one nearer the house. You will have to lean farther out." Mr. Lincoln leaned out, and then straightening up, he said: "There is no other one." "No?" said the man. "Well, do you see that woman and them three children over there in that wagon? That is my wife and children. I told them I would show them the President-elect of the United States, and I have. Good-bye, Mr. Lincoln." And so saying, he stalked down-stairs.—*Argonaut*.

As an example of woman as a diplomatist, the *Evening Sun* prints this story. "Mrs. A. had gone away from home for a day's visit. During her absence her fellow-townswoman, Mrs. B., decided, after the rural, self-inviting fashion, that she would spend the night with Mrs. A. In spite of Mrs. A.'s absence the thing was easily accomplished, for the latch-keys of the two houses were alike. Mrs. B. therefore effected an entrance and found the house deserted. 'Oh, well, I'll just wait till Mrs. A. comes home,' she said to herself. Night came. Still no Mrs. A. 'I won't light a lamp,' philosophized Mrs. B., 'because seeing a light in the house might scare Mrs. A. out of her senses.' So the unexpected guest sat in the dark awaiting the arrival of the hostess. At last the rattle of Mrs. A.'s key was heard in the door-latch. She entered the house and slowly made her way to the 'sitting-room,' of course unconscious that there was another human being within breathing range. 'Don't be frightened Mrs. B. suddenly spoke a voice from the darkness; 'it's only I, Mrs. B. I didn't light a lamp for fear you'd be scared, you know, and —.' But the diplomatic Mrs. B. never finished her sentence, for just here Mrs. A. fell on the floor in a dead faint. 'It was queer should have been so scared,' said Mrs. B. afterward; 'for I took every precaution to frighten her.'—*Argonaut*.

DR. RICHARD BUSBY, the second centenary of whose death was celebrated recently at Westminster School, where he was headmaster for fifty-seven years, was a disciplinarian of the old school. When Charles the Second visited the school, Dr. Busby asked the king to take off his hat while he kept on his own, on the ground that discipline could not be maintained if the boys should believe that there was a greater man in England than their headmaster. A Frenchman once wandered into the school playground, and was set upon by the boys. Dr. Busby saw the row, and ordered those engaged to be flogged. The Frenchman was taken with the boys and flogged, too. He then went in his wrath to the doctor to demand an explanation, but as he could not speak English well, after a few words the doctor got angry, and ordered him to be horsed, which was done. The Frenchman, mad with rage, went to his inn, wrote a challenge, and sent it to Dr. Busby the porter. The doctor read the challenge, and at once had the porter horsed. That was too much for the Frenchman. He packed his valise and fled in terror to France.—*Exchange*.

FIRST DECADENT: How I envy Algy. (*Smokes three packs of cigarettes with winning.*)

SECOND DECADENT: Ah! why, deah boy? (*Drinks two bottles of absinthe.*)

THIRD DECADENT: Ah, he's got paresis, dontcherknow. (*They go off on a two weeks' toot.*)—*Exchange*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, Agents.

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"LITTLE boy," said a gentleman, do you hold that umbrella over your It's not raining."

"No."

"And the sun is not shining."

"No."

"Then why do you carry it?"

"Cause when it rains father wants when the sun shines mother wants it's only when it's this sort of weather I can get to use it at all."—*London Ju*

DR. THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE, the poser of England's famous national "Rule Britannia," was once called to judge between two very bad singers. patiently hearing them, he said to one contestants:

"You are the worst singer I ever heard my life."

"Ah!" cried the other, exultingly, I win."

"No," said Dr. Arne. "You can't at all!"—*Exchange*.

O'RORKE: Father Flaherty's a praste an' an illoquent preacher.

O'GARAHAN: Av coorse, but Father ens (Episcopal) made the best spache cillibration, he did.

O'RORKE: Father Staphens! F father, fer he has foive childers, b Shame on yez.—*Methodist Herald*.

ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

"I'm so glad you remembered to bring a jar of

Armour's

Extract of BEEF.

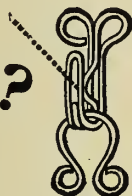
We're sure to want it wherever we go."

(Overheard on "the Limited.")

ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

After the beady,
sparkling draught,
— who wants the
dregs? — The DE-
LONG Patent Hook
and Eye is the
original.

that
hump?



Richardson
De Long Bros.,
Philadelphia.

PERSONAL.

A gentleman who is thoroughly posted concerning the rules of faro would like to meet a blue-eyed lady possessing capital. Object matrimony. Address SPORT, this office.

E—a W—r W—x.—Where are you, darling? It is a long time since we have heard from you.

Gentleman wishes to meet for a dinner companion young lady who does not like champagne, canvass-back duck or terrapin. Address BACHELOR, this office.

Any one knowing the present whereabouts of Benjamin Harrison will confer a favor by addressing G. O. P., Washington, D. C.

BIG SLEEVES.—Will the lady with big sleeves who was walking on Fifth Avenue last Sunday please send her photograph and address to ADMIRER, this office.

A young gentleman with large income and fine physique would like to meet an accomplished young lady who knows how to cook buckwheat cakes. Address PER STOMACH-UM AD CORDEM, this office.

English Duke, with reduced income wishes to meet American heiress. Object boodle. Chicago papers please copy.

OCTOBER SUNSET.

The Autumn woods in Autumn moods
With red and gold were burning,
But o'er their blaze a soft light haze
Showed day to twilight turning.

The purple tones the sunset owns,
Crossed by its last beams streaming;
Turned with the mist to amethyst
With gorgeous crimson gleaming.

In orange tints and golden glints,
The sunset redly glowing;
The amber shades deep in the glades
Marked first the day was going.

There Madge and I, beneath the sky
In all its golden splendor,
Marked with delight the coming night,
Its low lights soft and tender.

"No brighter scene," I said, "I ween,
Ere marked a bright day's ending;
No artist's dream could ever scheme
Such glorious mellow blending!"

Madge turned; "Dear friend, for mellow
blend,

Remember, there are others—
Club Cocktails, grand, best in the land!
Put up by HEUBLEIN BROTHERS!"

ELSIE: Yes, dear, my husband is a doctor,
and a lovely fellow; but he is awfully
absent-minded.

ADA: Indeed!

ELSIE: Only fancy! During the marriage
ceremony, when he gave me the ring, he
felt my pulse and asked me to put out my
tongue.

ADA: Well, he won't do the latter again.
—Ex.

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satirical and humorous matter, renders Christmas LIFE for 1895 one of
the most brilliant of the season's periodicals. Cover in gold and colors.

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"JOHN NAPIER," Miss Warrender tells us, "pursued his studies and researches at Merchiston. He was supposed, by the vulgar, to be deeply versed in magic, and to possess a familiar in the shape of a jet-black cock. The story goes that once, when some petty thefts had been committed in the castle, of which one of the servants was suspected, Napier brought them all up the winding stairs into a darkened room, where the cock was placed. He commanded them to stroke its back, declaring that it would crow at the touch of the guilty person. During the whole ceremony the cock remained silent, but afterward the hand of the culprit was found to be free from the soot with which the bird's feathers had been liberally sprinkled."—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

A MAN who knew just what he wanted, and liked to show that he knew it, came down to the dining-room of a certain hotel, and while sipping at a tumbler of water, proceeded to order his breakfast.

"Bring me a pot of coffee," he said. "And mind, it must be hot—hot and strong—don't forget to have it strong. And a steak, well done; remember have it well done and no fat. I can't bear the sight of fat in the morning."

"Yessir, yessir. No fat," replied the waiter.

"And bring me some dry toast, hot, mind you; hot toast, and have it made from stale bread. I don't want it toasted outside. Now, don't forget that."

"No, sir; all right, sir; made from stale bread, sir," echoed the waiter.

"And some sliced tomatoes," continued the man. "I want them dry, you understand, dry. Now, don't forget that."

"All right, sir. Tomatoes must be dry."

"And, let's see! Yes, bring me some fried eggs. Fresh eggs, you know, perfectly fresh. And I want them fried on one side only. Don't forget that."

"Yes, sir; fried on one side. Which side, sir?"—*Exchange.*

IN a well-known street in London a beggar was often seen plodding about with a small dog. The dog was held by a piece of chain, and had round his neck a placard with "Pity the blind," in large red letters.

Mr. T—, passing one day dropped a sixpence into the man's outstretched hand. "Halloa!" he cried, as he was turning away, "was that a half-sovereign I gave you?"

"No, sir—no," answered the beggar; "only sixpence."

"So," said Mr. T—, "you are not blind, then, after all?"

"Bless you, sir, no!" he replied. "You see, the placard refers to the dog. He's blind—not me!"—*Exchange.*

"FOR the life of me, Colonel, I don't see why you persist in maintaining that whisky is of any value in the cure of snake-bites. Why, all the modern scientists—" "Young man," answered Colonel Bluegrass, turning purple, "it stands to reason, sah, that good whisky, being beneficial in every other complaint, must be of benefit in snake-bites. When there is a uniform law in nature, sah, it does not vary for a mere snake, sah."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

ONE night at a London theatre some odds and ends of scenery took fire, and a very perceptible odor of burning alarmed the spectators.

A panic seemed to be imminent, when an actor appeared on the stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "compose yourselves. There is no danger—I give you my word of honor there is no danger."

The audience did not seem reassured.

"Ladies and gentlemen," continued the comedian, rising to the necessities of the occasion, "confound it all; do you think if there was any danger I'd be here?"

The panic collapsed.—*Boston Globe.*

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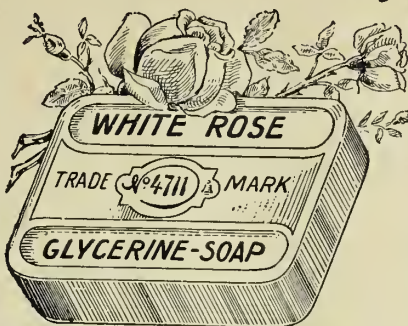
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AN ITEM OF INTEREST.

Daisy McNamara (reading deliberately and with great difficulty): THE BRIDE'S GOIN' AWAY GOWN'D IS OF RUSSICK GREEN MYSTERIAL, COVETED WITH PINK TARNATIONS IN PUMPKINDOOR EFFECK WITH PINTS OF CREAM LACE, OVER THIS IS WORN A JACKICK TRIMMED WITH IMPURE LACE AND A CHINKILLIN CAPE AN' HER HAT IS A DARK YALLER TRIMMED WITH PURKLE FEATHERS!

General Chorus: OH IT'S TOO LOVERLY FOR ANYTHINK!

(KEY TO THE ABOVE)—The bride's going away gown is of russet green material, covered with pink carnations in pompadour effect, with points of cream lace; over this is worn a jacket trimmed with guipure lace, and a chinchilla cape, and her hat is a dark yellow trimmed with purple feathers.

ARTEMUS WARD, when in London, gave a children's party. One of John Bright's sons was invited, and returned home radiant. "Oh, papa," he explained, "on being asked whether he had enjoyed himself, 'indeed I did. And Mr. Brown gave me such a nice name for you, papa.'"

"What was that?"

"Why, he asked me how that gay and festive cuss the governor was!" replied the boy.—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

THE Reverend Anthony Timmins, though a very excellent person, was scarcely *au fait* with the manners and customs of society. Having received an invitation to stay for a day or so at a big country house, he went to ask his friend De Vere's advice. "You must take a servant," said De Vere; "everybody does." Mr. Timmins took his friend at his word—and took one of his maid-servants to the country house. He does not yet understand the coolness of his reception there.—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

A better Cocktail at home than is served over any bar in the World.



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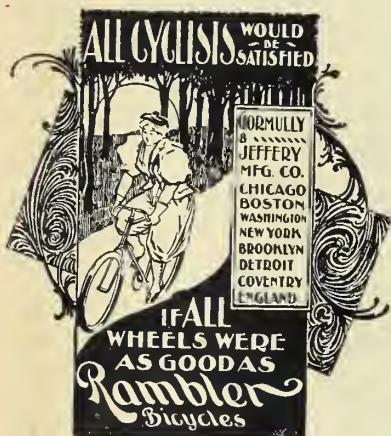
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STUDENT (after a pause)—"Well, I should think the highest and best would be a Knox Silk Hat!"

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Housekeeping Linens. Choice Linens. All an agent of one of the leading manufacturers of Damasks had. We took them at a price so low that—we'll let any woman see the things; she'll wonder who has been working for nothing.

TABLE CLOTHS.

Best finish, best make, Napkins to match, plenty of patterns.

Bleached damask Table Cloths, best finish, 2x2 yds., \$1.35, \$1.50, \$1.75; 2x2½ yds., \$1.70, \$2, \$2.25; 2x3 yds., \$2, \$2.50, \$2.75; 2x3½ yds., \$2.65, \$3, \$3.25; 2x4 yds., \$3, \$3.50, \$3.75.

Napkins to match, \$1.25 to \$2.65. Finer grades, new designs, 2x2 yds., \$2.75, \$3.25; 2x2½ yds., \$3.50, \$4.35; 2x3 yds., \$4, \$5; 2x3½ yds., \$5, \$6.

Napkins to match, \$3.75 to \$5. Damask Sets, cloth and one doz. napkins to match, 2x2 yds., \$2.60 to \$4.40; 2x2½ yds., \$3 to \$4.90; 2x3 yds., \$3.50 to \$5.40 the set.

Bleached Damask by the yard, 68 in. wide, 6°c., 85c., \$1 to \$1.35 goods at 50c., 68c., 75c. and \$1.

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More than 200 feet of counter heaped with them. The largest stock we know of in town, and at the same surprisingly low prices.

Pure linen, heavy devon, huck Towels, 12½c., 16c., 18c., 19c.

Pure linen Towels, heavy weave, hemmed or fringed, 20c.

Pure linen, fringed, huck Towels, 25c.; well worth 38c.

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A SCHEMER.

He: I'M AFRAID I COULDN'T MAKE YOU HAPPY, DARLING, ON ONLY \$2,000 A YEAR.

She: OH, IT'S PLENTY! WITH ECONOMY I CAN DRESS ON \$1,500, AND JUST THINK, DEAR, WE CAN HAVE ALL THE REST FOR HOUSEHOLD EXPENSES!

A TALE OF A SHARK.

A SHARK walked out of the sea one night
When the moon was riding high,
And he said: "This is just the night for me,
For I see there's a mackerel sky."

So he waddled along till he came to a wood,
Where, perched on an oak-tree limb,
Six youthful frogs sat all in a row
Chanting their evening hymn.

"Good evening, friends," said the sly old shark,
"You sing with feeling and force;
But the hour grows late, and the wind is chill,
And I fear you are getting hoarse."

"Come down," he said, "where the earth is warm,
Sing treble and I'll sing bass."
Then all unseen, such a horrible smile
Spread over the creature's face.

So one by one those foolish frogs
Dropped into the maw beneath,
And as each one fell, he sighed—"Yum-yum"—
And complacently picked his teeth.

And waddling back to the sea, he said:
"I'm pious and fond of hymns—
And it's O, for a mackerel sky, say I,
When the frogs roost low on the limbs!"

INCREASING PROFICIENCY.

CLARA: Mr. Softerly paid me a great compliment yesterday. He said I grew more beautiful every day.

MAUDE: Well, practice makes perfect, you know.



A STITCH IN TIME.

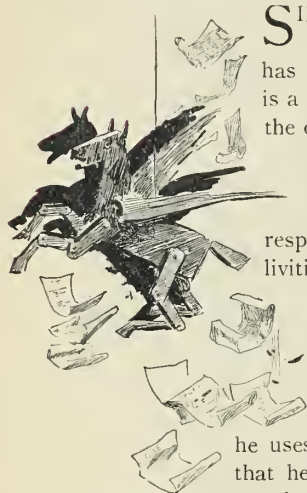


"While there is Life there's Hope"

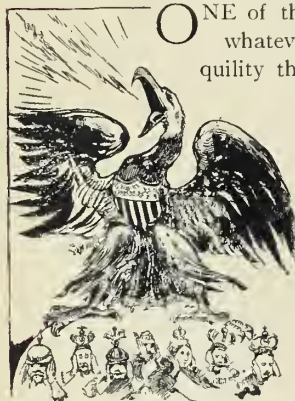
VOL. XXVII. JANUARY 16, 1896. No. 681.

19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents. *Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.*



SINCE the choice of Mr. Alfred Austin to be Poet Laureate of England it has been well said that the laureateship is a court office which has happened in the course of several centuries to be held by three or four great English poets. Mr. Austin is not a great poet and never will be, but he is a worthy and respectable British writer of Tory proclivities, who will keep the bays dusted as decently as another. Mr. Swinburne is Mr. Swinburne, and wouldn't do; Mr. William Morris is a rampant socialist, and wouldn't do; Mr. Kipling lives in America, and besides he uses such strong language in his verse that he might have made the good queen cough. Mr. Austin is a safe man at least, and LIFE begs to offer him its felicitations.



ONE of the gains that begins to show out of whatever losses of ease, or sleep, or tranquility that we Americans have sustained by our little war scare (we begin to call it little now), is the increased interest we take in the political affairs of the world at large. It makes newspapers that have good foreign dispatches worth at least a cent apiece more to us for the time being than they were before Christmas. So long as we have to buy newspapers and spend valuable time in reading them, anything that makes them even temporarily worthier of our consideration is of real importance to us. Before Christmas we would have read with disinterested and somewhat languid attention that the German Emperor had sassed Great Britain. Now, the information that someone else has made our cousins a great deal madder than Mr. Cleveland did, stirs us all up, and with emotions that, naturally enough, are not all disagreeable. To have up a bigger stake than

we need to risk in the game of the nations would be impolite, but to be just enough in the game to take an intelligent interest in the cards that come up makes life for the time somewhat better worth living.

ANOTHER gain that has resulted from the Venezuela flurry appears in the awakening of the attention of intelligent Americans to the political history of their own country. Most of us knew there was a Monroe doctrine, but when Cleveland, having studied it up, swore by it so loud, the resulting agitation was largely due to unfamiliarity with the principle at issue. Most Americans did not really know what they thought about the Monroe doctrine. They had never been in a corner with it before, and had never made up their minds whether or not it was worth backing. They were not positively sure it was worth so much powder as had gone into the President's preliminary bomb, and they were uneasy and wobbled in their minds. They have regained their serenity, and their fears of war have abated as their understanding of the case has grown clearer. They believe the United States will win its point, and win it peacefully, not merely because they are so big or so rich, but because of the reasonableness and propriety of their desires.

Meanwhile everybody believes that the five astute commissioners whom the President has appointed are as capable as any commission could be of determining where Venezuela leaves off and British Guiana begins.



LIFE observes with consternation that the immense female hats which now again begin to be purveyed by milliners are worn in increasing numbers in the theatres. It is not too much to say that the height of the hat which a woman wears on her head in the theatre is in inverse proportion to her breeding, and, as a rule, to her respectability. The women who wear the biggest and most offensive hats and refuse to take them off, are commonly dames who, from disastrous personal experiences, have become hardened in indifference to public opinion.

OWNERS of newspapers who aspire to govern the country should remember that though government by a newspaper might be wise and salutary it is not representative. Newspaper government cannot be perfected in this country until the constitution has been carefully edited and copies of it served on all subscribers.

THE attention of all newspapers and of publishers generally is called to the fact that the illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted, and are not to be reproduced without special permission.



A YARD OF DAISIES.



"I SEEN YER BUY DE APPLE, SUSY ROACH, AN' IF YER DON'T GIMME HALF I'LL RUB AGINST YER AN' YER'LL CATCH DER MEASLES."

CONFESSIONS OF A BUD.

I AM really launched now.

I am absolutely sure of it, because my name is one of those oftenest mentioned in the society column of the *Tribune*.

Papa said he wouldn't support the florists, dressmakers and wax candle shops any longer if we didn't get some recognition pretty soon, and I began to be afraid that I should have to be brainy, or play the violin, or be a New Woman or Girl Bachelor or something, because nowadays a girl must have some "Pose" if she isn't in society. A "Pose" is really nothing but an advertisement. One has to pay for an advertisement somehow—by playing in public, or wearing bloomers, or getting one's jewels stolen, and other ways. It's only society people who get free advertisement.

Do you know that a rash Sorosis woman (not one of the society members of course), suggested this question for our last month's debate:

"Is the society woman more dependent upon the society reporter than the society reporter is upon the society woman?"

We only just stopped the thing in time. It would be awful to have a doubt of that kind raised!

All the same papa says that he wonders why people who want to get into the Four Hundred don't make one son or daughter a society reporter. He says that it would be merely offering up one lamb on the altar of social ambition to make the rest acceptable in the sight of the press. Mamma told him to be careful and not say things like that before the Astors and Dyers. But there—papa says such crazy things I wonder he doesn't write for the Chicago Chap Book.

He has raised my allowance so as to cover my photographic expenses. You see the society reporters come every week for my picture now. I think, considering that I am photographed at one of the smartest



"AIN'T YEZ ME PERTICKELER FRIND, CASEY, ME BOY?"

"DONOVAN, ME GOOD MAN, AN' IF OI WAS PERTICKELER, OI WOULDN'T BE YURE FRIND!"



THE WARFARE OF THE FUTURE, AS SUGGESTED BY GEN. MILES.

photographers, and that they are very expensive, the newspaper people might make me look a little less as though I had a skin disease.

Why, in last Sunday's *World* mamma's dearest friend came out no better looking than the woman who had written from Hoboken to say that she had taken Lydia Pinkham's Pills. I spoke to the society reporter about it. He said that society hadn't been established in New York long enough for the newspapers to use a better style of "process cut" for the society women than what they use for the women who have taken pills. But he said that the letter-press under the society woman's pictures always states—impartially—that whoever it is—"She is a young woman of great personal attractions." He said this is one of the first rules of journalism.

Last night I went to the opera.

Those singing people, Calvé, Nordica and the rest think that we go to hear them. I suppose the people in the cheap seats do, but not

Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clews, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Astor, Mr. and Mrs. I. Townsend Burden, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Golet, Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Butler Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. T. Suffern Tailer, and others in our set.

There was an opera of some kind going on—"Aida"—I think, but I am not sure.

Certainly not a popular one—one of those in which the airs sound like piano-tuning, don't you know. But as I said, I was not attending—how can a girl attend to opera when she is receiving her social hall-mark? *Jessie M. Wood.*

EXASPERATED CITIZEN: Look here, I want to make a complaint against your confounded cable cars. Yesterday I got caught in a blockade and had to sit and wait for nearly an hour.

SUPERINTENDENT: That's just like you fellows, never satisfied. Why another man just came in and complained that the cars went so fast he couldn't get on.

BOOKISHNESS

A HOMILY ON PATHOS IN FICTION.

IN the line of spirituality in fiction, as a reaction from the "novels of gore" that have been so popular, there is considerable ground for commendation in Grace Ellery Channing's collection of short stories entitled "The Sister of a Saint" (Stone & Kimball.) These stories when brought together deepen the impression made by certain of them in the magazines that the author has a poetic fancy and a sympathy with suffering that make her work peculiarly appealing to the audience that has a heart.

Of course the heart has been a very much over-worked organ in literature. Most people are apt to take extreme credit to themselves for a vigorous emotion. There is no other kind of vanity quite so seductive as the vanity of emotional people. It seems to be so altruistic; and you, the outer barbarian, are made to feel yourself positively brutal if you don't respond to it. But your humility gets a shock when you discover that it is their own emotion that interests most of these people, and not the suffering that caused it. As Mr. Howells once judiciously reflected—the hardest thing in life is to live up to your own best emotions, or to have what you feel to be the fitting emotions in a crisis.

* * *
ALL of which has little to do with Miss Channing's stories, which are sufficiently



CHASING THE BARE.



D A M C K 95

LOVE.—BY AN AMERICAN HEIRESS.



THE MIDNIGHT LUNCH.

altruistic in themselves to arouse a spirit of altruism in the reader. Four of the six are pictures of life among the very poor people in an Italian village. This field never before has been entered by an American writer—if we except certain minor characters in the novels of Crawford, and in the last stories of Miss Woolson.

The passion that seems to have the strongest hold upon these people is maternal affection. It is the one thing that glorifies their poverty and makes it endurable. As Miss Channing pictures it, it is a beautiful thing, something that gives one faith in human nature, even in its most unpromising surroundings.

Of course with this for the supreme motive, there is inevitably a great deal about sickness and death. There are almost as many funerals in these tales as in the famous "Bonnie Brier Bush" stories. There is more excuse for it in the Italian stories, because the death-rate

among the children of Italian peasants is notoriously high, whereas the Scotch peasant is atrociously healthy and long-lived. It is fair to say that Ian Maclaren allows most of his heroes to grow up, while the Italians die in childhood.

It is easy to push the pathos of death too far, even when one wants to enforce the side of life that is most spiritual. The infinitely pathetic thing in life is the cruelty of grown-up people to each other in those relations of life which are apparently most favored. The isolation of a very rich man, or a very powerful one; the aloofness of a sensitive man from a wife he once loved, because he has found her mind a shallow waste; the hungry heart of a woman whose husband counts all things in dollars and cents; the inevitable tragedy of old age even when surrounded with every comfort—these are the really pathetic things.

But the vast majority of children—whether

of rich or poor, wicked or good, healthy or sick—live, by the grace of a supreme instinct, all their little lives in an atmosphere of love, and, if they die young, miss the awakening into a grown-up world where envy, hate and malice do abound.

Droch.



ON PLEASURE BENT.

A WORD TO THE FEARFUL.

TO those unhappy and excited citizens who anticipate direful war, and who lament, incidentally, that Messrs. Cleveland and Olney should have proven themselves mischievous lunatics, LIFE would offer a word of consolation.

In the first place it is barely possible that these two gentlemen may, from their official positions, possess an inside knowledge of international affairs that is denied the rest of us. Consequently it is only fair to suppose that they may know what they are about.

It requires no subtle knowledge of diplomatic secrets to realize that the British lion has long since lost the habit of waging war on animals of his own size. He is a dangerous beast when face to face with the Zulus, the Ashantees, the Burmese, or the Venezuelans, but when confronted with any but the smallest game he invariably shuns a conflict. Therefore, LIFE is constrained to believe that Uncle Sam, although not in fighting condition, may twist this lion's tail in perfect safety. He is, also, constrained to believe that President Cleveland has a far deeper knowledge of

his present business than the unhappy and excited citizens who are so freely denouncing him.



PHYLLYS AND CORYDON.

PHYLLYS took a red rose from the tangles of her hair—
Time, the Golden Age, the place, Arcadia, anywhere.

Phyllis laughed, the saucy jade. "Sir Shepherd, wilt have this?
Or (bashful god of skipping lambs and oaten reed!) a kiss!"

Bethink thee, gentle Corydon. A rose lasts all night long;
A kiss but slips from your lips like a robin's evening song.

A kiss that goes where no one knows, a rose, a crimson rose.

Corydon made his choice and took—well, which do you suppose?

Arthur Willis Colton.



"MY LOVE, VON KISS."

TO ALFRED.

Alfred Austin, the new poet laureate, will have an income of £7,000 a year.—*Daily paper.*

COME, Alfred, get your lyre out from where it's lain so long and lubricate and tune it up and twang us all a song. Forget the £7,000 that you will make a year, and write of dear old England's woes to make your title clear. It isn't very clear just yet—we must confess with shame; for there are quite a number here who haven't heard your name. So write of Venezuela's claims and how absurd they are; of Grover C. and Salisburee, and sing a song of war. Come, brush aside your household bills—your credit's good, they'll wait—and show, if not a poet, at least you are a laureate.

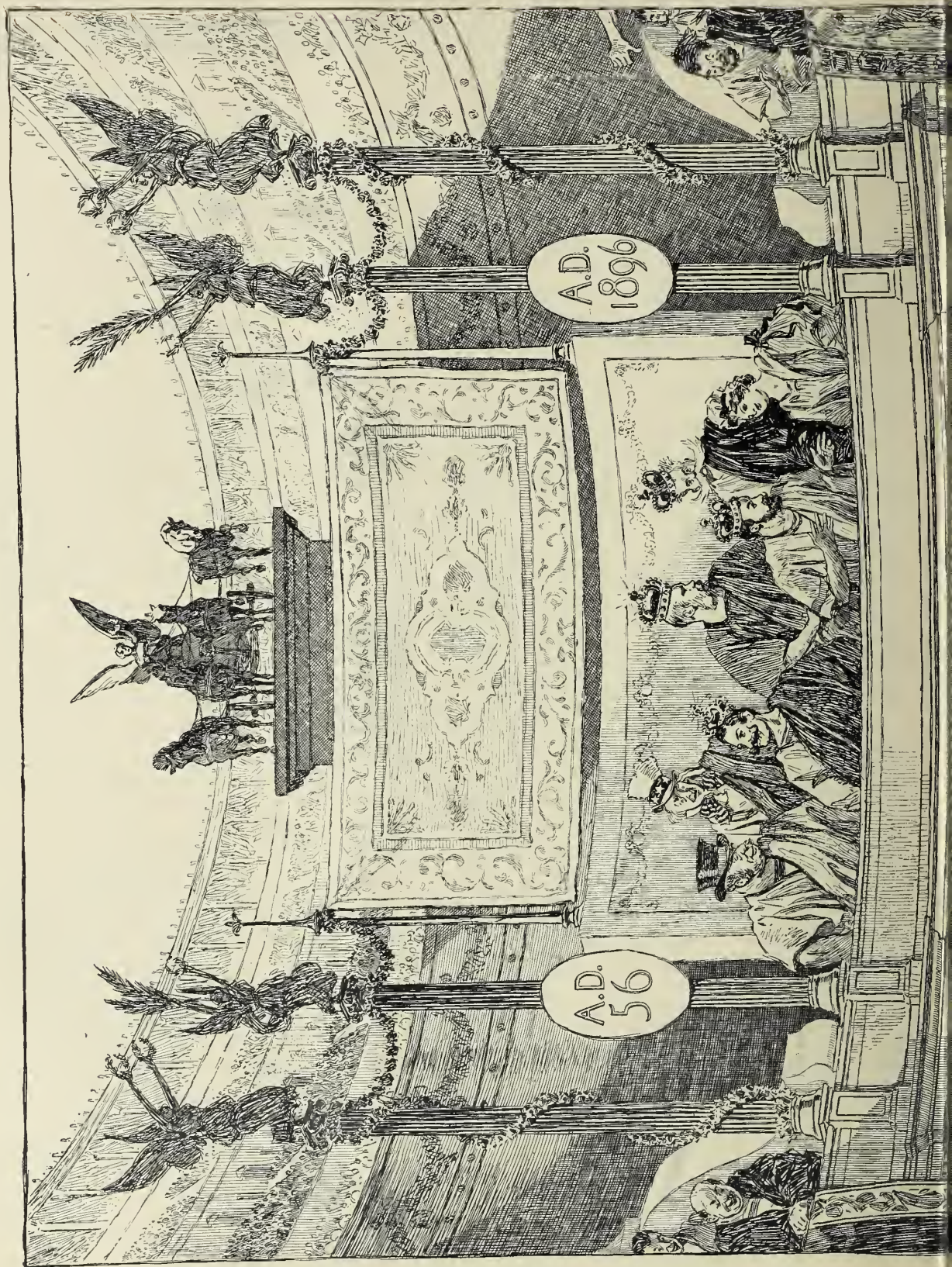
MRS. WREAKHARD (*the landlady*): How is it that you are taking your medicine after dinner? I thought the doctor told you to take it before meals.

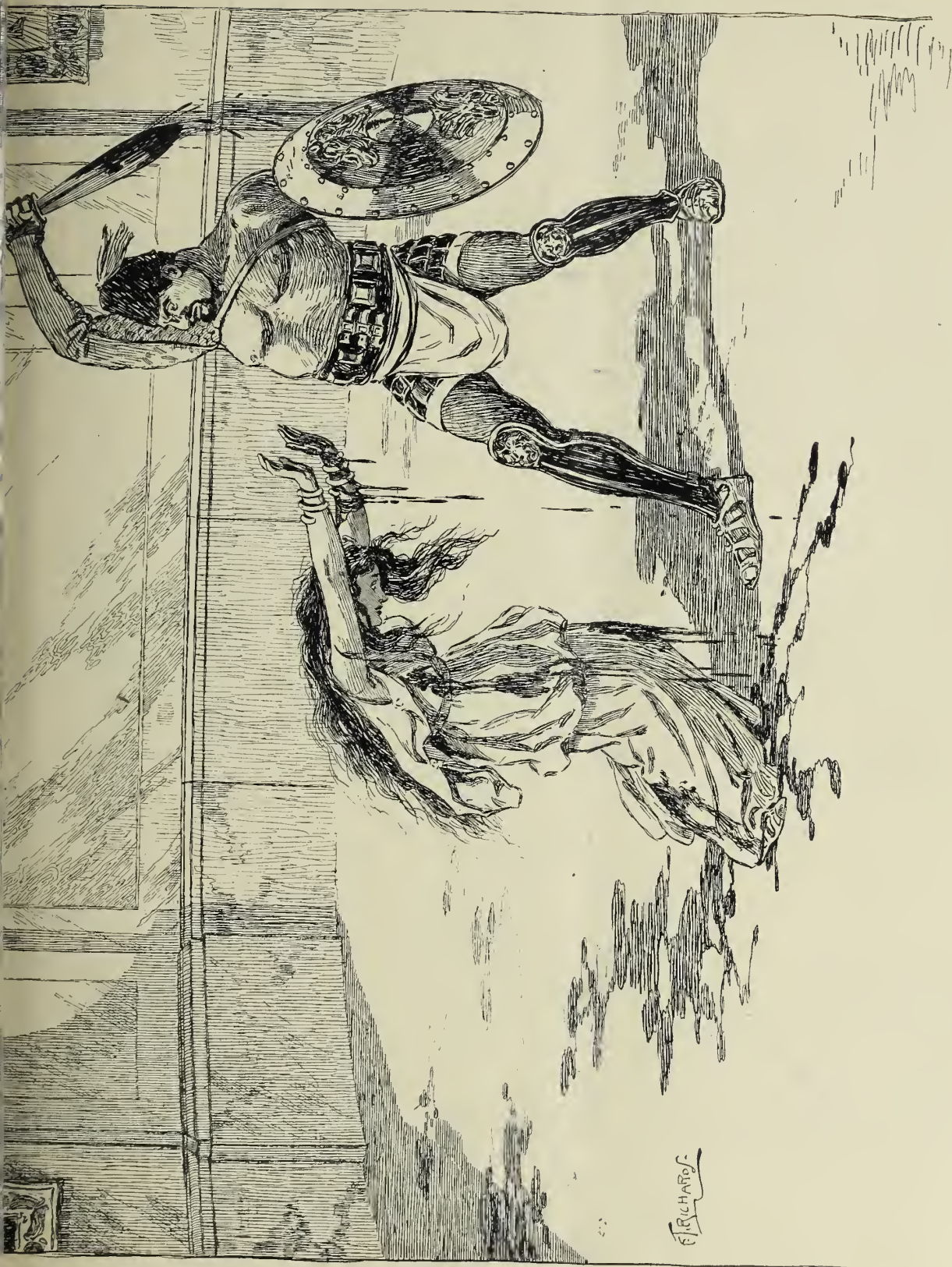
MR. OLDBOARDER: He said it didn't make any difference as long as I took it on an empty stomach.



"TAKE HIM, YACOB."

· LIFE ·





FUN WITH THE CHRISTIANS.

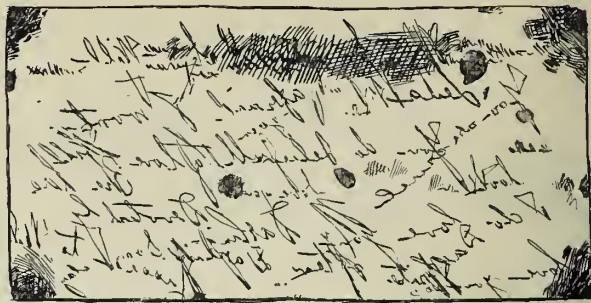


MR. JOHN HARE AGAIN.

AFTER "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" and all that the name implies, "A Pair of Spectacles" is like a draught of spring water to the parched throat. The parching has been pretty continuous and thorough of late, thanks to the state of morals or immorals now fashionable on the English stage and utilized by those who cater to it.

Perhaps it is because "A Pair of Spectacles" is neither wholly English nor entirely new that it is free from the taint of the English decadents. Mr. Sydney Grundy, who adapted the piece from the French, has never been so serious an offender as some of his contemporary dramatists, and at the time this piece was written audacity and the ambition to shock had not become so popular with writers for the London stage. Whatever the reasons for its having been written, the play selected by Mr. John Hare for his second production in America is clean, wholesome and—strange that it should be so—interesting. No American managers would admit to-day the possibilities of these three qualities going together.

Mr. Hare personates *Benjamin Goldfinch*, an almost impossibly philanthropic gentleman, whose trust in human nature is largely what prosaic people would call foolish. His brother *Gregory* goes to the other but quite ordinary extreme of having no confidence in anyone. *Benjamin* becomes corrupted by a renewed acquaintance with *Gregory* after years of separation, and then returns to his original benevolent character. The possibilities of portrayal in *Benjamin's* two transformations are great, and Mr. Hare has excellent opportunities for delicate drawing. His line lies in dainty detail. It is the sort of work which few American actors consider worth their while, and for which the American public apparently gives few opportunities. Mr. Mansfield's principal successes have been in the same field, which



SISTER'S BLOTTER.

TO BE HELD BEFORE A MIRROR TO BE APPRECIATED.

shows that to the artist, the play and the management here, the same things are possible which made us bring Mr. Hare from London.

The *Benjamin* of Mr. Hare is not a great performance in the sense that it brings people to their feet howling with enthusiasm. It is pleasing rather than magnetic. It is artistic in its faithfulness to detail and consequent distinctness of effect.

In Mr. Groves's *Gregory* there is a good counterfoil to Mr. Hare's work. In both cases the author has sacrificed truth to dramatic effect, with the result in each case of heightening the humor, this being especially true in the case of *Gregory*. He is made such a combination of gruffness, sordidness and false wisdom concerning human nature that he is in a way laughable, but in fact better to see on the stage than encounter in real life. The company is competent, but the characters are colorless and only intended to form a background for the leading parts.

Altogether "A Pair of Spectacles" is thoroughly clean and on this and other accounts delightful. It seems a strange thing in America to have to subordinate other things to cleanliness in summing up a dramatic notice, but since our theatrical purveyors are taking their vogue from London it has become necessary.

* * *
MISS JULIA NEILSON, who impersonated *Mrs. Ebbsmith* on her first appearance here, has a better chance in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's one-act piece, "Comedy and Tragedy."



"WHAT'S THE MATTER, TOMMY?"

"I SPENT THE TEN-CENTS YOU GAVE ME FOR A BANK TO—KEEP 'EM SAFE IN, AND NOW I—CAN'T FIND THE MONEY WHEN I WANT TO PUT IT IN."



Old Lady: IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS, BUT I CAN'T LOOK ON AND SEE SUCH DESECRATION WITHOUT REMARK!
 "BE AISY, MA'AM. SHURE IT'S A CIRCUS RIDER HE WAS, AN' OI'M THRYIN' TO MEK TH' POOR BOY FEEL AT HOME."

Miss Neilson is a handsome woman, but a large one, and she throws more muscularity than grace into her performances. She is also a trifle too reminiscent of Miss Ellen Terry, especially in enunciation. Her scale of expression is limited, and she needs both to study good models and to increase her originality. The effect of her present performance is to make one doubt her artistic earnestness. This does not mean that she is not pleasing nor interesting, but that she neglects her possibilities.

Metcalf.

A VALUABLE ACQUISITION.

MR. COHENHEIMER: Mishter O'Brien, vos it your liddel poy dot magician took silver tollars from his nose and ears at der show last night?

MR. O'BRIEN: It was my boy Dennis.

"How much a veek will you dake for dot poy?"

SKINNER: Is Mr. Laylow one of your permanent boarders?

THE LANDLADY: He is. I told him he couldn't leave until he had paid up.

MUSICAL.



THREE BEATS TO A MEASURE.



CHOLLIE: Youah daughtah has consented to mawy me, and—er—I'd like to know if there is any insanity in youah family.

OLD GENTLEMAN (*emphatically*): There must be!—*Ex.*

A LAWYER residing in the North of England, and noted for his laconic style of expression, sent the following terse and witty note to a refractory client, who would not succumb to his reiterated demands for the payment of his bill: "Sir, if you pay the enclosed, you will oblige me. If you do not, I shall oblige you."—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

ALL lecturers like to have their efforts appreciated, and some want all the world to realize how great was the satisfaction of their audience. The American tells of an instance where this inclination showed the lecturer in an amusing light.

BROWN: I say, James, the boy from the newspaper office has called for the report of that lecture. Is it finished?

JAMES (*a novice*): All but a short sentence in the middle of it, and I can't for the life of me make out from my notes what it is.

BROWN: Oh, just put in "Great applause," and let it go.

James acts on the suggestion, and the lecture is sent for publication with the doctored part reading:

"Friends, I will detain you but a few moments longer. [Great applause.]—*Youth's Companion.*

GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON, the Confederate commander, used to relate that in the hottest part of one of the early battles of the civil war he felt his coat tails pulled. Turning about he recognized a young man who had been employed in his tobacco factory previous to enlistment. "Why are you not in your place fighting?" the general demanded angrily. "Why," answered the youth, "I just wanted to tell you that if you don't mind I reckon I will take my day off to-day!"—*Argonaut.*

SMITH loves a good straight drink, and loves each one better than the first. It is needless to say that at times Smith goes under.

The club man, who is a well-known Boston shoe dealer, was telling about one of those times. "Smith," said he, "had gone up to Maine on a visit. His host was a jolly good fellow, and loved a good straight drink just as much as did Smith. Get two men of congenial temperament and similar tastes together, and they generally make a night of it. That's precisely what Smith and his host did.

"Seems, also, that a clergyman was staying at the house, and he, poor soul, had slept the sleep of the just all night. Smith came down to breakfast in the morning, having had about an hour's sleep. The first man he saw was the clergyman. The latter put both hands to his head, preparatory to breathing a devout blessing on the food.

"Smith looked at him a moment, and then remarked, solemnly and gravely: 'My friend (hic) I've got jus' same kind of head myself.'"—*Exchange.*



BEHIND THE ARRAS. By Bliss Carman. With designs by T. B. Meteyard. Boston and New York: Lamson, Wolfe, and Company.

Cape of Storms. By Percival Pollard. Chicago: The Author.

A Woman's Love Letters. By Sophie M. Almond Hensley. New York: J. Selwin Tait and Sons.

The Black Lamb. By Anna Robeson Brown. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

A BUFFALO boy, when asked to write out what considered an ideal menu, evolved the following:

FURST COURSE.

Mince pie.

SECOND COURSE.

Punkin pie and turkey.

THIRD COURSE.

Lemon pie, turkey and cranberries.

FOURTH COURSE.

Custard pie, apple pie, chocolate cake and pudding.

DESSERT.

Pie.

—*Youth's Companion.*

CAPTAIN (*to belated passenger who has suddenly appeared on the deck of the abandoned ship*): Jump man! Jump quick! Don't you see she's going down?

PASSENGER: Is my wife saved?

CAPTAIN: Yes.

PASSENGER: Well, so long. I can't spend rest of my life explaining why I let her take steamer.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

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FRIEND: Why didn't you ever marry?
MAIDEN LADY: Because, by the time my relatives thought I was old enough to marry, the men thought I was too old.—*New York Weekly.*

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RURAL MINISTER (*sadly*): If I had such energetic fellows as you to pass the plate now and then, I might have something to give you. — *The Christian Work.*

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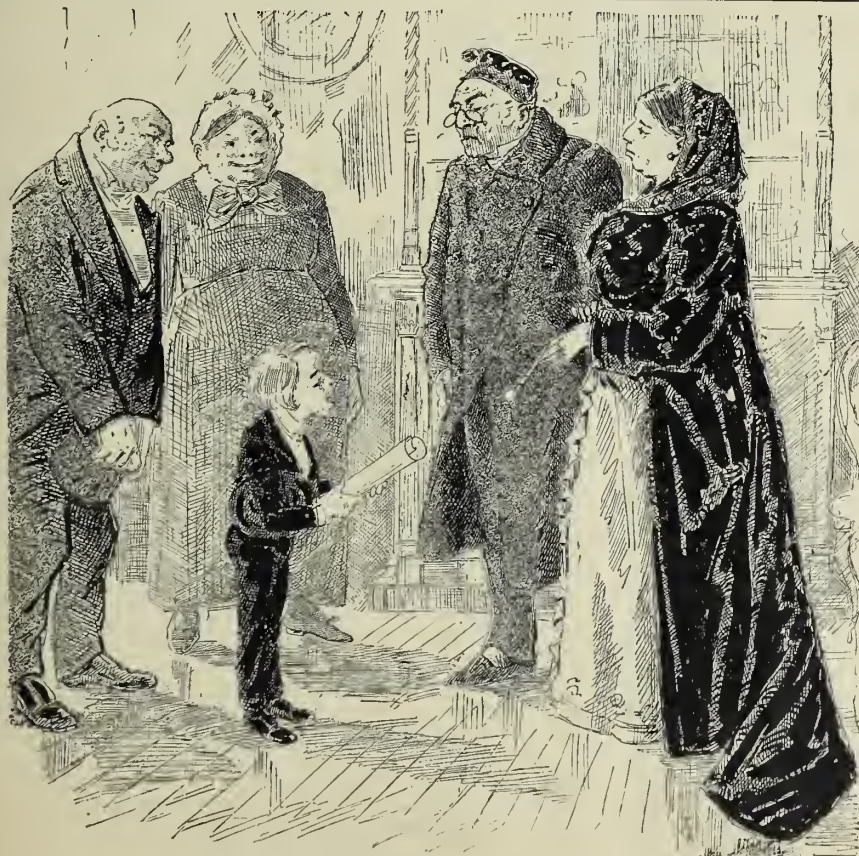
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NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS.

Monsieur: MADAM, I AM GLAD TO BE PRESENT ON THIS HAPPY OCCASION TO RENEW THE ASSURANCE OF THE DEVOTION MY PARENTS; AND TO SAY TO YOU THAT I SHALL SERVE YOUR SUCCESSORS IN THE SAME SPIRIT, AS YOU, WITHOUT BUT, WILL BOTH BE DEAD BEFORE I AM OLD ENOUGH TO BE OF USE.

Le Paris Jovial.

SUSAN SIMPSON.

SUDDEN swallows swiftly skimming,
Sunset's slowly spreading shade,
Silvery songsters sweetly singing,
Summer's soothing serenade.

Susan Simpson strolled sedately,
Stifling sobs, suppressing sighs.
Seeing Stephen Slocum, stately
She stopped, showing some surprise.

"Say," said Stephen, "sweetest sigher;
Say, shall Stephen spouseless stay?"
Susan, seeming somewhat shier,
Showed submissiveness straightway.

Summer's season slowly stretches,
Susan Simpson Slocum she—
So she signed some simple sketches—
Soul sought soul successfully.

* * * *

Six Septembers Susan swelters;
Six sharp seasons snow supplies;
Susan's satin sofa shelters
Six small Slocums side by side.

Boston Globe.

A NEGRO preacher addressed his flock with great earnestness on the subject of "Miracles," as follows: "My beloved friends, de greatest of all miracles was 'bout de loaves and fishes. Dey was 5,000 loaves and 2,000 fishes, and de twelve 'postles had to eat 'em all. De miracle is dey didn't bust."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"THERE is no place like home," sighed the bachelor.

"That's a fact," said the family man, "there isn't."—*Detroit Free Press.*

TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY.

A MEMBER of a well known athletic club, riding along at an easy pace, was overtaken by another wheel which didn't turn out in time, and a rear end collision was the result. When the clubman recovered from the shock, he found himself lying on his back with the baggy knee of a pair of trousers across his face. Furious at the stupidity of the other rider, he struggled to get up, shouting:

"Why the devil do you ride like that?"

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" said a plaintive voice. "I didn't mean to. I'm all tangled up."

"Oh, Lord! a girl," groaned the young man. "And I went and swore at her," and his contrition increased when he picked himself up and saw gazing at him from around the wreckage a very pretty face, flushed with mortification. Lifting the owner to her feet, the young man tried to apologize.

"Awfully sorry. I thought that it was some idiot of a man that had run into me. That is—er—er—I don't mean you're an idiot, you know; if I'd known that you were, I wouldn't have sworn at you. No, no, I don't mean that either. I'm a little rattled, you see, but I thought it was a man when I saw your trousers. That is, I thought your—er—garments were trousers of a man you know. If I'd known those trousers were bloomers—I mean if I'd known it was a girl who wore

trousers— Oh, darnitall! I apologize," and the youth mounted and sped away so madly that he narrowly escaped wrecking a street car, leaving the girl redder than before.—*Chicago Journal.*

WAR is a fearful thing under all circumstances, and some of the most dreadful wars have been waged on the most flimsy and foolish pretext, even if they had a pretext at all. But probably no stranger reason for war or peace was ever recorded than has been noted by a French governor of the South Pacific colony of New Caledonia.

This governor, who was also an admiral of the navy, assumed his authority while the natives of New Caledonia were still cannibals. There had been rumors of an insurrection, and the admiral called before him a native chief who was faithful to the French cause and questioned him as to their truth.

"You may be sure," said the native, "that there will be no war at present, because the yams are not yet ripe."

"The yams, you say?"

"Yes. Our people never make war except when the yams are ripe."

"Why is that?"

"Because baked yams go so very well with the captives!"—*Exchange.*

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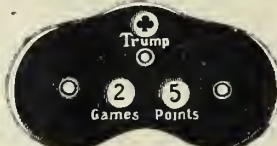
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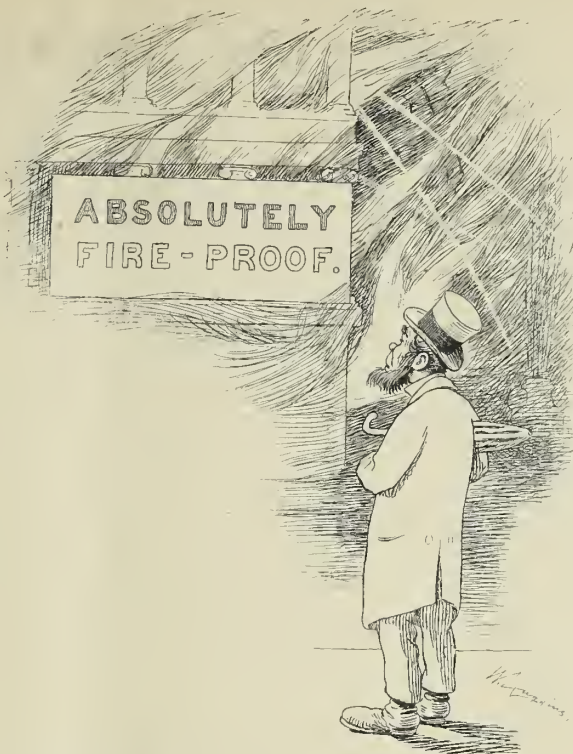
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It is related that on one occasion Senator Edmunds was standing with a visiting English statesman on the high steps at the west side of the Capitol, looking down Pennsylvania Avenue toward the Treasury Department. The stranger had seen much to interest and amuse him in Washington. "You have a wonderful country and a wonderful people here, Mr. Senator. Nothing can be impossible with such go-ahead inhabitants."

"Oh, yes," said the Senator, "some things are impossible here. It is impossible to march a brass band down that avenue and have a crowd of colored people go in the opposite direction at the same time."—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

THEATRICAL MANAGER (*breathlessly*): Are you busy?

DRAMATIST: Not very.

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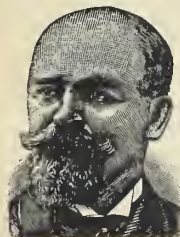
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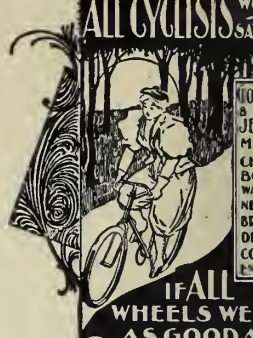
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MISCHIEVOUS WILLIE.

O WILLIAM, FIE! I SCARCELY COULD BELIEVE
THAT THOU WOULD'ST THUS THY ANXIOUS GRANDMA GRIEVE!



THE EAGLE AND THE LION

Our advice to them both is the same as *Punch's* advice to the man who was going to get married: **DON'T!**

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Good muslin Gowns. Mother Hubbard yoke, of 12 pleats, neat Hamburg edge on neck, yoke and sleeves, 38c. Three to a buyer.

Gowns of good strong heavy muslin, cambric ruffle on neck, yoke and sleeves and around pleated yoke, 50c.

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Good strong heavy muslin Drawers, wide hem and 9 spaced pleats, 30c.; same in cambric, 30c. Only 3 to a buyer.

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Good muslin skirts, trimmed with cambric ruffle, 3 pleats, pleats above, 50c.

Good heavy muslin Skirts, trimmed with ruffle of Hamburg embroidery, 75c.

Fine cambric Skirts, trimmed with deep lawn ruffle, with one row of insertion and edge of lace, 85c.

Good heavy fleece lined Underskirts, made on deep cambric yoke band, \$1.

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Extra heavy tin Clothes Boilers, copper bottom, large, \$1.05; regularly \$1.60.

Tin Dish Pans, 14 qts., 22c.; 17 qts., 27c.

Tin lipped Sauce Pans, cover, 4 qts., 8c.

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VOLUME XXVII.

·LIFE·

NUMBER 682.



LOVE AND DUTY.

He: YOUR FATHER ADVISES ME TO INVEST MY FORTUNE IN WALL STREET. IT WOULD BE POLITIC, I SUPPOSE.
"No, don't you do it! AFTER HE HAD WON ALL YOUR MONEY HE'D NEVER LET US MARRY."

TOO EARLY TO SAY.

"SO you've moved your office to the top floor of one of the new Broadway buildings."

"Yes."

"How do you like it?"

"I haven't got acclimated yet."

ICI ON PARLE AMERICAIN.

YOUNG TOURIST (after consulting dictionary): Garcon, will you bring—oh—voolez voo apportez—two—deux-deux—er, oh—

WAITER (interrupting): Cocktails?



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVII. JANUARY 23, 1896. No. 682.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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A Republican form of government is not without its inconveniences. It is inconvenient, for example, to have two parties in power at once, and it is inconvenient to have a majority of silver men in the Senate. But difficult as it is to manage the finances of the country without the help of Congress, it can for a time be done. Knowing the President and his advisers, LIFE has faith to believe that somehow the gold reserve will be kept up and the credit of the country maintained. Whether it will come about by a popular loan or must be done by the help of a syndicate we will soon find out. The cheapest way is doubtless the best, but the most effectual way is the cheapest.

* * *



IN common with the rest of the civilized world, LIFE has been closely watching with profound interest the efforts of our cousins, the British, to remind the youthful Emperor of their cousins, the Germans, of the traditional inexpediency of trying to teach one's grandmother to suck eggs. It may be that all good Americans ought to hope that William may refuse to be impressed and may either fight England or come so near it as to make Lord Salisbury more disposed to arbitrate his dispute with Venezuela. If it is absolutely necessary that Great Britain be disciplined LIFE is selfish enough to prefer to see the job tackled by the Europeans. But, though it is a lively spectacle to see brethren together by the ears, and though sea fights make good reading in the newspapers, LIFE is too kindly disposed toward both the British and

the Germans not to hope and to believe that they will cool off without coming to blows. It seems safe to assert that the majority of Americans neither desire to whop England themselves nor to see anyone else whop her. They don't care to have her whopped at all. The worst they wish anent her is to have her constrained, if that is necessary, to restrict her imperial enterprises within proper bounds, and to be reasonable and polite.

* * *



IT is held by very many intelligent persons, British especially, that the very best thing that can happen to any outlying country that has not shown itself competent to take good care of itself, is to fall

into the hands of the English and be relieved of responsibility.

The improvement of most countries to which this happens is very marked. Order is kept in them, railroads are built, natural resources are developed and travel becomes safe and agreeable. If England owned Cuba for instance, there is little doubt that that distracted island would find herself much better off than she ever has been. The blessings of English rule being so abundantly obvious it is natural enough that the British should ever wish to keep extending it, the more so because it is almost always largely remunerative to them to do so.

To be bossed by the British being so profitable and wholesome, of course it indicates a lack of intelligence in any people to object to it, but our cousins really must remember that the world is full of folks who are just stupid enough to want to do their little share of the bossing, and particularly to boss their own destinies, whether it is truly profitable to them or not. Some of these more or less misguided people are pretty stout, and if enough of them make up their minds to about the same thing at about the same time, the chances are favorable to their having their own way about it.

* * *

AND yet, while a combination of nations to keep the world's peace might be a great good, a combination in which the United States was included against Great Britain would be such an entangling alliance as it has always been our policy and our earnest wish to keep out of. Only the most pressing necessity or the prospect of good to all the world could make it tolerable to Americans. To very many of us a row with England would be so much like a family quarrel, that though we might pursue it ever so earnestly ourselves, in all our heat we would have compunctions and reluctances about asking any of the neighbors in to help.

THE VIVISECTOR WHO MET HIS MATCH.



"COME, DOGGY, LET ME SHOW YOU



AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT."

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

FRIEND: Have you made any more changes in your farce comedy?

MANAGER: Yes. I've dropped out the rest of the plot to make room for another song and dance.

SONG OF JOHN BULL.

BEHOLD, I stand, my club in hand
Prepared to level all.
Too short *my* girth! I want the earth
To answer to my call.
For my sweet self I gather pelf
Wherever it is found.
I capture tribes and sneer at gibes
I hear from all around.
The smell of gold makes me quite bold,
I'm out, you see, for dust.
To grab's my game. The earth I claim.
I'd own a mundane trust.

No friend have I beneath the sky,
For me no nation cheers.
I club the weak. To hear them squeak
Is music in my ears.
Were I not strong it would be wrong,
Of course, in me to fight.
But I'm John Bull! I've got a pull
On everything in sight.



"SCIENCE? UM--AH-BUT-THAT IS MY DOG.



BUT WHEN WE NATIVES DO



THAT SORT OF THING YOU CALL IT CRUELTY."

CONFESSIONS OF A BUD.



THE Society Reporter came some days ago. He had a bad cold in his head—poor thing—for he had been sitting on a fire escape in Fifth Avenue all night, listening to a Society quarrel between a shortly to be divorced couple. I complimented him on the brave and perilous life that he leads—(Mama says it's best to keep solid with him).

"But," I said, "what if you get pneumonia through your zeal?"

"It's worth it," he said, huskily. "It'll be a scoop."

"What's that?" I asked. (They use such quaint language—these journalists).

"Why, I'll be the first to tell it," he said, proudly. I sympathized with him—I know that feeling so well.

Then he went on to tell me that he wanted to take the liberty of giving me a hint.

"There's a swell Society clique—getting up a Circus—called a 'Literary Salon,' at the Waldorf. You want to be in it," he said.

"You must get into the brainy set. Then it's dead easy."

(His language is so droll).

"But how can I get into the brainy set," I asked.

"You've got to give a hen—beg pardon—dove party—to

brainy women," he replied. "If you are nice to them, they will drag you into this Literary Society Combination affair somehow."

"But I don't like brainy women," I objected. "They say things which I don't understand, and ask me if I've read books which I haven't."

The Society Reporter took a list from his pocket and handed it to me, simply remarking:

"These people will be in the Waldorf Affair."

The list was this:

Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Dwyer, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clews, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Astor, Mr. and Mrs. I. Townsend Burden, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Goelet, Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Butler Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. T. Suffern Tailor.

I handed it back.

"I will give the Woman's Lunch Party," I said. And I did.

It was awful—simply awful! In the first place one felt that one's gown was wasted—just women to look at it—and women who wear ready-made clothes, too. Then everyone talked at once, and nobody listened. They recited their own poems, too. It was very exhausting!

The conversation seemed all about "Well-rounded Lives," and "Re-incarnation," and other dry and uninteresting things. Nobody mentioned the Goelet's last dance, or Newport, or the "Patriarchs." Women kept on asking each other "Have you read my book?" The woman questioned generally answered that she hadn't had time yet.

One woman, who actually wore lace in a tailor-made gown, turned to me and said:

"Do you enjoy threshing the sense from the lovely word foliage of George Meredith?"

"Well, to tell you the truth," I replied, "I prefer to buy my translations. I haven't time to make them."

"I see you are not a brainy woman," she remarked.

"No," I said; "I am a Society Woman."

"Ah," she said, "that accounts for you having said a bright thing. We clever women never do. We only write them."

"Did you clever women invent hen parties?" I asked her.

"Yes," she said, studying her finger-nails, which were very inky.

"Why," I asked, curiously, "did you invent parties without men?"

"Necessity is the Mother of Invention," she replied. "We couldn't get men."

Then she relapsed into silence and washed the ink off her fingers in the finger-bowl.

I was glad when it was over. I look on it as the penalty paid to get into that Waldorf affair. But when I think of the names on that list which the Society Reporter gave me to read, I do not regret the penalty. But all the same, I will never give another owl—no, I mean dove—party.

A BALLAD of POVERTY



SHE came into my house long since,
And bade me let her stay.
"I'm honest Poverty," she said,
"Whom none should turn away."

"I will but stay a year or so,
While you are young and strong."
I answered, careless: "Bide a while;
I shall not keep you long."

O, many years have passed since then,
Yet still that wretched crone
Doth dwell with me, nor do I dare
To call my soul my own.

Now half the friends I used to love
Will visit me no more;
The stony glare of Poverty
Affrights them from my door.

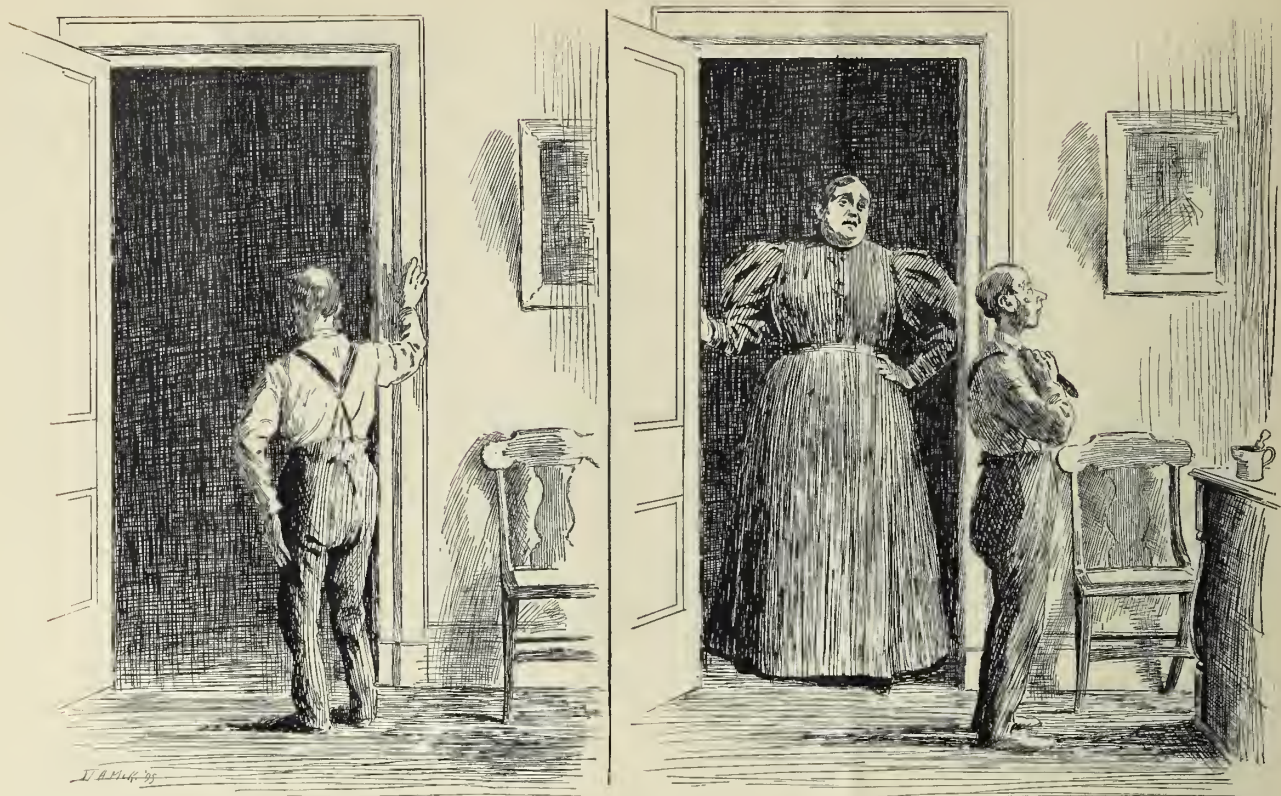
And when I venture to complain,
Or mildly remonstrate,
"'Tis wholesome discipline," she says:
"Your pride has been too great."

O, woful woman! Dost thou mean
To dwell with me for aye?
Old Age demands admittance now,
And will not go away.

He, too, must be my guest e'er long;
Old Age and Poverty!
A precious pair to rule my hearth;
Haste, Death, and set me free!

Geraldine Meyrick.

100/1



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"BIRDIE, CAN YOU TRIP UP STAIRS A MOMENT, PLEASE?"

"YES, ALEXANDER, WHAT IS IT?"



POETRY AS CHINK FILLING.

POETRY, as at present practiced in this country, has several important functions that are not put down in the books. It is very good gymnastics for a young writer, giving him exercise in the choice of words with precision, and in their melodic value and significance. This is invaluable at a time when the young writer has few ideas, but abundant energy. Moreover, poetry is a very safe outlet for youthful sentiment. You can say almost anything to a young woman in rhyme, without entangling yourself in a promise of matrimony. It is as safe a present as a box of candy. Then, too, in the modern magazine, poetry is an indispensable gap-filler. It is just as useful as mud in filling up the chinks in a log house. But its most ornamental office of recent years is to furnish material for pretty little books to young publishers, who of course desire to make a good showing on a small investment. Nothing has been discovered that will so hand-

somely adorn two ounces of hand-made paper and an eccentric book-cover as a sprinkling of verse here and there. Even a pastel does not balance on a page quite so artistically.

Some beautiful examples of this artistic use of poetry have been furnished by Copeland & Day of Boston, in books like Stephen Crane's "Black Riders," or Bliss Carman's "A Sea Mark" or the recently began "Oaten Stop" series. Lamson, Wolfe & Co. also of Boston, have shown equal skill in the manipulation of high grade paper and tasteful cover designs. Chicago has, however, been the leader in what might be called the Deckle Edge Renaissance. There is little in the line of novel bookmaking that Stone & Kimball have not tried. Way & Williams are also in the running with satisfactory results.

An examination of many of these recent books of poetry shows that hexameters and iambic pentameters are very much out of style. The lines are too long and eliminate or curtail the wide margins that are the chief delight in bookmaking. To all young poets who want to be published we say most earnestly, do not make your lines over four feet, and taper them down to a single explosive syllable. Then give them a crescendo ending

with a large cap line and three !!! We used to hear of the poetic ear; it has been superseded by the typographic eye.

* * *

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE'S "Ballads of Blue Water" (Houghton) must not be included in the above analysis. He has a fondness for long lines, and some of the ballads fill as much as six pages. The new school of rhymsters would consider this a terrible waste. Moreover he has a flamboyant United States pennant on the cover, and chooses American patriotic subjects for his ballads as though he were not ashamed of them. His book was published before the Jingo revival and he cannot be accused of having had a tip from President Cleveland.

We have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Roche's "Fight of the Armstrong," "Albemarle Cushing," "Gettysburg," or "Washington" are far superior to the new poet laureate's outburst of patriotism in "Jameson's Ride." If the President wants to put Salisbury in a hole, let him engage Mr. Roche to humiliate Alfred Austin. Some mighty good poetry of a stirring kind would be the result. And Ould Ireland would back us to a man!

Droch.

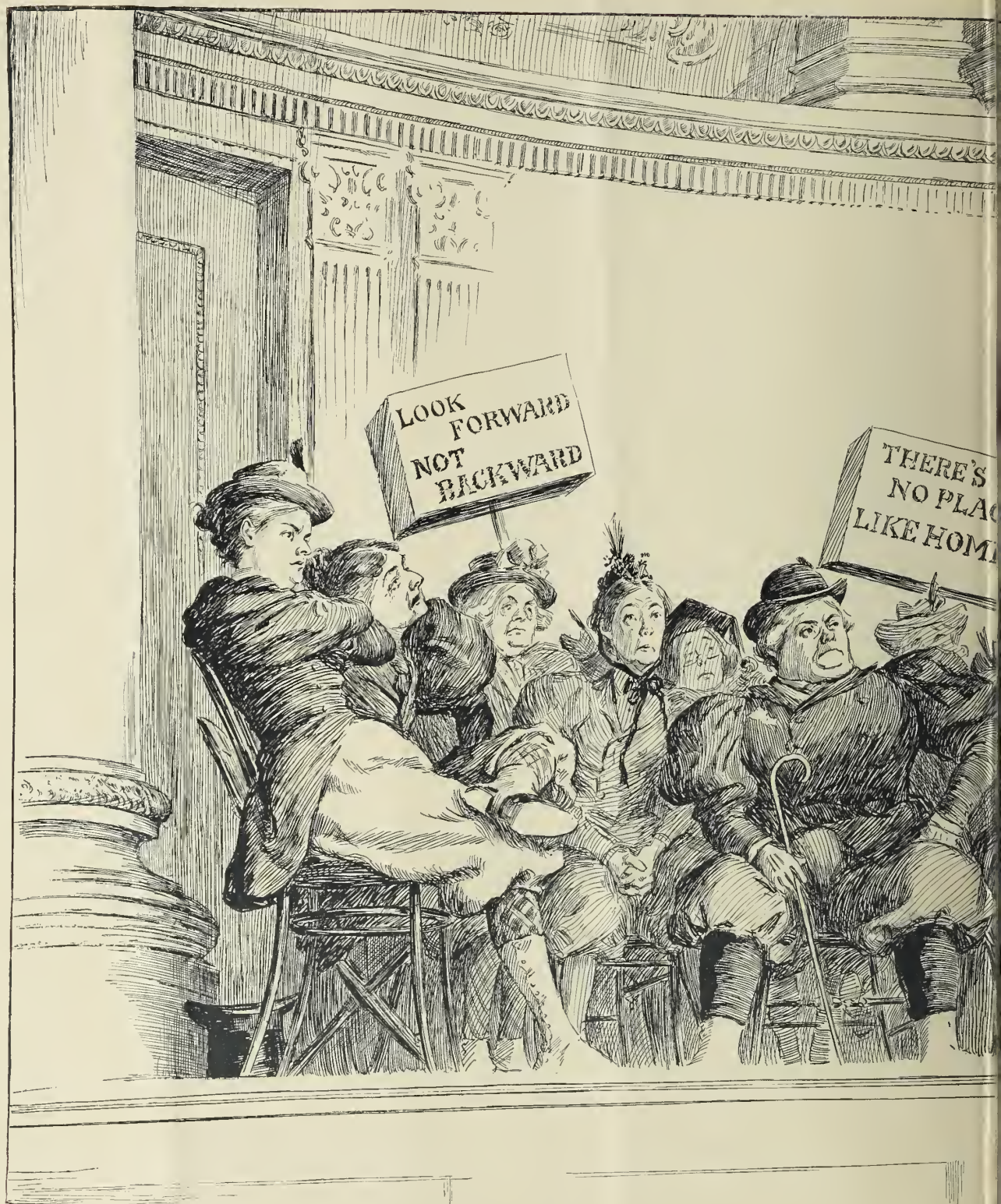


A MUSICAL ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE.

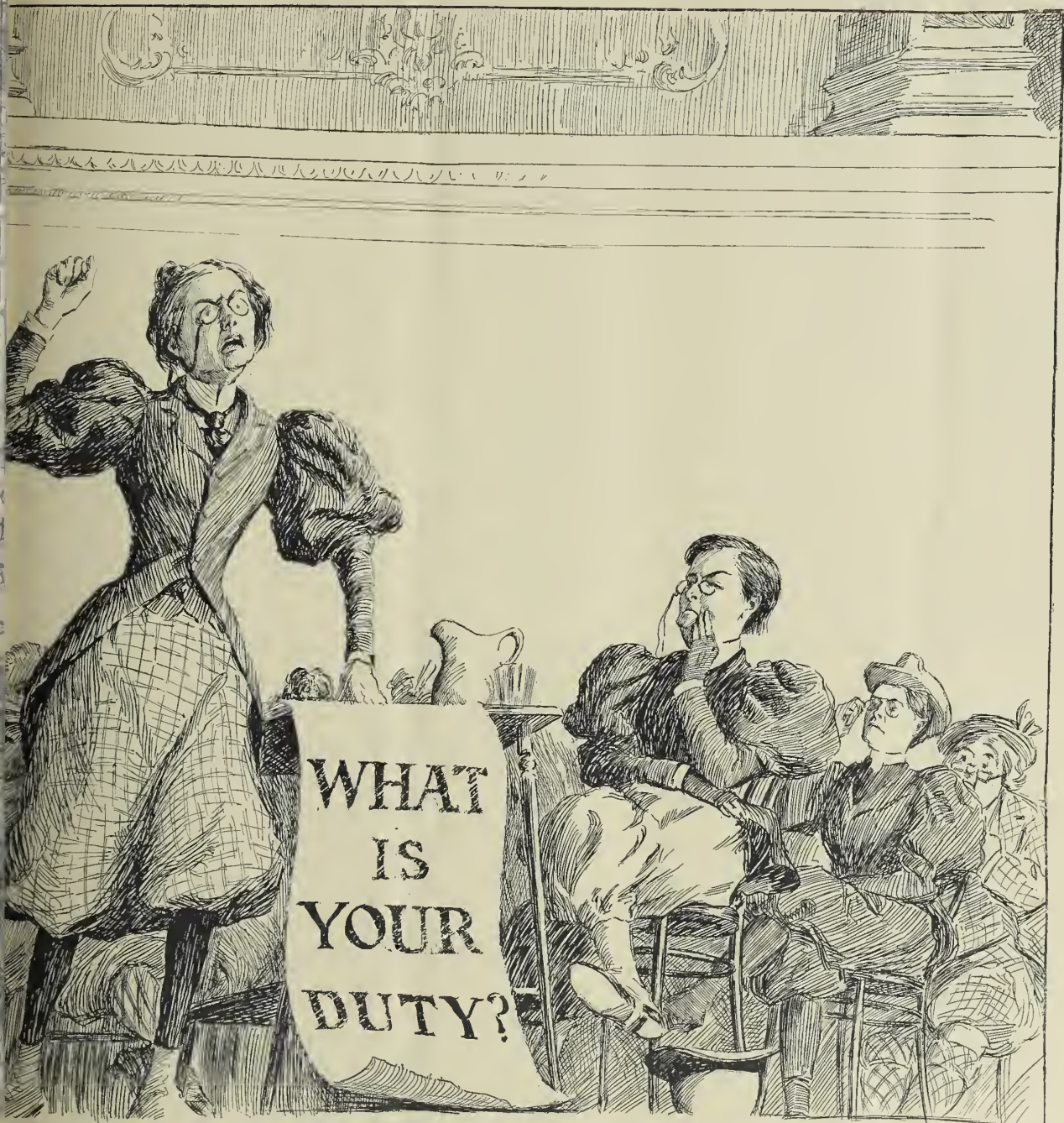
ALTOGETHER TOO ONE SIDED!

OUR legislators at Albany have very curious ideas on the subject of reform for young people who have gone astray. They seem to think it well enough to reform the boys, but one of these philanthropists said recently that "girls do not care to reform anyway, and money spent for that purpose is thrown away."

The official report from an institution of that kind just across the border line, informs us that during the last five years eighty-three per cent. of the girl inmates have turned over a new leaf, and that some of them are now happy wives. Give the girls a chance, gentlemen. When women shall run the state we refuse to believe that our rulers will refuse an appropriation for reforming the boys.



CONVENTION OF THE
SUBJECT FOR DISCUSSION AT THIS MEETING



D REFORM CLUB.
MAKE THE HOME MORE ATTRACTIVE.

Tom H. Walker 95



RECENT VENTURES.

BIG head is a common complaint these days with any one who makes even a temporary success.

Mr. Augustin Daly may be or may have been a victim of the malady. Certain it is that as a manager he has had a lot of aseptic treatment from the merciless surgeon known as "the public." This is the only doctor that most theatrical managers consult. In one way it is, perhaps, to Mr. Daly's credit that he has gone contrary to his doctor's advice, but it is certainly not to his credit with his banker. He has made and followed his own diagnosis. It has cost him money and, worse than that, has cost him prestige. To put it briefly, for some time he has not known quite where he were.

In "The Two Escutcheons" Mr. Daly and his company have come back to something like the old stand-

ard. That is, the piece is amusing and, with the exception of Miss Rehan, the company is well cast. This does not mean that Miss Rehan does not play well but that she could do better things—things which apparently the public will not let her do. Mr. Daly has made some strange experiments in taking new people into his company. In the present play Mr. Edwin Stevens justifies the experiment and practically creates a new part in his rendering of *Baron von Wettingen*. Miss Elliott, as *The Widow Stevenson*, shows that she has talent besides her beauty.

"The Two Escutcheons" is a polite and amusing comedy well performed. It deserves patronage.

* * *

AT the Lyceum Theatre Mr. Pinero again lectures on the man and woman question in a piece called "The Benefit of the Doubt." Emanating from the recent London school nothing but such a discourse could be expected, and it is charity to put an anatomical discussion like this under the head "Drama." The American theatre-going public is not absolutely howling for this class of entertainment, no matter how well acted or how well mounted, a fact that perhaps some day American managers will appreciate. London clothes and London morals go with some people in America but not with enough to make the decadent drama successful here.

* * *

DOES *Chimmie Fadden* exist? We have had him in Mr. Townsend's clever book and now we have him in a play. His "Wot t'ell" has become almost as classic as "Give me liberty or give me death," or "Let us have peace." There were experienced New Yorkers who claimed that the *Chimmie* of the book never was on earth or the Bowery, and this constituency will be increased when it comes to the *Chimmie* of the stage. There was, and is a real *Chimmie*, but Mr. Townsend used him as a skeleton to put literary flesh on for his book, and Mr. Hopper puts literary flesh on him for the stage. *Chimmie* really exists, but in a literary way he has been broadened by Mr. Townsend, and dramatically he has been exaggerated (as well as physically broadened) by Mr. Hopper.

There is certainly one good thing to be said about the play "*Chimmie Fadden*." It is American. It cultivates a field which seems of late to have been barren. But it is an argument to prove that the apparent sterility comes more from the lack of husbandmen than from the poverty of the soil. *Chimmie Fadden* should furnish more legitimate entertainment to Americans than several dozens of *Mrs. Tanquerays* and *Mrs. Ebbsmiths*. It is funny and interesting. It is not exactly high art but it possesses a good deal of the truth of real art. No one in New York ever saw *Chimmie* exactly as he is portrayed nor heard exactly the dialect he uses, but Mr. Steve Brodie, of bridge-jumping and other fame, very nearly presents the part in real life. It is a certain closeness to nature which made *Chimmie* in the book



THE RUNAWAYS.

Maud: OH, ALGERNON, IF WE SHOULD BE OVERTOOK!

Algernon: REST EASY MY TREMBLIN' LILY, IT AINT POSSIBLE; MER STEED IS AS SWIFT O' FOOT AS ANY ON THE PERARIES; IN A FEW MOMENTS MORE WE WILL BE ON THE OUTSQUIRTS OF THE VILLAGE, AN' ME OATH WHAT I HAVE REGISTERED ABOVE WILL BE FULFILLED AN' YOU WILL BE MER BRIDE.



BERTIE WALES AT THE AGE OF THREE.

and which pardons his exaggeration in the play. He is very well excused for having his largely artificial existence because he should be a strong incentive to other authors, dramatists and actors to cultivate our nativetypes.

In the production of "Chimmie Fadden" the credit of an excellent creation should be given to Marie Bates, who plays the minor part of *Mrs. Murphy*, a mere incident to the play, but one of the truest and best characterizations of New York individuality we have seen in a long time. It is a combination of alcoholism, shrewdness and humor which is worthy of recollection.

Chimmie deserves a place alongside of *Trilby* in dramatic creation. And the most comforting thought is that *Chimmie*, and what he stands for in literature and on the stage, is American.

Metcalf.

LUCKY.

BRIGGS: I hear that Pilter and his wife are not living with her parents now.

GRIGGS: Is that so? What is the reason?

BRIGGS: He won enough from the old man at poker to move out.



THE LADY OF THE MANNER.



ALBERT EDWARD PRINCE OF WALES.
TAKEN OF A SUNDAY MORNING.



H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
ALIAS ALBERT EDWARD WETTIN. FROM A
RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

THE GROWTH OF GREATNESS.

BERTIE WALES.—XXI.

BORN of royal but respectable parents, Ed. Wettin showed early in life but little of that wonderful promise (to pay) which came to him so gradually but surely at maturity.

Struggling along for years amid obscure and humble surroundings, it was not until his ringing utterances against the use of the ready-made tie startled the world, that he began to attain that prominence which had so long been the crowning ambition of his life. Since then he has been more or less successful at state functions and private hops given by the landed gentry, and his well-known *aplomb* has enabled him to step in where others have feared to tread. He is said to be the only man in the United Kingdom who has succeeded in borrowing any money from Mrs. Wettin, an evidence of real genius by no means to be lightly brushed aside. This gentleman has traveled quite extensively in his time, visiting some of the principal points of interest in the new and old worlds.

While in this country several years ago, he was put up at several of the clubs and had the freedom of the press given him. At that time the press was not in the advanced stage that it is at present, and several points were missed. H. R. H. ought to come over now. He would notice the vast strides that have been made.

One of the pleasantest things that LIFE has to chronicle about this gentleman is his deep admiration for the American girl, evinced on numerous occasions. It shows a love of beauty, and a fine discrimination which always excites our admiration.

Most of the good that Albert Edward has done has been hidden under a bushel, but occasionally there comes to light a striking instance of his love for humanity. Under the well known title of "the man who most influenced me" in a recent number of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, his nephew, Willie of Germany, says: "I think my Uncle Albert has done me more good than anyone else. It was he who first taught me that pajamas are the only thing for a gentleman to wear at night."



I SAT in Union Square one evening smoking a cigar and enjoying the play of the fountains, and I scarcely noticed the man on the other end of the bench. When I got up to go, the cigar was pretty well done for, and I threw the stub away. As I did so the man rose and said:

"Sir, was that the act of a true and courteous gentleman?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"There, sir; there!" he exclaimed, as he pointed to the stub.

"I was done with it, and I threw it away."

"Yes, sir, you did, and again I ask you if it was the act of a gentleman? No, sir, it was not. You knew I was sitting here."

"And waiting for my stub?"

"Certainly, sir! Yes, sir, I was waiting for it, and you deliberately tossed it away. Does one gentleman treat another gentleman in this manner?"

"Excuse me," I said, as I picked up the stub, "but may I offer you this bit of cigar?"

"Are you a gentleman, sir?" he demanded.

"I hope so."

"Then, sir, I accept your offering and excuse your absent-mindedness. Your thoughts were probably elsewhere."

"Yes."

"Then it is all right. As a gentleman you unconsciously threw away enough cigar to keep me smoking for a quarter of an hour. As a gentleman I called your attention to the breach of etiquette. As a gentleman you repaired your dereliction, and as a gentleman I thank you and wish you good evening."

And as I moved away he was smoking the stub with great vigor, and evidently enjoying the smoke to the fullest extent.—*New York Recorder*.

"EVER have any trouble with your wheel?"

"Not yet," said the sweet young thing. "So far, whenever I have run over any one, I have been able to get away before he got up."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

TO THE large number of stories of the "meanest man" which are frequently related should be added that of a certain Frenchman famous for his habit of grumbling at everything and on every occasion. He was attacked by inflammatory rheumatism, and was very carefully nursed by his wife, who was very devoted to him, in spite of his fault finding disposition. His suffering caused her to burst into tears sometimes as she sat by his bedside. One day a friend of this invalid came in and asked how he was getting on.

"Badly, badly," he exclaimed, "and it's all my wife's fault."

"Is it possible?" asked his friend, in surprise.

"Yes; the doctor told me that humidity was bad for me, and there that woman sits and cries just to make it moist in the room."—*Pearson's Weekly*.

THERE was an old colored man pushing a whitewash cart along Brush street the other afternoon when a woman opened a chamber window and called to him:

"Hey, you! Do you want a job?"

"What sort of a job, mum?" he asked as he stood at the gate.

"Carrying ashes out of the cellar."

"Werry sorry, mum, but I couldn't do dat job. I used to be in de ashes business, but I've dun quit it. If it was whitewashin or beatin a ca'pet, I'd be right on hand, but I doan' tech ashes no mo'."

"What's the matter with ashes?"

"Heaps de mattah, mum. Last job I worked on I found three knives, five fo'ks, seben spoons, two towles

NEW PUBLICATIONS

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an a dollar in cash in de ash heap, an wha dun s'pose de jedge gimme fur it?"

"I don't understand," she said.

"Why, a policeman took me to co't, a jedge gimme three months in jail."

"He must have thought you stole the thing."

"Sartinly, mum, sartinly, an dat's why I dat owin to suspishus occupashun of de pected suspishun I've heaharter gwine to myself right down to whitewashin an ca'pe Detroit Free Press.

LORD HOUGHTON's sister was often annoyed by her brother's indiscriminate hospitality. "Do remember, my dear," he asked her at dinner day, "whether that famous scoundrel X. was hanged or acquitted?"

"He must have been hanged, or you would have had him to dinner long ago," replied the late Argonaut.

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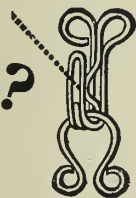
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AN American naval officer, wishing to bathe in a Ceylon river, asked a native to show him a place where there were no alligators. The native took him to a pool close to the estuary.

The officer enjoyed his dip; while drying himself, he asked his guide why there were never any alligators in that pool.

"Because, sah," the Cingalese replied, "they plenty 'fraid of shark!"—*Youth's Companion*.

ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER once said that he had asked a friend who had fought all through the war, and made an excellent record, if he had ever killed a man.

"Yes," he answered, in a remorseful tone. "At Bull Run I ran at the first fire. A Confederate chased me for ten miles and was then so exhausted that he dropped dead."—*Youth's Companion*.

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ary women will be considered.



AMONG others entering the elevator at a well-known Fourteenth street dry goods establishment was a stout, determined looking Irish lady. She was carried up and down the elevator several trips, but evinced no disposition to get out at any particular department. The man in charge finally said:

"Madame, where do you wish to be landed?"

"Lave me as near the Grand Central daypo as ye can," came the paralyzing response. She was left.—*Texas Siftings*.

THE late Dr. W. B. Robertson, of Irvine, was once addressing a boys' meeting, and having delighted them with some of his racy anecdotes, he began to draw to a close by saying: "Now I'm going to point out the moral of all this." "Never mind the moral," shouted a little fellow from the middle of the hall; "gie's anither story."—*Argonaut*.

THE spark of genius shows itself early in life, and my friend in Woburn has a little girl just beginning her career at school who already exhibits sublime flights of intellect. One blustering, lowering day last week the teacher asked the school children to write their impressions of the weather. The little tots struggled for some time with their imaginations, and in many cases the result was nil.

But not so with my friend's little daughter. She sat near the window and watched the falling leaves dashed hither and thither by the fickle autumnal breezes. Then she was seen to write something upon her slate, and when the teacher approached, the child triumphantly exhibited this brief but wise composition:

"The world is full of wind."—*Boston Globe*.

"We have the enemy on the run," said the Spanish general to his chief of staff.

"We have, general, but —"

The officer gazed anxiously at the oncoming insurgents.

"I'm very much afraid they will catch up with us."—*New York Sun*.

A MINISTER forgot to announce the social events for the coming week one Sunday morning, as was his wont. As he was about to pronounce his final blessing one of the deacons called his attention to the fact. No better opportunity arising, he stopped praying and said, "My brethren, I omitted to tell you that a clam chowder will be served at Brother Perkins' next Thursday evening, and I want you all to come and bring your bowls and spoons." Then he continued his invocation: "And may the Lord have mercy upon your souls! Amen!"—*New York Recorder*.

MAGISTRATE—You must be subjected to a great many temptations, you are up before me so often.

PRISONER—Dat's de fac', boss. Dis here am de world of temptations and trials. But de trials hit me the hardest, boss.—*Hartford Times*.

LAWYER (drawing will)—Your estate is much smaller, sir, than is generally supposed.

SICK MAN—Yes, but keep that quiet till after the funeral. I want a good show of grief-stricken mourners.—*Tit-Bits*.

HE HAD BEEN.—Miss Gush—Oh, captain, were you ever boarded by a pirate?

CAPTAIN STORMS.—Yes. He charged me \$11 a day for a hall room on the fourth floor.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

JUDGE HENRY HOWLAND tells the story of the embarrassed but generous-hearted young man who felt called upon to relieve the sudden cessation of drawing-room conversation, which oftentimes overtakes even the most brilliant social circles. With the blushes surmounting his cheeks he timidly turned to the daughter of the hostess, who was not present in the room, and inquired:

"Ho-how is yo-your mo-mo-mother? N-not th-that I gi-give a d—n, bu-but it ma-makes ta-talk."—*New Haven Register*.

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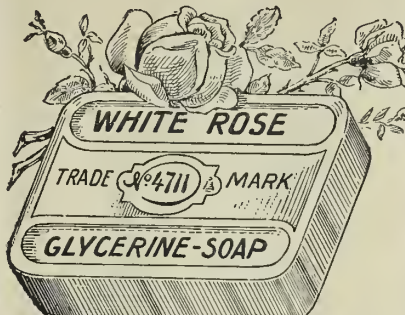
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BOBBY—Popper, what do they have to have a man to pray for Congress for?
Mr. Perry—They don't. He takes a look at Congress and then prays for the country.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

SHE—You viper!
He (gallantly)—You snake charmer!—*Il Gazzettino*.

MAGAZINE EDITOR—Many people are writing to ask the meaning of the poem we published last month. Shall I refer them to the author?
Magazine Proprietor—No, we don't want to swell his head.—*Detroit Tribune*.

HE—I am so afraid your father will object.
She—Don't worry. Papa hasn't much influence in this family.—*New York Weekly*.

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"DOT'S A JOKE ON YOU! SHE'S MY WIFE!"

SCENE.—A schoolroom in the year 1900.

Teacher (to new boy)—"Hans, have you got your certificate of vaccination against small-pox?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you been inoculated for croup?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you had an injection of cholera bacillus?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you a written guarantee that you are proof against whooping cough, measles and scarlet fever?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you provided with your own drinking cup?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you make a solemn promise never to exchange sponges with the other boys and never to use any other pencil but your own?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you agree to have your books fumigated with sulphur and your clothes sprinkled with chloride of lime once a week?"

"Yes, sir."

"Hans, I see that you fulfill all the requirements of modern hygienics. Now you can climb over that wire, place yourself on an isolated aluminum seat, and commence doing your sums."—*Munchener Neuester Nachrichten*.

MINISTER RANSOM, when he was in the Senate, was one day going down the Capitol steps when he saw approaching a very dull, long-winded man. Ransom was in no mental or physical shape to bear the brunt of a full-fledged bore just at that moment. As the dull one drew near, Ransom greeted him with sour shortness, and hurried by. The other had paused; but at this brief dismissal turned away. Ransom, smitten of conscience at his own rudeness, turned pleasantly when some ten steps separated him from the bore, and called out: "Good-bye, Simpkins! I've been thinking a mighty heap about you lately, Simpkins!" At this, Simpkins began to betray symptoms of returning. "But don't come back, Simpkins," remonstrated Ransom, wildly motioning with both hands; "I've been thinking a mighty heap about you lately, Simpkins; but don't come back; don't come back!"—*Ex*.

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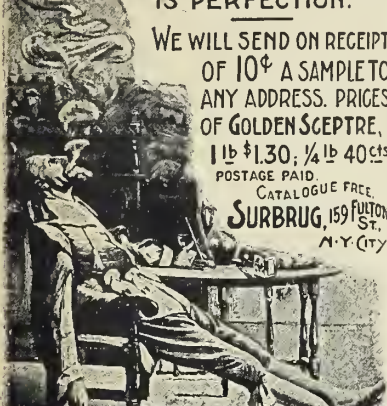
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GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE.

Ethel: DID YOU NOTICE THE BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET OF
LILLIES-OF-THE-VALLEY THAT THE BRIDE WORE?

Arthur: NO, BUT I NOTICED THE STYLISH KNOX SILK
HAT THAT THE BRIDEGROOM WORE, AND I WENT AND
BOUGHT ONE JUST LIKE IT.

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THE February number of ST. NICHOLAS contains an article on "The Gibson Boy," telling of the remarkable paper-cuttings made by Charles Dana Gibson when he was a little boy eight and ten years of age, and illustrated with a great number of them. The article is of interest to young and old. It is only one of many good things in this "best of all children's magazines." On every newsstand, 25 cents. Published by THE CENTURY CO., New York.

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are they? You'll hear of it from makers and retailers, but you won't see it in the prices here—not yet.

Or in Rug prices. Think of \$6.50 Antique Sirin Rugs at \$4.75, of Antique Carabagh, Daghestan and Kazak Rugs at \$10.50, \$12.50, \$14.50, that were \$15, \$18 and \$25.

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Letter from REV. WM. N. SEARLES,
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"I am glad to see you are pushing SALVA-CEA. It is worthy of it. After having given it a thorough trial for over a year, I am persuaded that it comes nearest to being a "PANACEA," a delightful cure all, of anything of its kind that I have ever known. I have come to believe that you are even modest in your claims of its excellence. Verily, it is the oil of gladness.

WM. N. SEARLES."

SALVA-CEA is universally praised—people are finding out that it does its work promptly—that it is perfectly safe and that it does as it is advertised to do. You may depend upon it to give immediate relief in every case of piles, and a cure in ninety cases out of every hundred. It is a positive cure for all skin irritation and chafing—colds—and nasal catarrh, especially the dry catarrh so prevalent in this country.

Two sizes, 25 and 50 cents per box. At druggists, or by mail.
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"I THOUGHT YOU WERE OPPOSED TO BLOOMERS."

"I AM, BUT I WANT TO SPITE MAY JONES. SHE *can't* WEAR THEM."

A CANDID LOVER.

I MIGHT descant on her hazel eyes,
Or her wondrous chestnut locks :
But I prefer in my practical way
To write of her lovely stocks.
I might go mad o'er her peach-like cheeks,
As red as they can be :
But her collection of U. S. bonds
Is what appeals to me.
I might on her beautiful hands hold forth
In a lovesick mood elate :
But my heart's most stirred when I hear
accounts
Of her heavenly real estate.
I might, on charms like these, and more
Dwell long, but to me they're tame.
I'd rather dwell in the brown stone front
That stands in her sweet name.

Tom Masson.



ONLY A DROP IN THE BUCKET.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

THROUGH the efforts of Mr. F. W. Putnam, Peabody Professor of Ethnology at Harvard, the State of Massachusetts has been brought to the knowledge that it has been doing business for a century past with a bogus Indian on its coat of arms. Mr. Peabody declares that the Massachusetts seal Indian is a dime novel—or, as Mark Twain would say, a Fenimore Cooper savage, and differs from the valid aborigine in his garments, in the way he holds his bow, and in divers other essential particulars. Prof. Putnam is of the opinion that cigars could not be sold successfully behind such an Indian as Massachusetts uses. For accuracy's sake it would now be well to have the department of piscatology at Harvard pass upon the famous Massachusetts codfish.



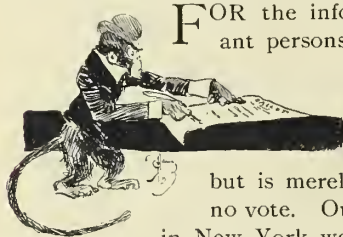
"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVII. JANUARY 30, 1896. No. 683.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents.

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FOR the information of many ignorant persons LIFE has been at pains to ascertain that an Uitlander of the Transvaal is not necessarily a Zulu or a Hottentot, but is merely an Outrider who has no vote. Our Tammany friends here in New York were—many of them—Uitlanders until they were naturalized. The notion that Uitlanders dress in skin and go to war with bows and arrows, is erroneous. If the war scare keeps up, we shall all presently attain to much more than a grammar school proficiency in ethnology and map drawing.

* * *

THE retirement of General Campos really makes it look as if the end of Spanish rule in Cuba were at hand. It has been a pretty poor rule, but the end of it would be welcomed with louder acclaims if there were more assurance that the government that may succeed it would be any better.

* * *



THE suggestion that Mr. Iselin has gone to Europe to fight Lord Dunraven does not recommend itself to the acceptance of discerning persons. Gentlemen don't fight duels now-a-days. Besides, nothing but a sea fight would do Iselin or Dunraven any good. If a real old-fashioned sea-battle could be arranged for them between *Valkyrie* and *Defender*, with such crews and guns as each might carry, and no referee, that would be worth while; but a mere land duel would be stupid and nugatory.

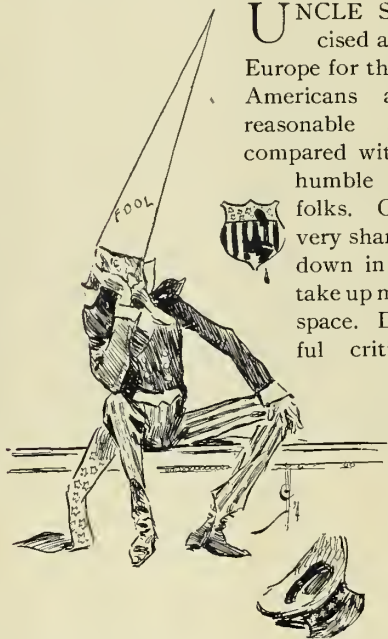
* * *

THE most tragic story that is now before the public is the protracted serial called "The Misery of Armenia," which is running in all the newspapers. There is no certain prospect of its ending, though the hardships of the present winter promise to help it towards its close.



THERE is a disadvantage about fighting England which no one seems to have stated. If we should fight her, which heaven forbid, and should come out on top, as in time, perhaps, we might, there is a dreadful possibility that we might become so puffed up with pride and consequence as to be quite as superior and supercilious as the English themselves.

Our cousins are very pleasant as individuals, but as a nation they think themselves the betters of all other human creatures. That is why the other creatures are not more fond of them. They get tired of looking up; they get tired of brushing British footprints off of their imaginations.



UNCLE SAM has been criticised and disparaged by all Europe for three generations. We Americans are not without a reasonable self-confidence, but compared with the British we are humble and companionable folks. Our elbows are not very sharp, and when we sit down in company we seldom take up more than one person's space. Disciplined by plentiful criticism, many of us have come to accept disparagement with humorous welcome and to find more real comfort in it than in praise. To swop this advantageous spiritual condition for one of ultimatum-serving pride would be a dreadful pity; yet if we should come to blows with England we could not be sure that such a change would not overtake us. Let us have peace, brethren; let us have peace.



EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON has published to the world his purpose to marry. General Harrison is a very sensible man. LIFE begs to convey to him the expression of its solicitude for his continuing welfare in any condition or estate to which he may progress.

JANUARY



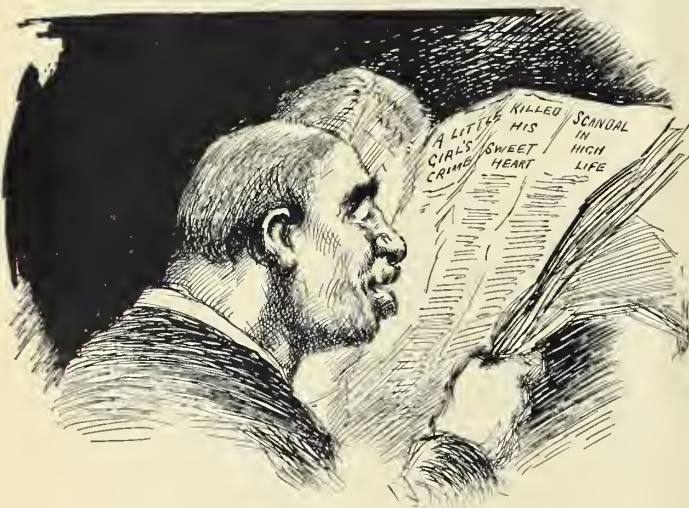


AFTER all this war talk and financial depression it is a relief to learn that:

Mrs. Henry Sloane was undoubtedly the most richly dressed woman present, and wore pale pink brocade with bands of black velvet and white chiffon sleeves on which a shower of pink roses seemed to have been rained down. Diamonds in profusion fell over the bodice and sparkled on her neck and in her hair. Mrs. Samuel Colgate, in black velvet and pearls, was also a figure to be admired, and in the matter of point lace and diamonds Mrs. James P. Kernochan and Mrs. Kountze made the most conspicuous display.

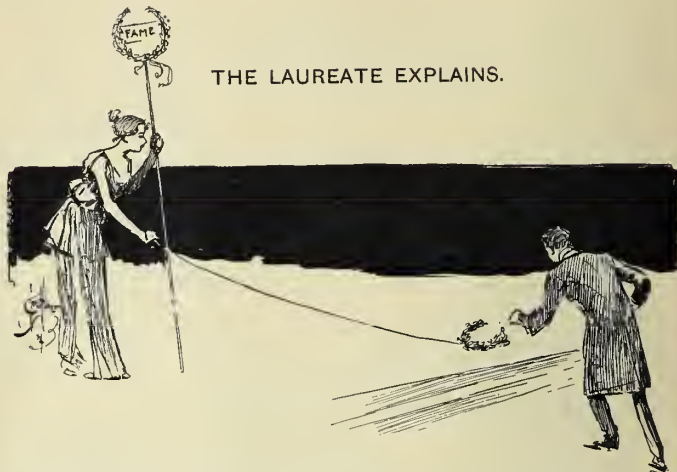


"YES, PATSEY MACMANUS O'FLAHERTY, YER PA MAY BE RICH AND ABLE TER GIVE YER STYLISH CLOTHES, BUT HE'S NOT ABLE TO CHANGE YER FACE, SO THERE!"



A READER WHO IS IN HARMONY WITH THE DAILY PAPER.

THE LAUREATE EXPLAINS.



I NEVER had a wondrous thought, nor any gift of phrase
That would be likely to attract toward me the public
gaze;

I never took the trouble to indulge in thinking out
Solutions of the problems that the people talk about.

I've not a trace of Byron from my top-knot to my toe,
The kisses that I write about are most distinctly slow;
And that is where I've shown my sense; I never go too far,
But always write of things that please the British maiden's
Ma.

The masses' woes I leave to pens that like to prate of "Right,"
Cats do not gaze at persons when they've got a king in
sight,
And why should I, a poet, be less sensible in that,
And show myself less brainy than an ordinary cat?

But best of all I've schooled myself in writing for the press,
To turn my stuff out rapidly, without a sign of stress,
And that is why her majesty, most gracious queen and
great,

Has chosen me to write her verse, and made me Laureate.

She knows that should she skating go, and fall upon the ice
The sonnet I would write about the mishap would be nice;
And ready ere she rose up, and regained her regal skate,
To woo her back to comfort, and to reassure the state.

She knows I'm always ready with some dainty kind of
trope;
She knows no subject baffles me from engines down to
soap;
She knows what e'er she wishes, from a Sonnet to the Sea
To a Quatrain to a Sausage, she can always count on me.

So Swinburne, Arnold, Kipling, Louis Morris, Lang and
Gosse,
Though I have won the laurel, prithee do not mourn your
loss;
Our gracious queen's not slighted you, because she loves me
best,
But knows that once the button's pushed, I'm sure to do the
rest.

Alfr—d A—st—n per J. K. B.



"I BORROWED ANOTHER \$100 FROM YOUR FATHER TO-DAY."
 "WHAT FOR?"
 "I'M TRYING TO GET OUT OF DEBT."

WHERE DOES ALL THIS KNOWLEDGE GO?

OUR friends of the medical profession do not seem to realize that their angry and persistent cries for unlimited vivisection are something of a reflection on their own intelligence.

How many animals must each practitioner cut up alive before he can acquire a general knowledge of anatomy? Do all text books go for nothing, and is the work of previous dissectors of no value?

Must every new student learn it all over again by actual slicing up a living animal? Of what avail the disgusting torture if neither he nor those who follow him can retain its precious

advantages? If this is one of the manifestations of the reluctance with which certain minds can grasp a very old and thoroughly explained fact, it would appear that the majority of vivisectors would do well to give up medicine and try something better adapted to their peculiar line of intelligence; or, at least, something that means less agony for the rest of creation.

A FIN DE SIECLE PARENT.

"NO, papa, I tell you I won't have him! I want a title."

"But you must, Ethel. He's rich, and I can give you nothing at this crisis—wait till next time for the title."

SHE WAS WARM.

"DARLING," said Mr. McBride, solicitously, "I am afraid you are not dressed warmly enough."

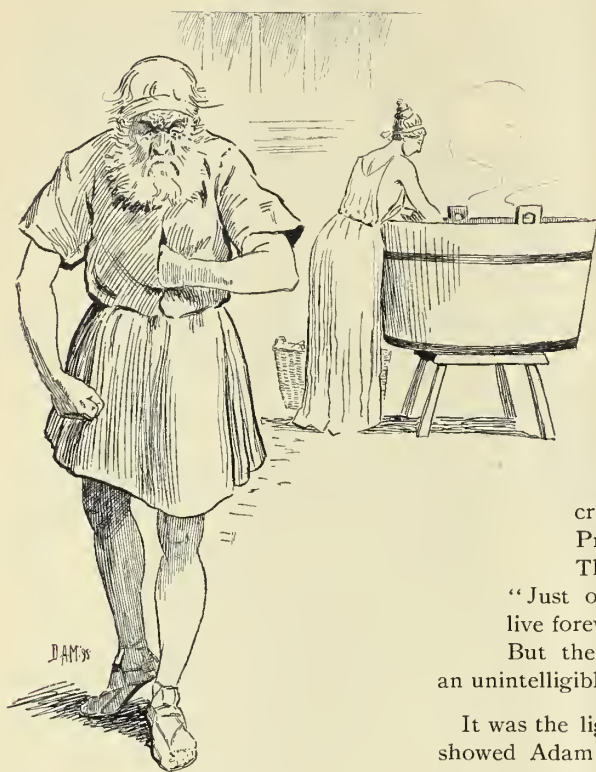
"Do I look stylish, dear?" asked his wife.

"Yes; perfectly stunning."

"Then I am very comfortable, thank you."



OUR PATENT ADJUSTMENT.



Diogenes: DAMITALL! THERE'S NO LIVING IN MY COTTAGE ON WASH DAYS.

FROM THE CHRONICLES OF PSATTICHUS.

DEATH AND THE ARTIST.

THE Artist stood in front of his latest failure. "The power of my hand is stifled! Come Death!" he cried.

And in an instant the end of the lofty room was filled with the presence of Death.

"You have fifteen minutes of grace," said the Presence. "How will you spend your time? Shall I give you one last pose?"—drawing himself up into a commanding attitude.

The Artist eagerly consented and fell to work in scrambling haste, his eye gleaming a challenge as his mind grasped the splendor of the theme.

The inspiration of a hundred minds lived in him, and the picture grew under his dexterous touch.

When it was still nothing but paint to the beholder, and lacked but a few touches to draw it together into a creation that would make the mind stand still in awe, the Presence raised his hand.

The Artist suffered the agony of a million years in a moment. "Just one little space of time!" he panted, "that my name may live forever."

But the hand fell. And all that was left of a triumph of Art was an unintelligible canvas and a corpse.

It was the light from the flaming sword which exiled him forever, that showed Adam the beauties of the Paradise he had lost.—*H. W. Phillips.*

DOLLIVER: Well, how's business? Making money?

SIMMERSON: No-o. Since the first of the year I've had an interest in the firm.



"ROSE OF DUTCHER'S COOLLY."

MR. HAMLIN GARLAND has had considerable sport with the literary conventions of the "effete East," and it is not to be wondered at that the East has in turn had sport with Mr. Garland's lack of conventions. Indeed, nothing is easier than the making of really effective fun of his most serious literary performances. His faults are of the glaring, obvious, aggressive kind that provoke laughter. They flaunt themselves in the face of the reader with all the comical gaudiness of a southern negro's headdress.

But there is a great deal about Mr. Garland's fiction that doesn't deserve ridicule—indeed, that is worthy of admiration. His work is not to be taken with quite the solemnity that he evidently devotes to it—but, it is honest, original work, just the same. He has the faculty of expressing certain moods, either of the landscape or of the people who dwell in it, with a verbal felicity that is distinctly style. It may be rugged and crude in spots, but it is his own. It calls up the image that he saw, and

stamps it clearly and ineffably on the reader's consciousness. That is an important part of the business of fiction writing, and Mr. Garland does it well.

* * *

His most ambitious work is the recently published novel, "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly," (Stone & Kimball). As it is on a larger canvas than any previous story, its faults are correspondingly conspicuous. He is perfectly at home on a Wisconsin farm, but Chicago is too much for him—as it is for most people. A Symphony Concert in the Auditorium is interesting as music and impressive as a social spectacle, but it is not epoch-making. His answer to this would be that he only intended to depict it through the eyes of *Rose*, the coulé girl.

And this must be put down frankly as his achievement, in spite of all defects. He has shown step by step the development of a strong, artistic temperament—from *Rose's* childhood on the Wisconsin farm to her stormy womanhood in a great western city. Precisely such magnificent egotism as hers springs out of the West every year. And there are a number of notable instances, not only of its making its way in the "effete East," but of its conquering artistic Paris and London. You can easily recall them in literature, painting and music.

storm on Lake Michigan as seen from the shore at Chicago. He forgets to be self-conscious, and makes his phrases count for color.

But for simple, honest pathos, Mr. Garland has never equalled his portrait of *Rose's* father. It is sincere, homely, dignified and altogether fine.

The book is marred by certain swaggering physical franknesses that are wholly bad. They will hurt nobody but the author, who must know in his sincerest moments that reticence is as necessary a quality of the highest art as expression. There are some things that decent people take for granted, and the author's undoubted sincerity of motive in expressing them does not make them less offensive.

Droch.

NO TELLING.

RINGWAY: Your sister expects me to dinner, doesn't she, Willie?

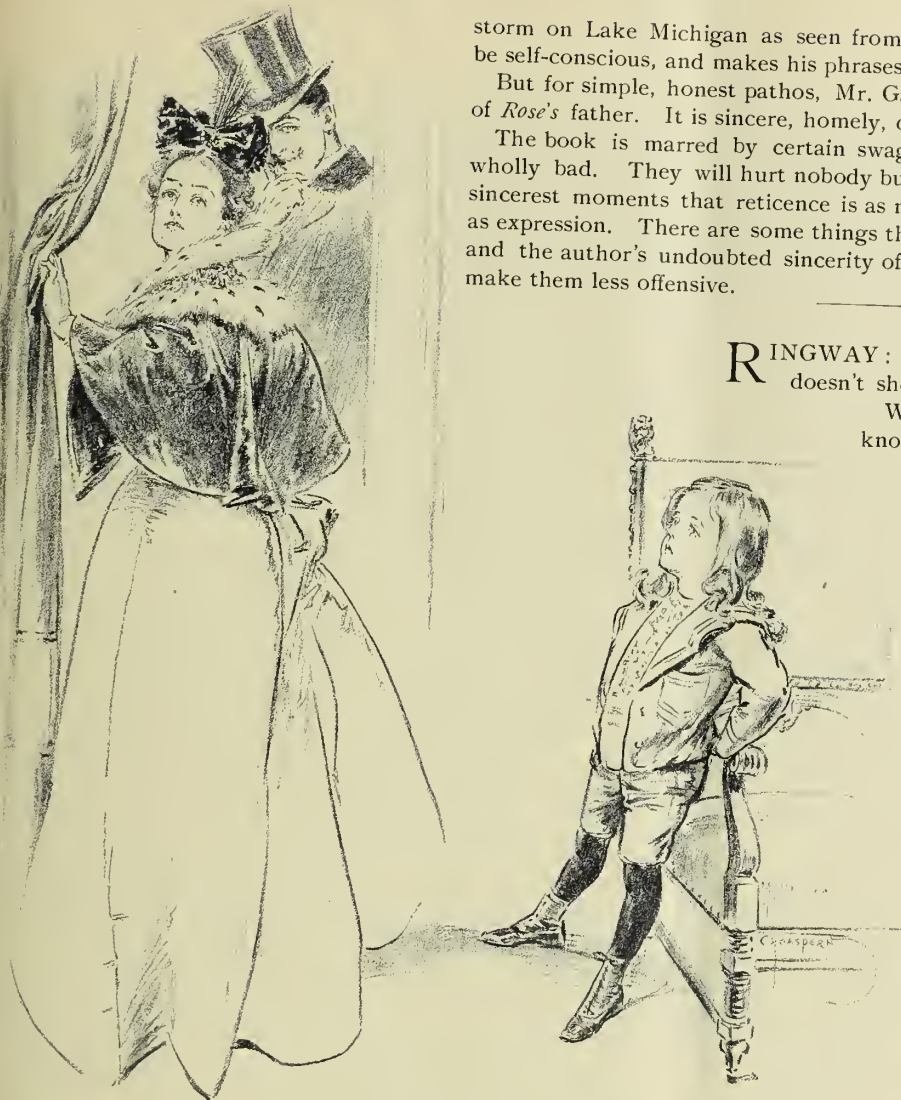
WILLIE: Oh yes. She said she didn't know but what you might stay to breakfast.

A BETTER ARRANGEMENT.

HUGGINS: Hello, Kissam, had your hair cut?

KISSAM: Yes, dear boy. I found a place where they cut your hair while you wait.

HUGGINS: That's good. A barber shop is usually a place where they cut some other man's hair while you wait.



AN IMPORTANT POINT.

"Now, Freddie, the moment you're naughty, Louise will put you to bed."

"Say, Ma, which of us is to decide if I'm naughty?"

Mr. Garland has therefore drawn a romantic but entirely possible character in *Rose*. The crudities that we laugh at in her, we have also laughed at in the real men and women from her own big West who knew what they wanted, and went ahead and got it.

* * *

The things which Mr. Garland has really seen and felt he describes with a picturesque precision that is entirely admirable. He has made real for us the landscape of the coule in bits of poetical description. The country school is done without a touch of caricature. Any one who has known the feel of its benches and the smell of its chalky blackboards, will get the real thrill when he reads this book. The glimpses he gives of a western co-educational college are new material in fiction, and are most interesting.

As a bit of writing the best thing in the book is his description of the great



THE EXPLANATION OF THE "BICYCLE FACE."



THE AMERICAN GIRL
MUST BE PREPARED F



RIES AN ORIENTAL
ES IN HER HOME LIFE.



The size of the hat a woman wears on her head in the theatre is in inverse proportion to her breeding.—LIFE.

NOS ANGLAIS.

THE late M. Alexandre Dumas, *filz*, wrote a number of plays, none of which could be called stupid, although they might be called immoral, if one wished to call clever plays immoral which teach a good lesson, notwithstanding their frankness. Mr. R. C. Carton has written some plays which certainly are stupid, although they cannot be called immoral. "Liberty Hall" and "The Home Secretary" are instances of Mr. Carton's genius, just as "Camille" exemplifies the abilities of M. Dumas.

"The Squire of Dames" shows Mr. Carton's genius brought into collaboration with the talent of M. Dumas. Somehow there has been a hitch. That is to say the result is not pleasing. Folks wonder what it is all about. Mr. John Drew comes on politely and does his best as a well dressed man of the world; but some way, or some how, the audience does not feel impressed. It is a sort of misfit—a kind of hand-me-down arrangement, which doesn't catch the general sympathy.

But let us see just how it's done. Here's a clever American manager with Mr. John Drew and Miss Maud Adams on his hands.



IN THE SUBURBS.

"NOW, JOHN, REMEMBER WHAT THE DOCTOR SAID ABOUT YOUR HEALTH AND DON'T RUN."

He must have something in the way of a garment for them, which the American public will take for a fit. He employs a good journeyman dramatist in the person of Mr. Carton, who provides a garment which is adapted from M. Dumas. He puts it on, and then the American manager turns to the American public and calls their attention to what a beautiful fit it is. Paper on the wall really isn't in it. The daily newspapers who "bark" on the outside say: "Oh, how luffy!" and the sale is properly made.

But, as LIFE has remarked before, the American public is not a fool all the time. The misfit business may be carried a little bit too far. In the case of "The Squire of Dames," it certainly is. Plays and actors and success cannot be brought together on a purely commercial basis. Art should have a little influence in these matters. In the case of "The Squire of Dames," the best part of the show was to be found in the preliminary press notices.

"Michael and His Lost Angel" is the remarkable title of another example of the strange madness which seems to have fallen on the London playwrights. The theme is the one which they all revel in—an unwholesome relation of some sort between man and woman. In this case the victim is a young clergyman and the villain a brilliant woman of the world, who loves him to his ruin. The piece is largely made up of disquisitions on the moral question raised by the few situations, and the entire tone is dreary.

The piece is mounted effectively, the church scene being a sort of second cousin to those in Sir Henry Irving's "Much Ado" and Miss Davenport's "Gismonda." We fancy,

though, that some of our local ghostly advisers might criticise the way the altar has been handled to make the stage business possible.

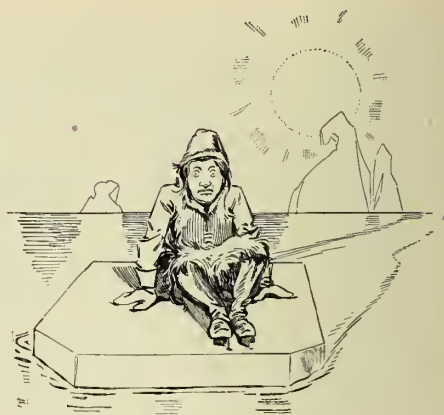
"Michael and His Lost Angel" should gain for Mr. Henry Arthur Jones a prominent niche among the decadent dramatists of modern London. It is certainly bad enough. Mr. Henry Miller, as *Michael*, has a tiresome and unsympathetic part, but brings to it a commendable earnestness. Mr. Dodson does a very good bit of character work as *Michael's* secretary, and Miss Allen is charming and really sprightly as *Andrie Lidsen*, the temptress. The play is not suited to any stage, certainly not the American.

Metcalfe.

DEFINED.

"I NEVER indulge in irony,"
"No, I would say your brilliancy was principally glittering steal."

A GAME OF CHANCE.



VERY DISTURBING.

"DID you enjoy the sermon, dear?" said Mrs. Collingwood to her husband, after church.

"No, I dreamt that a note for \$1,000 was due, and I hadn't a cent to pay it with."

A GOOD IDEA.

MRS. KINGLEY: My two servant girls fight like cats and dogs.

MRS. BINGO: And yet you say that they went shopping together yesterday.

MRS. KINGLEY: Yes, I told them to go down to some dry goods store where they wouldn't be noticed and have it out.



THE MISSIONARY'S AWFUL FATE.

HE sailed away to the Fiji Isles,
But he was not slain on the shore,
Nor fattened ahead for a cannibal spread,
As others had been before;

But he met with a far more terrible fate
Than those who had lost their lives,
For the chieftain grim took a fancy to him,
And gave him a hundred wives.

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

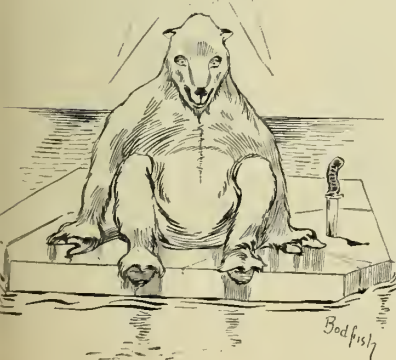
AT the hour when this edition of LIFE went to press, the New York *World* had not yet caused criminal proceedings to be commenced against banker Pierpoint Morgan for his efforts to sustain the credit of the country.

Thrice or four times admirable is Power when Mercy is its yoke-fellow. The *World* has not yet divulged whom it has chosen to be our next president, or whether its mind is yet wholly made up about the abolition of the United States Senate.

Jupiter sometimes nods, but the *World* stays awake all night and the country continues to be safe.

A UNIQUE DISTINCTION.

THE young Duke of Marlborough and his wife are the only couple whose names appear in the Almanac de Gotha, both of whom can boast the distinction of having had a parent married by a Mayor of New York. It is well for married people to have all things in common and to be as nearly equal as possible in their usufruct of special advantages.



"FISH CAKES A LA FINANCIERE," IT READ ON THE BILL OF FARE, BUT WHEN MR. HOMITSKY, WHO IS IN THE PAWNBROKING LINE, ORDERED THEM, HE HAD NO IDEA HOW THEY WOULD BE SERVED.



MACMILLAN AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

LEARNING THE LESSON.—Hubby: "When I first got married I determined to have no large items of expense in housekeeping, but I find after all that it is the little things that count."

Batch: "How many have you?"

Hubby: "I have four."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE boy hung back when the visitor spoke to him, and his mother was naturally annoyed.

"Won't you go to Mrs. Brown, Willie?" she said.

"No," replied the boy shortly.

"Don't you like me?" asked Mrs. Brown, good naturedly.

"No, I don't," answered the boy.

"Why, Willie!" exclaimed his mother reproachfully.

"Well, I guess I got licked for not telling the truth yesterday, and I ain't takin' no chances to-day." protested the boy.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

KINGLAKE, the author of "Eothen," was afflicted with gout, and he had a fancy to try a lady doctor, and wrote to one to ask if gout was beyond her scope. She replied: "Dear sir, gout is not beyond my scope, but men are." It was Kinglake who uttered one of the neatest of *mots* on the peculiar character of the *Times*. He had little fondness for that journal, in spite of personal friendships which might have been expected to soften his view of the question. The paper was still to him a sort of juggernaut, irresistible and fateful. On seeing an announcement of the new editor's marriage, he exclaimed: "Heavens! that brings the *Times* into relations with humanity."—*Argonaut.*

A WRITER in *Saturday Review*, satirically calling attention to the custom of Francis Thompson, the poet, of adding strange words to the English language, says:

Might we not, by following Mr. Thompson's method, add some degree of "literary gorgeousness" even to the least Thompsonian of our poems? For instance, certain well known verses would be redeemed from much of their sordid quietude if presented thus:

By founts of dove, ways incalable,
Did habitate
A virgin largely inamable
And illaudate.

A violet by a muscose stone
Semioccult,

Formose as astre when but one,
Ostends its vult.

She lived incognite, few could know
When she cessated,
But oh, the difference when, lo,
She's tumultuated.

Much obsolete poetry might thus be brought up to date.

A WELL-KNOWN author owns a remarkable collection of death masks of distinguished men. Having heard that a certain foreigner had made by permission a mask of Eugene Field, he wrote and courteously asked whether a replica of it might be secured. A reply was soon received couched in very brusque language, to the effect that no replica would be furnished, but that the original mask might be purchased of him for a thousand

The Last Touches. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford.
Peter Simple. By Captain Marryat. Illustrated by J. Ayton Symington. With an introduction by D. Hannay.

Sybil; or, The Two Nations. By Benjamin Disraeli. Illustrated by F. Pegram. With an introduction by D. Traill.

Christian and Leah. By Leopold Kompert. Translated by Alfred S. Arnold. With illustrations by Hamilton Jackson.

dollars. Whereupon the author sat down and wrote following letter:

"DEAR SIR: I am in receipt of your note in which you decline to allow me to make any offer for a replica of your death mask of Mr. Eugene Field, but offer to sell me the original for a thousand dollars. I fear that my collection must remain without the mask in question, as also of any mask of yourself; for I feel certain that the time comes for the making of the latter, there will not be clay enough available to cover your cheek."

"Very truly yours,

—Bookman

THE editor of *The New Woman* was buying a mechanical outfit for her publication, the first number of which was to be issued in a few weeks.

"You wish to get an entire dress for the paper," said the typefounder.

"Yes, sir."

"Have you any preference as to the style?" he quired.

"Yes, sir," promptly replied the editor. "I want anything décolleté."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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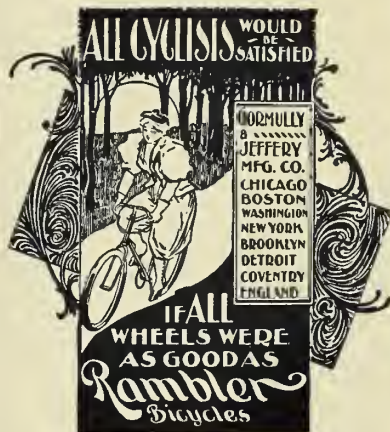
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KITTY: No, indeed; this book was written by a man. *Chicago Record.*



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NEW YORK.

OUT IN THE WEST.

Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dakotas,
To the land of handsome women;
And in the ninety days returning
A divorcee he brought with him.
To his wife he sent the ha-ha—
Sent her back unto her ma-ma,
In the outskirts of Chicago.

—Nebraska State Journal.

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GARDEN CITY HOTEL.**
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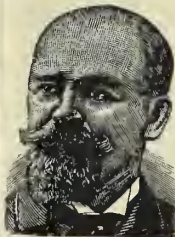
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THE train was about ten miles west of Ypsilanti when an oldish man came into the car with a bill in his hand and called out:

"Kin any purson here change a \$10 bill for me?"

Everybody was willing to try, and he finally got two fives. Then he wanted one of them broken, and he finally found a passenger who said he could give him five ones.

"I'll take 'em," replied the man, "but then I shall want somebody to bust a dollar fur me."

"Will two halves do?" asked a woman as she investigated her purse.

"Yes, if I can't git four quarters," he replied. "I'm sorry to make all this trouble, but you see how it is. The old woman has sorter decided to stop off at Ypsilanti and visit her sister fur three or four days, while I go to Detroit and back. Her sister mayn't be home, and she'll naturally feel a little queer without any money. I thought I'd give her a quarter, but if I can't git it, why I'll let her take fifty cents, though I know I'll never see any of it back. She'll go down town and run through a dollar in less'n two hours, and I have to keep a curb on her."

He finally got a quarter, and the "old woman" had it tied up in the corner of her handkerchief as she got off at Ypsilanti.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A RURAL visitor at a Fourth avenue restaurant the other day had his first experience with waffles. He had stumbled upon them somehow in his bill of fare, and seemed to be overjoyed with the flavor of the novel edible. So great was his power of waffle consumption that he kept his waiter at a lively pace between his table and the kitchen. Even then the waffles didn't come fast enough to keep up with his appetite, and he made this helpful suggestion to the waiter: "Say, mister, bring along them cakes a little faster, can't you? They're powerful good eatin', an' I ain't goin' to stop till I git plum full. Tell that feller out there he needn't stop to put that printin' on 'em—just send 'em in plain."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

BIRDIE: That young minister from Christianendeavorville is a perfect fraud.

KITTIE: How so?

BIRDIE: Why, we went out for a moonlight stroll together last evening, and when we were miles away from everybody else, he said that he wanted to tell me the old, old story.

KITTIE: Well?

BIRDIE: Well,—I told him to go on—you know—and what do you think! He began to tell me about Jesus!—*Jury.*

A Popular Definition:

The **SHAWKNIT HALF-HOSE** are the half-hose that are knitted to the shape of the human foot; they are the half-hose whose colors stand sunlight, soap and perspiration, and they are the half-hose that wear a long time before darning becomes necessary.

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It is not a combination of other scents, but is absolutely true to the flower.

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MÜLHENS & KROPFF, New York, U.S. Agents.

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Chas. Wright & Co., Chemists,
DETROIT, MICH.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



A WASHINGTON paper tells a story connected with the sale of the household effects of the historian Bancroft. A lady, who greatly admired the historian, had heard that a desk of his was to be sold, and had made up her mind to possess it. But on the day of the auction she was ill, and sent her daughter in her place, with instructions to pay as much as a hundred dollars to get the desk. It was old and worn, and had no intrinsic value, but that made no difference to her. Its associations were what she prized it for.

The young lady went early and obtained a front seat. When the desk was finally put up, she was very nervous, and glanced apprehensively about, as if she feared competition.

She offered a bid of five dollars in a low voice; then some one bid six, and soon the price went up to fifteen dollars. Then everybody dropped out except the young lady and some unknown bidder over near the outer door. As often as the young lady advanced her bid five dollars, this unknown opponent advanced his; until at last her limit of one hundred dollars was reached—the other bidder offering this amount.

By this time the spectators were regarding the young lady with much interest. Several times she had endeavored to get a view of her unknown antagonist, but the crowd was too dense.

Though her limit had been reached, she thought she might safely offer another ten, to see if her antagonist had not reached his limit. Besides, her anger had risen at this apparently spiteful opposition. She bid one hundred and ten.

"Do I hear one hundred and fifteen?" called the auctioneer. "Yes, madam, one hundred and fifteen it is. One hundred and fifteen dollars I am bid for this historical desk."

The young lady gave it up at this, and no more being offered, the desk was knocked down to the "lady at the door!" A lady! Who would thus annoy and frustrate another lady!

As soon as she could, the young lady rose and left the room. As she was going out, she was astonished to see her mother near the door, looking a little pale but very triumphant.

"What! Are you here after all, my dear?" asked the mother.

"I here? Of course I am; but how came you here?"

"Why, I was so worried for fear you would not know how to bid that I got up and came, to make sure. I didn't see you anywhere in the room, and so I thought you were late; and it seems it was lucky I came; for some one down there was bidding awfully for that desk, and—"

"Mother, was it you that was bidding against me?"

The two women gazed at each other. They had been bidding against each other until they had run up to one hundred and fifteen dollars, a desk which the daughter alone could have got for sixteen! But they have the consolation that at least the desk is in the family.

ONE day, when a coupe, driven along Broadway at the rate of ten miles an hour, had come within a hair's breadth of running me down, I followed it up for three or four blocks until it came to a halt beside the curb-stone.

"Do you know," I said to the driver, who grinned as he saw me approach, "that you nearly run me down ten minutes ago?"

"Yes, sir," he promptly replied.

"You had me in between your carriage and a cable car, and it was a close call."

"Yes, it was, sir."

"You didn't even try to pull up your horse," I persisted.

"No, sir."

"Then you didn't care whether you run me down or not?"

"No, sir!"

"Well, that's cool! Are you in the habit of killing people who may be crossing the street as you come along?"

"Not in the habit—no, sir. You see it was this way. A gent picks me up at the Fifth Avenue and wants to git down to the Star Theater in five minutes. I can't git him there in five, but I can in eight, if there isn't a block and the wheels stay on, and I does it and gets fifty cents extra."

"But where do I come in?"

"You? Why, you escaped with your life and there's no kick coming to you! Wait till you are run down and then let the widdy do the kicking!"

—Exchange.

KIPLING is writing a story for the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Kipling! How ever, with his usual breeze and the vinous quality of his style, he concludes a chapter thereof: "And the fellow tossed down a glass of old Madeira, and turned to leave the room," etc. Little Bok, in a panic, wires the brawny jungle man: "Can you change 'Tossed down a glass of old Madeira?' *Ladies' Home Journal* rules forbid mention of wine." Kipling wires four words: "Make it Mellin's food."—*Chap Book*.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT
THE
TIP-NUH
AN
ULTRA FULL
DRESS POKE
THAT DON'T PINCH
MADE BY 25¢ WILBUR SHIRT & COLLAR CO TROY, N.Y.



Cheese Fanciers
everywhere find a
pleasing Delicacy
in the soft, rich

**American
Club House
Cheese.**

"It Tickle the Palate."
Best Tables. Put up in
hermetically sealed glass
jars to prevent mold and waste. A regular-size jar will be sent to
any address, express prepaid, on receipt of 50 cents.

"I am exceedingly pleased with the Cheese."
Mrs. S. T. Rorer.
CHANDLER & RUDD CO., 36 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.

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Great English Remedy for
GOUT and RHEUMATISM.
SAFE, SURE, EFFECTIVE.
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LIFE'S COMEDY.

THE first number of LIFE'S COMEDY will be issued on February 1, 1896, and thereafter every three months, namely: May 1st, August 1st, and November 1st. It will contain 32 pages of beautifully printed illustrations on heavy calendered paper, with a specially decorated cover, printed in colors.

Price Twenty-five Cents. Subscriptions One Dollar a year. Postage paid. Drawings by Gibson, Wenzell, Van Schaick, Johnson, Sullivant, and others.

The first number, issued February 1st, will be Devoted to

The American Girl.

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Publishers,

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“Chip’s” Dogs.

A collection of humorous drawings by the famous “Chip,” so well known in the columns of LIFE and elsewhere. Large Quarto 9½ x 12, on plate paper, handsomely bound.

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NEW YORK.



“Chip’s” Old Wood Cuts

Another collection of quaint and amusing sketches by F. P. W. BELLEW (“Chip”). Large Quarto, 9½ x 12, on plate paper, handsomely bound.

Price, \$1.00.

For sale by all booksellers, or will be sent postpaid to any address, on receipt of price by the publishers.

R. H. Russell & Son, 33 Rose St.,
NEW YORK.

• LIFE •

FIFTY-FIRST ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

New-York Life Insurance Co.

JOHN A. McCALL, President.

346 & 348 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

DECEMBER 31, 1895.

ASSETS.

Bonds (\$102,802,293.27) and Stocks (\$4,397,531.25) owned	\$107,199,824.52
Bonds and Mortgages, first liens	32,712,480.03
Real Estate	16,008,650.00
Net Premiums in Course of Collection	4,854,587.95
Cash in Bank and Trust Companies at Interest	6,144,943.88
Loans on Policies, and Premium Notes (Reserve charged thereon in Liabilities, \$9,300,000)	4,780,867.66
Interest and Rents accrued	1,302,836.50
Loans on Collaterals (Market Value of Securities, \$2,191,748.00)	1,787,800.00
Total Assets	\$174,791,990.54

LIABILITIES.

Policy Reserve, per Certificate of New York Insurance Department	\$147,740,656.00
Additional Policy Reserve voluntarily set aside by the Company	1,200,000.00
Claims in Process of Adjustment	1,356,412.95
Premiums Paid in Advance	137,881.61
Unpaid Dividends not claimed	130,336.74
Policy Trust Funds payable in instalments	188,025.35
Total Liabilities	\$150,753,312.65
Total Surplus to Policy Holders (per Certificate New York State Insurance Department)	24,038,677.89
Total	\$174,791,990.54

INCOME—1895.

New Premiums (including Annuities \$1,069,934.51)	\$6,201,658.41
Renewal Premiums	24,117,092.90
Interest, Rents, etc. (including Trust Fund \$31,000.00)	7,573,514.11
Total Income	\$37,892,265.50

DISBURSEMENTS—1895.

Death Claims	\$8,677,033.24
Endowments	2,072,445.07
Dividends and other payments to policy-holders	6,044,053.65
All other payments—Commissions, Taxes, Salaries, Medical Fees and Advertising	7,869,523.94
Total Disbursements	\$24,663,055.86
Excess of Income	13,229,209.64
Total	\$37,892,265.50

INSURANCE ACCOUNT.

	NUMBER	AMOUNT
Paid-for Policies in force, December 31, 1894	262,246	\$771,837,770
New Paid-for Policies, 1895	53,943	127,492,555
Old Policies Revived, Increased, etc	691	8,507,762
Total	316,880	\$907,838,087
Total Terminated in 1895	39,187	108,810,755
Paid-for Policies in force December 31, 1895	277,693	\$799,027,329
Gain in 1895	15,447	\$27,189,558
Policies Declined in 1895	8,254	21,643,888

CERTIFICATE OF SUPERINTENDENT.

STATE OF NEW YORK.

INSURANCE DEPARTMENT.

Albany, January 11th, 1896.

I, JAMES F. PIERCE, Superintendent of Insurance of the State of New York, do hereby certify that the NEW-YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, of the City of New York, in the State of New York, is duly authorized to transact the business of Life Insurance in this State.

I FURTHER CERTIFY that, in accordance with the provisions of Section Eighty-four of the Insurance Law of the State of New York, I have caused the policy obligations of the said company, outstanding on the 31st day of December, 1895, to be valued as per the Combined Experience Table of Mortality, at FOUR PER CENT. interest, and I find the net value thereof on the said 31st day of December, 1895, to be

\$147,740,656.00

I FURTHER CERTIFY that, from its Annual Statement for December 31st, 1895, filed in this Department, the NET SURPLUS to policy holders is shown to be

\$24,038,677.89,

on the basis of ADMITTED ASSETS,

\$174,791,990.54,

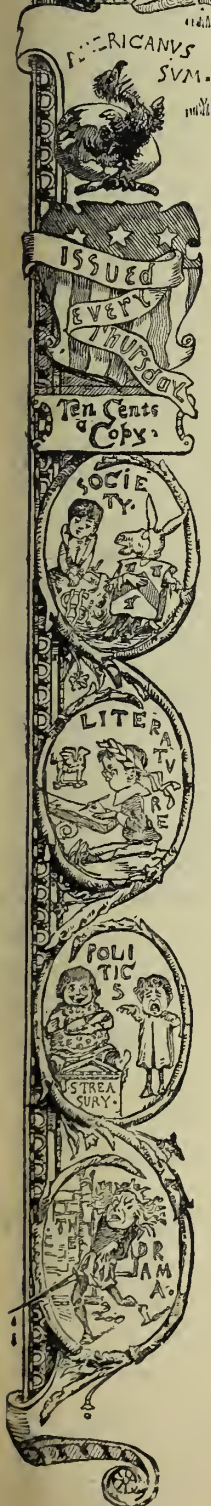
after deducting therefrom the NET RESERVE (\$147,740,656.00) as calculated by this Department, and all other Liabilities.

[L. S.]

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name, and caused my official seal to be affixed at the City of Albany the day and year first above written.

JAMES F. PIERCE, Superintendent of Insurance.

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.
Copyright, 1896, by MITCHELL & MILLER.



A NEIGHBORLY SPIRIT.

"MAMMA, CAN I INVITE FREDDY SANBORN OVER TO SLIDE DOWN OUR CELLAR DOOR?"
"WON'T YOU ENJOY IT JUST AS MUCH ALONE?"
"NO, THERE ARE TOO MANY SPLINTERS IN IT NOW."

1856-1896

Forty years ago the advertising of the American Waltham Watch Co. made the fame of *Waltham* watches world-wide. A generation has passed—Forty years of progress and improvement—Seven million *Waltham* watches made and sold. Now the company propose to advertise *Waltham* watches to the people of to-day. Watches more perfect than ever and far cheaper. These trademarks specially recommended—the “*Riverside*” and the “*Royal*”—will last a lifetime and are within the means of everyone. All retail jewelers have or can get these movements together with any priced case in various sizes for both ladies and gentlemen.

The “Riverside” movement is as perfect a time-keeping machine as it is possible to make. You cannot get a better, whatever you pay.



“Chip’s” Dog

A collection of humorous drawings by the far “CHIP,” so well known in the columns of LIFE elsewhere. Large Quarto 9½ x 12, on plate handsomely bound.

Price, \$1.00.

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R. H. Russell & Son, 33 Rose S

NEW YORK.

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Constable & Co.**

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*Embroidered All Overs, Edgings
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Linen and Batiste*

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Real Laces.

*Lace Collars, Flounces,
Bridal Veils.*

*Chiffons, Mousseline de Soie Nets
Veilings, Ostrich Feather Boas.*

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NEW YORK.

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FOURTH AVE.**

Hilton, Hughes & Co.
SUCCESSORS TO A.T. STEWART & Co.

**BROADWAY
9th & 10th Sts.
FOURTH AVE.**

IF THE LINEN GREW

ready woven, we could make these prices less. That’s about the only way. Any thrifty housewife who knows what Table Linens have lately been costing will find a new delight in seeing how we have marked these.

Linen Sheeting, best make, 2½ yds. wide.
\$1.10 quality, 85c. \$1.45 quality, **\$1.15.**
\$1.25 quality, **\$1.** \$1.75 quality, **\$1.30.**
Hemstitched linen Pillow Cases, good quality
usual \$1 grade at 75c. pair. Better grade,
laundried \$1.25 kind at **\$1** the pair.
Hemstitched huck Towels, 21x37 in. regular
\$2 goods at **\$1.50** doz.
Pure linen huck Towels, 12½, 16 and 18c.
Huck Towels, plain hem. 26x47 in, 19c.
Turkey red Table Damask, 25c. yd.

Pure linen huck Towels, large size, hem-
stitched, hem or fringed, \$3.75 kind at **\$3**
the doz.
Extra fine huck Towels, hemstitched, \$7.50
grade at **\$6** doz.
Heavy white Turkish Bath Towels, 12½, 20
and 25c.
Damask, Dinner Napkins, large, **\$3** doz.
Heavy cream Table Damask, 64 in. wide.
39c; good value at 55c.
Fine quality bleached Table Damask, 72
in. wide, \$1 grade, 75c; \$1.25 grade, **\$1.**

UNLAUNDERED SHIRTS — Seems past be- hand you out such well made, well shaped, choice material Shirts at such absurdly little prices just because unlaundered.

Men’s unlaundered Shirts, heavy cotton, 3
ply 1800 linen bosoms, reinforced back and
front, patent stays on sleeves and back fac-
ings and gussets, 38c.

Men’s unlaundered Shirts, Utica Mills muslin
3 ply 1900 linen bosoms, reinforced fronts,
hand made button and eyelet holes, patent
stays on sleeves and back facings and gus-
sets, double stitched and felled seams.
button guard at back of neck, 5 sleeve
lengths, 63c. Same with 3 ply 2000 linen
bosoms, 75c.

Boy’s unlaundered Shirts, heavy cotton, 3
ply 1800 linen bosoms, reinforced back
and front, patent stays on sleeve and back
facings and gussets, 38c.

Boy’s unlaundered Shirts, Utica Mills mus-
lin, 3 ply 1900 linen bosoms, reinforced
fronts, hand made button and eyelet holes,
patent stays on sleeves and back facings
gussets, 60c.

Men’s Night Shirts, extra heavy muslin,
fancy trimmed, 45c.

Men’s flannellette Night Shirts, extra long,
75c.

Men’s open back and front Dress Shirts,
white bodies with colored bosoms and
1 pair reversible link cuffs, to be worn
with white collars, 75c; the \$1 kind

Men’s fine flannel Pajamas in stripes and
checks, \$1.95; the \$3 kind.

The Classique Corset

Is the production of
highest skill of the Fr
Corset maker. It im
a most symmetrical
graceful figure, with
utmost comfort to
wearer, and does a
with the necessity of
ing corsets made to c

**Recommended
by
the leading modistes**

To be had in
**Coutil, Batiste,
Novelty Silks and Sat**

For sale only by

**Stern Bros
West Twenty-third**



"DOCTOR, DON'T YOU THINK WHISKEY IS THE BEST THING FOR THIS COLD OF MINE?"
 "IF WHISKEY WERE ANY GOOD THE COLD WOULD NEVER HAVE ENTERED YOUR SYSTEM."

THE OPPORTUNITY.

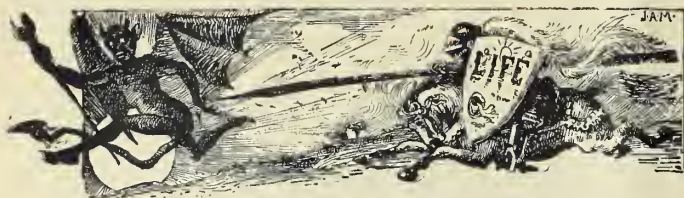
A FATHER wishing to bring up his child in the way he should go, told him when he was in any danger and needed help to call upon the Lord. Later in the day Willie was punished for some misdemeanor and when on the threshold of the dark closet, holding his father by one hand, he dropped to his knees and prayed, "Oh, Lord, if you want to help a little boy *now's your chance*."

MRS. BUNTING: My James is so cruel. He is always torturing the cat, throwing stones at dogs and sticking pins in little girls. What will he do when he grows up?

MRS. LARKIN: O, he'll easily get a place as attendant in an insane asylum.



THE SETTING SON.



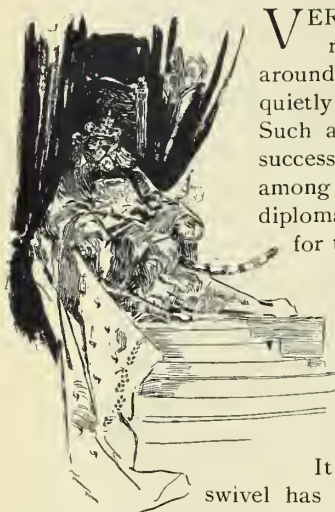
"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVII. FEBRUARY 6, 1896. No. 684.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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VERY general interest is taken in the report, which somehow has got around, that a swivel joint has been very quietly inserted in the British lion's tail. Such an exploit, if, indeed, it has been successfully accomplished, must rank among the greatest triumphs of modern diplomatic surgery. It will work not only for the august creature's own comfort, but for the repose of great numbers of worthy people in this country, as well as abroad, who want to see the lion take his meals in peace, and wish to get their own reasonable rest undisturbed by his vociferations.

It should be understood that the swivel has been put in not because of any doubt of the ability of the impetuous beast to protect his tail from actual damage, but purely in a Christian spirit and for the promotion of the world's peace. The understanding is that it has been recognized in England that tail-twisting has come to be so popular a sport in some quarters that it is easier to make it harmless than to break it up. There is no real objection to it as an amusement so long as it doesn't make the lion cross and dispose him to bite. Against that the swivel is a perfect safeguard. When Mr. Dana or Senator Davis, or President Krueger, or the Emperor William or Mr. Lodge or any other restless potentate who has had a bad night, comes down to his office in the morning and reaches for the tail, it will go round and round in his hands as agreeably as ever, but the lion himself will no longer be discommoded, nor the Atlantic ocean kept all a-sizzle by the transmission of red hot messages along the cables.

* * *

A further benefit, and not the least one, of the swivel, is that once its presence is suspected, Mr. Godkin's mind will cease to be haunted by the dread of seeing the tail fetch loose altogether and remain in Mr. Dana's

hands. There is really little danger of that anyway, but there are some assurances that can hardly be made too sure and the swivel will relieve anxieties that are quite as acute as though they had a veritable basis.

* * *



THE *Sun* has put dust in its hair and assumed the garb of prophecy, and cries "Woe to those in the Senate that oppose the passage of the Davis resolution on the Monroe doctrine." Yet, the resolution is being cordially opposed by sundry of the untterrified who dislike it. Among them is Senator Wolcott, who has freed his mind of highly edifying convictions as to the inexpedi-

ency of our meddling over zealously with South American concerns. It is a comfort to learn again that Senator Wolcott can hold views on any subject besides the free coinage of silver. His sentiments about the Venezuela controversy are somewhat extreme, yet the expression of them is welcome. Indeed, the Davis resolution has served a useful purpose in opening the whole subject of the application of the Monroe doctrine to discussion in Congress, and giving the statesmen who want to go slow a chance to have their say. Owing to the circumstances of the case when action was taken on the President's message, there then was no real discussion of the subject, and the aversion of a very large proportion of the Americans to a row with England on an unimportant issue went practically unspoken in Congress, and found no place in the *Congressional Record*.

* * *



THE development of the political legislative prayer goes on briskly. Chaplain Conden's quick-to-resent-insult petition in the House of Representatives and his later one in favor of "additional protection to American manufacturers" has stirred a spirit of emulation in the breast of Chaplain Kanar, of Albany, who prayed the other day in the Assembly for the success of the Cuban revolution and for the supremacy of the Monroe doctrine. We may hope to hear presently that Mr. Kanar is praying directly for the continued prosperity of "thy servant, Thomas C. Platt." Meanwhile, it would seem as if consistency demanded that Mr. Barrett, of Massachusetts, who objected so strongly to Ambassador Bayard's free trade speech in England, should turn his attention to Chaplain Conden. Certainly it is not more indecorous for Mr. Bayard to talk free trade to the British, than for Mr. Conden to talk protection to the Almighty.



The Female Reviewer: I ONLY WISH E. ROTIC WOULD WRITE ANOTHER BOOK.
"YOU WOULD ABUSE IT?"
"YES, I'D SAY THERE WASN'T AN IMMORAL LINE IN IT."

NOT IMPOSSIBLE.

IN a paper on "Premonitions of Insanity" in *Harper's Magazine*, Dr. Forbes Winslow says: "Some persons first become insane whilst listening to sermons or discourses, but in such cases there must have been some strong hereditary disposition to insanity which would co-operate with the exciting cause."

And yet we can conceive it entirely possible that a person with no hereditary tendency in that direction might become insane by listening to some of the sermons that are preached within a century run of the City Hall. We think there is no doubt about it in the case of the two hours' speeches frequently delivered by our after-dinner orators.

THE BULWARKS OF LIBERTY.

THOUGH war with England be deplored,
We need not fear the dread contention
If every vet. but draw his sword
With half the zeal he draws his pension.

DISAPPOINTING AN AUDIENCE.

IT is learned from Newport that on a recent Sunday a great many persons attended Trinity Church expecting to see Mr. and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, who did not appear. Merely from a sense of duty, persons so distinguished and on such a high plane should not fail in their obligations to their fellow creatures.

"BEFORE I leave the city I'd like to take in the Hebrew quarters."

"You can try it, but I think they'll be more apt to take in yours."

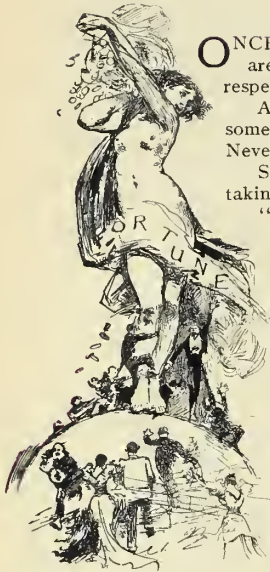


THE TRYSTING PLACE.

"O'LL BET ME LOIFE THAT'S DINNIS NOW A PULLIN' AT ME HAT! O'LL MAKE OUT NOT TO NOTICE HIM AT ALL AT ALL!"

THE WHEEL OF WEALTH.

A TALE OF MAGIC.



ONCE there was a man who wanted to be wealthy. You are surprised? No doubt, for he was unique in this respect.

And, moreover, he wished to become wealthy by some easy method. What, you cannot believe it? Nevertheless, it is true.

So one night when a magician happened to be taking tea with him, he expressed his desire.

"Nothing easier, my dear sir," said the magician; "that sort of thing is right in my line."

"But do you understand what I want?" asked the man. "I have read of some Eastern priests who pray by simply turning a wheel. I would like to grow wealthy by some manner as simple and easy."

"Exactly," said the magician, "and I can fix you up in a jiffy," with which words he waved his magic wand and a large wheel with a crank attachment appeared on the floor.

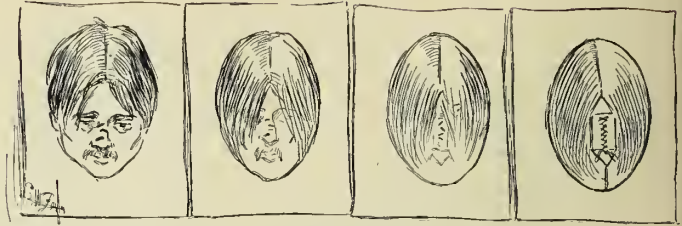
"There you are!" said the magician; "all you have to do is to turn the handle and you will grow wealthy. The more you turn, the wealthier you will grow. Good night," and so saying he vanished.

The man was eager to try his new-gotten prize, and he stepped up to the wheel, and taking a stout grip on the handle, turned it.



"YOU ASK ME TO PUT VON GLASS LAGER ON SHLATE UNT YOU DUNK TREE GLASSES, AIN'T IT?"

"THAT'S ALL RIGHT, IT ONLY PROVES THERE'S MORE IN ME THAN YOU GAVE ME CREDIT FOR, SEE?"



IN EASY STEPS.

It evidently needed oil, for he turned it with difficulty.

So he called his wife and bade her fetch the sewing machine oil.

And she brought it.

Then he oiled the machine and it worked a little easier, but not much; so he spat on his hands and took off his coat, and went to work in earnest.

And that night he worked until 11 P. M.

When he arose in the morning, he went to work at once at the wheel, and so intense was his anxiety to grow wealthy, he hardly paused for his meals, and he worked until very late that night.

And thus every day he worked at his wheel, and he knew he was becoming very wealthy, as the magician had told him he would, and he had faith in the magician; for the magician was an imported one, from Paris, and bore the genuine trade mark.

Now the wheel had an automatic register, and by looking at the register the man could tell just how wealthy he was becoming, and he was greatly pleased to find that he was becoming the richest man in the world.

But one day he turned the wheel so rapidly that he broke a blood-vessel in his brain and died.

And immediately the magician appeared, and the register dropped to zero.

The magician took the wheel under his arm and started away with it, but the man's wife came into the room and stopped him, and bade him leave the wheel.

The magician laughed, and said:

"Oh, no! It would do you no good. This wheel is a fake; it does not make men wealthy. Your husband only thought it did. But it was just as well, for he had the pleasure of thinking himself wealthy, and he worked himself to death, as he would have done under any circumstances. And now that he is dead, it makes no particular difference to him."

So saying, the magician departed with the wheel, and as he went he said to himself: "I am glad he died, for I cannot turn out these wheels fast enough to supply the demand," and he laughed. And then he shook his head, and said: "What fools these mortals be!"

Ellis Parker Butler.

THE BEST THEY COULD DO.

"DON'T you sometimes make a mistake and lynch the wrong man?" asked the visitor from the East.

"We did once," replied the native, "but we offered to do the square thing by the widdier."

"How was that?"

"We told her she could take the pick of the crowd for her second husband."

A PROPER ACCOMPANIMENT.

COLONEL HAIN, general manager of the "L" roads, is getting tired of the complaint of patrons that the oil used on the cars is so poor they can't see to read newspapers.

In order to settle the matter he has sent several samples to the State Board of Health, and Professor Tucker will make an analysis.

A much better way would be for Professor Tucker to come down to New York and take a ride on the elevated road. He might then be able to give a more intelligent opinion. But he should bring a telescope along with him, in order to take the necessary astronomical observations.



"I LOST ONE OF MY BEST PICTURES BY FIRE THE OTHER DAY."
"YES, BUT THERE WAS NO FRAME ON IT."



"THE RED REPUBLIC."

IN his first long novel, "The Red Republic" (Putnam) Robert W. Chambers makes a serious bid for consideration as a romantic novelist. His previous volumes have been made of short stories, very uneven in quality—some of them apparently experiments in style, and others distinctly successful as *tours de force*, as for example "The Street of the First Shell" in "The King in Yellow."

But "The Red Republic" is a big canvas, with large figures, many of them historical. It is not the work of a dilettante, seeing what he can do. There is a set and ambitious purpose here to make the reign of the Commune in Paris a real and stirring picture, with the adventures of a young American artist as the thread of love and romance that binds the whole together as a story. While most of our writers are doing pleasant social pictures with modern drawing-rooms for a background, and the heart palpitations of very young people for the crises of emotion, Mr. Chambers with boldness essays the larger task of depicting a tremendous social upheaval, with the fate of a city and a nation in the balance.

The best justification of his audacity is that he has, in a great measure, succeeded in doing what he ventured.

* * *

A work of this kind stands or falls not as history, but as a story. It must have, first of all, the unity of a

well-constructed fiction with characters that for the time are supremely interesting to the reader. When the events are so tremendous, it is not an easy thing to make the fate of a paltry man and woman of great importance to the reader. To us the best part of Mr. Chambers's achievement is that the love of *Landes* and *Jeanne* is always of supreme interest to the reader. They are charming and forceful personalities from first to last.

The hero is a fine fellow, who does brave things without swagger, and who knows when to be cautious and afraid. He has the best American trait of knowing what to do with an opportunity—and the rarer American virtue of showing consideration for others while doing it. The love story is strangely idyllic, and nothing in the book is better than the quiet chapters, in the midst of bloodshed and intrigue, where *Landes* and *Jeanne* play with the great passion. The old garden, with the dog, the cat, the blackbird and the toad, glows with gentle beauty and romance, putting in striking contrast the barbarity of war.

Historically, the pageant is very effective. You carry away from the book a clear and vivid impression of the kind of men who made that horrible episode possible. You see the mistaken arguments that drew the masses to the red banner, and you also see the diabolical and selfish motives of leaders like Raoul Rigault.

By way of checking its historical impression, I read over again Minister Washburne's account of the Commune, and in scarcely a detail was the history different from the romance—except that *Landes* is made, in the latter, the instrument for releasing the prisoners in La Roquette instead of the jailer, Pinet. Indeed, the book would have gained in force, perhaps, if it had been less faithful as a history. While the story is never lost sight of, it is often inordinately delayed by some of the graphically described historical episodes.

As a whole, the book will commend itself not only for its strength and vividness of description, but for the touches of imagination and fancy that decorate its gentler passages. It reveals a prolific mind and an ambitious artisan.

Droch.

AN INTERESTING STATEMENT.

THE mission of the *Sunday World* is to make its readers feel that life is interesting; that it is no humdrum dead-level world, but one that is full of beauties and wonders and horrors.

—*The World.*

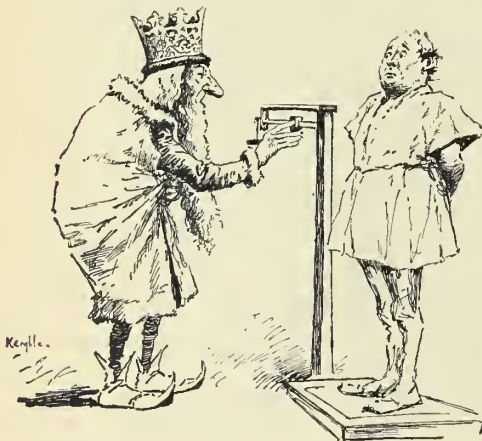
Every paper ought to have a mission in life, and it is interesting to note that the *World's* statement carries its own climax.



"ANY BITES, UNCLE?"



"HUSH, BOY, YO' SCARE 'EM OFF!"



CAREFULLY WEIGHING HIS SUBJECT.



"DAT CAT FISH MUST A BEEN OUT FISHIN' FOR SUMFIN HISSSELF."



INTRODUCING a new mechanical process by which the familiar creations of two widely different schools of illustration are forced to meet and exchange views.



THE RANK IS BUT THE GUINEA'S STAMP."

Lady Leonora of the house of Du Maurier: HOW VERY INTERESTING! BOTH OF YOU AMERICANS AND BOTH ENGLISH COUNTESSSES! THE NOBLE FAMILIES INTO WHICH YOU HAVE MARRIED HAVE NEVER KNOWN A *mesalliance*—SO—MAY I INQUIRE WHAT WAS YOUR TITLE IN AMERICA?

One of the Gibson Girls: FEE SIMPLE.

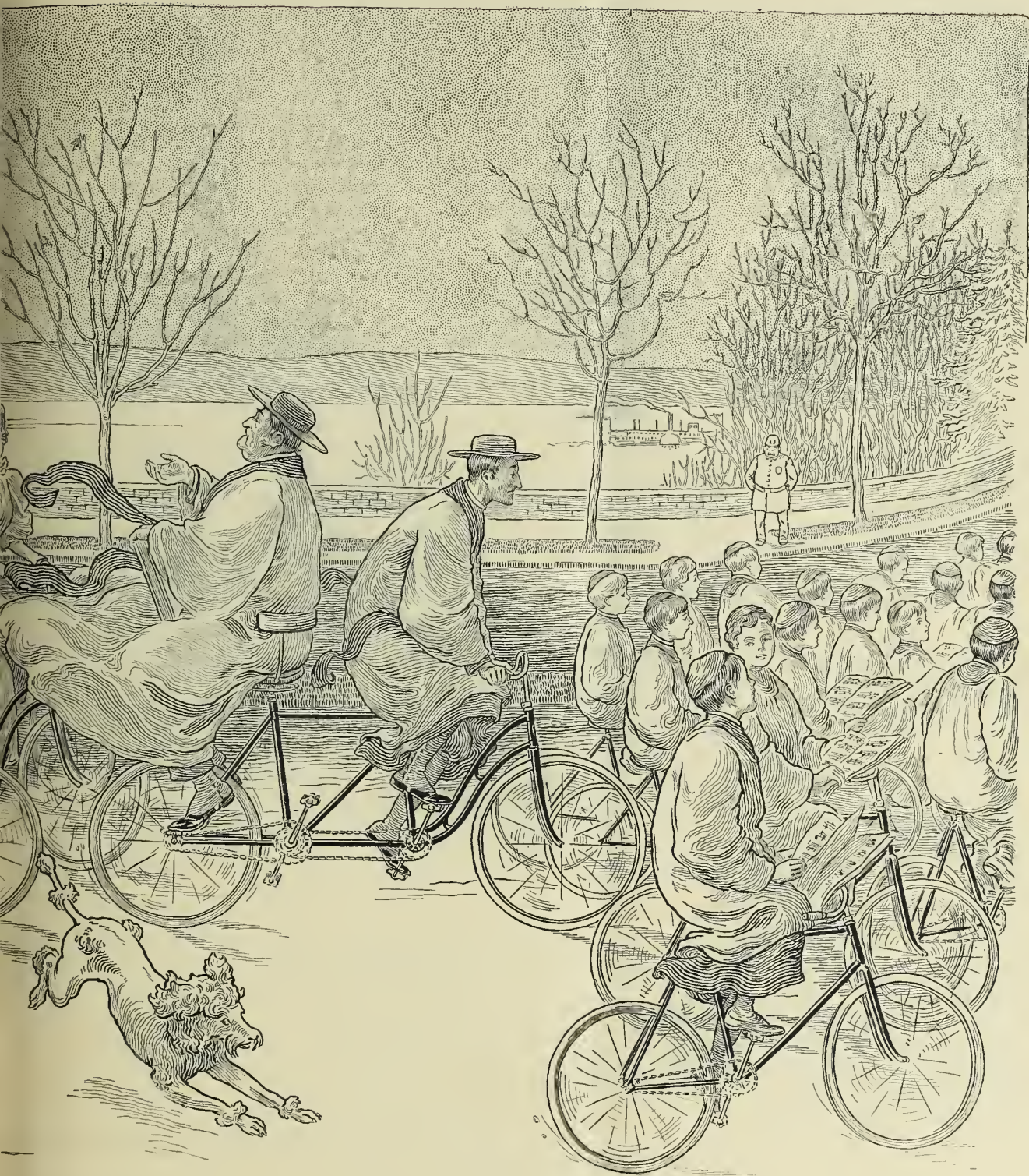
LAY OF THE GRATEFUL PATIENT.

TO HIS NURSE.

ONE fully enjoys being wracked with diseases, Afflicted with sneezes, And subject to chills; Be <i>hers</i> but the hand that pours oil on one's spasms. Applies cataplasms, Administers pills.	Oh! poisons in general, avoided as frightful, Are simply delightful; Yes. wormwood and myrrh, And jalap and strychnine and raw jaborandi, Are luscious as candy, If given by her!	Oh! Who would not highly appreciate anguish, And cheerfully languish, When Agony smote His frame on its way through this lachrymal valley, If only Miss Sally Were spraying his throat! F. D.
---	---	---



FOR THE
TO THOSE COUNTLESS BICYCLISTS WHO ARE



OF WHEELERS.

FOR SUNDAY MORNING OUTING THIS IDEA IS SUGGESTED.



The size of the hat a woman wears on her head in the theatre is in inverse proportion to her breeding.—LIFE.

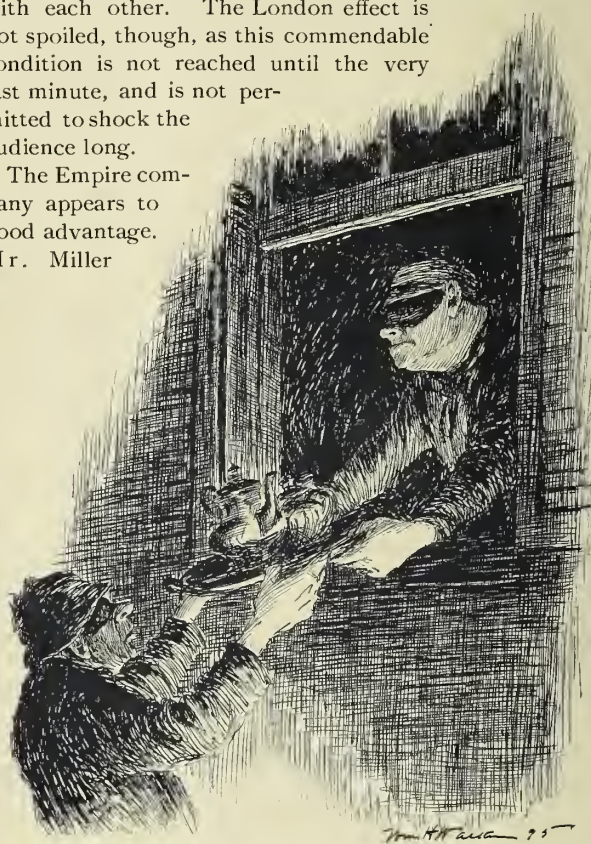
ENGLISH AND FRENCH.

"MICHAEL and His Lost Angel" have gone to that bourne, where neither of them are likely to be heard of, or from, again. Their successors are another English hero and heroine, who are modelled on a somewhat less sacerdotal basis, but who still point the moral that all the present school of English dramatists care to write about is sexuality.

When it was announced that at Mr. Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre there was to be produced a play by some one other than Mr. Pinero, Mr. Jones, or Mr. Wilde, almost a spasm occurred. We recognized that possibly Mr. Phillips (who wrote "As In A Looking Glass") was perhaps qualified to write the present London style of drama, but it might be thought he was not distinctly of the school patronized so much by Mr. Frohman. We

presumed there might possibly be a new departure at the Empire. But Mr. Phillips and his associate, Mr. Brookfield, have trained in with the rest of the London crowd, producing about what might have been expected. That is, a play wherein the husband gets very much the worse part of his legal and sanctified bargain. In the present instance, however, the lover ceases after a while to be attractive and the curtain goes down on that rare thing in the present London drama, a husband and wife in love with each other. The London effect is not spoiled, though, as this commendable condition is not reached until the very last minute, and is not permitted to shock the audience long.

The Empire company appears to good advantage. Mr. Miller



PASSING THE PLATE.



"HERE'S A BOSTON MAN BEEN SHOCKED TER DEATH."
 "DEM COUNTRY JAYS OUGHTENT TER FOOL AROUND NEW YORK
 ELECTRIC WIRES."
 "HE DIDN'T—HE WENT TO HEAR YEVETTE GUILBERT."

and Miss Allen are both rather priggish, but that quality goes with the play. Mr. Dodson scores another character success as an English clergyman of the sycophant species. Miss May Robson matches his achievement in portraying his sporting daughter, a young woman who makes a tidy sum by selling tips on the races. Miss Elsie de Wolfe wears effective gowns and appears well as the devoted aunt of the neglected offspring.

"A Woman's Reason" may be considered an Empire success. That doesn't mean that it is artistic or true but that it can be "boomed" into a long run. Mr. Charles Frohman's resources are so many that it is a pretty bad play which he cannot manipulate into a money-maker at the present tide in New York's theatrical affairs.



APROPOS OF THAT \$50,000 TO CLOTHE THE ARMENIANS.
Father Knickerbocker: WHEN YOU SEND TO ARMENIA, LET IT BE BY WAY OF
 MULBERRY BEND.

MME. BERNHARDT has actually condescended to surrounding her genius with a proper stage setting. "Izeyl" is really handsomely mounted and Madame Sarah's acting does not suffer from the improvement. The play itself is a strange composition, East Indian in character and introducing the Magdelene of Christianity into that atmosphere. In *Izeyl*, the repentant but very human woman, Mme. Bernhardt finds a most congenial role and embodies the character with the charm which is her unique possession. A certain fair compatriot of hers has lately in the public prints raised the question of Mme. Sarah's age, but so far as *Izeyl* goes the answer is convincing. Mme. Sarah has no age—she is an artist endowed with art's perennial youth.

Metcalfe.

A GREAT FEAT.

THE methods of our modern journalism were recently reinforced in a beautiful way by the *New York Herald*, which surreptitiously obtained a copy of the evidence given before the special committee appointed by the New York Yacht Club to take action upon the statement made by Lord Dunraven covering the America Cup races.

The committee, commenting upon the *Herald's* great "beat," concludes:

"The publication under the well-known circumstances is a disgrace to the journal that made it, and the committee believes that this view can scarcely fail to be that of every respectable member of the community, conscious of the existence of an evil of which this is one of the worst instances."

No doubt every respectable member of the community does feel this way, but what has a paltry question of honor to do with it when there is a chance to steal a march on the rest of the gang?

EASILY ARRANGED.

MRS. HIRAM: I don't quite like engaging a girl without references.

BRIDGET NOHELP: That's all right, mim. You can pay me a month in advance.



BUYING A SCALPER'S TICKET.



"THE most polite man I ever knew," said J. D. Ewans of Mississippi, "was a colored man down in my county. He belonged before the war to Colonel White, one of the most cultured and polished gentlemen in the south. During reconstruction days Tom was elected sheriff, and the first year he held the office a white man was sentenced to be hanged. I knew the doomed prisoner and at his request was with him several hours a day for the last week of his life.

"The sheriff came in the first time I was there, and addressing the prisoner said: 'Scuse me, Mars Bob. I hab jess come fur jess a little advice. Yo' see, we ain't neither ob us used ter ceremonious occasions ob dis kin, an I jess wants ter know how yo' would like ter hab de gallows, facin de sun or de oder way.'

"The prisoner told him to have his face away from the sun.

"Thank yo', Mars Bob. I'll done hab it dat way. We don't want ter make no exposition ob ourselves by not doin' what is propah on sich events.'

"Upon the next occasion the sheriff came in:

"Mars Bob, 'scuse me one moment, gemmen. I jess wants ter hab yo' show me once more how yo' done tie dat knot. Mos' curiousest knot I eber seed.'

"Upon the morning of the fated day, as I went in, the sheriff had the doomed man's foot thrown over a chair and was blacking his boot, the other one having already been polished.

"Mawnin, sah!' he said to me. 'Mars Bob jess gittin' ready. I done borrowed a suit an' necktie from de cunnel an' jess slickin' 'im up. Den I gits inter my own

dress suit dat I had made a purpus, an' Mars Bob an' me, we gwine ter be de bes' dressed ob anybody.'

"Arrayed in evening dress, the convicted man and the sheriff mounted the scaffold when the time came. 'All right now, Mars' Bob!' said the sheriff as he adjusted the cap. 'Scuse me, sah, jess a minute,' and he touched the fatal spring."—*Washington Star*.

FIRST TRAMP: It makes me nervous to sleep in one of deze lodgin' houses. Supposin' a fire wuz to break out in de night?

SECOND TRAMP: Dat's so. Them firemen would turn a hose on you in a minute!—*San Francisco Hotel Gazette*.

THREE little maidens were discoursing about the baby brothers who had taken up their residence in the three families during the past year:

"My little brother Ned's got a lovely silver mug that grandma sent him," said the first little girl; "it's just a beauty, and he had a silver knife and fork from grandpa, too."

"My little brother Walter's got a bee-yutiful carved rattle that Uncle Henry sent him from China," said the second little girl; "mother's put it away in a drawer to keep till he's grown up."

"My little brother Freddie's not half so big as your brothers," said the third child, with an air of one endeavoring to conceal a feeling of triumph, "but the doctor says he's had more spasms than any other baby in this whole neighborhood, so there!"—*Youth's Companion*.

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The Spinster's Scrip. Compiled by Cecil Rayno

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The Bachelor and the Chafing Dish. By D. Welch.

HENRY T. COATES AND COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA
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Translated by Elizabeth L. Cary.

A Princess of the Gutter. By L. T. Meade.
A Metrical History of the Life and Times of Napoleon Bonaparte. By William J. Hills.

It is hard to believe that a man is telling the truth when you know you would lie were you in his place.
Boston Transcript.

LOVE ON A BICYCLE.

When Love upon his bicycle
Goes rolling down the street,
He has no time to hear my rhyme,
Or rest in roses sweet—
When love upon his bicycle
Goes glimmering down the street!

When Love upon his bicycle
Goes dashing down the street,
He has no time for bells that chime,
Nor yet for hearts that beat—
When Love upon his bicycle
Goes headlong down the street!

—*Atlanta Constitution*

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So every careful nurse will choose
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A POEM IN LATIN.

Boyibus kissibuss
Sweet girlorum.
Girlibus likibuss,
Wanti somorum.

—*Walla Walla Union*.



Oliver Twist

set the pace by clamoring "for more." So does the connoisseur when he first tastes our "Old Crow Rye." So the invalid, when feeling the benefit of its gentle influence, asks for more. It is so far superior to the goods usually offered to the public, that the sequence is unavoidable. See that the word **Rye** is on the label in large letters, and our firm name on case, cork, capsule and label.

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MR. DEPEW has a large collection of Southern stories, of which the following is his favorite:

"I went to a hotel in Georgia and said to the clerk:

"Where shall I autograph?"

"Autograph?" gasped the clerk.

"Yes; sign my name, you know."

"Oh, right here."

"I signed my name in the register. In a little while in came some Georgia 'crackers.' One of them advanced to the clerk.

"Will you autograph?" asked the clerk, with a smile.

"Sart'nly; mine's rye," said the Georgian, beaming. "What's yours, fellows?" turning to the other 'crackers.'

"The clerk treated with good grace. Then he leaned back and glared at me. I felt sorry for him, and was somewhat conscience-stricken.

"Too bad," I said, 'this is what comes from speaking a foreign language in one's own country.'"—*New York Evening World.*

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TO "LIFE," JANUARY SECOND.

"DEAR LIFE," I have lately arrived in your city,
To make a short stay and to see all the sights,
For a starter I purchased your paper so witty
And I find there a face which my fancy delights.

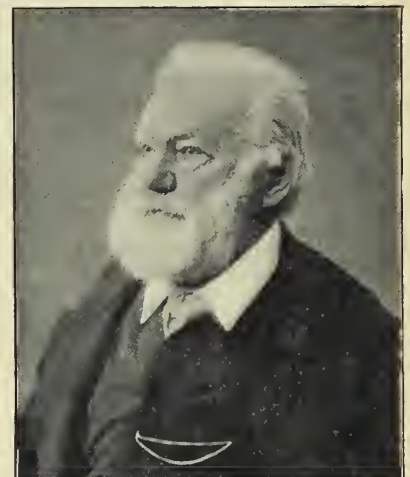
'Tis the face of a maiden so beautiful, really,
My heart at the thought of her almost stands still.
Who is after a husband. I'm just the man, clearly,
For this Spaniard to marry, if only she will.

And yet there's a cloud on my "Halcyon" heaven
Which causes me really to deeply despond
For I sadly confess I am most sixty-seven,
I've already one wife and my whiskers ain't blond.

E. L. Brown.

Now, "LIFE," as you're living next door to this "spooner,"
Can't you kindly drop in and just see him for me,
Let me know by to-morrow, or better still, sooner
If you think I've a chance this dark beauty to see.

I've a farm in New Jersey with everything needful,
Pigs, chickens, ducks, turkeys, two cows and a horse,
If my darling requests I will always be heedful,
She can have her own way as a matter of course.



ly daughter of a wealthy coffee planter will marry
ish nobleman or distinguished American if he is
lsome and reasonably young. No French, Italians,
iards or Hebrews need apply.
is a warm heart, small feet and beautiful teeth.
n dance all night.

Amiable gentleman of barely eighty years of age,
has been unfortunate in business and would like to
wed a wealthy maiden for a permanent home. His
tastes are literary, but his writings have been too far
above the popular taste to bring either fame or pecu-
niary profit.





IT was said that a militia company was organized just before the war at Bungtown, O. It was called the Bungtown riflemen, and the by-laws consisted of two sections—namely :

"Article First—This company shall be known as the Bungtown Rifles.
"Article Second—In case of war this company shall be immediately disbanded."—*Louisville Post.*

THE ADVANCED WOMAN.

She may stand upon the corner in her bloomers, if she chooses ;
She can smoke a cigarette in public, too ;
She may think up shocking thoughts and dedicate them to the muses—
In fact, do anything that's truly new.
But do not yet repine,
Oh, creatures masculine,
Nor think creation's altered in its plan ;
For she always wants to do
Things she's not expected to,
And she doesn't care to do them when she can.

A foremost place in politics—she'll have it if she pleases ;
She'll worry over bargains in appropriation bills ;
And decorate the gavel which untutored man now seizes
With gilt and pretty ribbons till with joy the eye it fills.
She may do it all in style
For a very little while,
But the ultimate result we calmly scan ;
For she always wants to do
Things she's not expected to,
And she doesn't care to do them when she can. —*Washington Star.*

"ONE of the weirdest experiences I have had so far in my professional career," said the young lawyer to a number of his brother practitioners, "came to me last week in a miserable little divorce case.

"I was sitting in my office when a pair of Germans came in.
"What can I do for you ?" I asked in my best manner.

"Vell," said the man, "ve want a divorce."

"It isn't necessary to go into the history of their conjugal relations as the told it jointly. An ax seem to be the salient feature of it. When the moon seized them, whoever laid hands on that useful but murderous implement use to run the other out into the street and chase him or her, as the case might be.

"Your wife might better bring the suit," said I, after listening to a mass of facts that would have procured forty separations. "She's a woman, you know
"The man rose anxiously and bent over me.

"Haf I done genug to haf her gedt idt ?" he inquired.

"Certainly," said I.

"Because, auf I hafn't," he went on, "I vill hit her vonce now."—*Chicago Record.*

"UNCLE" PETER BATES was a local celebrity who kept the tavern in Randolph, Vt., in the old staging days. He was noted for his dry humor, and was never at a loss for a retort or for a method of expressing his ideas. One morning, after breakfast, as a stranger was about to depart without paying his bill, Uncle Pete walked up to him and blandly said : "Mister, if you should lose your pocket book between here and Montpelier, remember you didn't take it out here."—*Youth's Companion.*

STOUT MAN (whose appetite has been the envy of his fellow boarders)—
declare, I have three buttons off my vest.

MISTRESS OF THE HOUSE—You will probably find them in the dining room
sir.—*Town and Country Journal.*

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King Richard cried:
"My kingdom for a horse!"
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The logic is the
make of it; the
proof—the use
of it. The

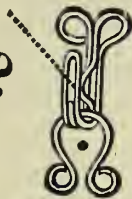
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Patent

Hook and Eye.

See that

hump?



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eaten something that has disagreed
with you. Have you any occupation?"

FAIR PATIENT—I am an emotional
actress.

DOCTOR (brightening)—That accounts
for it. They use all kinds of deleterious
substances in painting scenery. —*New
York Herald.*

WHEN a friend once met Sydney
Smith at Brighton, where he had
gone to reduce himself by the use of cer-
tain baths, he was struck with the de-
crease of Smith's size, and said, "You are
certainly thinner than when I saw you
last." "Yes," replied the witty divine,
"I have been here only ten days, but they
have scraped enough off me already to
make a curate." —*Argonaut.*

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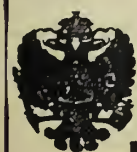


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AT A LOTTERY AGENT'S.—“Can you let me have ticket No. 55?”
 “Why do you want that number in preference to any other?”
 “My uncle appeared to me in a dream with the figure 5 on each of his cheeks.”
 The agent, after running his eye over all the tickets he had left, said:
 “Had he his mouth open at the time?”
 “Yes, wide open.”
 “Ah! here is the very thing.”
 And he handed his customer a ticket with the number 505.—*Journal Amusant.*

A VESSEL being ready for sailing, the captain ordered a new hand to take a boat to shore and buy ten shillings' worth of vegetables. Not being certain of the meaning of the word, the man appealed to the first individual he met. “I say, mate, what might vegetables be?”
 “Vegetables?” the stranger replied. “Why, peas are vegetables, for instance.”
 “That'll do,” said Jack.
 Having got his sack filled with peas, he pulled back to the ship, and when alongside the captain called out: “Have you got those vegetables?”
 “Yes, sir.”
 “All right,” said the captain. “Then hand them up one by one.”
 “By gad,” said Jack, scratching his head, “I have got a job now and no mistake.”—*London Telegraph.*

THE following new story comes from the West: Mr. L., a good natured German, was the proprietor of a considerable clothing business in a country town. He had in his employ one John S., whom he had advanced from cashboy to head clerk and who had been for many years an attache of the store. Since

his promotion, John had several times asked for a raise in his salary, and each time his request had been granted. One morning John again appeared at the old merchant's desk with another request for an increase of \$10 per month. “Vy, Shon,” said Mr. L., “I dink I bays you pooty vell alreaty. Vot for I bays you any more?”

“Well,” replied John, confidently, “I am your principal help here. I have worked you up to a large trade. I know every detail of the business, and indeed I think you could not get along without me.”

“Is that so?” exclaimed the German. “Mein Gott! Shon, vot vould I do subbose you vas to die?”

“Well,” hesitated John, “I suppose you would have to get along without me.”

The “old man” took several whiffs from his big pipe and said nothing. At last he gravely remarked: “Vell, Shon, I guess you petter gonsider yourself dead.”—*Business Journal.*

THE Boston two-year-old was crying.

Not in the boisterous, crude, uncultivated style of the barbarian youngster of other localities, but after the restrained and comparatively decorous manner in which the thoughtful infant of New England's intellectual metropolis abandons itself to grief.

“Waldonia,” said the nurse, “think of the impropriety of this! Remember you are not in the solitude of your own apartments, but out in the open air. Reflect that to some extent the eyes of the world are upon you and endeavor to restrain your feelings.”

Regardless of this eminently proper and seasonable reproof, the infantile Bostonian still wept.

The faithful attendant, losing all patience, stopped wheeling the perambulator, stepped around to the front of the vehicle and shook her long finger at its occupant.

“You bad child!” she exclaimed. “I'll punish you for this! I'll never take you to another lecture as long as I live!”—*Chicago Tribune.*

“Is it true,” an interviewer inquired of Mrs. Stanley, “that you are writing a book?”

“True enough.”

“And what is the title?”

“How I Found Stanley.”—*La Epoca.*



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IN the most exclusive set in Thompson street society, among the Washingtons and Adamses, Jeffersons and Clayburns, amateur theatricals are very much in vogue this winter. The other evening a performance of “Othello” was given at the residence of Mrs. T. Jefferson Washington, 99½ Thompson street. A cotillon was to follow the play, and Mrs. Washington's invitations were acknowledged with few regrets. The hostess received her guests in the white and gold drawing-room, at the west end of which a stage had been erected. At 9.30 the curtain rose.

The rôles of *Desdemona* and *Othello* were taken respectively by Miss Ariadne Jones and Mr. Quincy Adams Johnson. The rest of the cast was equally clever.

Everything went well until the second act. *Desdemona* and *Othello* were having a little tiff, when suddenly *Othello* had occasion to sneeze. Turning impatiently to *Desdemona*, he cried:

“Desthdemona, Desthdemona, whar am my pocket han'kachief?”

Desdemona thought for a moment, and then with a sweet smile she said:

“Sah, it am in de wash!”

—*New York Sun.*

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From the Shoulder.

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You must brace up.
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THE FIRST NUMBER, ISSUED FEBRUARY 1st, WILL BE DEVOTED TO

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

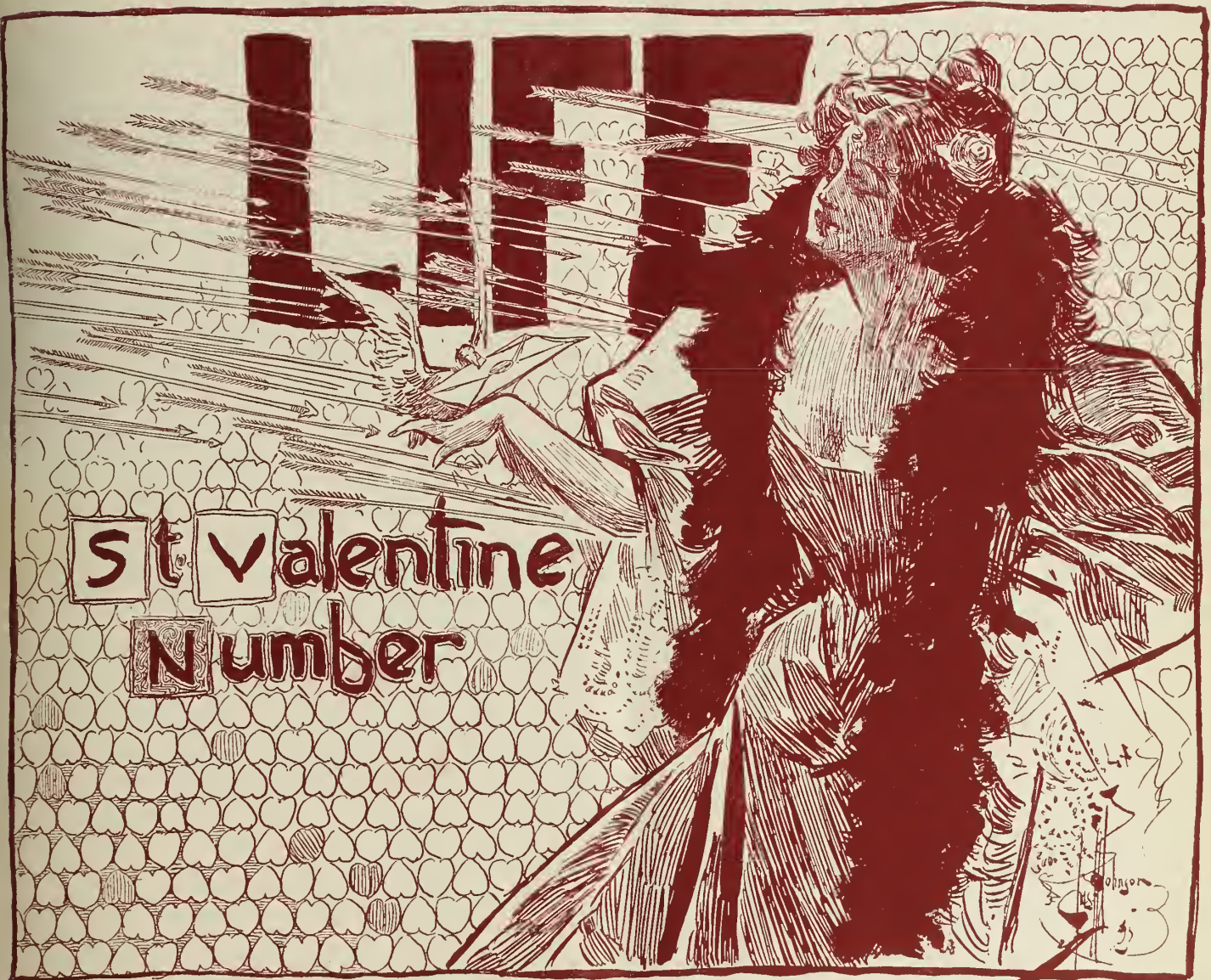
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New goods all over the store wherever Spring needs have thrown sun marks ahead. Don't think of old styles or of old prices. New conditions come with the new things. What \$1 used to barely reach, 75c. or even 50c. is likely to command now—just because great and wise buying lets us clip off every cent of unneeded cost.

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and whether the price is 50c. or \$5 the yard the quality must be just as right. To day we're showing more than 400 sorts of Velvets at \$1 to \$6.50.

NEWEST BLACK SILKS.

Brocaded Gros Grains, 85c. to \$1.50.
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Newest plaids, granite and velour grounds, over-run silk stripes, \$1.25 and \$1.75.

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At Very
Attractive Prices

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FABLES FOR THE TIMES.



THE MONKEY AND THE ASS.

AN ass having seen a monkey doing tricks on a roof to the edification of the villagers, became envious, and essayed to emulate his more agile rival.

The roof broke under his greater weight, and he fell through on his master, squashing him flatter than a pan-cake. Thenceforward, having no one to say him nay, he lived a life of peace and plenty, coming and going at his own sweet

will, while the monkey was captured by an organ-grinder and works eighteen hours a day.

Immoral:

People are not always such asses as they seem to us.

H. W. Phillips.

MERELY AN OVERSIGHT.

WE call the attention of the *Herald* to the fact that in its published report of the finding of the Dunraven Committee this important concluding paragraph was omitted:

The committee cannot take leave of the case without expressing their regret that a part of the evidence now annexed should have been surreptitiously obtained by a New York newspaper, owned by one of the oldest members of the club, and published with comments very adverse to one of the parties. * * * It was * * * in spite of the committee's efforts, in opposition to their well-understood wishes and in disregard of the best interests of the Yacht Club that this premature and imperfect publication was made.

Mr. Bennett is away, or this probably wouldn't have happened.

ADAM never knew what a cold world it was until after the fall.

THE present fashion of women's sleeves is the most effectual ever devised to promote mutual helpfulness between fellow-creatures. No woman can put her jacket on satisfactorily without some friendly hand to stow her sleeves. Polite contemporary gentlemen, who affect ladies' society and lend a hand where it is needed, are making extraordinary progress toward qualifying at the close of Lent for situations as ladies' maids.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVII. FEBRUARY 13, 1896. No. 685.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents.
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DR. CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, Professor of Civilization in Harvard College, has set forth in the *Forum* some reasons why he is unable to feel as proud of the American people as he would like to. He feels bad about us, and he does not conceal that he would have better hopes of us if we felt worse about ourselves.

He admits that the material progress of our country in the last century has been exuberant beyond all precedent, but he thinks that we take too much of the credit for it upon ourselves, forgetting the remarkable felicities of our situation and our good luck in living in the most progressive century the world has seen. He thinks, moreover, that our gains in wealth and power have very seriously exceeded our development in character and manners. We are good-natured, he admits, but thinks that it is because the conditions of our life are easy. Of genuine courtesy and refinement, rare in almost all parts of the world, he finds a decided scarcity in America. He mourns over the low standards of honor that govern the conduct of our college athletes; he laments the irresponsible extravagance of our newspapers; he grieves over the coarse unworthiness of many of our most conspicuous politicians, over the incompetence of our legislators, due to their lack of training, over the boorishness of our well-to-do people as demonstrated by the crowd which stared with such gross rudeness at the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough last fall at the New York Horse Show. He fears our children are not taught to be polite, that we have too little respect for rightful authority, and that the spirit of individual independence, which is characteristic of our people, is too little restrained by reason and obedience. He



thinks we overestimate our merits and our strength and importance, and as a citizen who loves his country and his countrymen he is very solicitous that we should turn over a new leaf.

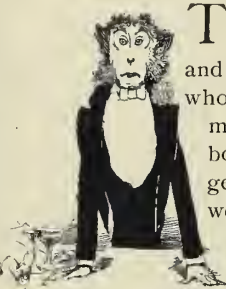
Mr. Howells, who is also in his way a professor of civilization, has likewise been pointing out our defects. He says with truth that our national habit of spitting around in public places is grossly indecent and abominable, and that we ought to correct it. He also says with truth that such of our women folks as wear big hats in the theatres ought to be ashamed.

* * *



WHAT can LIFE say that will give comfort to Professor Norton and encourage Mr. Howells? This, perhaps, for one thing—that this is a free country, and that there is nothing to hinder anyone from being as modest and courteous and honorable as he knows how. We are not born pigs, and we don't live in a sty. Our surroundings are fairly fit, and there should be no insuperable obstacle to the development of the best instincts that happen to have been born in us. A fact that encourages the hope that we will make progress in the development of manners is that manners pay.

* * *



THERE is nothing about courtesy which is incompatible with strength, and of two men equally efficient the one who has good manners is a better and more available man than he who is a boor. Courtesy implies self-control and gentleness and sanity, and those are not weaknesses but elements of strength. In a fair scramble they ought to survive. They are not despised in this country. They command respect even from persons in whom their development is still in its rudimentary stage. There are multitudes of well-mannered people in the United States. They are superior to the other sort of folks and they know it; and the other sort know it also. It seems to LIFE a great deal more intrinsically probable that the rude people will acquire amenities than that the children of civil people will retrograde into boorishness. Politeness is pleasant and it is profitable. Why should it perish among a people of so much discernment as the North Americans!

* * *

THE presence of the Hon. Benjamin Tillman of South Carolina in the Senate promises to be an advantage to that body. Nobody fears that he will do it any harm, for the conviction is generally prevalent that the Senate in these days is not easily damaged. As a blackguard orator, Mr. Tillman is so far superior to any other Senator that there is no temptation to compete with him. As a horrible example he is likely to be useful.



Yet for all it seems that she
 Girlish ways would banish,
 Knickerbockered to the knee
 In a manner mannish—
 Give me Her! I little care
 So we go out "biking;"
 What she chooses she may wear,
 It quite suits my liking!

Felix Carmen.

THE SPINNING WHEEL.

(NEW AND OLD.)

FICKLE custom! Nothing stays!
 There is no controlling
 Fate or Fortune in these days,
 Now the wheel is rolling.
 Here's Priscilla in a gown
 Nothing less than shocking—
 Short?—It hardly reaches down
 To Priscilla's stocking!

Years ago when at the wheel
 Sat Priscilla spinning,
 Exercising toe and heel,
 And the homespun winning—
 That was different from this
 Spinning home, and saying:
 "Miles are good for any miss"—
 With the proverb playing.



AN UNPOETICAL VALENTINE.

SWEETHEART, this lyrical
Valentine venture
Needs no satirical
Sort of a censure ;

If it's no rhyme, it is
Love which is reason,
And at this time it is
Quite in the season.

You are the only one
I seem to care for ;
I am a lonely one,
Sweetheart, and therefore

This valentine—it goes
Saying, I like you.
If you'll be mine, it goes !
How does that strike you ?

APPROPRIATE SENTIMENT.

TRIVVET: If Harrison and Cleve-
land had happened to be oppos-
ing candidates again, I know one
motto upon which both could agree.

DICER: What is it?

"Life is one grand, sweet song."

THE MAGIC PALM.

WHEN YOUR IRRESPONSIBLE FRIEND
GETS MARRIED.

FOR some time you have noticed that your
usually incorrigibly cheerful friend—
the terribly irresponsible fellow—has not
been quite himself.

He's been too subdued. His demeanor in
the club, your most common meeting ground,
has been like that of a disappointed shade.
He can't see the point to any story you may
tell him.

Finally, in a burst of confidence, he tells
you that he is going to be married. Then
and thenceforth, he is positively mournful.
One might think he was making preparations
for an immediately impending judgment
day.

Having been married yourself, you are
approached by your friend, during his last
week of bachelorhood, something after this
fashion :

"Say, Harry, when you were dying to get
married, you know, and were just going to,
did you feel as though you didn't much care
what happened you—kind of all broken up,
you know—not blue exactly, but awfully
queer?"

"Yes."

"How long does that last?"

"Oh, it'll begin to wear off when your wife
and you are fairly started away, after your
wife's mother has shed a large number of
tears over her lost daughter, before your
obtrusive gaze, and after you are entirely
through with listening to a lot of strangely
unfamiliar conventionalities from your
friends at the wedding."

On his wedding day your friend is gloomy
enough. One would think by his appearance
during the ceremony that the minister's words
were an address to a jury of saints to convict
the man before them—your irresponsible
friend—of something at least as bad as mur-
der.

You are slightly relieved when at the end
of the month you meet your friend on the
street and he hails you robustly.

Still, he's not thoroughly himself.

Nor is he for a year or two.

But, finally, he appears at the club.

"What's up?" you feel impelled to say.

"Nothing."

"Tisn't often you're here of an evening,
you know," you observe, apologetically.

"Came out to-night to think things over.
Kid's yelling blue murder in five languages,
and all the women busy with him," says your
friend, with an attempt at nonchalance.

Then you know that your irresponsible
friend is getting emancipated.

After that he's with you oftener.

THE evil that men do often lives
after them—in their New York
monuments.



A POSSIBLE OPPORTUNITY.

WILLIE: I know sister would
be glad to go skating with
you.

RINGWAY: What makes you think
so?

"She says she has been dying all
winter to have you break the ice."



"WHY, EDWARD, YOUR DRESS SUIT IS RUINED!"
"SUROWNFAULT. WHAT JU PUT ASHES ON SI'WALK FOR?"



TO ST. VALENTINE.

IN days gone by, St. Valentine,
My heart was as you see;
Because the maidens at your shrine
Would never look at me.

What deadly valentines they were
This mutilation shows;
For all those darts implanted there
Are simple, girlish "noes."

But now, I've no such sad complaint
Of maidens, shy and cold;
Because those cavities, dear Saint,
Have all been filled with gold.

—Madeleine Reese.

STRAWBER (in cable car): What makes you think
that man opposite is an official of the road?
SINGERLY: Didn't the car stop to let him on?

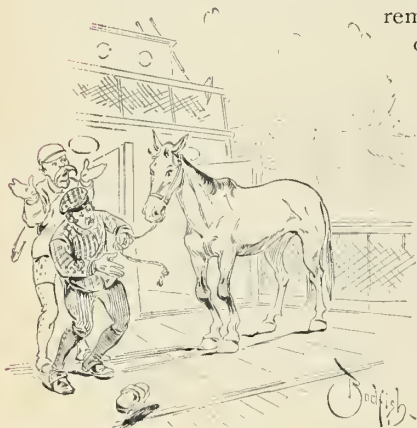
BOOKISHNESS

SOME REASONS FOR THE ART OF MAKING VERSES.

SOME remarks recently made in this column about poetry as chink-filling, might, perhaps, be interpreted as an attempt to depreciate the art of making verses as practiced by minor poets. On the contrary, it seems to us that the minor poet is one of the rare blessings of a materialistic age. Against him can never be brought the charge of writing for sordid gold, at so much per thousand words, as is the habit of the men who construct clever stories. Verse is undoubtedly the least remunerative form of literary

or journalistic endeavor. Between the poet and the police-reporter there can be no commercial rivalry—the balance of trade is so heavily in favor of the latter.

The poet makes verses because he likes it; that form of brain gymnastics suits his particular kind of cerebral convolutions. And it is just as respectable to put words together in rhyth-



FOUNDERED IN MID-OCEAN.

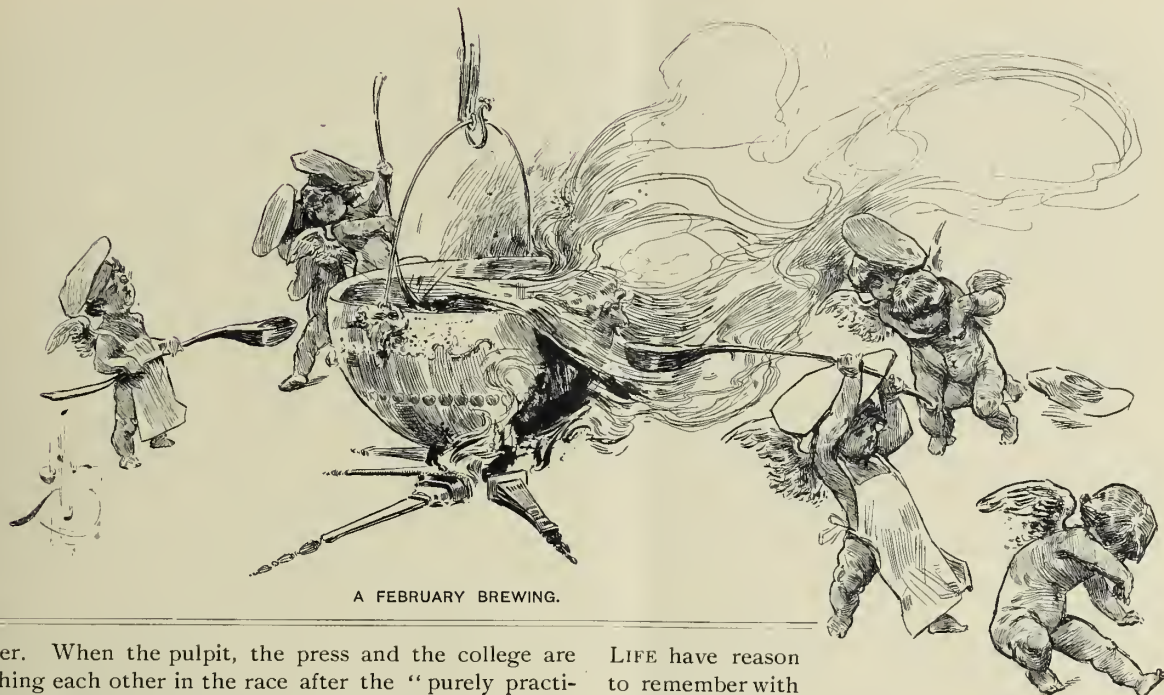


"LARRY," A CHARACTER STUDY.

FROM THE ORIGINAL, IN THE POSSESSION OF C. A. D.

mical lines as to take less pains and write commercial prose. So much for the writer.

As for the reading, public, it is good for them to put aside for a little while the novels of gore, of woman problems, and cold gray realism, and to saturate their minds with gentler sentiments. There is very little idealism left on the printed page in this decade, except in its poetry. If the bird keeps pretty near the earth, and skims on leaden wings barely free of the city chimney tops—nevertheless, it *is* a bird, and tries to fly and to sing of blue sky and green trees and running



A FEBRUARY BREWING.

water. When the pulpit, the press and the college are pushing each other in the race after the "purely practical," it is high time to fall back on the poets. If the poet is an optimist and an idealist, he is worth cultivating. And let him have all the fine paper, wide margins, and artistic covers that his long-suffering publisher dares risk upon him. The publisher may lose by it, but the rest of the world should rejoice.

* * *

RICHARD BURTON'S volume of verses, "Dumb in June" (Copeland & Day), amply justifies its existence on the ground of its idealism. It dwells on beauty and grace with real satisfaction; it finds the face of the earth a varied and exhilarating spectacle, and, better than all, it looks with sympathetic appreciation upon mankind in his grotesque struggles against circumstance. That is the only attitude for a poet to take in the presence of man and nature:

"A song, boys; a song!
Life is young yet,
Love has tongue yet;
Why should Life and Love go wrong?
Come, boys, a song!"

Mr. Burton's verse is melodious, rich in poetic words, and of varied rhythm. It is the verse of a man who has studied the best lyric models, and has taken pains to apply what he has learned with intelligence and skill. The best examples of his poems that are richly ornamented are "The Awakening," "October," and "Mortis Dignitas." But for us his simpler poems are the best; and one that is worth remembering is on such a homely theme as "One Afflicted with Deafness."

* * *

AMONG the poets in a lighter vein who find their subjects in the social life of a great city, the readers of

LIFE have reason to remember with pleasure James G.

Burnett. It is more than a year since they have seen his verses—gay and deft, and touched with gentle sentiment. He died when only twenty-six. Those who loved him have done well to collect his verses into a volume—for it will deepen the memory of a gentle soul, bright, chivalrous, and poetic. The volume is appropriately entitled "Love and Laughter—Being a Legacy of Rhyme." (Putnam).
Droch.

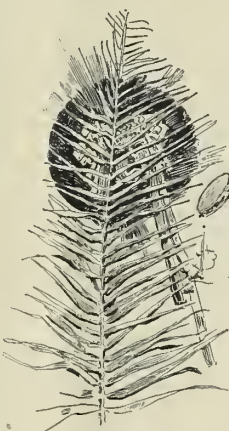
A NEW DEPARTURE.

LIFE wishes well to Mr. Edward Vroom in his effort to get American drama a little further out of the mud.

"For the Crown," by Francois Coppee, will be presented at Palmer's Theatre on February 11th with Mr. Vroom as Constantin. Miss Rose Coghlan is to appear as Princess Basilide, and Miss Maud Harrison as the juvenile heroine. Mr. Craig will play Michel.

The production will be in nearly every respect an exact duplicate of that in Paris. In the scenery, however, it is believed that an improvement will be effected. Mr. Vroom has arranged to have three of the four "sets" built as cycloramas, into which some novel mechanical and lighting effects will be introduced.

This is an honest effort to give New Yorkers something more serious and of a higher quality than the drivel which has become so familiar to us.









LONG, LONG AGO.

The Original Serpent: I'M GOING TO WORK THE APPLE GAME ON THAT ADAM'S WOMAN IF IT TAKES A LEG.

HIS VALENTINE.

WITH envy deep these flowers I
send,
Fresh kissed with heavenly dew;
Why do I envy them? Because
They'll be caressed by you.

HER REPLY.

Your flowers, sweet, have just arrived,
And thank you, dear, I do;
Did I caress them? Yes, indeed,
And wished that they were you.

H. S.



"The size of the hat a woman wears on her head in the theatre is in inverse proportion to her breeding."

ANGLIA AND GERMANIA AMERICANIZED.

DESPITE the failure of "His Excellency," "The Shop Girl," and "The Artist's Model," the Casino has been brave enough to attempt another importation from England. It is called "The Lady Slavey." (SLAVEY. *Der. Slave. Dim. Slavey*, meaning diminutive slave, or small servant of female sex who does all kinds of work for English gentlemen, from blacking boots to hauling coal. Not known in America).

"The Lady Slavey" differs from its predecessors in that it is performed by a competent company instead of by imported understudies, that its music has been rewritten for America (cleverly by Mr. Kerker) and that its jokes are of this era instead of being the usual British puns of the Elizabethan and earlier periods. The result is that "The Lady Slavey," as presented here, is excellent of its kind. The kind may not be that which

appeals especially to the sage, but there is a maxim about even sages relishing a bit of nonsense occasionally. The athletic humor of Miss Marie Dressler is not entirely on the lines laid down by M. Delsarte, but if one is not insistent on grace, or is not oversqueamish, her efforts are bound to provoke good digestion by their effect on the risible ganglia. Mr. Dan Daly, as a British army officer who has been reduced by circumstances to the position of a bum bailiff, gives a representation which comes very near being artistic. No great demands are made on the other people of the cast, but collectively they provide a performance which it does not require a British intellect nor a London education to find amusing. Our New York "Johnnies" who seek the theatre to rest their brains from the wear and tear of their respective ribbon-counters will doubtless speak contemptuously of the Americanized "Lady Slavey," and allude in saddened tones to the glories of "The Gaiety Girl." It remains a fact, though, that the piece at the Casino is funny and well performed.

* * *

MR. AUGUSTIN DALY seems to have found his pace again. "The Countess Gucki" is more like one of his old successes in the fun-making line than anything he has produced for several seasons. This is largely because Miss Rehan is better cast than she has been of late. *Countess Gucki* has passed the ingénue stage of life and is agreeably free from that kittenishness which it takes an extremely young actress to portray acceptably. Even this is a line of work which is beneath Miss Rehan's real abilities, but apparently it is one in which both Mr. Daly and the public prefer to see her.

In another particular, the production scores a success. It demonstrates that Mr. Daly's company has been perceptibly strengthened in two particulars by the acquisition of Mr. Charles Richman and Mr. Edwin Stevens. The former's impressive performance of *The Teacher* in "Hanele" showed that he possessed marked talent, and his *Bruno von Neuhoff*, although far lighter in character, is

confirmatory evidence. Mr. Richman lacks ease of bearing, a fault likely to wear away with time. Mr. Stevens has evidently acquired the refinement he used to lack as a singing comedian. His *General Suvatscheff* is an eccentric but excellently drawn character.

"The Countess Gucki" is not much of a play, but it is amusing and is clean—two characteristics not frequently to be found on the New York stage of to-day.

Metcalf.

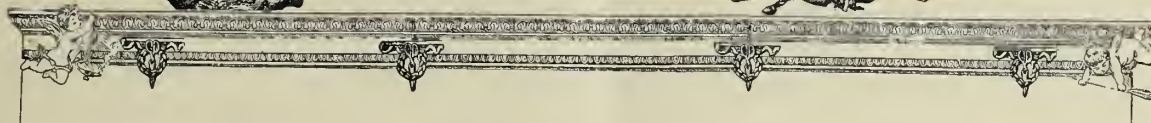
IT used to be so that one could tell a man by the newspaper he read; but now it is by the newspaper that he doesn't read.



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ANGLO-AMERICAN VIGNETTES.

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ASPIRATIONS ONE WOULD RATHER NOT HAVE MENTIONED.

Fair Briton (a la Du Maurier): THAT MR. LYON-HUNTER IS A COUNTRYMAN OF YOURS, I BELIEVE? WHY DOES HE SAY "de-ah" AND "wa-tah" AND "bet-tah?"

American (a la Gibson): OH, HE'S ONE OF THE THRIFTY AMERICANS WHO TRY TO PICK UP ALL THOSE H'S YOU ENGLISH DROP.

WORTH TRYING.

IF we had the power, we would send all those army and navy officers who are so anxious to get the poor fellows under their command into a fight, out into our Indian Territory to fight each other, and have a suitable force stationed near to hang the survivors.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

We have a sneaking suspicion that a happy solution of a great and bloody problem is contained in this suggestion. Let's try it.

THE APPROACH.

PASSENGER: Is that Chicago we are coming to?

CONDUCTOR: Certainly. Can't you make out the snow-capped buildings?

ONE merciful effect of the war scare has been the silent relegation of the New York *Herald's* prize epic poem to desuetude.



PLEA OF THE MILK MERCHANT.

SCENE—A back-yard, secluded. In the foreground a pump. Enter MERCHANT, with milk-pails.

MILK MERCHANT—

The quality of cow's milk is not strained,
It streameth from the udder of the cow
Into the pail beneath; it is twice skimmed,
Once by the wholesale, second by the retail;
'Tis thinnest when 'tis carried to the door
Of the consumer; and it incubates
A typhoid microbe better than the air.
This pump doth show how good hydraulic power,
The attribute of profit in the trade,
Can be applied despite the law of queens.
But milkmen are above the dread of law,
It is enthroned upon the judge's bench,
And concrete stalks in guise constabular;
But legal power doth then seem least majestic
When a milkman tips a policeman. Therefore I,
Though evil be my deed, pump thus—and thus.

[Pumps.]

Though I observe a nice discrimination
In course of pumping, lest it chance that some
Anxious customer with a test-tube pry
For foreign bodies in the virgin milk.

[Ceases pumping.]

—Argonaut.

A NUMBER of prominent literary men were at one time gathered together in a well-known chop-house in New York. The conversation was, of course, brilliant, and

the repartee sparkled with mirth and wit. During a lull in the talk the door was slowly opened, and an old Southern darky, grizzled with age, poked his head in, and then slowly drew his body after him. A waiter immediately started to eject him, when one of the gentlemen cried out, "Wait a moment! let's see what he wants!" The old darky hobbled up to the table where this gentleman sat, and held out his hat. Throwing a wink to his neighbors, the gentleman took the hat, and making a show of placing something into it, bravely passed it on to the next gentleman, who did likewise. The hat made a tour of the entire room, to the puzzled wonder of the darky. The last man to receive it solemnly handed it back, with a very polite bow, saying, "There, sir; don't you think you have something to be thankful for?" The old darky looked slowly round the company, and mechanically taking the hat, said, "Gen'men, I's indeed t'ankful dat I's eben got de hat back."—*Harper's Round Table.*

MAJOR McLAUGHLIN put a new man at work at his mine the other day drying out dynamite.

"Now," said he, by way of explanation, "you've got to keep your eye on that thermometer in the heater. If it gets above 85, you're liable to hear a noise around here. When it reaches 82 degrees, you've got just three minutes in which to work, for it takes three minutes for it to rise to 85."

An hour later the major returned to see how the man at the heater was doing.

"Well, how is it getting along?" he inquired.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

A VIRGINIA COUSIN AND BAR HARRIS STORIES. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. Boston and New York: Lamson, Wolfe & Company.

The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac. By Eu. Field. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Paul and Virginia of a Northern Zone. From Danish of Holger Drachmann. Chicago: Way Williams.

The Fat and the Thin. By Émile Zola. Translated by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. Chicago and New York: F. Tennyson Neely.

"Oh, first rate."

"Do you watch that thermometer?"

"You bet your life I do, and I'm keeping her down. He reached into the heater, pulled out the thermometer.

"Whew! She's up to 84," he remarked. "That'll fix it!"

He jammed the thermometer into a bucket of water and hung it back on the heater. Then he ordered what McLaughlin was running for.—*San Francisco Post.*

SALESMAN: Do you want to have your goods by any particular express?

CUSTOMER: Certainly, if you can find a particular express. I can't.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

DISCOURAGED ARTIST: I don't think I paint as well as I did ten years ago.

CRITICAL FRIEND: Oh, yes you do; but your work is improving.—*Century.*

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saabach's News Exchange, 1 Clamstrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

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By J. A. MITCHELL. Second Edition. 16mo, 75 cents.

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Inanymous Choice

The New York Morning Journal recently offered ten leading makes of bicycles as prizes in a guessing contest, giving the winners free choice of any one of ten machines. The result was 11 of the ten winners selected



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wealth Ave.
C. H. GREENLEAF & Co.

A SONG OF SCIENTIFIC COOKERY.

Give me a spoon of oleum, ma,
And the sodium alkali,
For I'm going to make a pie, ma,
I'm going to make a pie.

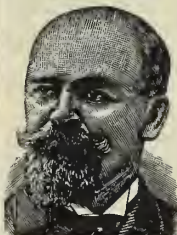
For John will be hungry and tired, ma,
And his tissues will decompose—
So give me a gramme of phosphate,
And the carbon and cellulose.

Now give me a chunk of casein, ma,
To shorten the thermic fat;
And hand me the oxygen bottle, ma,
And look at the thermostat.

And if the electric oven's cold,
Just turn it on half an ohm,
For I want to have supper ready
As soon as John comes home.

—The Bailie.

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The Perfection of Chewing Gum

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safe, **Bromo=Seltzer**
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TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY.

COLONEL A. T. VOGELSANG, the attorney, is regarded as one of the best raconteurs of the legal profession. In the Palace grill-room yesterday he let out a string of excellent bar anecdotes. He said a few weeks ago that Dennis Spencer, the Napa luminary, was called upon by a Chinaman one evening, when the following dialogue ensued:

"One Chinaman kill another Chinaman with a hatchet; how much you charge make him clear?"

"I'll take the case," said Mr. Spencer, "for \$1,000."

"Allee right," said the Chinaman, "I be back after while."

"In about a week he returned to Mr. Spencer's office and laid down \$1,000 in gold on his table. Mr. Spencer swept the money into the drawer.

"Well, the Chinaman, he dead."

"Who killed him?"

"I did."

"When did you kill him?"

"Last night."

There was some curiosity on the part of the audience for further light on the disposition of the \$1,000, but Mr. Vogelsang immediately spun off on to another story.—*San Francisco Call.*

"I suppose that it would take a great deal of observation and experience to enable a man to pick the fastest horse entered for a race," she remarked.

"Yes," replied the man of mournful experience, "but that isn't what you are trying to do. What you want is to pick the horse that is going to win."—*Washington Star.*

"MAN wants but little here below"—

So runs the good old song;

If he but advertises, though,

He doesn't want *that* long.—*Printers' Ink.*

HANS VON BULOW, while conducting a concert, was much annoyed at the noise made by some ladies in the audience. At last he could stand it no longer, and tapping for silence, he turned to the audience and said: "Remember, ladies, you are not saving Rome."—*Argonaut.*

"DEAR GOD," prayed a little Church street maiden last evening, "make a good little girl out of me; and if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."—*Bedford Banner Democrat.*

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"THERE'S A SNAKE IN MY HOUSE!" "DID YER SEE MORE THAN WAN SNAKE?" "NO, WHY?"
"BEKASE IF YER DID, I'LL MAKE IT AN Ambulance!"

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Springs 1 and 2.—For Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Uric Acid Diathesis, Gout, Rheumatism, Nervous Prostration, &c.

Dr. William A. Hammond, of Washington, D. C., Surgeon-General U. S. Army (retired), Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System in the University of New York, etc., referring to Spring No. 2:

"I have for some time made use of **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** in cases of affections of the Nervous System, complicated with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, or with a Gouty Diathesis. The results have been eminently satisfactory. Lithia has for many years been a favorite with me in like cases, but the **Buffalo Water** certainly acts better than any extemporaneous solution of the Lithia Salts, and is, moreover, better borne by the stomach."

Dr. John H. Tucker, of Henderson, N. C., Prest. of the Medical Society of North Carolina, Member of the American Medical Association, referring to Spring No. 1, says:

"I have obtained excellent results from **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** in Gout, Rheumatism and other affections dependent upon a Uric Acid Diathesis, especially for pale, feeble, and anæmic subjects—in fact for patients of this class, my experience teaches that the Water of Spring No. 1 is more efficient than that of No. 2, and for such conditions I have no hesitancy in saying that it is a remedy of great potency."

Wm. O. Baskerville, M. D., Oxford, N. C., referring to Spring No. 1, writes:

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THE STANDARD OF FINE CHAMPAGNES.



GETTING HIS WATCH BACK.

THE following story must be true, because it happened two weeks ago at Austin and last week in Lake View.

Mr. Burton was aroused shortly after midnight by his wife, who said that little Freddie was coughing just as though he had the croup and for him (Mr. Burton) to go and bring the doctor.

Thereupon Mr. Burton aroused himself, and assisted by his wife got into his clothes. As his wife was helping him on with his overcoat she asked, "Thomas, have you your revolver?"

"No. Had I better take it?"

"I should think so. It's late, and the streets are fearfully dark."

She handed him the weapon, which he cautiously slipped into the side-pocket of his overcoat where he could keep his hand on it.

It was indeed a very dark night. He could barely discern the shapes of trees, fences, and houses.

As he turned a corner he ran heavily against another man. They collided fully, and then Mr. Burton jumped backward, with his heart in his throat.

"Excuse me," said the man in the darkness, and he passed on.

Burton took a firmer hold on his weapon. Then he happened to think of something. He felt for his watch. It was gone. The fellow had bumped into him so as to slip the watch from his pocket.

Burton drew his revolver and ran after the robber, who began to run.

"Stop, or I'll shoot!" shouted Burton.

The man stopped and leaned against a fence.

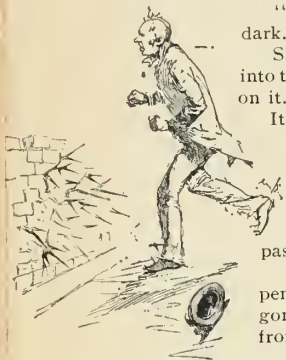
"Now," said Burton, with revolver advanced, "you give me that watch."

The robber handed it over.

"Now you skip!" And the fellow ran.

When Burton reached home he was pale and excited, but quite exultant.

"A footpad ran into me and grabbed my watch," said he, "but I drew my gun and made him give it back."



"Why, Thomas," exclaimed his dismayed wife, "I took the watch out of your vest pocket before you started."

The doctor came in a half-hour later.

He was agitated, and he explained that he had been called away on an urgent case at the time when Mr. Burton called at his house.

"And right at this next corner," he added, "I was held up by the most villainous-looking highwayman you ever saw and robbed of my watch."—*Chicago Record.*

WHEN Representative M. W. Howard, the Populist member from Alabama, first hung out his shingle as a lawyer he was nineteen years of age. His patience was nearly exhausted by days spent in vain waiting for his first client to come, when one day he heard a knock at the door. On calling "Come in!" a dorky, known as Sam, stepped into the little office.

"What can I do for you?" the lawyer asked, as visions of his first fee came to him.

"Scuse me, sah," said Sam, "but 'deed I wants to see you on pertikler bizness."

Mr. Howard, thinking that the man most likely wanted a divorce, said, "Sit down and explain everything carefully."

"Deed, sah, I would like to close de dore, fo' de bizness am mighty pertikler," said Sam. After having closed the door he took the proffered seat. Then he explained:

"Sah, I has got a gurl in Georgah dat I wants you to write a lettah to fo me."

"Do you love her?" asked the lawyer. "Do you want to marry her? Does she love you?" and many other questions of a like nature.

To all of these questions Sam replied, "Suttinly."

The replies being satisfactory, he proceeded to write the letter. After having finished it he read it to Sam to see whether it agreed with his ideas.

"Scuse me, boss," said Sam, scratching his woolly head; "'scuse me if I offer a sugghestan; I would like to put something else in dar also. Something like dis:

"De roses am red,
And de vylets bloo;
De pinks am preaty,
And so is you."

And having put it in, Howard asked if that was all. Sam scratched his woolly head a minute and then said, "Boss, dar am one mo' thing dat ought to go in dar—dis, 'I hopes dat you will 'scuse de pore, mizrabl writin' and de bad spellin'."—*Washington Post.*

A WESTERN Congressman is quoted as saying that when he first entered Congress he wondered how he ever got there, but later on he wondered how any of them ever got there.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

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CIGARETTES
OR
LITTLE
CIGARS.
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THE serpent smiled affably.
"Have an apple?" he insinuated.
The mother of the race shrugged her shoulders.
"Not this Eve," she rejoined. "S'm'other Eve."
"This," mused the tempter, with a dazed look and a slight shiver,
"must be the woman's version. Ah, yes."—*Detroit Tribune*.

WATTS—There won't be any European war. Those rulers are all related to one another.

POTTS—That's the very reason I think there will be war.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

THE DISGUISE.—"You folks were pretty smooth with your wooden horse," remarked the Chicago shade, with generous warmth; "but if we'd had that job we'd have sprung the beast on the Trojans in the shape of canned beef, that's what. Yes."

The wraith of the Greek hero, thus addressed, had no alternative but to smile feebly and ask what it should be.—*Detroit Tribune*.

BOY—Say, mister, shall I carry yer satchel? Do it fer a dime.

DUDE—My satchel is not heavy.

BOY—Well, let me carry your cane then.—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

WHEN Dr. T. De Witt Talmage was in Atlanta recently, he told the following anecdote of Henry W. Grady, the famous Atlanta editor:

"Grady said to me one day, while speaking of journalism, that he made it a rule never to correct mistakes and to run *The Constitution* on the policy that no mistakes were made. At least he would never acknowledge one. One day Grady said an obituary appeared in his columns of a man tolerably well known. The dead man appeared the next day and demanded a correction, saying he was not dead, and that the obituary was all a mistake. Grady said he never made mistakes and never corrected errors. The dead man that was insisted in saying he was alive and wanted it understood. Grady then told him that the only thing he could possibly do would be to place him in the birth column as a new arrival."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

"JABBER'S son, they say, could talk when only two weeks old."

"That's nothing. The Bible says Job cursed the day he was born."—*Judge*.

THE OLD STORY.

Break, break, break,
Thou ten dollar bill, and flee!
For 'tis a sure token that being once broken
Thou'll never come back to me.

—*New York World*.

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VOLUME XXVII.

LIFE

NUMBER 686.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 20, 1896.

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Plain and Dresden Crepes, 50c to \$2.

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BEFORE THE OPERATION.

"ER—I suppose, Doctor, there is some chance of saving him?"

"Absolutely none; he will die whether operated upon or not."

"Well, what are you doing it for then?"

"For \$350."

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

WHERE are you going? My pretty maid.

Into "Society." Sir, she said.

Well, I'll not marry you, My pretty maid.

You won't? then I'll sue you, Sir, she said.

A NECESSARY TRIP.

MISS NEWWOMAN: I will have to go to the city to-morrow and make some purchases.

MISS STRONGMIND: Can't you get what you want here?

MISS NEWWOMAN: No, there isn't a gent's furnishing store in town.

THE AFFINITY OF CONTRAST.

TOM CARTER and I were just as different as could be, yet we were extremely fond of each other.

I liked most women in a way, but not closely, and I never made a confidant of one.

Tom, on the other hand, was very fond of them.

Perhaps that's why he liked me. There is much, they say, in the affinity of contrast.

We differed in many other respects. Tom smoked and I didn't; Tom took a nip occasionally, and I was strictly temperate; Tom was poor and I was rich; Tom swore sometimes and I never did; and Tom liked the club and I didn't.

Still, when there was any place to go we always went together, and we always had a good time.

He introduced me to all the women he knew, and never failed to tell them that I was the best fellow alive. I liked Tom and he liked me, and goodfellowship doesn't always last for a dozen years as mine and Tom's had.

People, our friends, used to say it was really remarkable, and outside of the books they couldn't cite a similar case, but Tom and I merely smiled and kept right on as we had been doing.

Surely it wasn't because we were alike.

Because we were so different.

It was the affinity of contrast, I am sure.

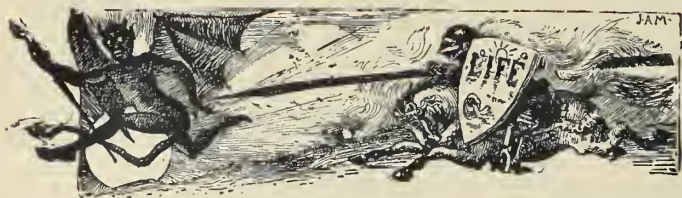
Tom was a man and I wasn't.

We had been married for a dozen years.

W. J. Lampton.



"TOM, SHE GIV' ME THE MARBLE HEART, THE COLD SHAKE; THEM BALOOM SLEEVES IS TOO MUCH FOR HER. (In a whisper) I WANT YOU TO LET ME PULL YOUR SISTER 'ROUND ON THAT SLED FOR A LITTLE WHILE. I WANT TER MAKE THAT GAL JEALOUS—IT'LL BREAK HER HEART!"



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVII. FEBRUARY 20, 1896. No. 686.

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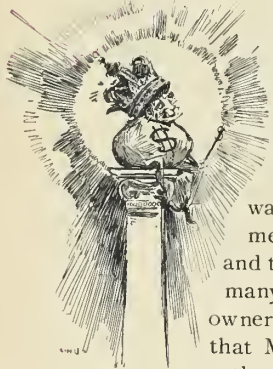
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UNCLE SAM got a pretty good price for his bonds, and had the satisfaction of finding that the demand for them was about six times greater than the supply. His wish was that he might be paid for them in gold obtained elsewhere than from the United States treasury. He has not provided very effectually for the fulfillment of this preference, but it is a comfort to know that, in spite of silver schemers, jingoes and Congressional cranks, our Uncle's credit is still pretty good. We are all invited now to hold on tight and await a sweeping revival of business prosperity. All right; we have a good hold; let her come! In however tempestuous a flood the good times may rush upon us we will endeavor to bear it. And we will try to be good also, and not offer to thrash any of the neighbors as long as they behave decently. All we want is prosperity enough to enable us to be conveniently and agreeably honest and virtuous, and to keep the children at a good school.

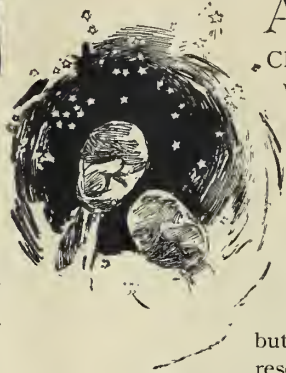
* * *



MUCH interest was felt in the recent news from London that our fellow countryman, Mr. William Waldorf Astor, had cut off the heads of a number of the editors of his *Pall Mall Gazette*, and that he had grown tired of being responsible for the views of others. The *Gazette* was flippantly anti-American in its treatment of the recent clash between England and the United States, but it was supposed by many that its attitude was satisfactory to its owner. It was also rumored in the beginning that Mr. Astor did not like it, and it is now rather pleasant to have the rumor confirmed. The knowledge that Mr. Astor did not find it agreeable to maintain a newspaper in London which was flippantly antagonistic to the United States is likely to

breed pleasanter sentiments toward him in the minds of his well-wishers at home.

* * *



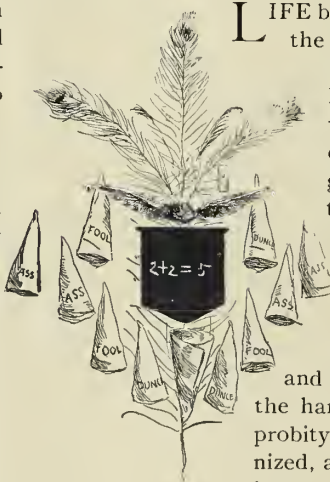
AN important difference of opinion has lately arisen between Charles William Eliot, of Harvard University and Susan B. Anthony, of Rochester, as to the work of women on the bulwarks of the commonwealth. Miss Anthony thinks they should vote on them; Dr. Eliot thinks not, and the disparity of sentiment has been intensified by Dr. Eliot's conviction that Miss Anthony has buttressed her position by misrepresenting his views. Dr. Eliot

also maintains that Miss Anthony declares that he is opposed to the employment of women teachers, which he affirms to be contrary to the fact. In earnest derogation of a violent issue LIFE begs respectfully to suggest arbitration as the manliest and most Christian method of settlement.

* * *

THE city of Rome in New York State has been remarkably successful of late in getting its name in the newspapers. Its boy-brigands made an uncommonly bad railroad accident, and its defaulting bank-cashier made an unusually bad wreck of his bank. Rome seems to be full of vigor and enterprise. Life takes pleasure in recommending it as an inviting residence for adventurous spirits, and also as a tempting field for missionary labor.

* * *



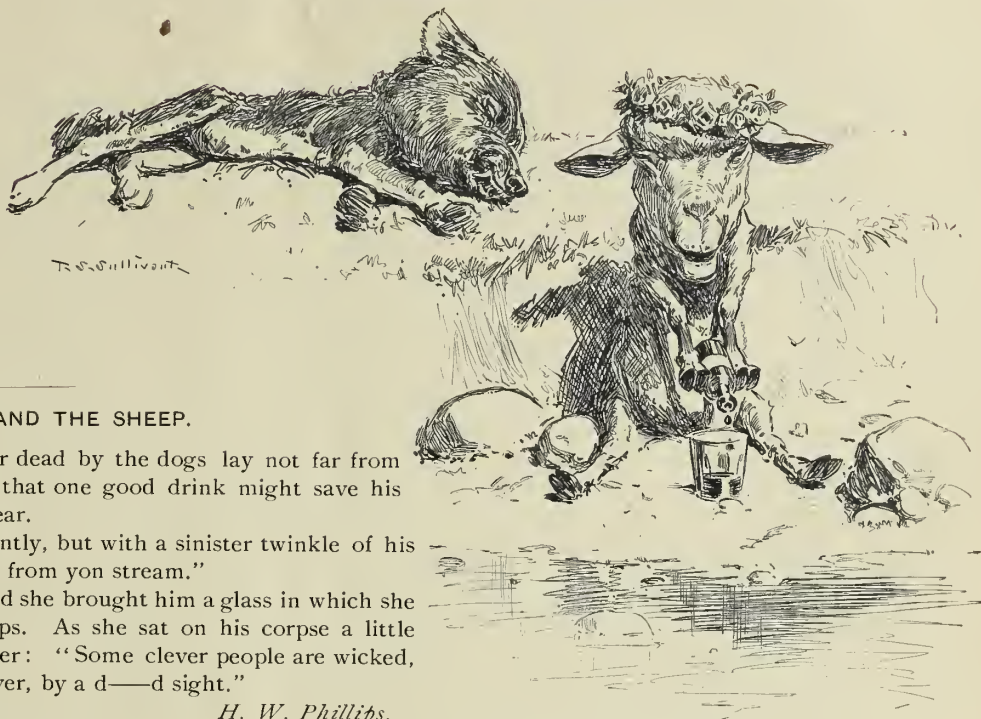
LIFE begs to offer its condolences to the New York *World* upon the difficult and laborious job it has undertaken of showing up Mr. Pierpont Morgan as a cheat and a chartered brigand. It must be a painful task to the *World*, for Mr.

Morgan is greatly admired in this community and is looked upon as a pillar of sharp finance and one of the sure props of Church and State. What makes it all the harder is that the *World's* own probity is not universally recognized, and that uncharitable people keep attributing even its least objectionable achievements to selfish and unworthy motives. When a man's standing is as high and his reputation as serviceable as Mr. Morgan's, it is a big job to upset him, particularly when his rivals in business refuse to help. But of course the *World* will try hard and will let us know what progress it makes in its effort.

IN LEAP YEAR.

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.

SWEETHEART, should you
propose,
I won't be captious quite;
I won't turn up my nose,
For that would not be right.
I will not blush and say:
"This is so sudden, dear,"
I will not turn—nay, nay—
To you a drumless ear.
But, sweetheart, if you *shoulda*
This year your love confess,
I'll promise to be good
And meekly answer "Yes."



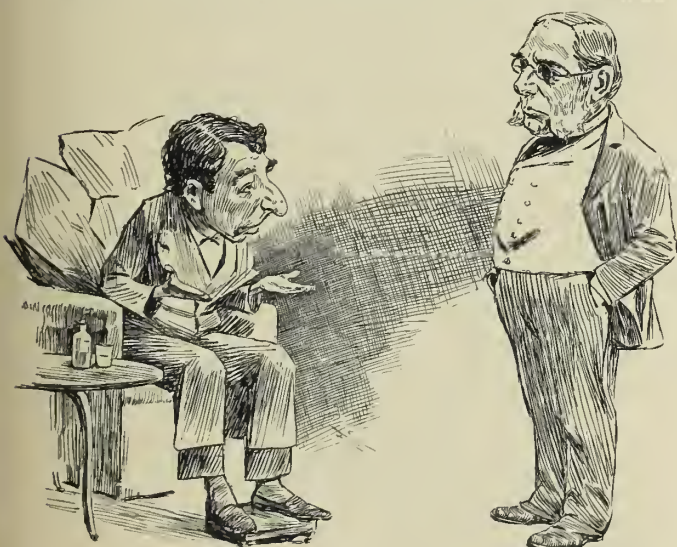
THE WOLF AND THE SHEEP.

A WOLF that had been left for dead by the dogs lay not far from a running brook. He felt that one good drink might save his life. Just then a sheep passed near.
"Pray, sister," said he very gently, but with a sinister twinkle of his eye-teeth, "bring me some water from yon stream."
"Certainly," said the sheep, and she brought him a glass in which she had poured a few knock-out drops. As she sat on his corpse a little later she moralized in this manner: "Some clever people are wicked, but all wicked people are not clever, by a d—d sight."

H. W. Phillips.

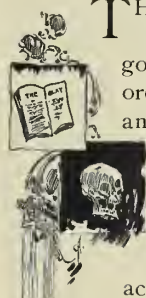
AN ANXIOUS CUSTOMER.

JOHN POTTS: Are you the medium who advertises to unite the separated?
MEDIUM (proudly): I never fail.
JOHN POTTS: I wish you would connect me with the \$100 I got separated from last night.



"YOU ARE SUFFERING FROM A COMPLICATION OF DISEASES, MR. STEIN, AT LEAST SIX."
"HOW MUCH DISCOUNT YOU GIV ME ON HALEF A DOZEN, DOCTOR?"

THE THEATRE-GOER'S DREAM.



THERE were two women with large hats sitting in front of the Inveterate Theatre-goer, and he had dined exceedingly well. His orchestra chair had not cost him anything, and the play being performed was one of those fashionable imported ones called a SOCIAL PROBLEM DRAMA. The apparent irrelevance of these facts can all be connected into one big reason why he fell asleep in the middle of the second act. And he dreamed.

In his dream the characters on the stage suddenly assumed perfectly natural attitudes, and talked in the ineffective manner of ordinary human beings.

The Wicked Fascinating man began the conversation. He walked L. and R. from force of habit. He wore an Inverness cape probably from the same reason, and his fingers were cramped into the position which the fingers assume while holding a cigarette.

"I would like a day in the country," said the Wicked Fascinating man, "or, anyhow, a day outside a drawing room. Since the British Dramatists started me in life—some years ago—I've lived in perpetual evening dress and in an atmosphere of gas. A white shirt bosom has become obnoxious to me. I've smoked cigarettes until I taste nothing but nicotine, satirized women until the whole sex satiate me with admiration, and I've beer



CHANGING THE LABELS.

forced to be so devilishly wicked and blasé, that I'm ready to marry or live in Brooklyn."

"I propose that we change places for a while," suggested the tempted man, who during a run of one hundred nights had been resisting the Woman with a Past. "I have been out of town so much, you know. Strange, that we of the stage always have to go to Italy or Egypt to expiate our sins. I assure you I meet so many men in those places, who, like me, have run away from ladies with pasts that their society quite bores me."

"It is very stupid to exile you every time," remarked the Woman with a Past, "because you always have to come back to me when I die, and I always die. Next time you go to Egypt, take a return ticket. I'm getting tired of that bluff that you work off every night on me. It's so long, and has such a Sanford-and-Merton-Paul-and-Virginia tone about it. And all because I maintain that to make one's own heaven here is better than taking one's chances of one hereafter. Do you know that this is the one hundredth time that I've told the story of my past?"

"It has long become a chestnut to me," murmured the tempted man.

"Well," she continued, "I think when I have such an uncomfortable story to tell, I might at least have a comfortable sofa to tell it upon. These stage sofas are awfully lumpy. I don't see why I have to tell that story—any reporter would do it so much better. I am so tired of it."

"Heaven knows," said the tempted man, "that I am tired of it."

The Wicked Fascinating man, throwing off his Inverness cape and chucking his cigarette case into the audience, remarked that he also was tired of it.

And another voice, a very big voice, which the Inveterate Theatre-goer thinks was the voice of the public, said it was tired of "IT."

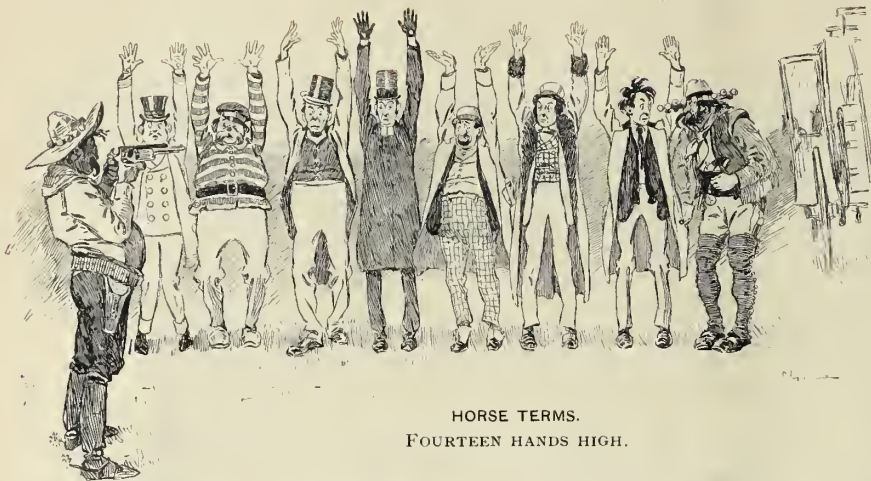
Jessie M. Wood.

THERE can be no doubt that some dogs were once human beings—if the theory of evolution is correct.





"WHAT A DISTINGUISHED-LOOKING MAN YOUR FATHER IS. HIS WHITE HAIR GIVE HIM SUCH AN ARISTOCRATIC LOOK."
The Dissipated Son: YES, AND HE CAN THANK ME FOR IT.



HORSE TERMS.
FOURTEEN HANDS HIGH.

BOOKISHNESS

THE AVERAGE MAN'S SATISFACTION WITH HIMSELF.

THE death of Paul Verlaine has renewed discussion of degeneracy as an element in certain kinds of art. The abnormal quality in literary genius is dwelt upon by all sorts of uninformed writers looking around for a topic over which can be spread smatterings of scientific information got at second-hand. The whole discussion is outside the scope of this column; but it is curious that no writer has retorted on those assailing his craft that they are narrow and half-informed; that any great success is abnormal. The average well-balanced man who sees many sides of many questions and whom you consider the type of sanity is *not* a great success. The very balance of his faculties that you praise keeps him peacefully sailing along in the quiet sea in which he happens to be launched.

But a great financier, for instance, is never called a degenerate, and yet he is the most inscrutable of beings to the average man of well-balanced judgment among his associates. He succeeds by a certain combination of force and foresight, often mixed with unscrupulousness, that is a marvel to men who watch the game. If you talk with them about it they will say, Yes, he showed a great head in managing that affair, but he did so-and-so that no self-respecting man would stoop to, even for success.

In other words, the great financier, or merchant, or lawyer, or general, has a way of succeeding because he sees in all the world nothing of any moment except his particular undertaking. For the time being all laws bend to the game that he is playing. Now this is just as abnormal as the attitude of a certain kind of literary man or artist who ignores all laws but those he believes to be the laws of his art.

It looks as though you must be an average man if you want to be considered normal by the bulk of your fellow-men. All the same, it would be difficult to convince the truly great financier or general that he showed symptoms of insanity.

* * *

LET any well-fed, well-housed and educated normal man read the recently published literary trifle by Stevenson and Henley—the melodramatic farce, "Macaire" (Stone & Kimball), and then in the comfort of his arm-chair let him try to imagine his own brain as evolving those few pages out of nothingness. It is difficult enough for what he calls his well-balanced faculties to follow the dozen characters through the printed pages, without summoning out of the dark action, scenery and dramatic climaxes. But there are plenty of men in the business of making plays who have done things as good as "Macaire," and far better for stage purposes.

No, my well-balanced, normal friend, you are not the biggest part of the world, though I am convinced that you are having the easiest and best time in it, and you represent the large majority. But the abnormal fellows are blazing the tracks in which your children will serenely and comfortably walk. Be a little charitable toward them, for their lot is often hard!

* * *

THERE are many original things in the novelette by Eleanor Stuart, called "Stonepastures" (Appleton). The adjectives which first come to hand when you think about it are strength and reticence. It takes art to make a woman barber a dignified figure, and a big Swede, reduced by a blast to a blind and deaf misshapen hulk, heroic. Yet these are the people who have our sympathies and admiration. Moreover, it takes artistic reticence to keep the emotions from running away with the story in the dramatic situation that is evolved. The compact and vigorous



THIS IS HOW YOUNGHUSBAND'S FRIENDS KNOW THAT HIS WIFE MAKES THE BREAD HERSELF.

style, which has the marks upon it of intelligent care and choice of words, has made real the furnace town and the rude people who do its work. The minor characters, no matter how lightly sketched, stand alone; and the dramatic conclusion is skilfully and picturesquely managed.

It is a pleasure to find an American story by a new writer that stands alone without squinting at some French or English fashion in fiction.

Droch.

NECESSITY may know no law, but in its administrative duties it is never accused of incompetence.



A FEBRUARY HOLD UP.



THE FLUSH OF VICTORY.

ANOTHER DISCOVERY!

WE understand that the world is indebted to a Washington physician for the information that "the knowledge of how to prevent typhoid fever is the result of vivisection."

This is in perfect harmony with many other statements emanating from vivisectioners.

But typhoid fever, we notice, is as rampant as ever.

Perhaps the increase of typhoid in certain localities is a punishment from the Creator for not torturing more animals to death.

A WESTERN APPLICATION.

A LADY, moving in the supposedly exclusive circle of a Western town, lying under the shadows of the Rockies, was much distressed at hearing a small clique in her town refer to themselves as the "smart set." She appealed to an ex-United States Senator, and asked him what he understood was meant by the term "the smart set." He replied: "I think I can give you an example. In the eastern part of Colorado and in the western part of Nebraska there is a large tract of land known as the 'Rain Belt.' It never rains there."

BEWARE of the man who loves everybody, because he has to spread his affection on mighty thin in order to make it go 'round.

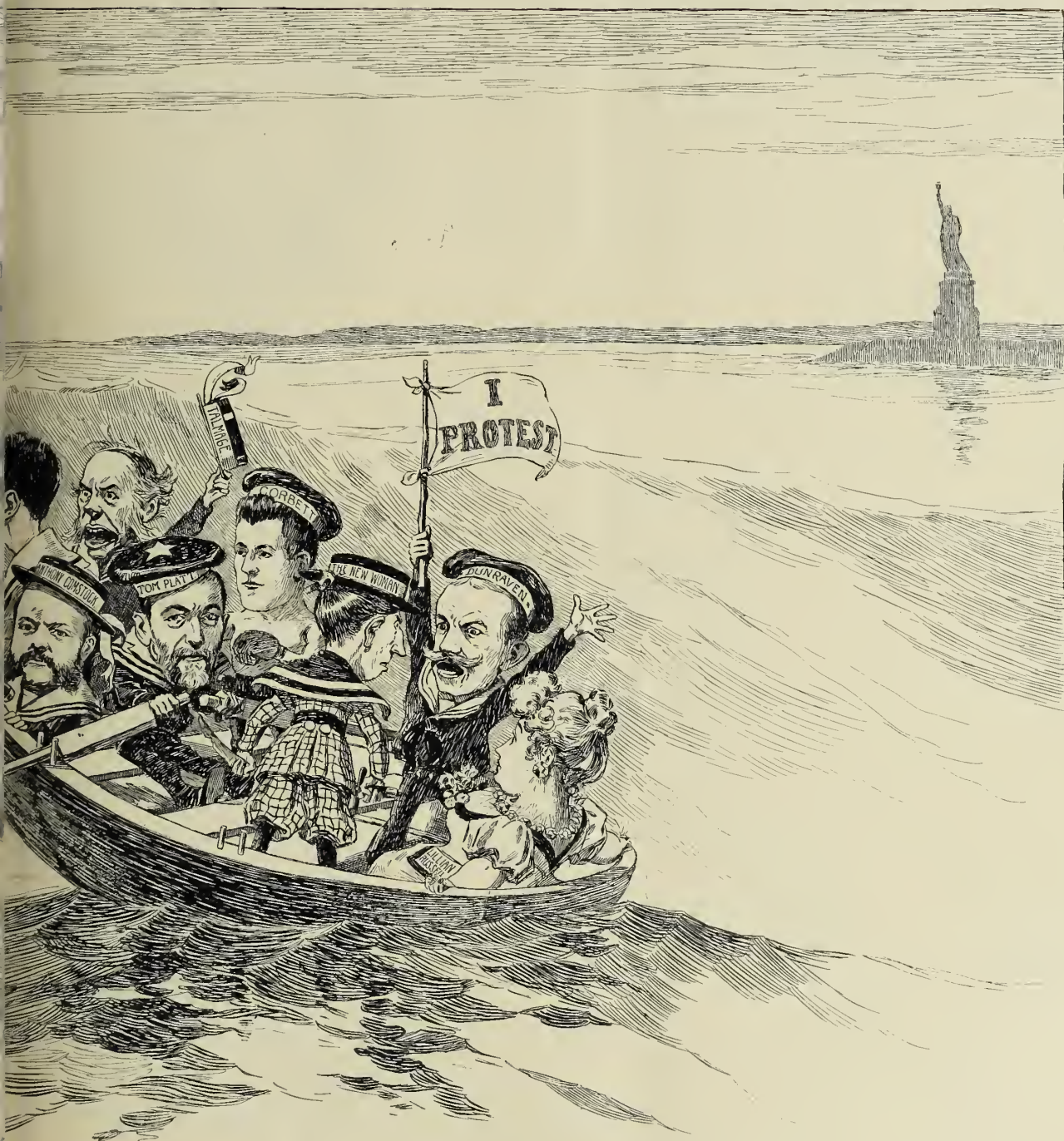


CARLWINGATE

"THIS A WOMEN'S EXCHANGE? WELL, I'D LIKE TO SWAP MY WIFE FOR ONE THAT AIN'T LOST ALL HER TEETH AND AIN'T SO EVERLASTIN'LY CANTANKEROUS."



WAR WOULD
IF LIFE COULD SELECT



COMPENSATIONS
LOAD TO MEET THE ENEMY.



"The size of the hat a woman wears on her head in the theatre is in inverse proportion to her breeding."

THE NEW PRISONER.

EXCELLENT testimony to the literary value of Mr. Anthony Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda" is the fact that in its dramatic form it seems to be absolutely independent of its interpreters. Of course in the hands of incompetent actors its romance would become ridiculous, but its second advent at the Lyceum Theatre shows that it is the story and not the players that makes the piece.

In these days this is high praise, indeed, for a literary work. Better than that, it is a valid argument against the commercial element which tries to make canons for the literature of the stage.

In its dramatic form, "The Prisoner of Zenda" does not vary materially from the skeleton story and the character drawing of the book. It calls for no great scenic effort, there are no spectacular accessions, there is little in the play that is sensational. It takes simply the plot of the writer and the characters he has created, and puts them into the graphic depiction of the stage. It is done about as well by one set of actors as by another. That is, the story and its people hold the attention of the auditor without the adventitious assistance of the nerve-exciting aids which most managers seem to think

necessary to attract the gullible part of the public. "The Prisoner of Zenda" goes on its literary merits. It is the story and its characters—the creations of the literary man—which make the stage success. No skirt dancers, no trained animals, no performer with only the approbation of London or Paris as capital seem essential to its effect. The work of the book's author tells, and that makes the success of the play. All the rest are simply the media for the expression of his conceptions. Every one in so successful a production as this has been, both in the hands of Mr. Sothern's company and of the Lyceum company, deserves a measure of credit, but the author of the book is the real creator of the play's success.

A comparison of this cast with Mr. Sothern's, except at extreme length, would be unjust to the performers in both. As a general proposition it may be stated safely that the present rendering of the play by the actors of the Lyceum company is more uniform and dignified than it might have been expected to be, considering that America is largely afflicted by tramps who live on free lunches. Much deserved credit has been given and a good deal of undeserved condemnation has fortunately been withheld.

The general proposition is that the melodrama at the Lyceum is a good, natural play, well produced, and it deserves to be commended from one end of the theatrical world to the other because it is artistic, popular, and, strange as it may seem, clean and wholesome.

There's a lesson for stage writers in the duplicated success of "The Prisoner of Zenda." Are they wise enough to heed it?

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"Yes, but purer than on the stage."

THAT lack of hair is the sign of brains is proved by the bald-headed man in the front row—he makes sure of seeing the play.



BEFORE TAKING.

A MATTER OF NATURAL HISTORY.

FLYNT: What's the matter, old fellow?

STEELE (coughing): Got a frog in my throat.

FLYNT (sympathetically): Take some water.

STEELE: You can't drown out a frog with water.

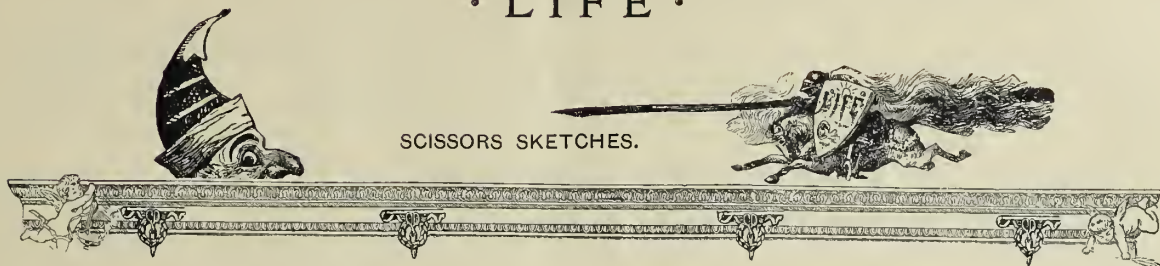
A FRANK ADMISSION.

MRS. JONES: No. I couldn't give you anything. It is too plain that you are a drinking man.

THE TRAMP: True, Madam, I don't deny it, but I'm trying to save up enough to take the gold cure.



AFTER TAKING.



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"THIS story of yours," said the publisher to the author, "I am afraid we can't do anything with. It lacks every essential feature of a successful book. We can make you no offer for it, nor would I advise you to have it published at your own expense, for I do not think you would be able to sell half a dozen copies."

"Well," replied the author, as he took the manuscript back, "in that case I shall have to dramatize it."

NOT HERS.

LITTLE GIRL (to Teacher, who has relieved her of her chewing gum): Please, Teacher, may I have my gum, it belongs to my mother?

Del. Sciss.

Lady Gushington (born Du Maurier): So you are an American. Oh (*patronizingly*), but we English think you Americans are such fun! Do tell me, now, what is your great American joke, you know?

Mr. A. La Gibson: It is the joke whose point an Englishman never gets.



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REGENERATION. A Reply to Max Nordau. With Introduction by Nicholas Murray Butler.
Renaissance Fancies and Studies. By Vernon Lee.
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"As a wife, the college girl is hard to beat."
The man with the hollow voice glanced over his shoulder and laughed nervously.
"True," he rejoined, with a palpable effort to be gay. "A friend of mine tried to beat one who was his wife, and she threw him into the coal bin. Yes."
There were not lacking those who boldly suggest that the man's friend was none other than himself.—*Detroit Tribune*.

It is said that the Hon. Samuel Galloway of Columbus, Ohio, was one of the plainest men ever known in the State. He told many stories relative to his own personal ugliness of face with great good humor.

One which he often related with much relish was that of the remark made by the little daughter of a friend in another city with whom he was dining.

"Mamma," he heard the child say, in an awe-struck whisper, after a prolonged survey of the peculiar features of the guest, "that gentleman's mamma must have loved children mighty well."

"Why so, my dear?" inquired the unsuspecting parent.

"Oh," returned the child in the same audible whisper, "cause she raised him!"—*Youth's Companion*.

"ANY amusement in this town to-night?" asked the stranger.

"I reckon there's goin' to be a lecture," replied the grocery man. "I've been sellin' eggs all day."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

THEY have been printing recently some of Henry Labouchere's experiences as a diplomat in the United States. He was, as you will remember, an attache of the British Legation in Washington once upon a time. One day, they tell us, Labouchere was sitting in his office, when a rather noisy individual came in and asked to see the minister.

"You can't see him. He's gone out. You must see me."

"I don't want to see you. I want to see the boss of the ranch," said the noisy individual.

"All right," replied Labouchere, going on with his writing. "Take a chair."

The visitor sat and waited for an hour. Then, with several picturesque extracts from profane history, he inquired how long the boss would be out.

"I should think about six weeks," replied Labouchere, carelessly. "You see, he has just sailed for England."—*Washington Post*.

It was her first visit to the city, and she was naturally much interested in everything she saw.

"Still, I wouldn't live here for the world," she said.

"Wouldn't live here!" exclaimed her city friend.

"No, indeed, I wouldn't."

"But think of the theatres and the opera!"

"Very nice, of course," admitted the country girl,

"and I would like to come to the city and see and hear them, but I wouldn't live here, just the same."

"Think of the big stores and the facilities for shopping!" persisted the city girl.

"I have."
"And the social gaiety!"
"It's all very enjoyable, but I'd rather live in the country."

"But we have more of the comforts and luxuries of life, more of everything that makes life worth living."

The country girl shook her head.

"You lack the best thing of all," she said decidedly.

"I don't see how you ever get married."

"Married! I don't understand you," returned the city girl.

"Where do you do your courting?" asked the country girl. "I don't believe I have seen a front gate to swing on during the whole time I have been here."—*Chicago Post*.

A STORY is told of a parson who had had a call from a little country parish to a large and wealthy one in a big city. He asked time for prayer and consideration. He did not feel sure of his light. A month passed. Finally someone met his youngest son in the street. "How is it, Josiah," said his neighbor; "is your father going to B—?" "Well," answered the youngster judiciously, "paw is still prayin' for light, but most of the things is packed."

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"WHAT! you say that Herr Schmidle, the merchant, has gone blind? Here's a pretty how d'ye do—I've got a bill on the man which is made out, 'payable at sight!'"—*Dorffbarbier*.



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"Well; has she changed?"
"Oh, yes! Now she is divinely tall."
—*Tit Bits*.

THE Parisian wits are reviving an old story about the wonderful cure from deafness of a patient who was recommended to go and hear "Lohengrin," and to sit near the orchestra, by the trombones. The doctor accompanied his patient and sat beside him. All of a sudden, while the noise of the instruments was at its loudest, the deaf man found he could hear. "Doctor," he almost shrieked, "I can hear." The doctor took no notice. "I tell you, doctor," repeated the man, in ecstasy, "you have saved me. I have recovered my hearing." Still the doctor was silent. He had become deaf himself.—*Argonaut*.

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A YOUNG society belle of Winchester told one of her gentleman callers a few evenings since that her health had greatly improved since taking Delsarte. He wisely replied:

"Do you take it internally or rub it on?"—*Paris Republican.*

"I'm not going to let this paper be caught in any more libel suits if I know it, by George!" exclaimed the city editor of The Morning Sensation, running his eye rapidly over a page of copy that lay on his desk.

And he inserted a word so that the sentence read: "Cain, the alleged murderer of Abel," etc.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Miss DOROTHY W. of Winthrop, aged two years, and with a younger rival near maternal throne, was found in silent and perilous intimacy with the parlor bric-a-brac.

"What are you doing, Dorothy?" demanded her mother.

"I'm all right," responded the young woman, "you go and take care of your baby."—*Lewiston Journal.*

D. L. MOODY, the evangelist, told a story in Philadelphia the other day about life before his conversion, when a boy of seventeen. He said that while he was really bad boy in his unregenerate days, deep in the follies and errors of the world, never broke so far away from his early religious training as to forget to say his prayers every night. "I used to sleep with my brother," he said, "and if either one of us happened to jump into bed without first getting on his knees the other would jump at him vigorously and kick him out on the floor."

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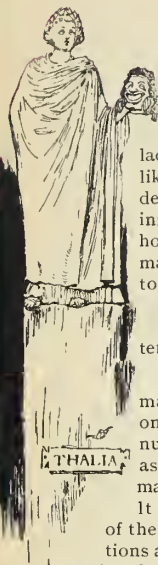
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TAKEN FROM 'THE ENEMY.'

A LONG LIFE.



JOHN OLIVER HOBBS has come and gone, leaving a trail of epigrams behind her. Most of these are characteristically spiced with malice, and one may serve as a specimen of all the rest. It is related that at the theatre one night someone pointed out to Mrs. Craigie a lady in the opposite box as being a well-known American novelist, who, like Mrs. Craigie herself, writes over a masculine *nom de guerre*. Some details were added as to her intense and vivid nature. "Why," said the informant, "the other day someone asked her whether she had decided how she would prefer to die; and she answered that she had long ago made up her mind on that point. Said that she had decided to be kissed to death!"

Mrs. Craigie put up her lorgnette and took a long look at the lady. "Ah, I see," she said, after a short inspection; "she evidently intends to be immortal!"—*Bookman*.

At a card party in the Northwest a few evenings ago a cross-eyed man was posing as the man who knew it all, giving his positive opinions on every subject in a loud voice, and otherwise making himself a general nuisance. A Boston girl was particularly annoyed at the lordly air he assumed and the attacks he had made on some of her pet theories. She made up her mind to bowl him over if she ever got a chance.

It came sooner than expected. A few minutes later she was the partner of the cross-eyed man, who immediately proceeded to give elaborate instructions as to how certain cards should be played to insure them the game. He finished by saying: "Now, go ahead, Miss Back Bay, and remember I have my eye on you." She never looked up, but in the most innocent way imaginable, said: "Which eye, Mr. Jones?"—*Washington Post*.

"Do you wish to go up, ma'am?" asked the elevator boy of the little woman who had been standing round for a quarter of an hour and evidently posting herself on how things worked.

"Any danger?" she queried.

"Not the slightest."

"Kin I git out if I feel faint?"

"Oh, yes. Didn't you ever ride in an elevator?"

"Never."

"Well, come along."

She said she'd take a little more time to think about it, and when he had made two more trips she braced up and walked into the cage with the remark:

"Wall, I might as well be killed as to have Enos bluffin' around as he has fur the last two weeks. Let 'er go, sonny!"

She sat down and closed her eyes and shut her teeth hard and scarcely moved a finger until she was landed on the ground floor again.

"Anything wrong with this?" asked the boy, as she got out.

"Is this all there is to it?"

"This is all, ma'am."

"I've bin clear to the top floor and got down again, hev I?"

"Yes'm. You didn't expect to be killed, did you?"

"Say, boy!" she whispered as she retied her bonnet strings and set her jaw, "my man Enos cum to town a few days ago and rid in an elevator. When he got home he told me that his hair stood up, shivers went over him, and both suspenders busted afore he got to the top. He's bin steppin' high and bluffin' around and crowin' over me till I couldn't stand it no longer. I've bin here. I've rid in an elevator. I haven't busted a shoe-string nor lost a button, and whin I git home Enos will cum off the pedestal and quit bluffin' or a woman about my size don't know what she's talkin' about."—*Detroit Free Press*.

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A LITTLE negro gamin passing along Bay street yesterday morning saw a stump of a cigar fall on the sidewalk in front of a store. He made a second-base slide for it, and when he had it safely corralled beneath him he rolled his eyes around the points of the compass to see if another gamin had also seen the stump fall.

"Dat war in Cuba is making Havan's skace, an' you can't take no chances," he remarked, as he brushed off the ash and blew away the sand and dirt from the coveted snipe. Going into the store, he said to Charley Ellis:

"Boss, gimme a match, please, sah?"

"Matches are not here to give away, but to sell," said Mr. Ellis, assuming a look of intense severity.

"Dey is, eh?"

"That's what they are."

"Well, how much is dey er box?"

"One cent."

The gamin tilted the stump in one corner of his mouth, held to the band of his pantaloons with one hand, ran the other hand in his pocket and pulled forth a copper.

"Gimme a box." And he laid down a cent.

He got the box, struck a match, lit the stump so well that it poured forth volumes of smoke, and then handing the box back to Mr. Ellis, assumed a look of intense severity, and said:

"Put dat box on de sheff, an' de nex' time a gemman come in hyar an' ax you for a match, you gin him one ouden my box."—*Florida Times-Union*.

If Jameson had known that Laureate Austin would write such a poem about his ride he would have walked.—*Boston Courier*.

"GENTLEMEN, I hate to hear men talk of war as lightly as you do," said the man next to the door in the street car. "You don't seem to realize what a dreadful thing war is."

"You have seen war?" queried one of the two who had been discussing affairs.

"Aye! I have that, and I don't want any more of it. War means destruction, devastation, wounds, death and debt. If you had seen war as I have seen it, I'm sure you would regard it more seriously."

"Were you wounded?"

"Not exactly wounded, but at the first battle of Bull Run I had to abandon a sutler's outfit worth over \$2,000. Yes, lost over \$2,000 at one clip!"

"Then you were not a soldier?" was asked.

"Not exactly a soldier in the ranks, but I kept as near them as possible that they might refresh themselves from my stock. Again at the battle of Antietam, when our patriots moved forward with cheers to crush the enemy, I lost three horses belonging to my outfit and was at least \$600 out of pocket. Even Gen. McClellan himself did not lose \$10 in cash by that fight."

"That was hard on a patriot!" sarcastically observed one of the men.

"It was, sir, but I had to stand it. Why, how much do you think I lost down at White House Landing when McClellan made his change of base? I had three sutler outfits there, and all were captured or destroyed, and my loss wasn't a cent less than \$8,000. Think of a man losing \$8,000 at one fell swoop! If I hadn't found a patriotic Congressman willing to go into partnership with me I should have been a ruined man. Principle is all right, but let us avoid war if possible. You have heard of the battle of Gettysburg, of course."

"Oh, yes."

"At that battle I offered to lead a brigade in a charge, but Gen. Meade thought I had better attend to my five sutler outfits. I had the wagons all up, with fresh stocks of goods, and I have been told that but for my enterprise our tired and hungry soldiers would have been beaten. They left the battle lines to come and buy of me at fifty per cent. profit and recuperate themselves. I am a believer in the Monroe doctrine, and I admire the stand taken by the President, but war should be the last resort. I've been there and I know, and while I admit that it is a pleasure to sell goods out of a wagon at from 50 to 500 per cent. profit, the shrieks of the wounded, the pale faces of the dead, and the wails of the widow and orphan go right to my heart and make me hope that peace will endure forever!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

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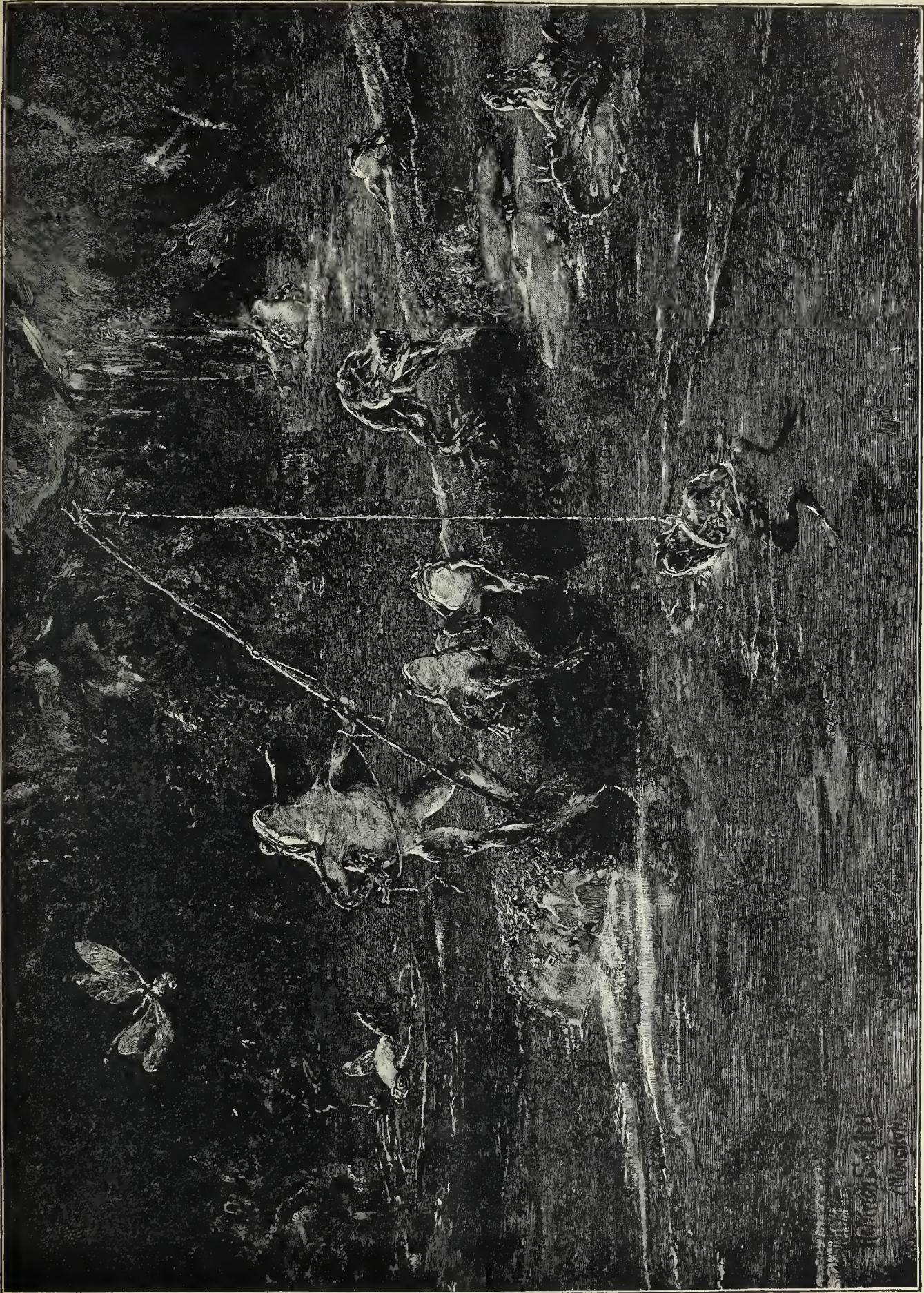
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And no wonder—her sweetheart is a chimney-sweep."—*Dagens Nyheter*.



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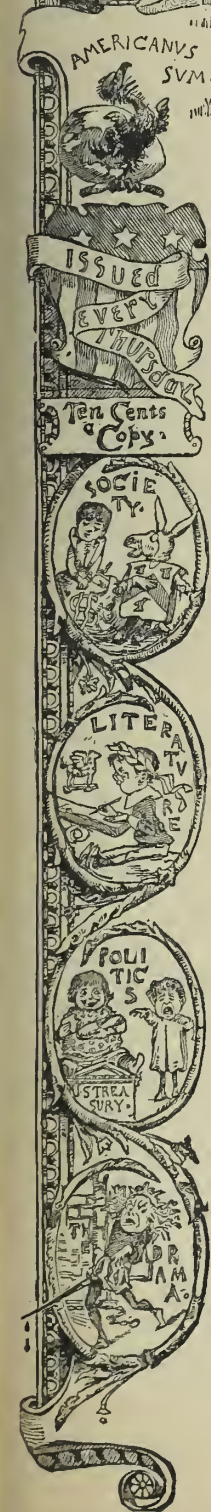
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is in the marvellous instruments of precision used in its construction. Pocket timepieces are not called upon to produce anything, like looms and sewing-machines, or furnish or transmit power, like steam-engines or dynamos. All that is asked of them is to run their allotted number of hours with extreme regularity, measuring the last hour of the twenty-four with exactly the same number of minutes and seconds as the first, through all changes of temperature or varying positions.

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Every housekeeping and house-making sort, and surprise prices all the way along.

Cream Table Damask, new goods, new designs, 35, 39, 45 and 60c., from 45, 50, 60 and 75c.
Irish damask Table Cloth, 2x2 yds., \$1.75, \$2.75; 2x2 1/2 yds., \$2.25, \$3.50; 2x3 yds., \$2.75, \$4.35; 2x3 1/2 yds., \$3.25, \$5.25. Napkins to match.
Hemstitched or knotted fringe, large huck Towels, 25c. each, good value at \$4.75 doz.

Full Size Dinner Napkins, \$3 doz.; usually \$3.50 and \$3.75.
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Hemstitched linen Sheets, \$5 pair, good value at \$6.
And 2,000 yards extra quality, fine all-linen Kitchen Toweling, 12c. kind, at 6c. yd.

Dress Goods of all sorts are at their temptingest. This is a glimpse of some of the Black Dress Goods:

English Mohairs, fine weave, high lustre, plain and figured, 50c. and 75c.; usually 75c. and \$1.
English Sicilian, plain and figured, 50c., 75c., \$1; usually 65c., \$1 and \$1.25.
15 in. Satin Soleil Brocades, 75c.
Woven silk grenadine Veils, 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 yds. long, \$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$4 each, from \$5, \$6, \$7 and \$8.

50 in. Mohair Cheviots, 20 styles, 75c.
45 in. French Cashmere, 50c., from 85c.
50 in. whipcord Pointelle and glace mohair Cheviots, \$1.25; usually \$1.60.
Crepon Novelties in mohair-and-wool and silk-and-wool, 75c. to \$3.75.
Silk-and-wool Grenadines, 45 in., \$1.25; from \$3 and \$3.50.

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direct attention
to their

Spring Importations
of

Ladies'

French Hand-Made

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consisting in part
Night Robes, Ma
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Also

Silk Corsages,

Skirts and

House Sacques.

Forming in all the largest
and choicest collection
they have ever imported.

West 23d St



He: SO YOU FIND THE TYPE-
WRITER A HELP?

"YES, INDEED! WHY, I HAVE
BEEN SIGNING CHECKS WITH
IT."

TO A FICKLE MISS.

NOT worth your while
That false, sweet smile
Which o'er your features plays:
Thy heart of steel
I can reveal
By my Cathodic rays.

SETTING A PRICE.

IN the progress of a great nation, exact knowledge of any given object or pursuit is always welcome. Some women have been purchasable for a handful of diamonds; others have brought a fortune; the Indian squaw was gained by a few strings of wampum or a blanket; others, strangely blind to their own worth, have been won simply through the exercise of a now almost obsolete custom which is termed love. These women, however, were adults. The matter under discussion, and which was settled not long ago by a court of law in New York city, is the exact value of a female child. The jury in the case—a fatal street-railway accident, the victim being a two-year-old girl—decided that the parents were entitled to six cents damages.

Perhaps the quotation varies throughout the country.



THE LIBERTY BELLE.

MODEST.

MISS DE FLYTE:
Bridget, if Mr.
Simms calls while I
am out, hold him un-
til I return.

BRIDGET: Oh, Miss, sure and oi
wodn't loike to do that.

IF the Roentgen method of seeing through things pans out anywhere near as well as its friends expect, we are entitled to hope that it will almost put an end to vivisection. There will be no need to put a knife into a live animal when a ray will make its inner workings visible.



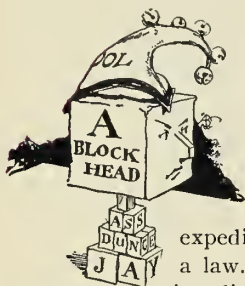


"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVII. FEBRUARY 27, 1896. No. 687.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents.
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A BILL has been introduced into the Legislature at Albany which provides that the height of new buildings in New York shall not exceed fifteen times the square root of the width of the street they front. It virtually limits the height of new buildings in New York to 150 feet, or less. The bill seems reasonable and

expedient. LIFE would be glad to see it become a law. The propensity of Adam's sons to build inordinately high, though checked for a long time by the disastrous experience of the projectors of the Tower of Babel, has broken out of late years in this country with a virulence of which a vast number of cloud-capped architectural monstrosities afford disgusting evidence.

The tall buildings, if left to increase without restraint, would doubtless work their own cure in time, for the more of them there are, the less advantage they get from their height. They also make the streets they line dismal, and on windy days dangerous. But it would take too long for the cure to work itself out. Better pass a proper law, even though it has incidentally the undesirable effect of protecting in their offensiveness all the tall buildings that are already up.

* * *

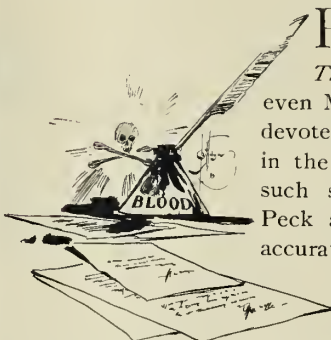
ONE of the biggest and most enthusiastic funerals that has lately centred about the remains of an American citizen was accorded the other day by citizens of Troy to the body of Bartholomew Shea. Shea died in the interests of justice by electricity, as provided by law, for the murder of Robert Ross in an election row in Troy. His body was sent home from Dannemora, and his funeral was held from a Catholic church in Troy. Ten thousand people attended it. Three thousand people and three wagon loads of flowers followed the hearse to the cemetery. When justice declares that a man's life is forfeited for a crime and takes it, it is well that his neighbors should know that he is dead, but it seems



neither necessary nor expedient that his obsequies should be conducted with much circumstance or attended by great crowds of people. To some folks the idea of having a big funeral is superlatively attractive. Male residents of Troy who feel that way may reasonably be expected to carry revolvers to primaries and to the polls as heretofore.

* * *

PROFESSOR H. T. PECK'S article on Mr. Godkin in *The Bookman* has interested even Mr. Godkin himself, who has devoted a column or more of space in the *Evening Post* to correcting such statements made by Prof. Peck as appeared to him to be inaccurate. Prof. Peck dwells upon the great usefulness and importance to the country of Mr. Godkin's services as a



journalist and shows a cordial appreciation of their value, yet he thinks he observes that in spite of the good causes which Mr. Godkin has battled for, and in spite of his influence as a leader of leaders, he manages to arouse a spirit of hostility to himself (his editorial self) among the very men who pay most attention to what he has to say. This is a condition of things which, if true, is interesting enough to invite meditation. Let us hope that the key to it is that Mr. Godkin's office is that of a critic, and that is an office which, though exceedingly useful, is rarely popular unless its incumbent is either inefficient or endowed with a superhuman outfit of grace.

* * *

IT is proposed to move Union College from Schenectady to Albany. A consideration of some importance in the discussion of the project is the bearing of the fact that Albany is the capital of the



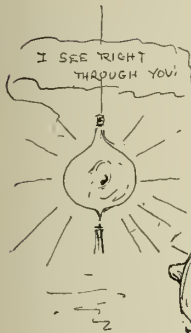
State upon its fitness to be a university city. The diversions of our State legislators are not always exemplary, and the opportunity which Albany has had and has improved to provide for their pleasures has resulted in a develop-

ment of undesirable features of city life which is disproportionate to the size of the town. It is painful to suggest that it may not be for the advantage of the young men of Union to infest the same city as our New York State Assemblymen, but the probability that the Assemblymen would influence the boys is so much greater than the possibility that the college boys would influence the Assemblymen, that it really amounts to an argument in favor of keeping Union where it is.

FEBRUARY



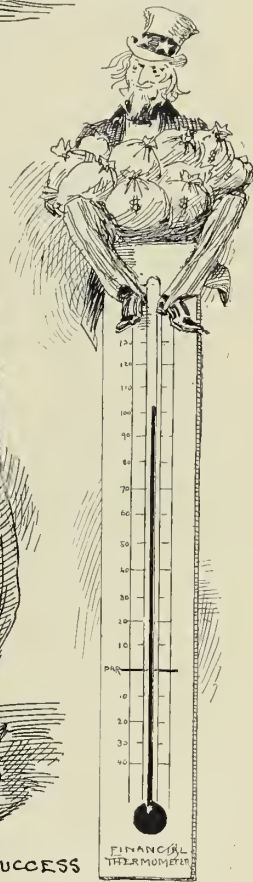
THE CROSS AND THE CRESCENT



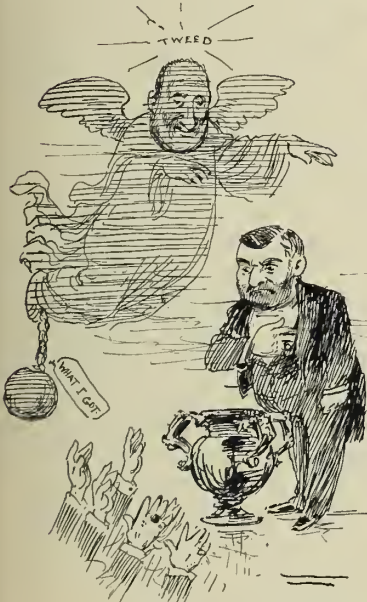
THE CATHODE RAY.



THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME'S REVENGES.



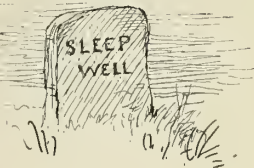
SUCCESS OF THE BOND SALE



CROKER'S CUP.



AT THE POLE



FIRE COINAGE BILL

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.

THE DISCONTENTED WOMAN.

A WOMAN who was dissatisfied with her husband loudly petitioned Jove to send her another. The god listened favorably to her petition and sent her a demi-god.

In less than a week the woman was bewailing her lot again, saying she never cared for mixed goods anyhow, and that while the god-half of her present husband might be all right, the man-half snored and chewed tobacco. Jove, wearied by her ill-humored persistency, took back the demi-god and sent her a man out of the Yellow Book for husband, instead.

Up to the present writing the lady in question hasn't discovered where she is at.

Immoral:

Hysterics and Art are only relations by marriage.

H. W. Phillips.



FOR THE ASKING.

"WASN'T IT LOVELY OF MR. CRABSON TO SEND ME SUCH A BEAUTIFUL GIFT?"

"I DON'T KNOW. HE KNOWS HE CAN GET IT BACK AT ANY TIME."

TWO IS COMPANY.

WE met together, Love and I,
When honey-bees were humming;
I laughed at him, and passed him by,
And flouted at his coming;
And when he spread his wings to fly
I let him go without a sigh.

We met together, Wealth and I,
When Autumn's leaves were falling;
I called to Love with eager cry,
But naught availed my calling.
I long for Love, he comes not nigh—
We wander loveless, Wealth and I.

E. T. D.

"WEREN'T you stretching things a little when you told that Englishman that it was the custom in this country for the servant to dine at the master's table?"

"No! Why, it hasn't been a week since I read of a dinner given by a railroad corporation at which there were present two Judges and a Senator."





By DAISY.

Daisy will publish horoscopes in this department only in the order received. Remember the conditions. Cut out all the pictures from 4,000 copies of LIFE and forward them to Daisy, together with a photograph of your brain by Roentgen.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
Daisy tells us what we are.

BOB (I-N-G-R-S-L).

THIS gentleman was born with the planets in mid-heaven, the dipper upside down, the dog star playing Capricorn for a place and the man in the moon with his face turned toward the wall. He has a confiding, trusting nature, is easily influenced, with great veneration, no sense of humor and an impediment in his speech. Will find his most agreeable companions among Methodist deacons or young theological students. Is inclined to devote too much time to fasting and prayer.

Should select some quiet sedentary occupation. Would make a good choir boy or bearded lady. Strange to say, has never joined the Church, but will do so in the latter part of '96.

* * *

SARAH (B-R-N-H-R-D-T).

THIS lady was born under Saturn, with red fire on Jupiter, Venus on the home plate and a blue, white and green aurora borealis made to order for the occasion. Has florid complexion, cork-screw curls and a phlegmatic temperament. Runs to adipose and will get stouter as she grows older. Should wear a cork life-preserver when bathing and use a safety razor. Took part in the siege of Prague, was at the battle of Austerlitz and witnessed the triumphant entry of Napoleon into Paris. Should

avoid all places of amusement. Photographed by Roentgen she shows no difference in personal appearance. Looks well in a diver's suit. Was disappointed in love in 1814—but do not despair. Others. Would make a good mermaid.

* * *
BEN (H-R-S-N).



THIS gentleman was born under Venus, with Neptune on a silk hat hatching out orange blossoms, Capricorn out of sight, and the sun setting behind the White House. When grown, will be abnormally large for the size of his head. Has red hair and pink eyes, and should wear a brass health band and mauve bloomers. Has been disappointed many times in his life, notably in 1892, but has at last learned to say no at the proper time. Is very fond of children. Can read and write, but will do his best work as a bell-boy. Look for great happiness in '96. Nothing to do with Leap Year.



THE NEW ROENTGEN PHOTOGRAPHY.

"LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE."

BOOKISHNESS

CATHODE RAY CRITICISM ON "JUDE."

THE lectures that have been delivered at Thomas Hardy because of "Jude the Obscure" (Harpers) must be amusing enough to arouse him from the depression into which the composition of such a dismal history would throw a sensitive man. For a veteran artist to be lectured at all must be mirth-provoking, but to be lectured for the wrong thing is doubly hilarious. The burden of accusation has been that he has written an immoral book. There is hardly an exception to this way of looking at it.

At the risk of being accused of cathode ray criticism—which fails to see through things as clear as

COMPROMISING NEIGHBORS.



"HE DROVE HIS FRIEND THROUGH THE PARK."

glass, but sees the invisible on the other side of a stone wall—one may venture on the assertion that the morality of the book is its most conspicuous feature. It would be hard to find outside of a Greek tragedy a more terrible example of cause and effect than the fate that overtakes *Jude* and all that he most adores. No man ever stepped aside from rectitude to be so relentlessly pursued by the gods of vengeance. When you have finished the book you feel that you have been reading the lives of people who discovered that the Mosaic law is a very real thing; that sin is inevitably followed by punishment, and that it is often out of all proportion to the apparent transgression.

Mr. Hardy distinctly disclaims that he is preaching a

sermon. He gives you his impressions of a series of events, and you preach your own sermon.

* * *

THE grievance that one may justly have against the story is that it pictures a set of social conditions that is utterly at variance with the facts of life in America. We do not want ambitious young men of any class to be inoculated with the Old World hopelessness. "Jude" is a hopeless book. With the instincts of a scholar, and the industry and perseverance to conquer success, the hero is continually battered back to his old life. Mr. Hardy is a realist, and is credited with close and accurate observation. He has no doubt given a pretty fair idea of the difficulties that once stood in the way of a university



Hy. Mayer.

education for a poor Englishman. He several times asserts that it is easier now than in *Jude's* day.

But if *Jude* had lived in America how different would have been his lot! Any young man caught trying to learn Greek and Latin while driving a baker's cart in an American village—no matter how obscure—would from that episode become the pride of his fellow-townsmen. The only danger would be that they would conspire to make things too easy for him. School and college would fairly yawn for him, and the Theological Seminary would give him fine rooms, and, if necessary, pay his board.

Even if *Jude* had by chance gotten into difficulties with some New England *Arabella* he would not have necessarily ruined his life. The Young Ladies' Sewing Society would have voted her "a mean, designing creature," and continued to make *Jude* shirts of strange workmanship.

No; *Jude's* great and only crime was in not being born somewhere along the Connecticut river, instead of in the worn-out civilization of Wessex. Come and see us, Mr. Hardy; we'll cure your melancholy.

Droch.

THE STUPID MAN.

WITH scorn that was perceptible, she was, she said, quite skeptical of youths who were susceptible to every girl they met.

At first to be invincible was better as a principle. For hearts so soon convincible would easily forget.

The question of proximity was one of unanimity—should wait for love's ultimatum: to sit too close was wrong.

To kiss was indefensible; 'twas very reprehensible—to her incomprehensible—she said in accents strong.

And then in half rigidity he bowed with grim stolidity and skipped with some rapidity. Alone, her soul was stirred.

Her eyes assumed liquidity. To think of his timidity! That he, with such stupidity, should take her at her word!

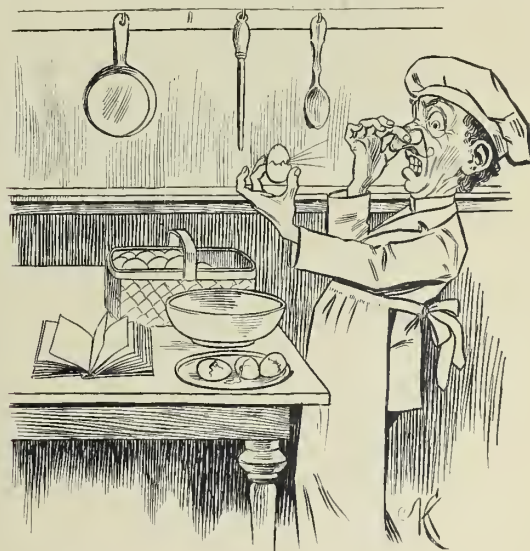
Tom Masson.

AN AMBIGUOUS POSITION.

SHE (with cheek buried on his shoulder): Don't move, Fred! This is so nice.

HE: Then you do love me, darling?

SHE: Nonsense! It helps my toothache!



A MILITARY TERM.
"BREAKING RANKS."





FIFTH AVENUE.



"The size of the hat a woman wears on her head in the theatre is in inverse proportion to her breeding."

THE IDEAL THEATRE.

SOME of our theoretical contemporaries have lately been voicing ambitions and aspirations for what they term an "ideal" theatre. LIFE is entirely with them in these desires.

If there is any educational value in the stage, something has got to be done to save it from perdition. If it is to be regarded as a plaything and nothing more, it is all right to leave its fate in the hands of those who simply cater to their own commercial profit through debasing the public taste. There are some optimists who are quite content with things as they are. This optimism, however, can usually be traced to some financial connection with theatrical management. He who believes that there is something worth preserving in the traditions of dramatic literature is not necessarily pessimistic because he dares to assert that those traditions and that literature are gradually, even rapidly, disappearing from sight. Worst of all, the art of acting seems also to be vanishing. The actor who has played many parts is becoming a thing of the past. Instead of him we have a mob of

incompetents who have neither studied nor learned, and this mostly through lack of opportunity.

What we need is a school of acting whose diploma shall mean something. This can only be established in connection with a theatre which shall be free from financial pressure. It is this that our contemporaries mean by an "ideal" theatre. To the laudable purpose only two things are needed—money and a capable executive. The latter is the more difficult to find. It is easy to be believed that in this rich city there are enough lovers of the stage to be willing to endow a theatre which should help to confirm New York's position as the artistic metropolis of America. What some of our patriotic citizens have done for the homes of pictorial and musical art certainly others will do for the English-speaking stage. More difficult than the money part is the securing of a plan of action and the brains to execute it. It is easy to conceive of a national theatre endowed with ten million dollars which would not produce one artistic performance a year. It is more difficult to imagine a theatre which should produce nothing that was not artistic. The time is ripe for the endowment. Let us who love the stage pray that it will come soon, and that it will not fall into the hands of dilettanti, cranks, or sharpers. It should be a practical genius who would organize our national theatre, and he is bound to arrive some time, although it may well be doubted that he will be found without a more searching investigation than even that organized by Diogenes and his lantern.

* * *

THERE'S something wrong.

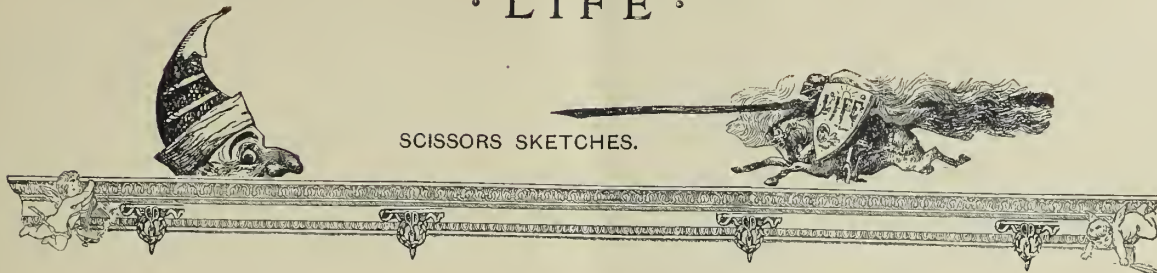
Here's the Empire Theatre scoring three consecutive failures, and all with plays imported fresh from London. "Michael and His Lost Angel," "A Woman's Reason," and now "Marriage," all bought and paid for in the London market, have failed to win. The theatrical managers and their allies of the daily press have heretofore been able to convince our theatre-goers that any thing from London was worth two dollars a seat to witness. Art is art the world over, but perhaps New York is awaking to the fact that not everything that comes from London bears the hall-mark.

Metcalfe.

AN UNGRATEFUL PATIENT.



PUZZLE PICTURE.
FIND THE MAN.



ANGLO-AMERICAN VIGNETTES.

Introducing a new mechanical process by which the familiar creations of two widely different schools of illustration are forced to meet and exchange views.

ANGELINA.

WHEN Angelina graces
My presence with her smile,
My heart's removed from traces
Of every sort of guile.

I feel myself uplifted
From sordidness and sin.
To heavens above I've drifted,
All purity within.

And in such pleasant places
I linger for awhile:
When Angelina graces
My presence with her smile.

TO be original nowadays one
should not read the writings
of others--nor write himself.



NOT A MANHATTAN COCK-TAIL.

The Gibson Girl: YOUR LONDON FOGS, SIR MIDAS, HAVE GIVEN ME A WRETCHED COLD.
Sir Midas: OH, WELL, JUST YOU GET A PUNCH, AND YOU'LL SLEEP IT OFF AT ONCE.
"HAVE YOU A COPY?"

NOT A PERMANENT CONDITION.

CUMSO: She is a widow, I believe?
CAWKER: Yes, but she will outgrow
that,

WHEN they have supplied their wives
and daughters with the proper ap-
parel, most men feel that they should be
exempt from further social duties.



DIAGENES UP TO DATE.



A YOUNG man about twenty-five years old was sitting in the waiting-room of the Brush street depot with a year-old baby on his knee, and his alarm and helplessness when the child began to howl were so marked as to attract attention. By-and-by a waiting passenger walked over to him with a smile of pity on his face and queried: "A woman gave you that baby to hold while she went to see about her baggage, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"Ha! ha! ha! I tumbled to the fact as soon as I saw you. You expect her back, I suppose?"

"Of course."

"Ha! ha! ha! This is rich! Looking for her every blessed minute, ain't you?"

"I think she'll come back."

"Well, this makes me laugh—ha! ha! ha! I had a woman play that same trick on me in a Chicago depot once, but no one will ever again. Young man, you're stuck! You've been played on for a hayseed. Better turn that thing over to a policeman and make a skip before some reporter gets on to you!"

"Oh, she'll come back," replied the young man, as he looked anxiously around.

"She will, eh! Ha! ha! ha! Joke grows richer and richer! What makes you think she'll come back?"

"Because she's my wife and this is our first baby!"

"Oh—um—I see," muttered the fat man, who got over feeling tickled at once, and in his vexation he crossed the room and kicked a dog which a farmer had tied to one of the seats with a piece of clothesline.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THEY stepped to the edge of the sidewalk and looked long and earnestly in the direction of the cornice of one of the big buildings. Of course, under the circumstances, the man who had been standing in the doorway felt impelled to join them. He could not see anything extraordinary at the top of the building, but he kept his eyes upturned because they did.

A man who was hurrying along saw the three, and he at once forgot where he was going and what he had to do and joined them.

"I told you so," said the man who had first cast his eyes in that direction, and he made a motion as if to point out something to his companion.

Four men who were passing saw the gesture and stopped to investigate, and before they had fairly fixed their gaze upon the cornice three others joined them.

"You may be right," returned the companion of the man who had first spoken, "but you said twenty, you know."

Six more people, including two women, were now straining their eyes to see what was wrong with the cornice, and a rumor was in circulation that some one had tried to throw a child out of one of the windows. This was promptly denied by the man who knows it all, and who is always present on such an occasion. He said that a gang of counterfeiters had been found on the top floor and had taken refuge on the roof.

Meanwhile the little group at the edge of the sidewalk had swelled to a crowd of over one hundred.

"Well, are you satisfied now?" asked the man who had first stopped.



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Irralie's Bushranger. By E. W. Hornung.

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Persis Yorke. By Sydney Christian.

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The X Jewel. By the Hon. Frederick Moncreiff.

A Clever Wife. By W. Pett Ridge.

The Day of Their Wedding. By W. D. Howell.

The Were-Wolf. By Clemence Housman. Cl Way & Williams.

"Yes," replied his companion. "There are than twenty."

"More than twenty what?" anxiously inquired of those nearest the two.

"Fools," returned the first speaker; "in idiots. You see, we had a dispute as to the number of fools to be seen on the streets of a great city, and him we could gather twenty around us in ten minutes simply standing out here and looking up at the Gentlemen, there are more than twenty of you here I win."—*Chicago Post.*

"Is she a neat housekeeper?"

"She must be. Her husband was telling me the other day that he never could enjoy him home."—*Somerville Journal.*

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

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HE sat on a log in front of his shanty, smoking some sort of leaves or weeds in his home-made pipe, and when I rode up and saluted him I thought him the most melancholy individual I ever saw.

"Down on your luck?" I queried as I offered him some smoking tobacco.

"Wall, no," he slowly replied. "Lost my mewl by snake bite t'other day, but sich things ar' to be expected."

"You don't look well."

"Guess not. I've been sick fur about three months, and this is my fust day out. We must expect sickness, however."

"Wife and children well?"

"Wife run away last week, and the seven young 'uns ar' in thar' with chills and fever. I was kinder discouraged this mornin', but I'm feelin' quite chirky now."

"I see you have no crops in," I said as I looked over the rank fields.

"Not a crop, and I'm kinder glad on it. I won't hev no hustlin' to do this fall."

"Haven't you any poultry or live stock?"

"Noap. Had to sell my cow last winter, and the coyotes carried off the chickens. Had two hogs, but they died of cholera. Noap—no live stock to worry about."

"This old shanty of yours is ready to tumble down."

"That's a fact, stranger. She leaks like an' old boot and kin hardly stand alone. Reckon the fust high wind will blow her all in a heap."

"Provisions pretty scarce?" I persisted, seeing he was willing to talk.

"Dunno. All we live on is johnny cake and corn coffee. Shouldn't wonder, though, if pervishuns was kinder skeerce."

"Your nearest neighbor must be all of three miles away?"

"Three miles was the nighest, but he's dead. The nighest one is now five miles away."

"And don't you get lonely?"

"Never."

"But will you tell me what on earth you are living for?"

"I will, stranger—I will!" he answered as he got up and threw a piece of sod at a barking pup-dog. "This 'ere claim is wuth about \$500."

"Yes."

"And she's mortgaged for \$600."

"Yes."

"And the money's all gone and the mortgage is to be foreclosed next month."

"I see."

"Wall, I'm livin' to see the fun when the fule who lent \$600 on \$500 wuth of land gets around yere to foreclose on me and take possession! Arter that I'm goin' out and let a snake bite me and die."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"EVERY man has his price," sententiously announced the philosopher of the all-night drug store, where the street-railroad franchise was being discussed.

"Well," said the wit of the establishment, "I wish somebody would discover my price and offer it to me."

"My boy," solemnly remarked the perfumery drummer, who had not spoken before that evening, "there is no smaller coin made than a cent."

And for several seconds there was no sound heard save the drip, drip of the real mineral waters from the hydrant.—*Buffalo Express.*

THIS is how a high-school girl recently parsed the sentence, "He kissed me": "He," she began, with a fond lingering over the word that brought the crimson to her cheeks, "is a pronoun, third person, singular number, masculine gender, a gentleman and pretty well fixed, universally considered a good catch. 'Kissed' is a verb, transitive, too much so, regular every evening, indicative mood, indicating affection, first and third persons, plural number and governed by circumstances. 'Me'—oh, well, everybody knows me." And she sat down.—*Exchange.*

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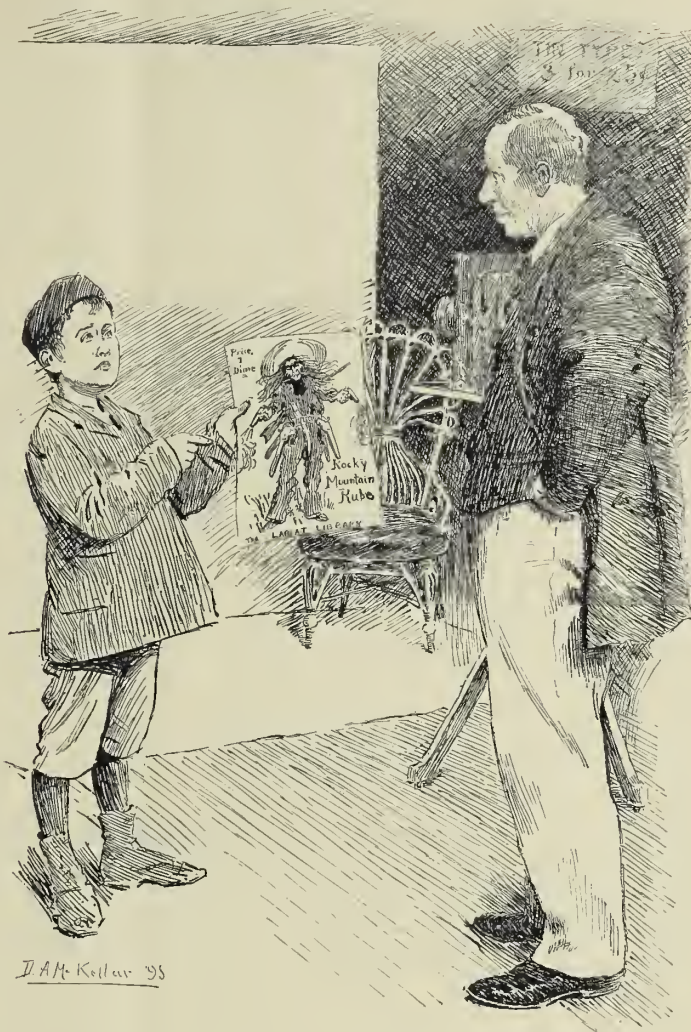
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"MAMMA, teacher whipped a boy to-day for whispering in school."

"Well, that was right."

"But, mamma, he hollered ten times as loud as he whispered."—*Chicago Record.*

SHE: What do you mean, sir, by kissing me? What do you mean?

HE: Er—nothing.

SHE: Then don't you do it again. I don't want any man kissing me unless he means business.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

FLORA: Chollie told me last night that he believed I could break a man's heart with my smile.

LAURA: Chollie was just talking. A man's heart is not like a mirror.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

W. C. COUP, the circus man, has had many remarkable experiences, and a reporter asked him if the dreaded cry of "Hey, Rube!" had ever sounded in his tent.

"No," said he, "but it came near it once in a small Kansas town, when, fortunately, there were no newspapers to spread the affair publicly. I had among the attractions of the show a man-eating ape, the largest ever in captivity. He was chained to the dead trunk of a tree and looked very ferocious.

"Early in the day I speak of a countryman handed him a piece of tobacco, which the ape chewed with great pleasure. The word was passed around that the ape would chew tobacco, and several gave him plugs. Finally one gave him

a piece that was filled with cayenne pepper. The ape bit it, then, smarting with indignation, snapped the fastening of his chain and yelled, 'Let me at 'im, the murtherin' ijit. Oi'll hev the loife av him or me name ain't Mahoney.' Then he started through the crowd with a handspike ready to strike, but the culprit escaped. I docked the ape a week's salary, and it was the last time I had any trouble with him."—*Philadelphia Times.*

In his book, "A Little Tour in America," Dean Hole of Rochester, England, quotes with unction many specimens of what he regards as typical American humor. When he was in Cincinnati the thing that most impressed him was the following bit of doggerel which he heard recited in that city:

"Little Willie from his mirror
Sucked the mercury all off,
Thinking, in his childish error,
It would cure his whooping cough.
At the funeral Willie's mother
Smartly said to Mrs. Brown:
" 'Twas a chilly day for William
When the mercury went down.' "

—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS is not an ardent admirer of Henry Irving and Miss Terry. When one recalls his quarrel with Edward W. Townsend over the "Major Max" article, it is not surprising that he should not like Miss Terry. For on meeting him, she told him how glad she was to know him, how much she had enjoyed his work in the past, and how much she anticipated reading his last book, "Chimmie Fadden," which was so well spoken of. Mr. Irving also made a sad mistake when Davis, at a dinner given to Mr. Irving, was honored by sitting next to him. Davis had arrayed himself with rows of orders and medals presented to him by the Sultan and the President of Bolivia and various other dignitaries. These orders Mr. Davis would no more travel without than he would without his tooth-brush. It was with the greatest satisfaction, therefore, that he saw they attracted the attention of Mr. Irving, and all the guests noticed that the actor raised his eye-glass and scanned them closely, and, alas, for Mr. Davis! all the guests heard Mr. Irving remark: "How interesting. I always like to see college badges!"—*Vanity.*

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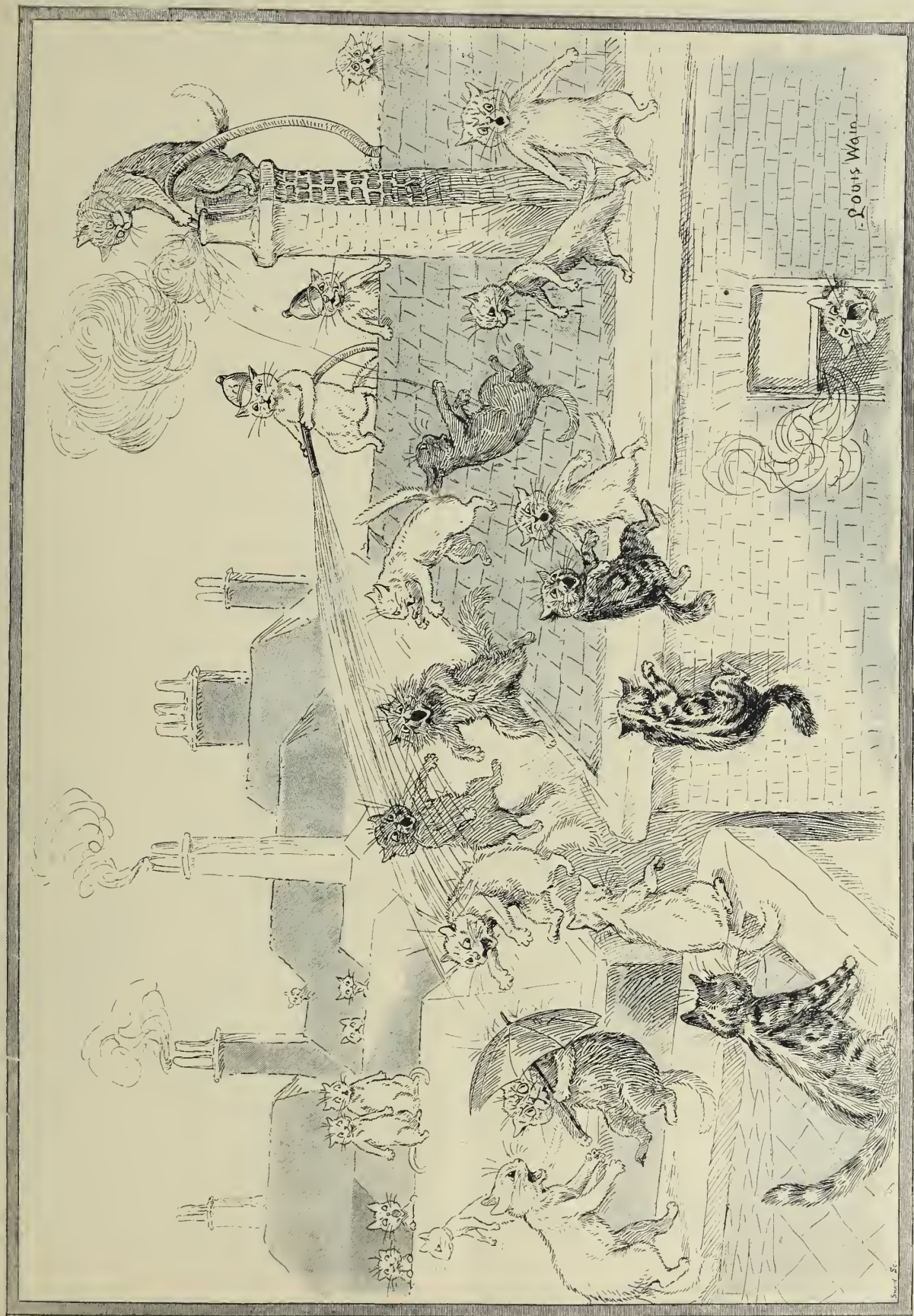
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THE REV. CHERRYBLE: Not much to live for. Nonsense. If you have no friend, you have nobody to borrow money of you; nobody to call when you are in the middle of an interesting book; nobody to tell stories about you to other people; nobody, in short, to bore you before your face and to abuse you behind your back. And yet you say you have nothing to live for!—*Tit Bits.*

TOMMY: Papa, there is a large black bug on the ceiling.

PROFESSOR (very busy): Step on it and leave me alone.—*Fliegende Blätter.*



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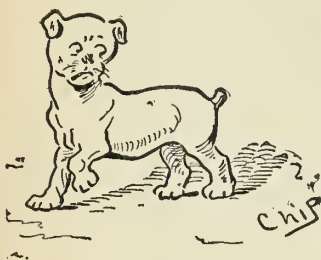
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FABLES FOR THE TIMES.

ON THE NOT-ALTOGETHER-CREDIBLE HABITS
OF THE OSTRICH.

AN ostrich, who was closely pursued by a hunter, suddenly thrust his head deep into the sand.

"Ah! ah!" exulted the hunter, "I have the silly thing at last." He advanced to place a rope around the bird's legs; but the ostrich, who had accurately timed his arrival, landed a kick in the pit of his stomach that sent him into the hereafter like a bullet through a fog-bank.

Immoral:

"Umph," said the ostrich as he surveyed his victim, "because a man looks sad at the opening of a jack-pot, it doesn't necessarily follow that he's only got ace-high."

H. W. Phillips.

THE way of the transgressor may be hard, but then no one would expect anything else of a road that is traveled so much.

UNIQUE.

"SHE is the most original woman I ever knew."

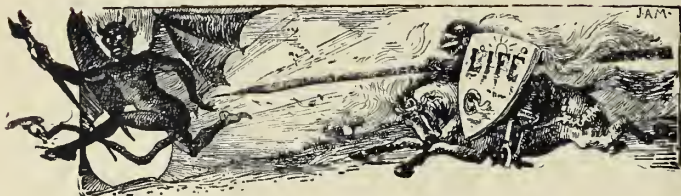
"How is that?"

"When she hasn't anything to say she doesn't talk."

SOME temptations are like privileges—granted only to a few.



"YOU WANT A POSITION IN OUR HOUSE. IN WHAT CAPACITY?"
"SON-IN-LAW, IF YOU HAVE NO OBJECTION."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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THE unwillingness of Colonel Balington Booth and his attractive wife to leave the United States is entirely natural, and LIFE can't help sympathizing with it. The logical outcome of it would seem to be that Colonel and Mrs. Booth must quit the alvation Army and find another job. They are very competent people, and will doubtless find a suitable field for the exercise of their talents.

Meanwhile it seems probable that if General William Booth would hie him to Rome and take counsel of the singularly astute gentleman who is the head of the Roman Catholic Church he might get some very useful points about managing from Europe a religious organization in America. It is a difficult work, and the present Pope, who is a remarkably good hand at it, has had a copious experience of its difficulties. He succeeds reasonably well, and it would probably pay General Booth to find out how he does it.



IT is reported that Mr. Hannis Taylor, our minister to Spain, has taken in ill part the published version of some remarks about the American people, addressed to the members of a geographical society at Madrid by Captain Concas, the officer who commanded the caravels which Spain sent to the Chicago fair. Captain Concas, it seems, found, or thought he found, some things in the New World which he did not like and told his friends about them in meeting. Minister Taylor at once complained about him in high quarters, and received assurance that there was no adequate basis for his displeasure. Mr. Taylor comes from Alabama, the State which honors Senator Morgan with its confidence. He is evidently a zealous servant of the republic and anxious to earn the

remuneration which he receives. How the proceedings of this meeting of a private society at Madrid came to concern him in his official capacity is not quite clear, but his unwillingness that Americans should suffer in Spanish estimation from statements based on incompetent knowledge is creditable to his heart at least, even if he be criticised for his "pernicious activity."

* * *



ALL the same if, when he comes home, he will make a study of his countrymen he will discover that they are curiously patient of being misjudged by all the peoples of Europe, except the English. The Spanish may think us somewhat uncivilized and we bear it meekly; the French may criticise us and we simply say they don't know us; the Germans may disparage our pork or our insurance companies, or our foreign policy, or what they will—we protect ourselves, but without excitement; but when an Englishman intimates that we are not as nice, or as just, or as sportsmanlike, or as honest as we should be, then we get up and dance. One explanation of this curious fact is that we don't care a hang for the English, and put no value upon their opinions. However good or not the explanation may be, the fact remains, and Mr. Hannis Taylor might as well take notice of it and relieve his mind of anxiety about Captain Concas and his impressions.

* * *



THE rumor that Mr. William Waldorf Astor is about to marry the widow of Lord Randolph Churchill is highly interesting, if true. Lady Randolph Churchill is a clever woman of large experience, and is probably as competent as anyone living to steer

an American citizen through the intricacies of English society. Mr. Astor seems to need wise friends, and if he can find means to induce Lady Randolph to merge her fortunes with his, it would seem likely to be very much for the furtherance of his personal comfort, as well as of advantage to the peace of nations.

* * *

WHATEVER in the world is "plagiarism" when it is committed by a college student? Some students of Brown University have done it, and have been suspended. We learn that superhuman efforts have been put forth for their reinstatement, but that "President Andrews stands firm." What did these unlucky lads "plagiarize?" Was it chickens, or merely apples? They won't do it again, anyhow; at least not at Brown.



"WELL, SIR, YOU LOOK AS THOUGH YOU HAD BEEN PROSPEROUS IN BUSINESS. I SUPPOSE YOU STARTED AT THE BOTTOM AND WORKED UP?"
 "NO, SIR, I DID NOT. I AM A WELL DIGGER."

AN UNDESERVED REPUTATION.

A REPUTATION may be due to mere accident. For example, there is that old tortoise that has embittered so many youths. Writers have vied with each other in holding him up as a model of patient persistence; poets have sung his praises; children have been brought up to revere his industry; and, after all, what did he ever do? Suppose that the hare, the despised hare, had postponed his nap until after he had reached the goal, where would the tortoise have been then? Plodding away somewhere on the road with simply idiotic industry. But the hare was a sensible fellow. He knew when he wanted a nap, and took it. On the contrary, the tortoise wearily wandered on. There is not the least doubt that his friends invited him to go to the theatres with them, but he hadn't time; tried to tell him the latest story, and he couldn't stop; invited him to parties, suppers, poker games, etc., etc., but having conceived the idea that he could beat the hare he had to attend strictly to business.

It may be urged by short-sighted people that the tortoise won the race and gained what he was after. True; but all the time he was grinding away the hare, who was doubtless a delightful chap, was enjoying himself; and, after all, gained exactly what the tortoise, with all his toil, did. We have no record of any stakes or bets being up, so the race must have been simply for fame; and all the fame the tortoise acquired the hare shares, it being impossible to mention one without the other. Besides this, the hare must have thoroughly appreciated the joke himself, and probably added greatly to his popu-

larity by telling it at his friends' tables. So, after all is said, the hare turns out to have been the real gainer. This has hitherto been overlooked, but it is just as true as any part of the anecdote, nevertheless.

IT is a wise politician who knows when to decline.



"HI, JIM, COME QUICK IF YOU WANT TER HAVE FUN. HERE'S A COP A FALLEN ON THE ICE AN' FAINTED, AN' EVERY TIME I JUMPS ON HIS STUMMICK IT SOUNDS JUS' LIKE A STEAM VISTLE!"



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Daisy will publish horoscopes in this department only in the order received. Remember the conditions. Cut out all the pictures from 4,000 copies of LIFE and forward them to Daisy, together with a photograph of your brain by Roentgen.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
Daisy tells us what we are.

GROVER (C-L-V-L-N-D).



over imbeciles, but is lucky, and '96 promises big. Should travel in England for his health.

* * *

ELLA WHEELER (W-L-C-X).



THIS lady was born under Gemini, with Mercury out of sight, Scorpio tugging at its chains, Venus frantic and the rings around Saturn punctured. She has a bass voice, two soft eyes of laughing blue and golden hair that hangs down her back. Also well preserved. Has a cold, calculating nature and would make a good president of a Boston bank. Avoid publishers. Should travel in Greenland

for her health. Will succeed best in the ice business, or would do good work on a railroad.

* * *

ANTHONY (C-M-S-T-K).



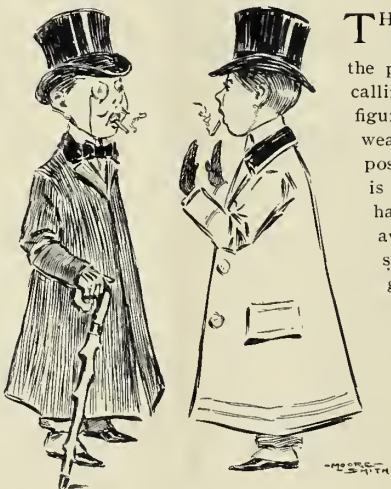
THIS gentleman was born under the sign of The Great Bear, with that sign in the ascendant, Venus in the foreground, Mercury rapidly rising, freckles on the face of the Moon and a suppressed Pleiades. He is tall and fair, with Broadway blonde whiskers and a false-face, and readily blinks in the daylight. He looks well in lavender tights and should never wear anything else. Is fond of nice pictures when they suit his taste, and prefers the front row when he can't get on the stage.

Has an ardent fiery nature, which has never been curbed as it should have been. Might succeed as a model, but would probably do better as lady's maid to some quiet, respectable French

dancer. Should steadily avoid the morphine habit, as it prolongs life.

* * *

EDDIE W. (B-K).



THIS young man was born in the cusp—that is, between the Lamb and the Green Pease, with all the planets in hiding, the chips stacked, and Gemini calling Cancer to come in. He is well-formed, with a figure slightly below the medium, a 17 1-2 waist, wears a 3-B shoe, has dimples under each ear and possesses an intelligence that is almost human. He is gentle, refined and courteous towards others, and has a sweet and forgiving disposition. He should avoid the use of intoxicants, such as ginger ale and sarsaparilla, and should take sterilized milk from a glass tube every two hours until advertising sets in. He is very versatile; would make a good dressmaker, manicure or chiropodist. Will live to be very old if properly nurtured.

TIME ENOUGH.

R. R. OFFICIAL: You may not believe it, but this dining car cost \$20,000.

PLANETREE: How long has it been running?

"Just a week."

"Paid for itself yet?"

"I'M SUAH THE COUNT IS AN IMPOSTOR."
"OH! MY GOODNESS ME, DEAH BOY, DON'T SAY SO."
"I WOULDN'T, DONCHERKNOW, BUT HE JUST TOLD ME THAT WHEN HE MARRIED MISS ROLINGOLD HE MEANT TO MAKE HIS HOME IN AMERICA."



"HE WAS AFRAID HE MIGHT DO SOMETHING TO MAKE YOU BREAK OFF THE ENGAGEMENT."
 "DID YOU REASSURE HIM?"
 "YES. I TOLD HIM YOU KNEW BETTER, THAN THAT."

DIFFERENT FROM THE REST.



"WHAT other men have dared,
 I dare,"

He said. 'I'm daring, too:
 And tho' they told me to beware,
 One kiss I'll take from you.

"Did I say one? Forgive me, dear;
 That was a grave mistake,
 For when I've taken one, I fear,
 One hundred more I'll take.

"'Tis sweet *one* kiss from you to win,
 But to stop there? Oh, no!
 One kiss is only to begin;
 There is no end, you know."

The maiden rose from where she sat
 And gently raised her head:
 "No man has ever talked like
 that—
 You may begin," she said.

"I HAD always been an American until I went around a curve in
 a cable car this morning."
 "What difference did that make?"
 "Then I became a Laplander."



THE LATEST FROM THE NORTH POLE.

WON BY WORK.

THE wives for whom some men pay board
Were not such easy things to gain;
Those men, while others soundly snored,
Were making love with might and main.



The happy accident of a big literary success is not confined to any country. It has been Mr. Crane's good fortune to have for his English publisher an astute young man who knows the ropes in literary London, and who also owns an ably edited review in which "The Red Badge of Courage" is honored with a leading article.

* * *



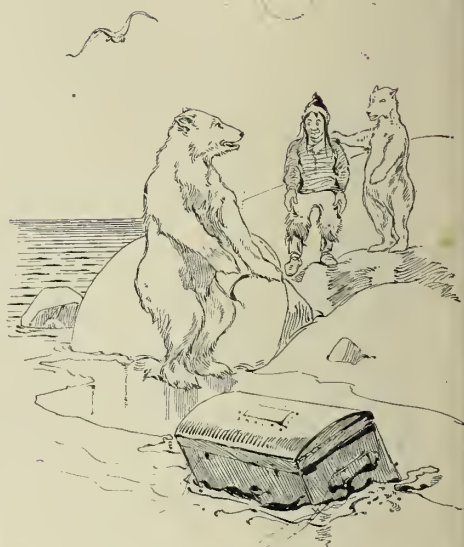
THE PSYCHOLOGY OF WAR.

THE writer in an English review who recently advanced a biological argument for the imminence of war, founded on a certain fever of the blood and nerves that seems to be infecting all nations at the present time and driving men ahead to inevitable conflict, could buttress his reasoning with the tons of novels of fighting and bloodshed that are now being read. The "woman problem" has become a pale and unsubstantial phantom in fiction; and one may be glad that it has been shelved even if it took a baptism of blood to do it. Americans can rejoice that while England sent us the pestilence of the new-woman novel and play, we have furnished England with the most potent antidote for the poison yet found in Stephen Crane's surprisingly vivid story "The Red Badge of Courage." English critics have boomed it with a unanimity that seems almost inspired, and now that the book is beginning to be read in its native land they are making their accustomed remarks about Americans not knowing their own best books until they have been revealed to them by Englishmen. They have forgotten that Stevenson's first big popular success was American, and that "Trilby" languished for nearly a year in England after its tremendous popularity here.

THE best thing about the present success of the book is that it is not undeserved. It is written with wonderful power and, what is better, with an admirable reserve. In every chapter you are made to feel that the author has stopped short of the familiar device of melodrama—"piling on the agony." The realism, the horror, the madness of war are painted, but when the author has plunged in the dagger he does not twist it around superfluously. That is an unusual bit of restraint for a young writer, and Mr. Crane is young.

The Universal Peace Society might circulate this novel as a tract, and we recommend that the first copy be presented to Senator Lodge, and the second (judiciously marked with a red pencil) to Senator Morgan. After Congress has been supplied, a few copies could be well placed in Harvard—although the wise words of James C. Carter at the Harvard and Princeton dinners ought to have made the peace evangelization of the great eastern universities unnecessary.

No brave man or no coward can read this story through and feel that war is a blessing to the individual or to the race. The psychology of war as here presented is that no man is a good soldier until the savage instincts that still cling to him from the beasts and barbarians, from which he has been evolved by centuries of effort, have been aroused in the presence of actual conflict. A battle as pictured by Mr. Crane is the reversion to barbarism of a hundred thousand men by



THE CHARGE OF THE "LIGHT" BRIGADE.

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THE DESCENT OF MAN.

THE Simian arboreal,
From whom is our descent,
Had no stern foe to call and call
For cash to pay the rent.

The swart Alalus—otherwise
Called Pithecanthropus—
Knew no such torments as arise
To nag and worry us.

The hairy-chested Troglodyte
Had, living in his cave,
No florist creditors to fight,
No tailor's duns to brave.

The dweller by Helvetic lake
Joyed in his mud-stilt hovel,
Nor fooled was he by cable fake
Nor bored by "problem novel."

The hero of the Age of Stone
Toiled not as we in this;
He neither worked nor begged a loan,
Whate'er he saw was his.

The Roman had no need to toil
His hunger's tide to stem;
Barbarians tilled for him the soil,
He won the grain from them.

While, as for Mediæval ways,
I never could discern
That any chap in knightly days
Shed ink for coal to burn.

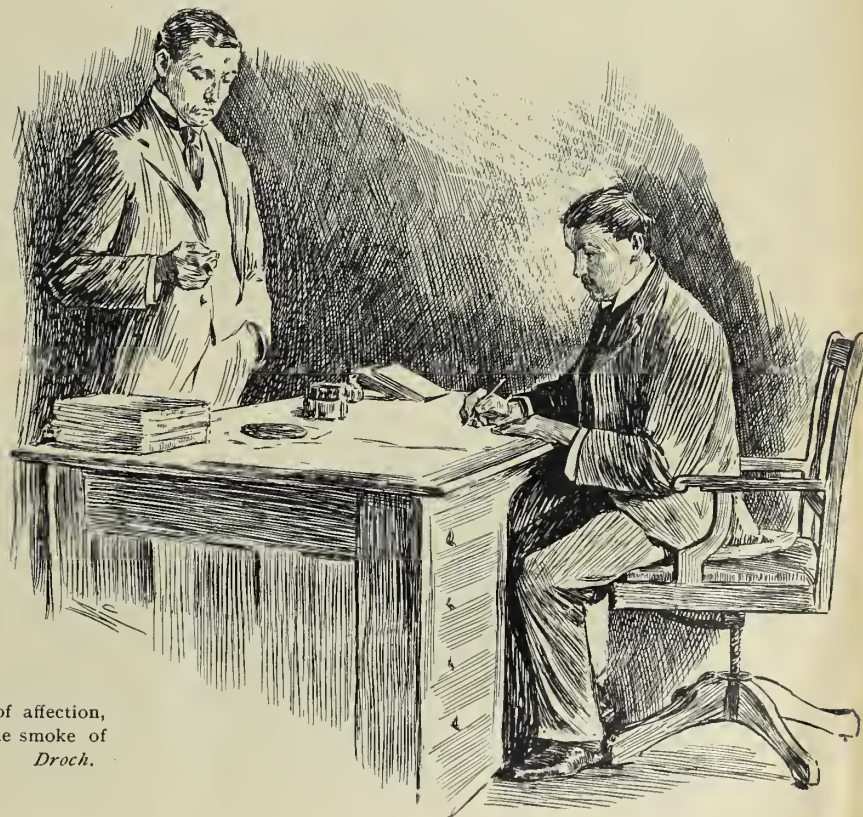
Thus when, oppressed by lack of chink,
I muse upon my fate,
Sad sorrow seizes me, to think
That I was born too late.

John Langdon Heaton.

NO COMPARISON.

SHE: I do not see how he could possibly be worse—he has one foot
in the grave.

HE: Well, his other foot might be in Philadelphia.



Droch.

"WHAT A CURIOUS PAPER-WEIGHT!"
"YES, ONE OF MY WIFE'S PIES."

force of their association for that one object. The patriotic idea that was back of the civil war is not lost sight of; it is revealed as the one justification of the awful sacrifice. But Mr. Crane throws no glamour about the actualities of war itself. For the two days of the fight the decent young hero from a prosperous northern farm becomes a savage. You see the tiger slowly awake in him, and the man of affection, unselfishness, and gentle feeling disappears in the smoke of battle.

IT is easy to acknowledge you were wrong when you know you will be praised for your moral courage.





THE CO
WE ARE HAVING ITALIAN AND GERMAN



HINGRIN.

OT ENCOURAGE HIBERNIAN TALENT ?



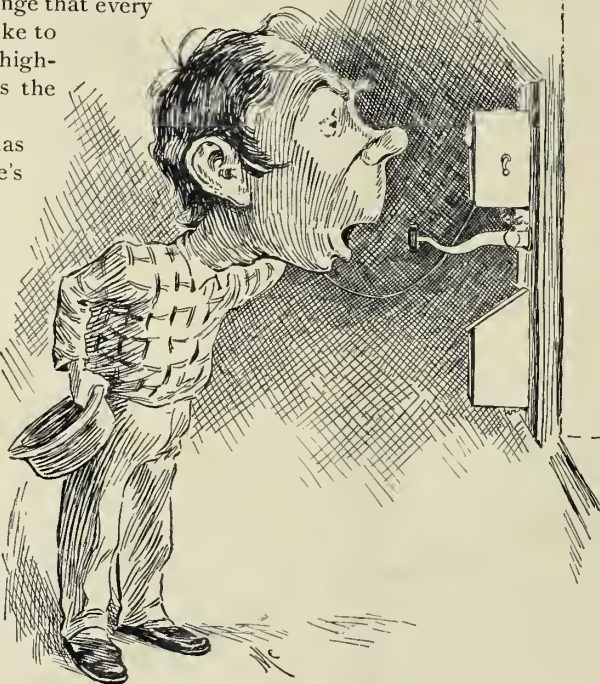
"The size of the hat a woman wears on her head in the theatre is in inverse proportion to her breeding."

THE SIXTY-FOUR CAMILLES.

LIFE knows a man who claims that he has seen sixty-four persons of the gentler sex, amateur and otherwise, essay the rôle of *Camille*. He may exaggerate, but it remains true that sixty-four women out of every sixty-four think they can give an anxious public a graphic idea of what the unfortunate lady of the camellias was really like.

Camille was capable of great self-sacrifice; she was tender and seductive in the passages with the man she loved, and she knew how to suffer physically in a way to win the tearful sympathy of every witness to her illness. Her creator gave her opportunities to wear becoming gowns and gave her eloquent lines to speak. Is it strange that every woman thinks herself a possible *Camille*? The very frankness of the creation seems to rob the character of suggestiveness, and *Camille* stands out as almost an embodiment of purity. The other notion is entirely submerged in the virtues of the character and it is not strange that every woman thinks she would like to embody on the stage the highest charms and sympathies the sex can show.

This season New York has seen three of the stage's great women enact the part. An analysis of the accomplishments of each would be tedious. Briefly, Miss Nethersole's performance was less finished and more cyclonic than either of the others. Mme. Bernhardt's had in the seductive parts that magnetism which is thoroughly her own and which it is impossible to describe. In those episodes where *Camille* was the woman of our era moved by strong emotions Mme. Sarah was convincing, but too barbaric. In this judgment of Paris the apple must go to Mme. Duse. In



Pat: HILLOO. IS THIS THE FEED STHORE? WILL, SIND UP AT ONCE A BALE OF HAY, TWO QUARTS OF BRAN AND A BUSHEL OF OATS. WHO IS IT FHORE? AH, DON'T GIT GAY. I'TS FHORE THE HORSE.



A ROYAL HUNT.

the three qualities called for by the rôle, taken as a total, she seems to score more points than either of her competitors. She makes it easy to be understood how *Armand* could love her madly; her sacrifice is accomplished without rant but with the womanliness that moves the spectator's heart better than force, and her sufferings win by their actual want of an appeal for sympathy. *Camille* can be played artificially to the point where it forces applause, and it can be played so naturally as almost to fail to create emotion, but Mme. Duse lets art lend just that aid to nature which does not grossly exaggerate but surely refines and strengthens.

We are sorry for the man who saw sixty-four *Camilles*. After the first four or five times the play, excellent creation that it is, becomes a bit gloomy. Tuberculosis is not pleasant, no matter how charming the victim. But if he did really see sixty-four *Camilles* we believe he missed the best one if he did not see Mme. Duse.

Metcalfe.

DOUBTFUL.

CHOLLIE: I had a fever once and for three weeks I positively didn't know anything.

KITTIE: That was dreadful, but don't you think you'll ever get over it?

BACON was ahead of his time when he said that reading maketh a full man. After reading some of the novels of the present day, there is no other recourse.



TOASTING THE BRIDE.

AN OMISSION.

ACCORDING to their annual custom, the Catholic and Episcopal Churches have this year issued circulars to all good churchmen containing a list of the things which should be carefully avoided during the Lenten season.

LIFE is surprised to notice that the names of some of our newspapers are not included. It is almost impossible for the best-intentioned Christian to keep his mind pure for forty days if he allows his eyes to feast every morning on the daily diet of filth which some of our most prominent journals take so much pride in spreading before their readers.

THE fact that some men are self-made relieves the Almighty of a great responsibility.

A DAY OFF.

"I WENT fishing Sunday with Jones. You know Jones—reporter on the 'Trumpet.'"

"I suppose he's been telling some tall stories about the catch."

"No, he's told nothing but the simple truth. Jones is very glad to get away from the routine of his business once in a while."

STRANGER: What is the penalty for murder in this State, Colonel?

COLONEL: Well, sah, that depends entirely upon the circumstances in the case, sah. If a white man kills a white man we give him a fair trial. If a nigger kills a white man we lynch the scoundrel. If a nigger kills a nigger the law does not concern itself with the affair. If a white man kills a nigger, sah, we turn him loose, sah, in the hopes that he will kill another one, sah.



FRENCH DRESSING.



It was their first meeting in several years, and, of course, they had a great deal to say to each other.

"I have been so busy that I haven't had time to study it out," said the one in blue, "but I think we are related in some way now, are we not?"

"Well," explained the one in dark brown, "the alimony that you get from your first husband is really just enough to pay the alimony that your present husband's first wife gets from him."

"Yes. I let him have it for that purpose."

"Then his first wife," continued the mathematician in dark brown, "was my first husband's second wife, and, as he is paying me the same amount of alimony, the money is simply transferred to me. That is where the connection comes in."—*Chicago Post*.

DR. JOHNSON paid a pretty compliment to Mrs. Sidons when, for the moment, he had no chair to offer her. "Madam, you who so often occasion a want of seats to other people will more easily excuse the want of one yourself."

"I OBSERVED, Brother Rocksworthy," said the Rev. Dr. Fourthly, "that when I spoke in my sermon yesterday of the evils of gambling in stocks and expressed the hope that no member of my congregation ever frequented places where such gambling was made a business you slapped your thigh emphatically. I am glad if the sentiment met your approval."

"Why—aw—the fact is, doctor," replied Brother Rocksworthy, "I—I suddenly remembered where I had left my umbrella."—*Chicago Tribune*.

A SPRING MORNING.

THE sun is warm upon the hills—
The skies are brightly blue.

(Be wary, little violets,
They've set a snare for you!)

A springlike softness in the air—
No ice germs in the dew.

(Be wary, little violets,
They've set a snare for you!)

The flags upon the signal tower
No blighting blizzards brew.

(Be wary, little violets,
They're only fooling you!)

—*Atlanta Constitution*.

HOAX: My wife and some of her friends are going to organize a secret society.

JOAX: Nonsense! The idea of women in a secret society.

HOAX: You misunderstand. They are to meet to tell secrets.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"How many people will this car seat?" inquired the loquacious passenger.

"Women or men?" asked the conductor.—*Chicago Evening Post*.

"I SHOULD like to know," said one New York sportsman to another, "what makes Lord Dunraven's apologies so slow in getting here?" "Maybe he's bringing them over on his yacht," was the reply.—*Washington Star*.



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK AND LONDON.
THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY. By Rod Ottolengui.

HARPER AND BROTHERS, NEW YORK.
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Six Modern Women. By Laura Marholm Hanson.

EDWIN ARNOLD, NEW YORK AND LONDON.
Papier Mâché. By Charles Allen.

Misther O'Ryan. By Edward McNulty.

ALTHOUGH ascetic in his personal habits, Cardinal Manning was far from being austere among his intimate friends he relished telling of his amusing things. A story he never shrank from was of a sculptor who had once attempted his Rome. During one of the sittings, as he was discussing phrenology, Manning made him point out head he was modeling the supposed seat of organs and qualities. At last Manning had asked where was the seat of conscience, upon which the sculptor had stalked across the room, and touching a part of the sitter's cranium, remarked, "That's what ought to be!"—*Household Words*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

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And washed with common soap, 'tis spoiled;
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As brilliant and as fresh as new.

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attracts much attention from the passer-by. There is scarcely a legible letter on it. It has been there many a long year, but not as long as the well-known firm over whose door it hangs, and they, in turn, take off their hat to their pet brand of "Old Crow Rye."

The oldest brand in Kentucky, founded by James Crow, Esq., and whose formula is still used; but look sharp for imitations. The genuine has the word RYE on the label in large red letters, and our firm name on case, cork, capsule and label.

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"What! that fellow? He does not look a bit like a champion."

"It's just as I tell you, though. He is a pawnbroker, you see!"—*Centralblatt für Radsport*.

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saves you all that "toil and trouble." Add water to the Extract and you have, instantly, a really palatable Bouillon or Clear Beef Soup. Anyone can do it.

Armour & Company, Chicago.



BURTON: I rather like your hat, Greville; it's not half bad, you know.

GREVILLE: I should say not. There's not any of it bad; it's all good. It's a Knox Hat, old man.



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Fair American (a la Gibson): OH, YES. WE BUY ANYTHING FROM AN EMPTY COAL MINE TO A BRITISH PEER.



"OUCH! oh! help! help!" screeched an agonized voice in the middle of the night, from the upper story of the leading hotel in Hawville, Okla. "Oh, gee-whizz! Quar-r-r—"

"What's the matter upstairs, Jim?" inquired Alkali Ike, who had dropped in for his nightcap.

"Ah, I reckon it's one of them fool tourists havin' trouble with his spring bed," replied the night clerk. "Newcomers don't understand how to manage them beds very well, an' every night or two somebody gits one of the spiral springs screwed into his back like a shirt stud. When I git your pizon mixed, we'll go up thar and unscrew the poor cuss. Yells like it hurts him considerable, don't he?"—*Truth*.

"WILLIAM," she said, "you need a new hat."

"Do I?"

"Yes. And a new overcoat."

"I have suspected that."

"And your umbrella is shockingly shabby."

"I know it."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I haven't any idea," he responded gloomily. And then, with the animation which comes with a happy thought, he added: "You might give a tea."—*Washington Star*.

"SEE that poor deaf mute trying to make the ticket agent understand what he wants."

"He isn't a deaf mute. That's Colonel Cusser—he was converted at the revival meeting to-night and now he's missed the last train home."—*Detroit News*.

SHE: Just think, Edgar, I ordered the dressmaker to make me a dress for the street and she has sent me a traveling costume instead.

HE: Well, what are you going to do about it?

SHE: All we can do is to take a trip to Nice.—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

THE professor was lying on the sidewalk, his face wearing its usual thoughtful expression and his feet slowly moving in circles. His bicycle lay about five yards away. The friend who espied him ran to his assistance. "Are you hurt?" asked the friend, as he assisted the old gentleman to his feet.

The professor looked about him for a moment. "Dear me!" he exclaimed. "I must have run into the curb and fallen off."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

HERE is a story that one of the Southern members vouches for. A young man, one of his constituents, applied to him for a \$1,000 clerkship. The member secured the appointment, but the day before the constituent was to be sworn in he came to his representative in a troubled state of mind and said:

"Colonel, I have had \$125,000 left me by an aunt, and, my God! just think what I have to go through again."

"Let me congratulate you," said the representative.

"No, don't do that," said the constituent; "you don't know what you're congratulating me on."

"Yes, I do," said the member, "for now you can live without working."

"Colonel," said the distressed young man, "I may as well tell you. Several years ago I had \$100,000 left me by another aunt, and it took me nearly a year to spend it. After I got through I had to go to the hospital for six months to get over the effects of my dissipation. The reason I came to see you to-day was to ask you to keep that place for me until I can spend this money."—*Washington Post*.

"WHEN 'The Wicklow Postman' was out on its memorable tour a year or so ago," said an actor in the company, "we almost stranded in Hot Springs. Our next stand was Texarkana, and the manager wired me we must be sure to come on—would certainly play to a big house. Well, I raised enough money to get to Texarkana. It was dusk when we reached there, and, as we rode up to the hotel in a 'bus, I saw what I presumed was the glow of sunset over the house-tops. 'By Jove!' I remarked to the driver, 'you do have fine sunsets down here.' 'Sunset nothing!' he growled, as he glanced in the direction I was looking, 'that's the opera house on fire.'"—*Argonaut*.

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Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Shun bloomers; doesn't matter how they look;
And so make life, that leads to the forever,
One grand cook-book!

—Atlanta Constitution.

GENERAL LEE told an amusing story to a Charlottesville *Chronicle* reporter. When he was about to deliver an address at the Confederate re-union in Craig county recently, some one came to him and asked him if he would speak to an old colored man who wished to speak to him. The general consented, and the old negro, whose name was Sam, and who had fought throughout the war, came and received the proffered hand. General Lee at once began to put questions to the old fellow who answered with wonderful skill. The general then asked him where he had seen the best time during the war.

"At Chickamauga," at once replied the darkey, "because I ran as soon as the firing began."

"But how did you know in which way to run in such a hot battle?" asked General Lee, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"I went directly to the safest place, and the first I could find," answered Sam, coming to his climax.

Again he was asked how he could tell which place was safe.

"I knowed it was safe," answered Sam, "'cause I skipped for de place whar de ginirils was."

HIS DARLING.

My darling's hair is all her own;
And, though it's fiery red,
She doesn't hang it on a chair
Before she goes to bed.

My darling does not wear false teeth;
And though I should not rave
About the ones she has, they are
The set that Nature gave.

My darling's form is not made up
With aids of any kind;
Although she weighs 200 pounds
No artifice you'll find.

And, as I hold her to my breast,
While whirling in the waltz,
It is so comforting to think
My darling is not false!

—Somerville Journal.

LIFE'S COMEDY is the name of a new publication, highly humorous and artistic in character, the first number of which is just at hand. It is to be issued quarterly and comes from the publishers of LIFE, that source and inspiration of the keenest wit and humor of this end of the century. LIFE'S COMEDY is a sort of filled out, fat edition of LIFE, and is replete with just the same sort of pictures and text that make life not worth living when you haven't them. With LIFE and LIFE'S COMEDY, life's cup of pleasure is brimming.

—Pittsburg Bulletin.

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"I'd like to speak to you a minute," he said, as he met a patrolman at the corner of Michigan avenue and Wayne street the other evening.

"All right. What is it?"

"About six months ago I met you down by the city hall one afternoon."

"Well?"

"I was after a marriage license and asked you where to go."

"Yes."

"When you found I was going to be married, you laid your hand on my shoulder in a fatherly way and said: 'Young man, pause and reflect.' Do you remember?"

"Yes, I think I do."

"Well, your words struck home. I paused and reflected. I did not get a license."

"No!"

"And I didn't get married."

"You didn't, eh! Well, I am glad if advice of mine prevented you from taking a step which you might ever thereafter regret. Did you want any more advice?"

"Well, yes. The girl sued me for breach of promise and got a verdict of \$2,000 and cleaned me out of my last cent and all I can earn for the next five years to come. Mebbe you want to lay your fatherly hand on my shoulder and give me some more wisdom."

"Young man," said the officer, as he slid his fingers along up his coat sleeve until they rested on his collar, "you move on!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

APROPOS of the efforts lawyers make to escape from the New York Court of

Special Sessions as soon as their cases are over, in order to avoid being appointed as counsel for impecunious defendants, the *Sun* tells this story: "An old hand had just concluded a case and was doing his prettiest to reach the door, with a young lawyer a yard or two behind making for the same goal. Just as the older man disappeared, Justice Jerome called his name, but of course got no answer. The other had his hand on the door-knob, when the justice called to him intending that he should take the case. 'Mr. Jones, will you—' he began. 'Yes, your honor, I will,' interrupted young Jones; 'I'll call him back, he's just outside,' and before the court could interfere, he darted out the door. 'Joe, the judge wants you there in court,' he said, catching up to his fellow-lawyer, who with a wry face, retraced his steps. 'Did you send for me, your honor?' he asked Justice Jerome, and court, lawyers, and spectators caught on to the joke and there was a great laugh. 'I did not, Mr. Smith,' said the justice, 'but now that you're here, will you kindly act as substitute in this case for your departed colleague, Mr. Jones?' Young Jones kept out of Special Sessions for the remainder of the week."

It was in the Coliseum.

"Pardon me."

Seneca leaned forward and touched one of Agrippina's ladies-in-waiting on the shoulder.

"Pardon me, but would you mind taking down your coiffure, so that I can see the arena? I am particularly interested in to-day's massacre."

Her only reply was a swift glance of patrician scorn, for she knew he had come in on a press ticket.

Rome has fallen since then, but the theatre hat has not.—*Truth.*

THE healthfulness of Lynton, a summer resort in Devon, England, is advertised by this story:

Recently a visitor began to talk to an old man at Lynton, and asked him his age; whereupon he said, "I am just over seventy."

"Well," said the visitor, "you look as if you had a good many years to live yet. At what age did your father die?"

"Father dead," said the man, looking surprised. "Father isn't dead; he's up-stairs putting grandfather to bed!"—*Exchange.*



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Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions, the one which is aged must be better.

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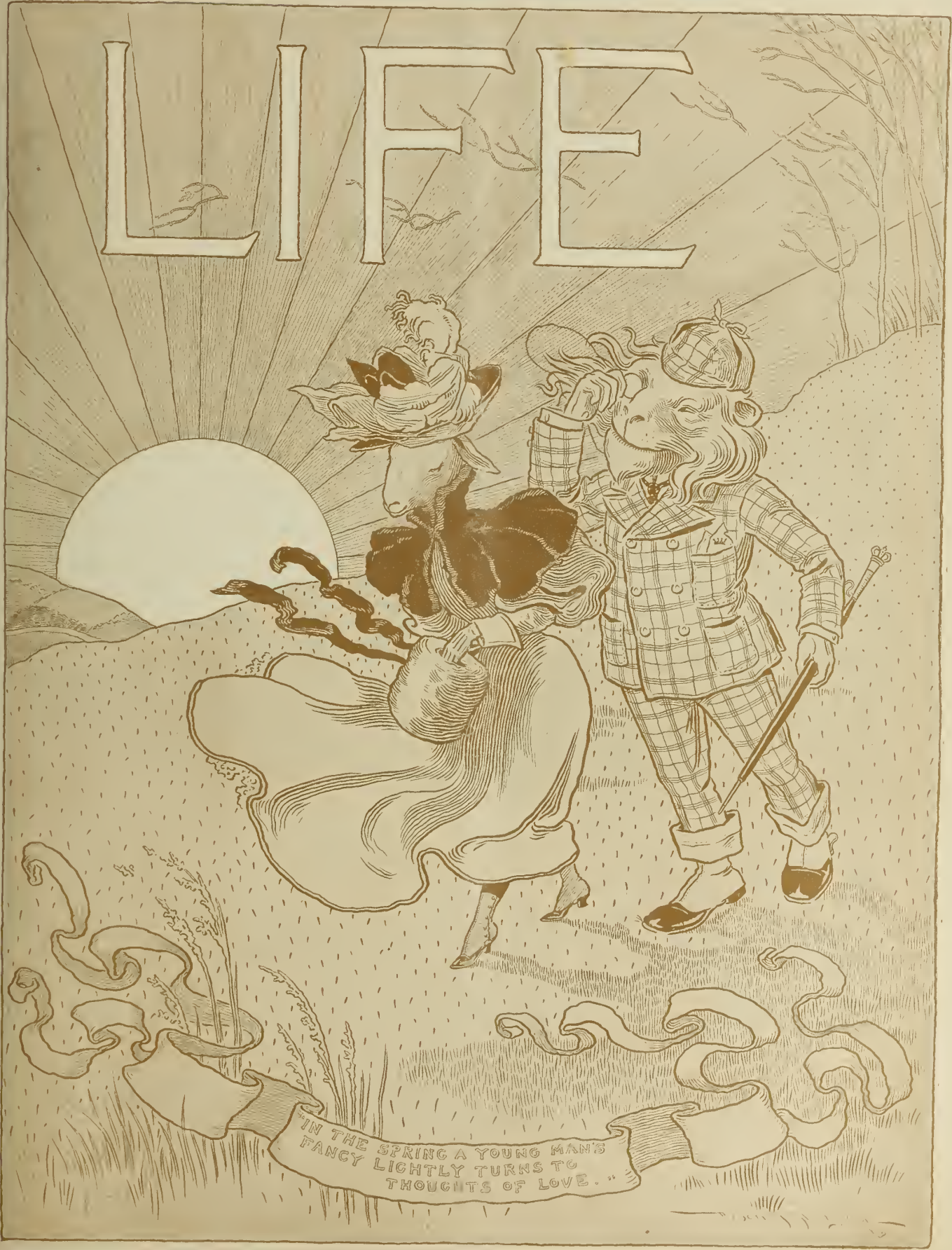
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Gros de Suez	Grecian Satin
	Grenadine

in all the new shades of green, blue,
brown, gray, pink, corn, Nile, helio.

THE NEW DRESS GOODS comprise old
favorites by
the score, and a world of new ex-
quisites, such as

Mozambique	Scotch Homespun
Gauzes	Figured Lenos
Frisse Crepons	Iridescent Taffetas
Boursouffle	Mohair Florestines
Eng. Homespun	Mosaic effects
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Canvas	Diagonals
Cabli Broche	Mohair Nette

Stern Bro

are now displaying

Their First
Spring
Importations
of

**Ladies'
Wraps,
Capes and
Jackets**

which they are offering
at

**Very
Attractive Price**

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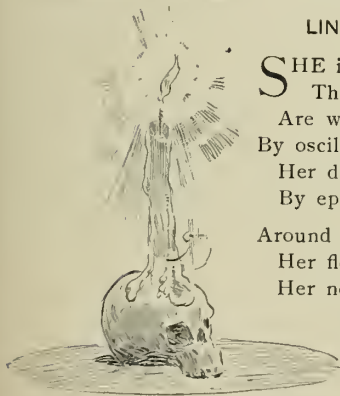


"YOU ARE WELL FITTED FOR THE POSITION, BUT I SHOULD PREFER A MARRIED MAN."
 "PERHAPS WE CAN ARRANGE THAT. I SEE YOU HAVE DAUGHTERS."

LINES ON AN X RAY PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

SHE is so tall, so slender; and her bones—
 Those frail phosphates, those carbonates of lime,—
 Are well produced by cathode rays sublime,
 By oscillations, ampères, and by ohms.
 Her dorsal vertebræ are not concealed
 By epidermis, but are well revealed.
 Around her ribs, those beauteous twenty-four,
 Her flesh a halo makes, misty in line,
 Her noseless, eyeless face looks into mine,
 And I but whisper, "Sweetheart, Je t'adore."
 Her white and gleaming teeth at me do laugh.
 Ah! lovely, cruel, sweet cathodograph!

Lawrence K. Russel.



SIGNS OF SPRING.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVII.

MARCH 12, 1896.

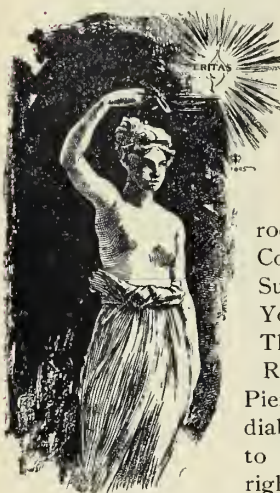
No. 689.

19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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THESE are hard times for the conscientious citizen of New York who is anxious to hold just views and to take the right side in all public controversies. He has had to come to a settlement with himself about the doctrine of Monroe and the message of Cleveland, about Commissioner Roosevelt's holy war on Sunday saloons, about the Greater New York proposal, the ethical value of Thomas Platt, the expediency of the Raines bill, the culpability of Mr. Pierpont Morgan in the bond sale, the diabolism of Lord Dunraven, and now as to the policy of according belligerent rights to Cuba.

As to every one of these matters, there have been two sides and a large opportunity for differences of opinion, and the good man who has wanted to be right has had a glut of rumination and worriment, and in spite of his best efforts has probably spent half his time on what has eventually come to appear the wrong side of the fence. Believing, therefore, that in such critical times the exercise of judgment should be reserved for urgent and compulsory cases, LIFE proposes to delay still for a week before determining whether Colonel Ballington Booth is warranted in refusing to obey his General and his dad, and whether he deserves our sympathy in his proposal to set up an organization of his own for the furtherment of salvation on the American plan. LIFE's impression is that if General Booth had been truly discreet he would have given Ballington his head, but even that is offered rather as a suggestion than as an opinion.

The bright side of the Salvation Army dispute is that neither Congress nor the New York Legislature can take action on it. What a happy, hopeful people we would be if all our international complications could be assured of analogous neglect.



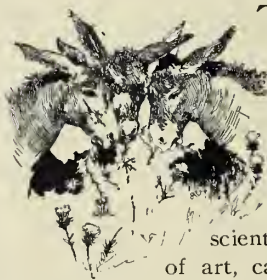
IN the matter of Cuba, it is a satisfaction to believe that, whatever resolutions Congress may adopt, the President and Mr. Olney will go slow and try to base whatever action they take upon fact and not on rumor. There is no doubt in this country that Spanish rule in Cuba has been very bad, but there is considerable doubt whether Cuban rule would be any better. American sympathy is strongly with the Cubans, for if they win they may better their condition, and if they lose they will be worse off than ever. Sympathy, however, is not a sound basis for the recognition of belligerency. That should depend upon facts. If the Cubans have earned recognition, let them have it. If not, let them wait.

* * *

OUT of two hundred yacht-owning members of the New York Yacht Club who were entitled to vote on the expulsion of Lord Dunraven, thirty-nine attended the meeting and voted. Four-fifths of the voting members were either so deadly tired of the whole matter that they would not go to the meeting, or were unwilling to vote either for the resolution or against it. LIFE's impression is that the four-fifths who stayed away represented American sentiment more accurately than the one-fifth who took action.

Meanwhile, Lord Dunraven's appointment as Lord-Lieutenant of Limerick authorizes him to wear a scarlet and gold uniform of striking conspicuousness, and feathers in his hat. It would be a mean man that would begrudge his lordship any solace he may find in these new privileges.

* * *



THE Heine Monument Committee seems to be doing its best to bring it about that if by any chance the Heine fountain is set up in New York, it may be the most unpopular erection within the city limits. The committee, having received polite and conscientious consideration for its object of art, cannot bring itself to take No for an answer, but continues instant and ardent in desperate endeavors to get a reversal of the decision reached as to its unacceptable offering. Unsuccessful with the Park Committee, it has laid persistent siege to the Board of Aldermen, with what result is at this writing still doubtful, but the worst is feared.

It is obvious that in dealing with the Heine Committee to dissemble one's love is not enough. The committee compels reiterated and emphatic rejection at every step of the way downstairs and out.

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.

THE FOX AND THE CROW.

A CROW, having stolen a piece of flesh, perched in a tree to enjoy it at leisure.

A fox saw her and, being hungry, thought he would employ a little diplomacy to get the meat away from her.

"What a prima-donna the crow would be," he said, looking at her with mock admiration, "if she only had a voice proportional to her other attractions!"

The crow promptly dropped the piece of flesh on his head, completely blinding him, and before he could recover from his surprise lit on his back and began to peck him viciously. "I'll have you to know," she cawed, "that I'm a proper lady, and the man that compares me to them shameless French singing hussies is going to get hurt."

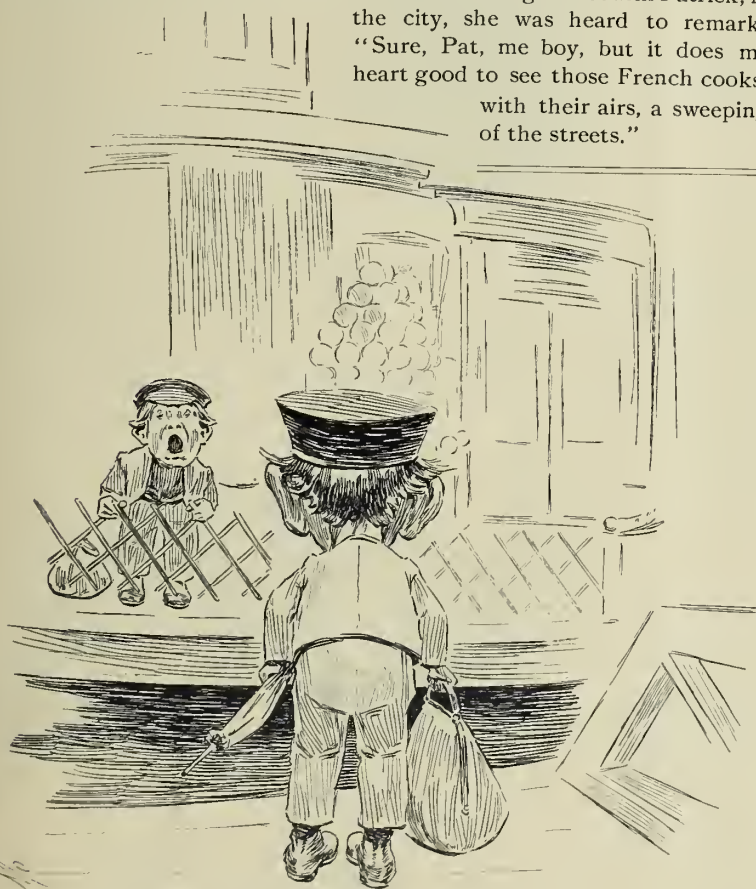
Immoral:

Don't praise the soft whiteness of a labor delegate's hands.

H. W. Phillips.

THE IRISH COOK AND WARING'S ANGEL.

THE cook of a country hotel that took boarders in the winter and guests during the summer was hired by a French chef, and, being Irish, naturally took this to heart. While visiting her cousin Patrick, in the city, she was heard to remark: "Sure, Pat, me boy, but it does me heart good to see those French cooks, with their airs, a sweeping of the streets."



"JUMP, FRITZY, JUMP!"

Fritz (as the space widens): I'M GLAD I DIDN'T JUMP WHEN I FIRST THOUGHT OF IT.



MY COMFORTER.

THE world had all gone wrong that day,
And tired and in despair,
Discouraged with the ways of life,
I sank into my chair.

A soft caress fell on my cheek,
My hands were thrust apart
And two big sympathizing eyes
Gazed down into my heart.

I had a friend, what cared I now
For fifty worlds! I knew
One heart was anxious when I grieved—
My dog's heart, loyal, true.

"God bless him," breathed I, soft and low,
And hugged him close and tight.
One lingering lick upon my ear
And we were happy—quite.

THRIFTY.

"WHY did Ethel and George elope?"
"The old man figured out that
they could begin housekeeping on what
the wedding would cost."



By DAISY.

Daisy will publish horoscopes in this department only in the order received. Remember the conditions. Cut out all the pictures from 4,000 copies of LIFE and forward them to Daisy, together with a photograph of your brain by Roentgen.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
Daisy tells us what we are.

ADA (R-H-N).

THIS lady was born under Aries, with Jupiter despondent, Venus veiled, the other stars not at home, and all space stirred to its depths. She has a dark, swarthy complexion, morbid temperament, uncultivated voice, and should take lessons in elocution. Looks well on stilts. Evil times in 1818, 1830, and 1854, but things are better now. May succeed in employ of others, but should not go into business for herself. Should never go out after dark. Has ability, but never been properly trained. Fond of horses, dogs, men, and other animals. Craves solitude, and should have it. Succeed as a trapeze performer or a typewriter.

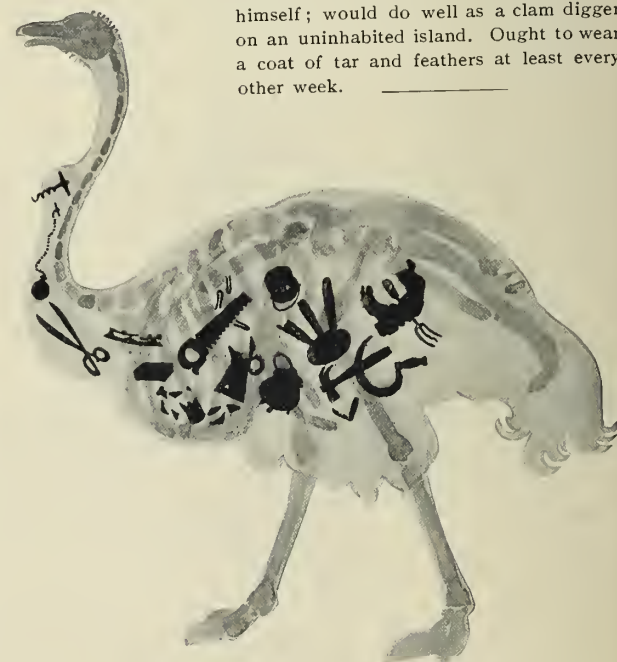
* * *

TEDDY (R-S-V-L-T).

THIS youth was born under Aquarius with blood on the face of the moon, Mercury bursting the bulb and the dipper full. He is very precocious, talking through his hat readily without effort, and knows how to use the sign language when thirsty. He is below the medium height for boys of his age, and should wear long trousers to make him look taller. Will do well in employ, but should not attempt to control others. Loves his fellow-man almost as much as himself. Will do his best work with thieves and burglars. Evil times in '96 and '97. Look out for writer's cramp. Will succeed as a wheelwright, an editorial writer on the *Evening Post* or at any other occupation requiring light mental effort.

JOSEPH (P-L-T-Z-R).

THIS gentleman was born under Taurus, with Libra in convulsions, Mars despondent, the man in the moon with a frozen face and the rest of the planets in deep mourning. He has a snub nose, high, noble forehead, a commanding presence, and the fatal gift of beauty. He is noted for his extreme modesty, fine, discriminating taste, his love of the beautiful, and the wonderful purity of his mind. He hates the very thought of money, and the accumulation of a vast fortune is so distasteful to him that he is continually beating his breast and asking the God of his fathers why he has been chosen to become wealthy. Will do his worst work on Sunday. Should never associate with anyone but himself; would do well as a clam digger on an uninhabited island. Ought to wear a coat of tar and feathers at least every other week.



TAKEN AFTER AN AFRICAN TABLE D'HOTE.

AMONG THE LITERARY.

IN THE PARASITE OFFICE.



THE most striking feature of the American press is that (like the American army) it is almost entirely composed of officers. This system involves none of the tiresome drudgery of beginning at the lowest step of the ladder. You begin at the top and slide down, which is much easier. Most office boys have been editors in their youth.

Seldom are so much wit and talent gathered together as was collected in the *Parasite* office on this occasion, for it was not Election day, and no big prize-fight was on. That inspiring event, the Hotel Suicide, had not incited the space writers to compete in speculative columns over all that they didn't know about it. The winner of the *Parasite* Prize Beauty Competition was not expected at the office.

But it was salary day.

The City Editor sat buried in burglary reports. Time was when he had not been an exclusive man, but this was before the Daily Burglary Era.

"Say," he called out faintly from his pile of Crime, "who wrote this Diamond and Depravity story on page 600 of the Sunday sheet? It's very feeble."

The Tenderloin Editor came forward defiantly.

"I did," he said, "and if it isn't the hot stuff it used to be it isn't my fault. There is no material for me here. I shall have to go to Chicago. This is no place for me."

"That's so," remarked the Sunday Editor, drearly. "The extinction of Tenderloin depravity will play the very deuce with the Sunday papers. Only 900 pages last Sunday, and half that unsensational."

"Our reputation as The Ladies' Paper will suffer," sighed the Editor of The Woman's Page. "What relief will a woman get when she comes home from church?"

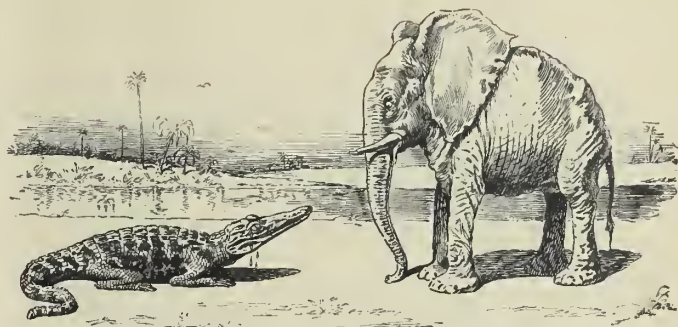
"I think," said the Society Editor, "that my column can supply what the Tenderloin column lacks. As Longfellow says: 'There are no birds in last year's nests'—but—'a rose by any other name is still a rose,' you know."

His words, though slightly ambiguous, filled the whole office with hope. Even the Tenderloin Editor, who had the interest of the paper at heart, silently wrung the Society Editor's hand, as he picked up his grip to go to Chicago. And the City Editor, climbing over the Daily Burglary reports, extracted four dollars from the Sick Babies' Fund and took the whole staff out and treated them to drinks.

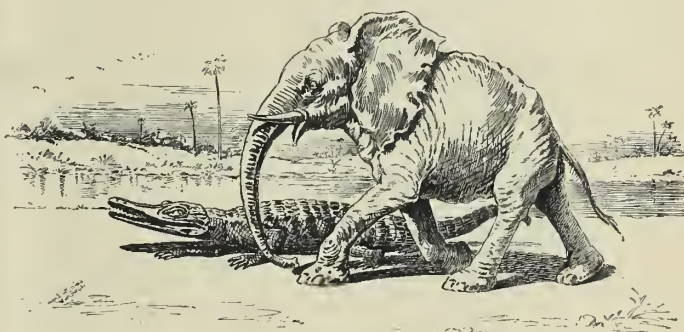
Jessie M. Wood.

DASHAWAY: I have an idea that Mrs. Hightoner has asked me to dinner in order to fill up.

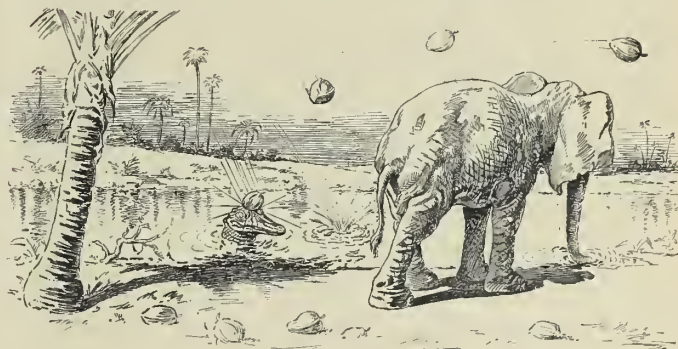
CLEVERTON: That's what we are all going for, old man.



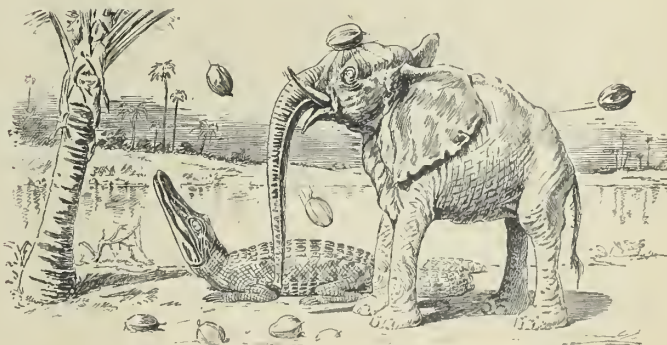
"A LOT OF CONFOUNDED MONKEYS IN A TREE THREW COCOANUTS AT ME."



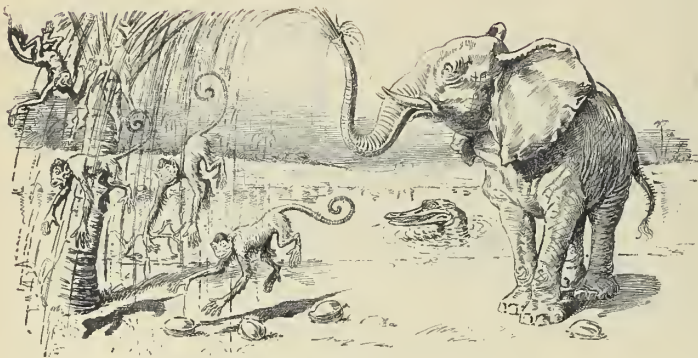
"LET'S GO UP AND SEE IF WE CAN'T DRIVE 'EM OUT."



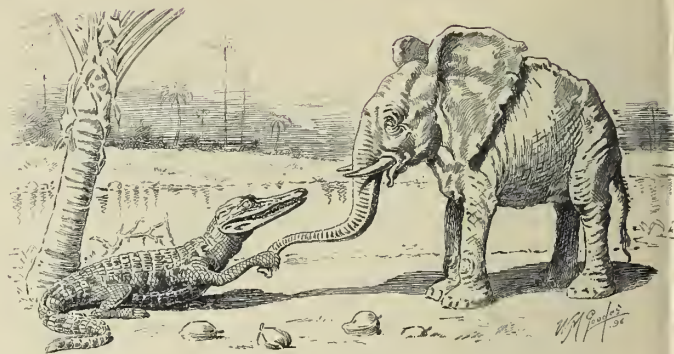
"WELL, I NEVER!"



"WE'LL JUST——"



COOL OFF THEIR SPIRITS A LITTLE."



"THANKS, AWFULLY, OLD MAN."

SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

MY lady swore she would repent
In sackcloth and in ashes gray.
I did not think her words were meant
Until I saw the proof one day.

She wore, in truth, a gray cloth sack,
'Twas tailor-made 'twere safe to bet,
And on the sleeve I saw, alack !
The ashes—of a cigarette.

R. C. MacDonald.



AN IDYLIC STORY BY MR. HOWELLS.

THOSE who believe that there will be a sharp reaction from the prevalent "literature of gore" toward spirituality in fiction will read with delight Mr. Howells's charming novelette, "The Day of Their Wedding" (Harpers). The young critics who are finding themselves, "like the ship in Mr. Kipling's story, are fond of announcing, with the pride of an original discovery, that Mr. Howells is a realistic novelist with a socialistic bias. Indeed, there is no one so new at the business that he cannot instantly classify Mr. Howells with magnificent certainty.

It would be really quite surprising to the critics if they should take a bird's-eye survey of all his work and see how many kinds of versatility he displays. The one thing that the youngest critic can assert, with assurance that he is right, is that Mr. Howells is first and last a literary artist, intensely interested in his work and finding his greatest delight in new experiments. Instead of his work being all set in one key (so that a tired reader may say impatiently, "I don't want any more Howells") it is of infinite variety in subject and treatment, from the lightest farce to serious tragedy, or from idyllic romanticism to depressing realism.

* * *

THIS beautiful story, "The Day of Their Wedding," belongs to his novels of

spiritual beauty, of which the best example is "The Undiscovered Country." The Shaker characters which appear in each story suggest a further comparison.

The charm of this tale is its idyllic simplicity. This one day's excursion into the "world outside" of the Shaker lovers, *Lorenzo* and *Althea*, has the allegorical charm of a tale by Hawthorne. It is as though the pathetic difficulties of living that sensitive souls realize by years of experience were suddenly revealed to these Shaker innocents in a single day.

They are not dense nor stupid. They enjoy the light, the variety, and the beauty of the world as they see it on a day at Saratoga. *Althea* has all the delight of a modern girl in the beautiful new gowns and finery that *Lorenzo* buys for her. The people that they meet, from the hack-driver to the minister, are kind to them. They really see their little bit of "world outside" at its best. And they are most charitably disposed toward it. They even clothe it with all the soft illusions of love and youth.

But at the end of the day they realize that it is not for them. They have lived all their lives in the shelter of the Shaker community. The ideal of the "angelic life" has been with them for twenty years, and for them the life of the "world outside" is sin.

So at the end of the day they renounce it all, and in their old Shaker garments go back to their sheltered nest, to live separate as their creed commands.

Mr. Howells takes leave of them with *Lorenzo's* face concealed in *Althea's* bonnet—his last concession to the impulses of the world outside.

And yet a romantic sentimentalist may still imagine that there is a chapter to be written some day soon, when the sight of *Althea's* face above the hedgerow at the farm will prove too much for *Lorenzo*, and he will beg her to consider whether faithful love is not an armor proof against the trials of the wicked world.

And in our opinion *Althea* will answer "Yee."

Droch.

MOTHER: Now, children, what are you going to give up for Lent?

FIRST LITTLE GIRL: I'm going to give up fighting.

SECOND LITTLE GIRL: And I'm going to give up potatoes because I hate 'em so.



"GOD KNOWS I'M NOT THE THING I SHOULD BE!"



OVERHEARD.

"ARE YOU IN FAVOR OF CONSOLIDATION?"
"OH, MR. BLAKE; THIS IS SO SUDDEN!"

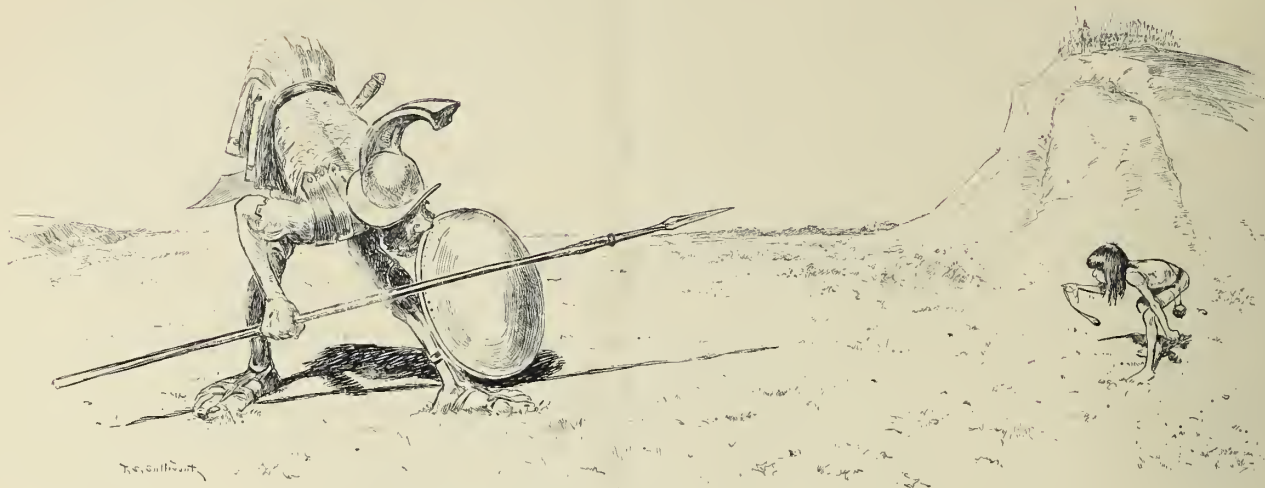


EXTRAC

" AND I FURTHER DIRECT THAT IN THE EVENT OF THE REMARRIAGE
OF £500,000 SHALL



WILL.
"HIA, ALL HER SHARE AND INTEREST IN THE AFORESAID CAPITAL SUM
AND DETERMINE."



"BY JINKY! GOLIATH, BUT YOU ARE A GREWSOME CHAP!"



"The size of the hat a woman wears on her head in the theatre is in inverse proportion to her breeding."

MADAME DUSE'S EXAMPLE.

SINCE the Standard Oil Company, in seeking to increase its earnings, utilized and cheapened the by-products of petroleum, there has been a large advance in the art of making-up on the American stage. This advance has been more in quantity than in quality. One coat of grease-paint used to be considered enough to make a soubrette beautiful, but with the decreased cost of material and enlarged choice of tints, one priming coat and two or three others for decorative effect have become absolutely necessary. The result is that the ladies of the American stage look more like fine examples of Japanese lacquer—facially—than human beings.

Prof. Dr. Roentgen's recent discovery has demonstrated that our knowledge of the electric ray is elementary. By the way they have been coating themselves our actresses have shown that they must have had some idea of its penetrating power and sought to shield their inner selves from the possible effects of the modern method of stage illumination. Some such motive must have been present, because nothing in Art could excuse the remarkable make-ups with which we are so often afflicted. They are not deceptive, they are not beautifying, and they certainly rob the face of play of expression. Nature has hid beneath the skin of the human face cer-

tain nerves and muscles which respond voluntarily or involuntarily to the emotions experienced by the individual. Sometimes it is the aim of the individual to cloak these emotions, which he does by controlling the movements of the features. A clumsy way is to wear a mask. It is, or should be, the actor's aim to utilize every feature to express emotion. It would be clumsy indeed of him to wear a mask and yet seek to impress his audience by facial expression. And this is just what he does by extravagance of make-up. A twitch of the lip, a lowering of the brow, is sometimes more expressive than the broadest gesture of the arms. But many of our stage-people as closely confine their faces by make-up as they would their hands, if they tied the latter behind their backs.

It has been asserted that Mme. Duse uses absolutely no make-up. This we do not believe. The skin of the average human becomes simply ghastly behind the glare of the footlights, and it is not likely that Mme. Duse, wonderfully endowed actress though she is, possesses any magic quality of complexion which enables her to overcome what seems to be a law of nature. Whether the assertion be true or not, it is certain that she does not sacrifice nature to cosmetics. In this, as in a thousand ways, she furnishes an example to our soaring Thespians. Her make-up is not obtrusive. Her face is beautifully void of brilliant reds, contrasting blacks and china-white high lights. Its expressiveness is one of her strongest weapons, and it is not blunted by coats of paint.

One of the joys of the amateur is making up his face for the stage. The effects are often strange, but come more from an ignorance of elementary principles than from over-doing. A certain timidity keeps him from being extravagant in quantity. No

such feeling restrains the professional. He knows it all, and intensity of effect is what he is after. As a rule he gets it, and had it not been for the discoveries of the Standard Oil Company it would have come high in cost. As it is, stage cosmetics are cheap, and it is not difficult for him to paralyze his audience in this way, if in no other.

American actors and, if they will pardon the suggestion, American actresses should take a peep into Mme. Duse's make-up box.

Metcalf.



"GAS ADMINISTERED."



MARCH 17th.
ONE OF THE EARLY CELEBRATIONS.

DIFFICULT TO SAY.

THE train rushed through Albany at the rate of seventy miles an hour. As the conductor came through the "smoker," collecting tickets, he announced that there would be no stop until they reached New York. A young man offered his ticket, and asked if he could not get off at Poughkeepsie.

"Yes," answered the conductor, "you can, but God knows where you'll land."

AN IMPROVEMENT.

PROFESSOR (reading): "Dropping the reins, Mr. Flood assisted his wife from the carriage, and together they entered the store." Can any little boy improve upon this sentence?

BRIGHT PUPIL: The reins descended and the Floods came.

PHILOSOPHY is that which enables a rich man to say there is no disgrace in being poor.



A WHIST player in Chicago who considered himself a great authority wrote a book on the subject and sent it to a famous Milwaukee player for his opinion of it. In about a week the book was returned to him, with the following letter:

"MY DEAR SIR: Your favor of the —instant, accompanied by your book, was duly received. I have read it very carefully. It seems to be a very good game, but I don't think it is as good a game as whist.

"Sincerely yours, "_____"

FOUR players started a game of whist not long since, a noted wit being one of them. He was dealing and made a misdeal. He dropped his cards and burst into laughter. "That reminds me," said he, "of my dear old friend, Judge Peckham, father of the present judge. He was a great whist player of the 'old school,' and had scant patience with a poor player. I was passing the card-room one day and met one of the poorest players in the club coming out. 'Have you been playing whist?' I asked. 'Yes,' said he. 'Who was your partner?' 'Judge Peckham,' he replied. 'Did he pitch into you pretty strong?' 'No, indeed. He only made one remark. I was dealing, and made a misdeal. The judge said, 'Why, you fool, you don't even know how to deal.' This is the only remark he made during the entire game."—*Exchange*.

A YOUNG man with a delicate, straw-colored mustache and football hair, parted in the center and glued down to his temples, sauntered carelessly into one of the

Superior Courts the other day. He eyed the judge through his glasses, and sized up all the attorneys. Then he walked up to the bar and poured out a glass of ice water.

The judge, who is nervous and testy, had observed the young man and frowned down on the glued hair and glasses. When the young man boldly walked up to the bar and took a glass of ice water the judge fairly boiled with indignation at such temerity amounting almost to contempt. The young man was just raising the glass to his lips when the judge roared:

"That water, sir, is for attorneys and other officers of the court."

The glass almost dropped from his hand; he started violently, turned red, then placed the glass on the table and walked out of the court. The judge chuckled. Half an hour later the young man entered the courtroom again with a roll of parchment in his hand. The judge glared at him savagely, but he never flinched. Finally there was a lull in the proceedings, and he addressed the court:

"Your honor!"

"What is it, sir?"

"I wish to submit to the court my certificate of admission to practice in the Supreme Court and all other courts of this State," and he passed the parchment to the clerk.

"Well, what of that?" growled the judge.

"Now, your honor, having presented the proofs of my admission to the bar I would now move the court

that I be permitted to drink from the official pitcher and he calmly drained the glass of water he had left the table.—*San Francisco Post*.

"I SEE," said the earnest boarder, "that they again petitioning Congress to recognize the Deity in Constitution."

"But," asked the Cheerful Idiot, "won't that volve the recognition of—er—the adversary as a belligerent?"—*Indianapolis Journal*.

GOOD SAMARITAN: Don't you know better than drive that poor horse up hill so fast?

O'CONNOR: Up hill, is it! Oh! begorra, the n. blind and he can't see it!—*Pearson's Weekly*.

A REDEEMING FEATURE.

THE devil's not entirely black,
For rich and poor, without exception,
He never lets his victims lack
The comfort of a warm reception.

—*New York Tribune*

AN accident or death is almost of daily occurrence in the mining districts of South Wales.

A young fellow being out of work journeyed certain mine in search of employment.

"Have you a job you can give me?" he asked of manager.

"Not at present; but if you step into the office a few minutes I may hear of some person killed or wounded!" was the reply.—*Exchange*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

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Without the Taste of Soap.
Delightful and refreshing. Try it. All druggists. Your address on a postal card will bring free sample. Large China box for 25cts. in postage stamps, postpaid, including complete edition Webster's Pocket Dictionary. CHAS. WRIGHT & Co. Mfg. Chemists, Detroit, Mich.

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THIS story is told of the Autocrat by *The Home Journal*: "When her lion was leaving, the hostess, who had put the cream of her acquaintance on parade, and rather expected effusive admiration from the great man, said, with a confidential smile: 'Well, Dr. Holmes, what do you think of afternoon tea?' He answered in these four graphic words: 'It is giggle-gabble-gobble—and git!' This sentence will become historic."

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"No, indeed. They ought to stay there."
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YOUNG Englishmen visiting the United States have as many absurd and amusing experiences as Americans have when in foreign countries. The English traveler who had been assured that west of the Missouri River the entire country was infested with bears, some of which were so bold that they came into the towns.

He stopped in a Kansas village, and in the evening started out for a walk. The stores were closed, but the moon was shining brightly. He rambled about the place for a couple of hours and started down the business street for the hotel. Suddenly he saw before him on the sidewalk a big bear, sitting on its haunches, with open mouth and paws extended, awaiting his coming.

In a moment he was on top of a porch, crying for help, but no one heard him, and the bear sat and watched him. All night long he stayed there, trembling for fear bruin would climb the post, but comforting himself with the idea that it was too small to be used by a bear.

At daybreak some men came along, and one of them wheeled the bear back to the doorway with the remark, "I wonder who put that sign in the middle of the walk."—*Washington Star*.

A NOTED duelist was introduced to Col. A.

NOTED DUELIST: Happy to make your acquaintance, sir.

A moment later, being very much puzzled, he says to himself:

"By Jove, didn't I kill that fellow somewhere in a duel?"—*Texas Siftings*.

A GENTLEMAN once saw a boy peeling the bark from one of his choice trees with a hatchet. The gentleman tried to catch the boy, but the latter was too quick for him, so the former changed his tactics.

"Come here, my little son," he said, in a soft, flute-like voice with counterfeited friendliness; "come here to me a minute. I want to tell you something."

"Not yet," replied the recipient, "little boys like me don't need to know everything."—*Texas Siftings*.

"WELL," said Bill Yuss, "I've taken a powder for my headache, a pellet for my liver, and a capsule for my gouty foot. Now what puzzles me is, how do the things know the right place to go to after they get inside?"—*American*.

JOSEPH HATTON, who accompanied Sir Henry Irving on one of his early tours through the United States, tells an anecdote of a certain judge who relieved the monotony of his court with a quiet though telling observation.

"And, gentlemen of the jury," said a certain flowery advocate, pleading before his honor, "as I stand at this bar to-day in behalf of a prisoner whose health is such that he may at any moment be called before a greater Judge than the judge of this court, I—" His honor rapped sharply on his desk. Counsel stopped suddenly, and looked up with an interrogation in his protesting face. "The advocate," said the court, with great dignity, "will please confine himself to the case before the jury, and not permit himself to make invidious comparisons."—*Washington Post*.

SOME years ago a man was tried in Nantucket for petty larceny, and sentenced by the judge to three months in jail. A few days after the trial the judge, accompanied by the sheriff, was on his way to the Boston boat, when they passed a man who was busily sawing wood. The sawyer stopped his work, touched his hat politely, and said:

"Good morning, judge."

The judge looked at him earnestly a moment, passed on a little way, and then turned to glance backward, saying to the sheriff:

"Why, isn't that the man I sentenced three months to jail the other day?"

"Yes," replied the sheriff, with some hesitation; "yes, that is the man. But you—why, you see, judge—we—we don't happen to have anybody else in jail just now, and we thought 'twould be a sort of useless expense for us to hire somebody to keep the jail for three months just for this one man, so I gave him the jail key, and told him if he'd sleep there nights, I guessed it would be all right."—*Pittsburgh Bulletin*.

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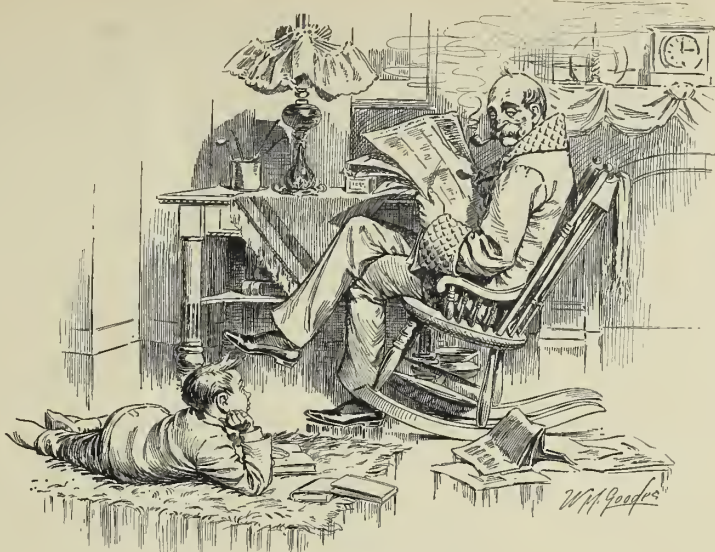
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MRS. B: The last thing he did was to calculate how many times a clock ticked in the course of a thousand years.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

"How is your daughter getting on with the piano, Numson?"

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CHICAGO is determined to have a finer library building than Boston, even if it has to hire persons to sit in the rooms and do the reading.—*New York Evening Sun*.

THE head of a department was invited to dinner by his minister. Sitting between a door and window, the worthy man had several fits of sneezing. The minister, by way of showing his sympathy, stepped up to him and said:

"You seem to have a cold, monsieur?"

Our head clerk became confused, and stammered forth:

"I have that honor, monsieur le ministre."—*L'Echo de Paris*.

AT a dinner-party the other night a handsome young physician had been particularly bright and entertaining. As the ladies left the table, cigars were passed and accepted by all of the gentlemen but the doctor. The host looked at him in astonishment.

"What, not smoke?" said he; "why, my dear fellow, you lose half your dinner." "Yes, I know I do," replied the doctor; "but if I should smoke, I would lose the whole of it."—*Argonaut*.

A YOUNG man had just bought an overcoat, a handsome, stylish garment. That evening it rained heavily. He was going out, and did not relish the thought of getting his new coat soaked. On the hat-rack in the front hall hung a mackintosh belonging to his brother, and as the young man's eye fell upon it he said to himself:

"Just the thing! John won't be going out, and I'll save my new coat as much damage as it would get in three weeks' wearing."

He slipped on the mackintosh, went out, and, on his return, found his brother in their room.

"Say, old man," said the borrower, "I used your mackintosh to-night."

"That was all right," said the brother, "I got along very well without it."

"You haven't been out this evening, have you?"

"Yes."

"Then what did you wear?"

"Your new overcoat."—*Memphis Commercial-Appeal*.

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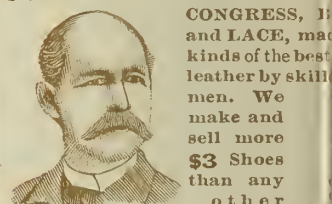
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Spring Wear.

West 23d St



She: HAVE YOU REALLY GOT A CORONET?
The Lord: NO; BUT HERE'S THE PAWN TICKET.

ILLOGICAL.

OF all excuses, surely that's the worst
 Of him who drinks because he "has a thirst."
 What profits "lushing" at the midnight dim
 When in the early morn the thirst has him?

CONVINCING EVIDENCE.

FIRST ARTIST: Your friend D'Auber has designed a poster
 for one of Puff & Co.'s new books, I hear. Is it a success?
 SECOND ARTIST: I should say so! The author has tried to
 assassinate him twice.



A PIGEON MATCH.



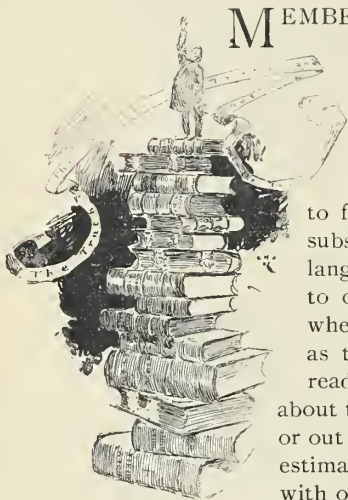
"While there is Life there's Hope."

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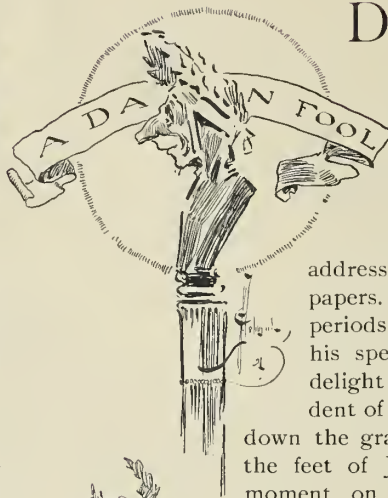
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MEMBERS of Congress, including Senators, will oblige many friends and well-wishers if, when they discuss foreign affairs and the policy of the Government in relation to foreign nations, they will stick as closely as possible to facts and statements that can be substantiated, and use diplomatic language. We Americans are used to our newspapers, and accustomed when we read the news to speculate as to the truth of it. So when we read editorial remarks we speculate about them, and when they are violent or out of common we weigh them and estimate their motive and value. So with our Congressmen: we know some of them and can judge of the value of their opinions, and if the opinions are not important we don't care how violently they are expressed.

Even resolutions of the House or the Senate fail to move us unless to our experienced judgment they seem to mean business. The recent resolutions of the House and Senate about Cuba didn't mean business. The speeches that accompanied them were partly mere ebullitions of sentiment and partly fabrics of oratory based on very uncertain facts. They didn't excite us, but see how angry they have made the Spanish, and how little good they are likely to do the Cubans. Spring is approaching and the hens have begun laying again. If the members of Congress would like to go home and attend to agricultural duties we would cheerfully part with them for a season.

Congress is not a credit to us. Railing at it will do little good. We ought, every man Jack and woman Jill of us, to take to heart the present quality of the branch of the Government which is supposed to represent us most accurately, and try if we cannot help to send men to it of whose abilities and judgment and conduct we may have less reason to be ashamed.



DR. TALMAGE was the principal speaker at the Presbyterian Home Mission's meeting in New York, at which Mr. Cleveland presided, and there are some striking and remarkable passages in his address as reported in the newspapers. Describing in fluent periods, towards the close of his speech, how history will delight to relate how the President of the United States "put down the grandeurs of his office at the feet of Jesus," he dwelt for a moment on the hypothetical "rejoicings before the throne," and the special triumph of "the consecrated pastor, Mr. Cleveland, once of Caldwell, New Jersey, but now among the great cloud of witnesses, over this triumphant scene." Then he exclaimed: "Germany for scholarship; England for manufactories; France for manners; Egypt for antiquaries; Italy for pictures; but America for God!"

The Presbyterian Church in the United States is believed to be a body of dignity and influence. Its Home Mission's meeting in New York was a great show occasion in which it might advantageously have put its best speakers forward, but—we'l, perhaps it did put them forward, but if Dr. Talmage is one of the great representative Presbyterian spokesmen in the United States it is time the Presbyterians made a brace.

* * *

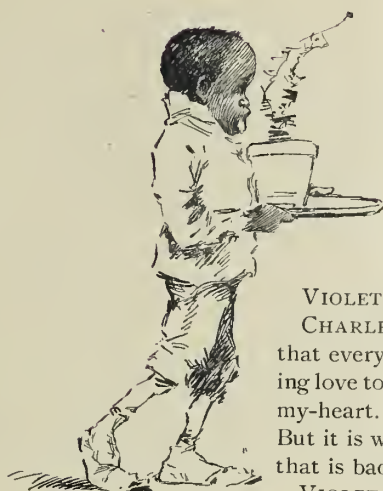


THE Princeton students who had a procession and bonfire on the night of March 5th in honor of Cuba, and especially the tall student who trailed a Spanish flag in the dirt, and finally burned it, may be thankful they don't live in Spain.

At Madrid the universities have been closed because of the incendiary demonstrations against the United States, and one student who burned an American flag will lose a year's schooling and be criminally prosecuted. Fooling with flags is quite as fit to be discouraged by Uncle Sam as by the Spanish authorities. Better calm that tall student who burned the Spanish flag, Dr. Patton. It wouldn't be pleasant for you to have the Governor of New Jersey send militiamen to keep your young belligerents in order.

* * *

THE *Outlook* calls Mr. Melville E. Stone, of Chicago, an Illinoisan. "Illinoisan" is a clumsy word, would not Illinoiance be more symmetrical, euphonious, and better?



CHARLES (*Aside*: And I'm getting a little hard of speaking. I'll get over on the good side of her, and I am sure that what I say to her will not go into one ear and out the other.) You-know-how-I-adore—

VIOLET: What's the matter with the door?

CHARLES (*Aside*: Nothing, only I'll go out of it in a minute.) I-was-saying-that-you-are-the-object-of-my-sighs. (*Aside*: And if I was a fog-horn she certainly could hear them.)

VIOLET: A little louder, please.

CHARLES (*Aside*: Great Shakes! I am whooping so loud now that every unmarried woman in these flats will think I am making love to her.) I-was-telling-you-that-I-have-completely-lost-my-heart. (*Aside*: And am about to lose my lungs with it. But it is worth it. She will make a wife who won't hear much that is bad said about me.) I-love-you-dearly,-Violet—

VIOLET: Do whisper those words again, Mr. Doodles.

CHARLES (*Aside*: Whisper! That's very good.) Yes, -darling, -I -only-breathe-for-you. (*Aside*: If you call this breathing when I'm quite out of breath.

She is getting worse and worse.)

VIOLET: I understand you to imply that you love me.

CHARLES: Indeed I do. (*Aside*: I am certainly loud in my demonstrations of the fact.) I-want-you-for-



AT VARIANCE.

WHEN with me to the play she goes,
I much admire the buds and bows
And all that on Kate's head-gear grows.
But when some other night I see
That hat between the stage and me,
My taste and Kate's do not agree.

Ellis Parker Butler.

ANTICIPATING HIM.

FATHER: My son, you should bridle your desires.

SON: Why, father, it was only yesterday that I bought a saddle-horse!



A DIFFICULT POPPING.

CHARLES: This is the first time we have been alone, Miss Violet.

VIOLET (a little bit off as to the ear): Were you about to say something, Mr. Doodles?

CHARLES: I was saying something, if you would condescend to hear me.

VIOLET: Why do you talk so low?

CHARLES (*Aside*: Low! Any louder wouldn't be talk, it would be yelling.) I-was-saying,-Miss-Violet,-that-this-is-the-first-time-I-have-seen-you-alone.

VIOLET: Ah! You seem to be a little hoarse this evening.

CHARLES (*Aside*: I'm not, but I will be before I get through with what I have to say.) I-have-loved-you-for-three-months,-and—

VIOLET: Please get over on this side of the sofa. I'm afraid really that that ear is getting a little hard of hearing.



my-wife. (*Aside:* And I do hope her hand will not be as hard for me to get at as her ear.)

VIOLET: Your wife! I fear I would fall short of many things—

CHARLES (*Aside:* A little short on hearing but somewhat long on ready cash, which more than balances it.) Will-you-promise-to-be-a-wife-to-me? (*Aside:* But isn't this somewhat of a comedy?)

VIOLET: There should be no secrets between us, Chollie.

CHARLES: No, dearest. (*Aside:* And there wouldn't be any, everything would be made public in the telling.)

VIOLET: Well, Mr. Doodles, let me tell you one secret that you do not know—I would end this comedy of yours. I have not been deficient in hearing, as I have led you to think, nor short on sense, and, before you take your hat, would express the hope that there is a moral in this that will be helpful to you. Good night.

A. W. Bellaw.

BOBBIE: I put one of those blue buttons of father's in the contribution box at Sunday-school.

MRS. BINGO: Dear me, what did you do that for?

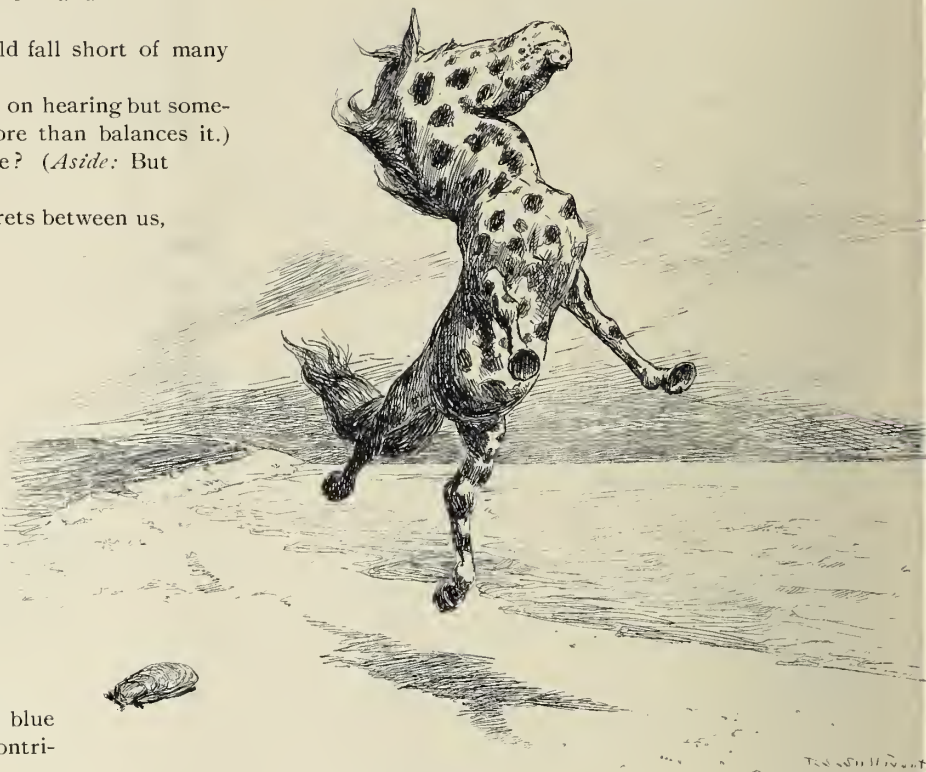
"Father said it represented \$5.00."

THE Art of Conversation—Making the other person say the clever things.



LO TIED.

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.



THE HORSE AND THE OYSTER.

A VERY prancy horse, discovering an oyster on the sea-shore, thought to show off a little and make the oyster envious.

After he had done some surprising leaps and curvetings, he went up to the oyster and, with a toss of his head, said:

"There! what do you think of that?"

"You must excuse me," answered the bivalve; "but I have been blind from birth, and missed the whole show."

Immoral:

Of what use is a dress suit in the Desert of Sahara?

H. W. Phillips.

WIDENING HIS SPHERE OF USEFULNESS.

WORD comes from General Harrison through the voracious newspapers that he has tried practising law, fighting, being Senator, being President, law again, and hack-writing, and that of all these employments he finds hack-writing the most congenial. The General writes magazine articles, and ekes out the revenues of this employment by select jobs of lecturing. It is his entire satisfaction with the habits and emoluments of this course of life that is understood to be at the bottom of his refusal to run again for President. All the other hack-writers think it is his duty to run, and will undoubtedly use every effort to have the nomination thrust upon him. The hack-writer would rather have all the space to himself than share it with the most illustrious compeers.

"I SEE quite a number of policemen ride bicycles now."
"Why not? The police need exercise as much as anyone else."

WHEN you begin to crave the effects of food without the experience of it, and the experience of drink without the effects of it, that means that spring is almost here.



The Married One: CAN YOU IMAGINE ANYTHING WORSE THAN MARRIAGE WITHOUT LOVE?

The Unmarried One: YES, I THINK I CAN. LOVE WITHOUT MARRIAGE, FOR INSTANCE.

PLUTARCH'S LIVES UP TO DATE.

LEVI PARSONS MORTONUS DIOGENES.

LEVI PARSONS MORTONUS DIOGENES was a native of Vermontia, and traced his lineage back to Diogenes, the cynic philosopher of Athens. He became such a rich man that he could afford even the luxury of a stock farm, and was elected Vice-President of the States United. At the capital, Mortonus Diogenes found himself as completely overshadowed by the President, Alexander Harrisonius the Great, of the Hoosier province, as the President was over-

shadowed by the hat of his grandsire. With the aid of a quorum of obliging Senators he presided over the Senate, but long ere his term expired he pined for the lowing kine of Ellerslie. More to his taste was a stock farm than a national stock exchange.

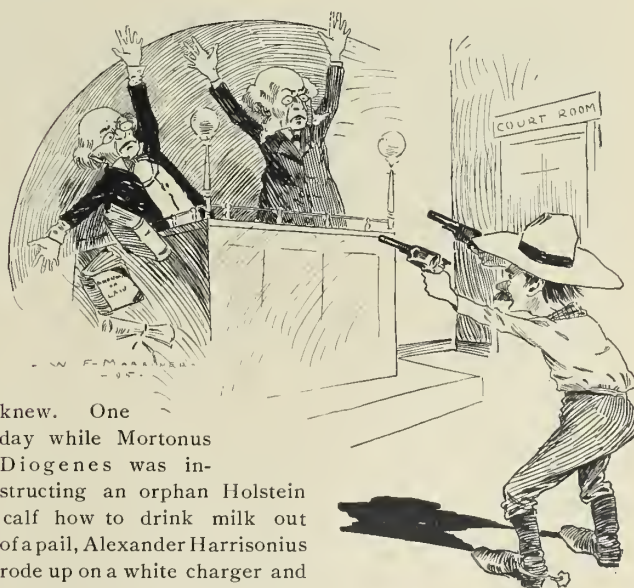
At length Alexander Harrisonius the Great procured his own renomination, but caused Mortonus Diogenes to be turned down, and was himself defeated for re-election by Clevelandus, the Man of Destiny. Mortonus Diogenes was giving salt to the Holsteins when swift henchmen brought the news.

"Alexander Harrisonius is beaten!" cried a breathless courier. "What — what can he do now?"

"Do?" quoth Mortonus Diogenes, "why he can write fancy-work articles for the *Ladies' Home Companion*, of course!" And he did.

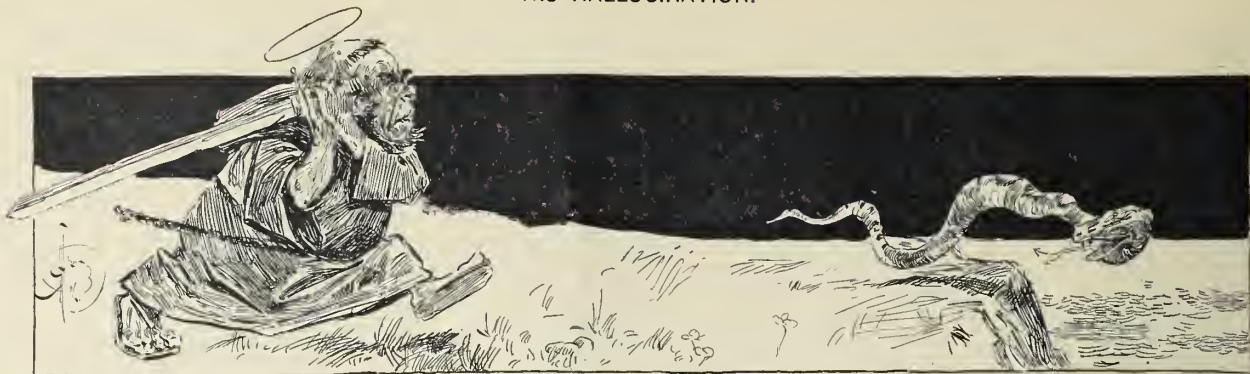
Four years thereafter, Mortonus Diogenes, being then Governor of the pivotal province Newyorkus, became infested with the crotchety that he was a bigger man than Old Grant. Having played second fiddle at the capital under Alexander Harrisonius, he yearned to swing a baton over the entire national orchestra. Accordingly, with the assistance of Metoo Tomplattus, a noted party boss, he reared a huge presidential lightning-rod on his stock farm, and began praying for rain.

Now, Alexander Harrisonius had repeatedly proclaimed throughout the States United that he was not a candidate, but for all that he was secretly working over-time on a lightning-rod of his own. This, Mortonus Diogenes well



knew. One day while Mortonus Diogenes was instructing an orphan Holstein calf how to drink milk out of a pail, Alexander Harrisonius rode up on a white charger and inquired the way to the White House.

DOING THE HONORS.



WHEN ST. PATRICK HAD 'EM HE DROVE THE LAST ONE OUT.



HE ALSO PUT AN END TO THE CAUSE.



AND THEN CAME THE NEXT MORNING.

"I will show you the way—in November!" cried Mortonus Diogenes, fiercely jamming the orphan's head into the pail.

"And for service of such moment what can I do for you?" asked the astonished Alexander Harrisonius, with an ill-concealed sneer.

"Stand from between me and the sky—there's a thunder shower coming," was the significant rejoinder.

"You?" Alexander Harrisonius cried in surprise. "I am Alexander Harrisonius the Great, my good man. Pray, who are you?"

"I? I am Mortonus Diogenes," was the proud reply.

Drawing himself up, Alexander Harrisonius politely raised

his hat—a famous heirloom.

"If I were not Alexander Harrisonius the Great, I would be Diogenes Mortonus," he said, with the grace of a courtier.

"And if you were Mortonus Diogenes you might be President in '97," was the tart reply.

"How like the *great* Diogenes you are in crusty temper," Alexander Harrisonius sneered. "To increase the resemblance you should procure a tub."

"A tub?" Mortonus Diogenes cried derisively. "Why procure a tub? The thing for a national convention is a barrel, and you'll hear from mine in June!"

Earle H. Eaton.

TAKING A STAND.

SHE: I am so glad, dear, that you are independent enough to say that you wouldn't live in the same house with father.

HE: Yes; if he can't build us a separate one, he is no sort of a man.



A MAID OF HIGH DEGREE.



AN ANTIDOTE FOR FAUNTLEROY.

IT is a very natural and not unusual thing for a writer who has been at the business of authorship for a long time to make a venture into a new field in a new manner. The experiment is always sure to attract attention, for it gives every critic a well-marked beginning place for his divagations. The author gets the same sort of rest by the experiment that the persistent home-dweller absorbs from a little journey. There is nothing so wearing on the nerves as too long-continued sojourn with one's own family, particularly if they are very congenial and well-bred. It is the uninterrupted happening of the expected that kills in the long run.

Readers and critics will, therefore, wish Mrs. Burnett joy in her literary excursion into the seventeenth century, which she calls "A Lady of Quality" (Scribners). There are signs on every page that she had lots of fun while writing it—after the manner of the first cavortings of a bloomer girl on a bicycle. When you have been doing what a spoiled modern *Fauntleroy* calls "the holy cherub act" in literature for many years, it must be exhilarating to rise up in your might and spill seventeenth-century swear-words all over a chapter.

It might be considered an heroic dose, but we are inclined to think that it would do a

great deal of good to the several hundred thousand small boys whose lives are being modelled on *Little Lord Fauntleroy* if a few pages of the choice profanity of *Clorinda* and her father were read to them every day!

* * *

FOR "grown-ups" the novel will have a certain fascination by reason of *Clorinda's* pervasive personality. She is really the "new woman" of modern unsavory novels, masquerading in seventeenth century garments. From Mrs. Burnett's description we are inclined to believe that *Clorinda's* costume for horseback-riding was far more striking than any so far worn by our most advanced "lady scorchers." Moreover, *Clorinda* had the "properties," as theatre folks say, to make such a costume very fetching.

Even all her physical attractions should not blind the sedate reader to the fact that *Clorinda* was undeniably a shrew of the type that Mr. Shakspeare successfully tamed. And she had "a past" that we fear was as bad as her temper, including a rake of a lover and a gentle episode where she hit him on the temple with a loaded riding-whip and killed him. With a discretion rare even to the most modern woman, she succeeded in concealing these episodes from her irreproachable husband—a duke, by the way, of the grown-up *Fauntleroy* type.

Her atonement consisted in presenting the duke with a fine family of boys and girls in rapid succession—each one of them a physical and mental paragon—and not a bad temper in the whole lot!

Droch.



O H, where the white quince blossom swings
I love to take my Japan ease!
I love the maid Anise who clings
So lightly on my Japan knees;
I love the little song she sings,
The little love-song Japanese.
I almost love the lute's tink tinkle
Played by that charming Jap
Anise—

For am I not her old Jap uncle?
And is she not my Japan niece?

Oliver Herford.





THE MISSION



PARADOXICAL.

" 'TIS hard to be poor," sang the poet,
As his mantle about him he furled;
So he sang, but well did he know it
Is the easiest thing in the world.

TOUGH ON TURKS.

A PROPOS of the moral and intellectual darkness about to descend upon the Ottoman dominions, the *Quebec Chronicle* thus expresses itself:

New York LIFE, one of the funniest, wittiest and best edited journals in the world, has achieved a brilliant success. The Sultan of Turkey, who is despised by everybody, and has incurred the contempt of all civilized nations, has prohibited that great humorous weekly from his dominions. The order of exclusion has been made permanent. We hope that the fun-loving Turks who took the paper will survive the indignity which His Ass-Ship, their master, has put them to.

Thank you, neighbor.

LIFE has always felt it a compliment to have a subscription stopped by the right person. It is by such tokens that we know we are getting in our work.



"The size of the hat a woman wears on her head in the theatre is in inverse proportion to her breeding."

ANOTHER JULIET.

WHAT would become of our literature if writers imitated only the mannerisms and affectations of the masters of the art? And what becomes of the art of acting when the disciples only follow the faults of the teachers?

Julia Marlowe Taber has for some little time sought to be the leading American actress in the strictly legitimate rôles. There seems to be no direct heiress or successor to the mantle of Keene and Cushman and Anderson. Pretenders there have been without number, but their careers have been brief and they have come and gone and left no sign. Outside of New York, Miss Julia Marlowe—to use the name by which she is best known—has acquired a strong contingent of admirers



THE LATEST THING IN BABY CARRIAGES IN AFRICA.



TEN CENTS' WORTH.

Consuelo (reading): THE VIZ-COUNT ENTERED THE APARTMENT WITH A LANGUID H'AIR, AND PUFFED HIS CIGARROOT VITH WIOLENCE. "AIR YOU ALONE?" HE INKWIREN IN A NONGSHALLNOT MANNER OF THE COUNTISS. SHE ROSE FROM THE TURKEYS OTTERMAN WITH A DILUTED NOSTRIL, HER EYES FLASHED WITH A FIRE WHICH ALMOST CONSOOMED THEIR LIDS, AND SHAKIN' HER JEWILLED LEFT HAND IN THE VIZ-COUNT'S FACE, SHE GAVE A MAJESTIC SWEEP WITH HER RIGHT FOOT AN' LEF' THE ROOM.

Omnes: MY!!

who are ready to crown her with the laurels of a stage queen. Fortunately for the stage, out-of-town verdicts are not final. They are too much colored by local feeling and by the contagion of neighborly enthusiasm to be absolutely impartial. The consensus of a metropolitan audience, in which no one knows his neighbor, is a better test of the claim to genius. This does not mean that New York audiences are highly intelligent or that their verdict is always just, but it does mean that no one can claim absolute supremacy on the stage until he or she has won the approval of the mixed audiences of the metropolis. Miss Marlowe has gained name and fame in what some people like to call the provinces. Judged from the metropolitan point of view she is deficient. Whatever natural advantages she may possess are clouded by her imitations of the defects of others.

It is always difficult to write of *Juliet* and not think of Adelaide Neilson. To use an illustration more pat than elegant, Miss Marlowe makes us think of Miss Neilson because she is so different. Leaving entirely out of

the question the personal loveliness of the English actress, there was a simplicity in her portrayal of the youthful heroine which is the very thing Miss Marlowe lacks. The latter's *Juliet* is too strident, too womanly, too little girlish. There is too much striving for effect. *Juliet* is not only the loveliest of Shakespeare's creations, but the simplest and most direct. If ever there was a part which called upon art to conceal art this is it, and in varying from this requirement is where Miss Marlowe fails.

To play *Juliet* there is no need to go to the mannerisms of Miss Ellen Terry, nor to make the part declamatory. It is sweet and gentle and impassioned, or it is nothing. It is not a show part. It is one that wins by its sweetness. We would all love the real *Juliet*; none of us cares for the *Juliet* who is only stagey. Miss Marlowe must change her conception of the character if she would convince us by the impersonation of *Juliet* that she is a great actress.

Of the performance at large there is little to be said. The stage setting was excellent in effect and accurate in detail. The company in support of Miss Marlowe provides one of the finest collections of elocutionary ignorance seen in New York for a long time. William Shakespeare would never recognize his own lines as the speech is spoken by these actors.

Metcalfe.

THE Old Testament says it was considered a miracle for an ass to speak, and now nothing short of a miracle will keep one quiet.



HE DYED WITH HIS BOOTS ON.

HIS HEAVEN.

"MAMMA, CAN WE ORDER OUR MANSIONS IN THE SKY IN ADVANCE?"

"WHY, NO, WILLIE. WHAT PUT THAT INTO YOUR HEAD?"

"I THOUGHT, IF WE COULD, I WOULD ORDER ONE WITHOUT A BATH-ROOM."

VAT SCISSORS AND NULLS

It is now the proper time for the cross-eyed woman to fool with the garden hose. I have faced death in almost every form, and I do not know what fear is, but when a woman with one eye gazing into the zodiac and the other peering into the middle of next week, and wearing one of those floppy sunbonnets, picks up the nozzle of the garden hose and turns on the full force of the institution, I fly wildly to the Mountains of Hepsidam.

Water won't hurt anyone, of course, if care is used not to forget and drink any of it, but it is this horrible suspense and uncertainty about facing the nozzle of a garden hose in the hands of a cross-eyed woman that unnerves me and paralyzes me.

Instantaneous death is nothing to me. I am as cool and collected where leaden rain and iron hail are thickest as I would be in my own office writing the obituary of the man who steals my jokes. But I hate to be drowned slowly in my good clothes and on dry land, and have my dying gaze rest on a woman whose ravishing beauty would drive a narrow-gauge mule into convulsions and make him hate himself to death.—*Bill Nye.*

In one of the smaller towns of Kentucky lives a negro familiarly known as "Tim" White. On one occasion it was necessary to record his full name. The not unnatural supposition that "Tim" stood for "Timothy" was met with a flat denial. "No, sah! My right name is 'What-timorous-souls-we-poor-mortals-be-White.' Dey jes' calls me 'Tim' fo' sho't, sah."—*Philadelphia Post.*

"MR. INSITE, give the class your idea of optimist and pessimist."

"Yes, sir. An optimist is a man who is happy when he's miserable, and a pessimist is a man who is miserable when he's happy."—*Chicago Record.*

"TALK of man," roared the female emancipator, "what has man ever done for woman?" "Furnished a model to her to imitate," said a voice in the rear of the hall, and then an awful quiet reigned.—*Adams (Mass.) Freeman.*

"VAT you dink of my son Ikey," said old Mr. Einstein, "he vill pull down my gray hairs mit sorrow to der grave."

"Vor why?" asked old Mr. Blumenstein.

"Vor why? Vy, der odder month Ikey came to me and said, 'Fader, let me haf den thousand dollars and I make a million.' 'Ikey,' I say, 'den thousand dollars aind to be found on efery bush.' 'I know thad, fader,' he said, 'bud if you vill gif me ten thousand dollars I vill make a million. I vill be richer dan Vanderbilt in a shord time.' Und I prayed to Moses und Isaac und I thought der matter ofer und I wend to Ikey und say, 'Ikey, vat vill you do vid den thousand dollars?' und he said to me, 'Fader, I don't nefer tell you an undrudh. I vill make a million dollars.'"

"Und you gif him der money?" asked old Mr. Blumenstein.

"Und I gif him der money," replied old Mr. Einstein.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON

LAVENGRO. By George Borrow.
Miss Stuart's Legacy. By Mrs. F. A. Steel.
Lives That Came to Nothing. By Garrett Leigh
illustrations by Ida Lovering.

The Scarlet Letter. A Dramatic Composition
George Parsons Lathrop, for Music by Walter
rosch. New York and London: The Trans-
Publishing Co.

Washington; or, The Revolution. Part II. By
Allen. Chicago and New York: F. Tennyson N
Observations of a Bachelor. By Louis Lo
Utica: L. C. Childs & Son.

"Und has he made der million?"

"Und has he made der million? Holy Moses
menstein, you gif me a pain! Und has he ma
million? Vat you think that fool boy done?"

"Vat did he do?"

Old Mr. Einstein stroked his beard nervous
wept bitter tears. "Vat did he do? Vy, he wen
to Omaha und started a cloding-store in a fire
buildings."—*Buffalo Express.*

AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE.

I envy the man who makes Mabel her shoes,
Because, to get down to the root,
We both take our orders from her, but, you see
The cobbler has Mabel to boot.

—*New York Herald.*

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The Inter-
national News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane,
London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera,
Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, 1 Clamstrasse, Mayence;
Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.



IVORY SOAP

A bath as cleansing, sweet and mild
As Ivory makes it, always seems
To bring such comfort, that the child
Drops fast asleep with happy dreams.

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The Ideal **HOTEL** of America
is the **VENDOME** on the
Back Bay **BOSTON** Common-
wealth Ave.
C. H. GREENLEAF & Co.

THE INK used on LIFE is
manufactured by
FRED'K H. LEVEY CO., 59 Beekman St., N. Y.

The Great Ball Nozzle Fountain Syringe is a
guarantee of health and comfort to women.
Send for circular. For sale by all druggists.
**AMERICAN BALL NOZZLE CO., 837-847
Broadway, N. Y.**

SHIFTING THE RESPONSIBILITY.—The
ladies of Pittsfield society seem to be ex-
ceptional in the matter of modesty in
desiring to not have their names appear
in public print. In anticipation of the
Union Firemen's ball *The Morning Call*
had cards printed, respectfully requesting
the lady to whom given to write her name
and briefly describe her costume, and hand
the same to *The Call's* representative. This
was to facilitate *The Call* in making up its
report of the function correctly. The cards
were distributed during the grand march,
and when the young man from the paper
undertook to take them up, he found that
the ladies, with a few exceptions, refused
to comply with the request. If, in the re-
port, given names are misspelled and
descriptions of gowns are missing, or
inaccurate, the ladies will have only
themselves to censure.

Pittsfield (Mass.) Call.

Born, Feb. 20th, 1895, a daughter to
Mr. and Mrs. J. B—. Both are doing
well.

Albion (Mich.) Recorder.

10 TIMES OUT OF 10

The New York Journal
recently offered ten bi-
cycles to the ten win-
ners in a guessing con-
test, leaving the choice
of machine to each.

**ALL OF THEM
CHOSE**



Columbia Bicycle

Standard of the World

Nine immediately, and one after he
looked at others. And the Jo
bought ten Columbias. Paid \$100
for them, too. On even terms a
umbia is chosen

10 TIMES OUT OF 10

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford,

**WE
PAY
POST-
AGE.**

All you have guessed
insurance may be w
you wish to know
send for "How and"
sued by the PENN M
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delphia.

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OF EVERY RIDER
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**DUST PROOF
BEARINGS**
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INIMITABLE
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IF THE
RIMS ARE
VERMILION
IT'S A WARWICK,
THE WHEEL
"BUILT ON HONOR" \$85⁰⁰ & \$100.

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SEVEN
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restores the appetite, gives a feeling of comfort and drives away fatigue. Its making is the matter of a moment. Requires only the addition of boiling water and a pinch of salt. Send for our little book "Culinary Wrinkles."

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My dame has lost her shoe;

CUPID Hair-Pins held

her hair—

Or she'd have lost that too.

It's in the **TWIST**.

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QUEEN OF HER HEART.

The little rag doll is queen,
Her realm is a maiden's heart,
And there she will reign serene
And play her important part.
A bundle of rags is she,
With collar of scraggly fur;
She's only a doll to me,
But more than a doll to her.

A doll that I thought a prize
I gave to the little maid,
That opened and shut its eyes
And beauty of face displayed;
But somehow it seemed to me
She never received the care
I daily and hourly see
Bestowed on a doll less fair.

The doll that can really talk,
The doll in the silken dress,
The doll that is made to walk
Lies lonely in some recess;
Forgotten and pushed aside
It lies in the dust apart,
While that of the rags, in pride,
Is held to the maiden's heart.

The doll is a doll to me,
A bundle of rags and fur,
And yet I am quick to see
It's more than a doll to her.
And so it maintains its place,
Unrivalled it holds its own;
In rags and a painted face
It stands in her heart alone.

—*Chicago Post*.

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WILL CURE IT.

It's a Wise Nurse

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Malt-Nutrine
TRADE MARK.

—the food drink. It contains the greatest amount of real nutriment and is strength-giving and flesh-building. Invaluable to nursing mothers, consumptives and sufferers from wasting diseases.

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Prepared by
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*Send for handsomely illustrated colored
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"He whistled as he went for want of thought,
Of course it was a boy. You wouldn't find a girl
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No; she wouldn't whistle. She'd talk.
—*Indianapolis Journal*

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We teach the children Danish,
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Fill their heads with old-time notions
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And the cuneiform inscriptions
From the land of the Egyptians;
Learn the date of every battle,
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Know the date of every crowning,
Read the poetry of Browning.
Make them show a preference
For each musty branch of science;
Tell the acreage of Sweden,
And the serpent's wiles in Eden;
And the other things we teach 'em
Make a mountain so immense
That we have not a moment left
To teach them Common Sense.

—*London Truth.*

"I UNDERSTAND that you have relics of the war
for sale, my little man," said the Northern tourist
to the tow-head.

"We did have," replied the boy, "but they
have bought us out, an' the swords daddy buried
last week won't git rusted 'fore summer!"

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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NUBIAN

Fast Black
Cotton Dress Linings
WILL NOT CROCK.

Ladies and dressmakers everywhere have proved
their high character. Positively unchangeable. Not
affected by perspiration. Made in several qualities for
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Look for this on every yard of the Selvage.

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as Haviland China is marked under each piece:

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Quick
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INSTANTANEOUS
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HOW TO USE IT. Take three des-
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water or milk. Stir briskly
a moment, and your Choc-
olate is ready to serve. Put
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"I suppose he'll call it the Sermon on the
Mount!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

YOU can't tell a balky horse by his looks and you're just as likely to be deceived in a bicycle. There's no better guide when buying a wheel than this famous name—

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It identifies the king of wheels—it's a guarantee of strength, speed and reliability. A name that you can proudly point out to your friends.

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Absolutely Pure Old Rye
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PERFUMES

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

THEY came on a train from the North the other day and headed up Jefferson avenue, holding each other by the hand. They had left the depot only two blocks behind when they came to a man sitting on a box in front of the store, and as he caught sight of them a grin crept over his face like molasses spreading out on a shingle.

"Grinnin' at us, I suppose?" queried the young man as he came to a halt.

"Yes," frankly replied the sitter.

"Tickles you most to death to see us take hold of hands, don't it?"

"It does."

"And you imagine you can see us feeding each other caramels, can't you?"

"I can."

"And you shake all over at the way we gawk around and keep our mouths open?"

"That's me."

"Well, this is me! I'm not purty, and I haven't been cultivated between the rows, nor hilled up, nor fertilized. I hain't what you call stall fed, and the girl ain't no prize chromo, but it won't take over a minit to jam you seven feet in the ground! I told Lucy I was going to begin on the first man who looked cross-eyed at us, and you are the chap. Prepare yourself to be pulverized!"

"Beg pardon, I didn't mean—"

"Yes, you did! Lucy, hold my hat while I mop the walk with him!"

"Say—hold on—say—"

He took up the middle of the street like a runaway horse, and the young man took after him, but it was no use. After a race of a block the man gained so fast that the other stopped and went back to the girl and his hat. Stretching forth his hand to the innocent maiden, he remarked:

"Lucy, clasp on to that, and if you let go for the next two hours I'll never call you by the sacred name of wife!"—*Philadelphia Times*.

THIS story is told of Mr. Joseph Jefferson: A number of years ago played a one-night engagement in a small Indiana town, appearing in his favorite part. The hotel at which he staid was infested by an Irishman "recently landed," who acted as porter and general assistant. Judged by the deep and serious interest which he took in the house, he might have been clerk, lessee, and proprietor rolled into one.

At about six o'clock in the morning Mr. Jefferson was startled by a violent thumping on his door. When he struggled into consciousness, and realized that he had left no call at the office, he was naturally indignant. But his sleep was spoiled for that morning, so he arose, and soon after appeared before the clerk.

"See here," he demanded of this individual, "why was I called at this unearthly hour?"

"I don't know, sir," answered the clerk. "I'll ask Mike."

The Irishman was accordingly summoned. Said the clerk:

"Mike, there was no call for Mr. Jefferson. Why did you disturb him?"

Taking the clerk by the lapel of the coat, the Hibernian led him to one side and said, in a mysterious whisper: "He were shnorin' loike a horse, sor; and a oi'd heerd the b'ys saying something about how he were once a fatter shlapik for twenty years, so oi says to meself, 'Moike, it's a-cooming onto 'im again, and it's yer juty to get the crayther out o' yer house instantly.'"—*Harper's Magazine*.

AN eminent clergyman sat in his study, busily engaged in preparing his Sunday sermon, when his little boy toddled into the room, and holding up his pinched finger, said, with an expression of suffering, "Look, pa, how I hurt!" The father, interrupted in the middle of a sentence, glanced hastily at him, and with the slightest tone of impatience, said, "I can't help it, sonny." The little fellow's eyes grew bigger, and as he turned to go out, he said in a low voice: "Yes, you could; you might have said 'Oh!'"—*Current Literature*.

A POOR widow, not having bedclothes to shelter her boy from the snow which blew through the cracks of her hovel, used to cover him with boards. "Mother," said the boy, "what do poor folks do this cold weather who have no boards to put upon their children?"—*Current Literature*.



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If not, why not? No other wheels in the world stand so high in the estimation of cyclists, because Waverley are built on honest value lines, and the purchaser receives full value for the investment.

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We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. Being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality.

Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions, the one which is aged must be better.

Try our YORK Cocktail—made without any sweetening—dry and delicious.
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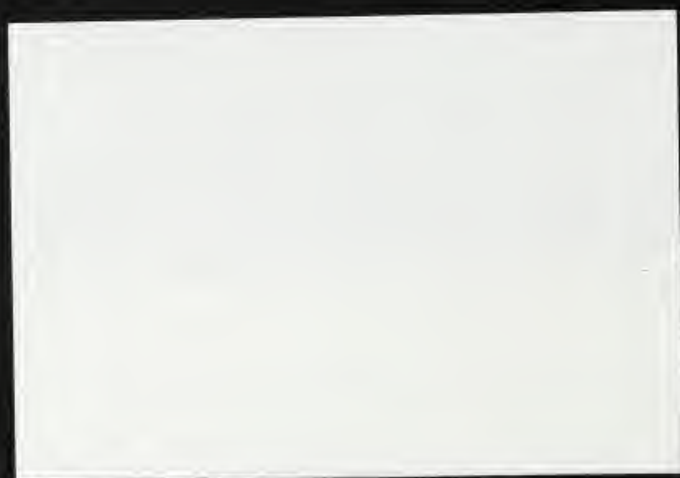
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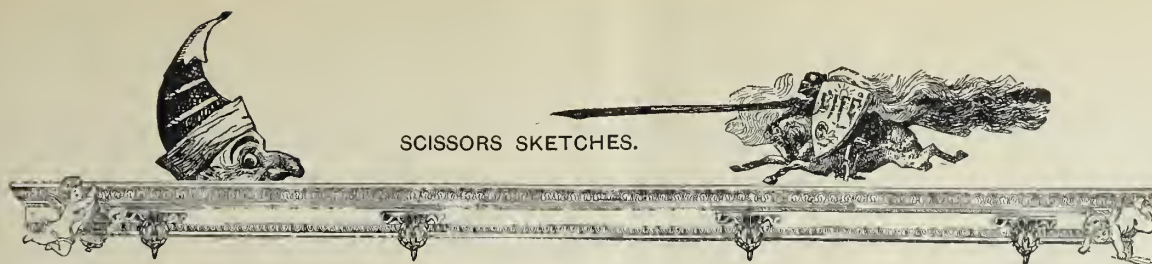
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COMPANY OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. MCCURDY, President

STATEMENT

For the year ending December	
Assets	\$221,000,000
Liabilities	194,000,000
Surplus	\$26,000,000
Total Income	\$48,000,000
Total Paid Policy-holders in 1895	\$28,000,000
Insurance and Annuities in force	\$899,000,000
Net gain in 1895	\$61,000,000

NOTE—Insurance merely written in from this Statement as wholly misle only insurance actually issued and cash is included.

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement and find the same to be correct
CHARLES A. PRELL

From the Surplus a dividend will be as usual

Report of the Examining Company
Office of The Mutual Life Insurance of New York

February

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the 18th day of December, the undersigned were appointed a Committee to examine the annual statement for the year ending December 31, 1895, and to verify the same by comparison with the assets of the Company. The Committee have carefully performed the duty assigned to them, and hereby certify that the statement is in all particulars correct, the assets specified therein are in possession of the Company.

In making this certificate the Committee testify to the high character of the management of the Company and express their appreciation of the order, and accuracy with which the accounts and vouchers have been kept, and business in general transacted.

(SIGNED) H. C. VON POST ROBERT A. GRANNISS
CHAS. R. HENDERSON WM. J. H. J. H.
JAMES C. HOLDEN

ROBERT A. GRANNISS VICE-PRESIDENT

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"NEVER MIND, MY DEAR. I FELT THE SAME WAY WHEN I FIRST REFUSED YOUR FATHER."

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Solid leather Dress Suit Cases, steel frames, best brass lock, 22x24 in., \$5.50. Duck covered, cloth lined Trunks, 2 trays, iron bottom with rollers, best brass excelsior locks, 32 in., \$5.50; 34 in., \$6; 36 in., \$6.50.

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THE FALL OF CORYDON.

IN Arcady, wherever that may be,
 A shepherd sat beneath a spreading tree ;
 A happy youth who dearly loved to dream,
 Down by the shady margin of the stream,
 Of that fair maiden whom he loved the best.
 The thought of her made all his life seem blessed ;
 And when the fit was on him he would play
 Upon his pipes some simple, childish lay,
 And verses make in honor of the maid.
 This was a task that he had oft essayed,
 Nor ever failed ; his voice rose sweet and wild,
 For Corydon was joyous Nature's child.

At last there came into the realm of light,
 I grieve to say, a very wicked sprite,
 Who said to Corydon, " Why spend your days
 In this drear solitude, nor know the ways
 Of those who throng the city and the town—
 'Tis only there that thou canst gain renown.
 Wilt be a child and never be a man ?

Renounce thy pipes and give them back to Pan ;
 The town alone can lasting pleasure give.
 Oh, come with me, I'll teach thee how to live !"

* * * * *

Ah, foolish swain ! can this indeed be thou ?
 I must confess I hardly know thee now,
 With thy new friends—the city's best, they say—
 A "chappie" thou art called. Alack-a-day !
 Such trousers, canes, and coats if one should see
 He'd say with S., " What fools these mortals be !"
 The joys of Nature thou hast left behind ;
 Thy vacant stare reveals an empty mind.
 Thou and thy kind have long abjured love's reign,
 And bags of gold are all ye seek to gain ;
 Live clothes-racks are ye, neither more nor less,
 Both soul and body given up to dress.
 How sad a fall ! Alas, can these be men ?
 Let's have the child of Nature back again.

W. B. A.





"While there is Life there's Hope."

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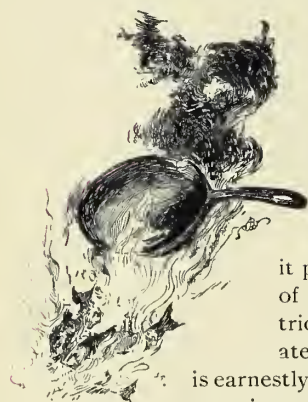
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19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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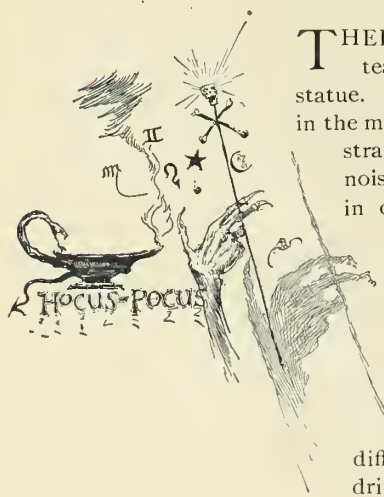


THE Raines Excise Bill has some good features. It would reduce the number of saloons in the State and increase the revenues from the rum business. Those are good ends, and, if the bill provided for the accomplishment of them in a proper way, LIFE would favor it. The objections to the bill are that it proposes to take money from the cities of the State and give it to the rural districts, which is unjust, and that it creates a new political machine. What is earnestly desired in this State is to get the rum question and the rum business out of politics.

The Raines bill has the contrary effect. At this writing, the bill still lacks the Governor's signature. LIFE thinks that he might withhold it. He has a right to demand of his party in the Legislature the best excise bill they can invent, and the best and most public-spirited bill they can devise is the worst one that it will be expedient for him to sign.

* * *

THERE has been a curious tempest-teapot over the Pere Marquette statue. The animus of the A. P. A. in the matter was pretty clearly demonstrated in the action of an Illinois branch of it which protested in convention at Peoria against placing the effigy of a Jesuit priest in the same hall with the statue "of the immortal Lincoln, stricken down by the hand of the Jesuits." The immortal Lincoln had a mind of considerable breadth, and there is no difficulty at all in imagining how driving bigotry of that sort



would have impressed him. The A. P. A. is a funny organization and fervently believes more lies than any known body of its size and importance in the United States. Its uproar over the Marquette statue is an absurd and silly performance without a grain of sense or right reason in it.

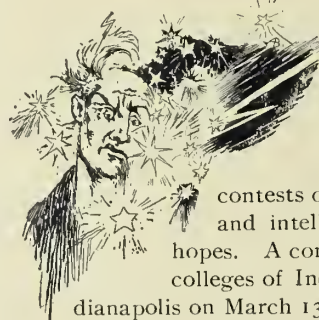
* * *



IT was rumored that Mrs. Maybrick was to be let out of prison, but later advices tend to disappoint that expectation. It seems a pity. For some years a number of people both in England and America have advocated her release, because they have felt sure that she was not guilty of the crime of which she was convicted. That has not yet seemed to English justice a sufficient reason for pardoning her, but it may prevail in time. LIFE has much sympathy with Mrs. Maybrick. While there are so many objects and so many people in the world that suggest criminal and punishable acts that are attractive, and even give promise of being beneficial to the public, it must be superlatively exasperating to be shut up for life for a crime that one did not

commit. The Chief Justice of Great Britain is reported to have expressed his belief that Mrs. Maybrick was wrongfully convicted. The British Home Secretary ought either to turn her loose or give her an opportunity to earn her sentence.

* * *



LIFE learns with sincere grief that the violent and contentious spirit which has played so much mischief with intercollegiate football, begins to affect the intercollegiate oratorical contests of which the friends of peace and intellectuality have had such good hopes. A contest of representatives of the colleges of Indiana, which was held at Indianapolis on March 13th, opened with a free fight between the members of Buffalo University and Earlham College, which had to be forcibly suppressed by the police. The conflict waged so impetuously around the seat occupied by General Benjamin Harrison that he fled headlong from the building and did not return. Football matches were dangerous to the players sometimes, but the spectators at least were safe. LIFE begs to congratulate General Harrison on his fortunate and seasonable escape. Destiny, no doubt, is keeping a watchful eye on him in these days, and may be depended upon to yank him out of dangerous scrapes.

THE ACTRESS.

SHE is young, but she has been young a very long time.

She is blonde, but she hasn't been blonde so very long.

On the stage blonde hair means innocence and virtue; off the stage it doesn't—at least, not always. You feel convinced, however, as she talks to you that she has sacrificed not only her natural hair but also her natural accent simply on account of her dearly loved profession.

She is always rehearsing. Even in her moments of ease she sits in photographic attitudes and she has elocutionary methods of calling for coals.

She has no ineffectual moments, and even when you catch her in dishabille you observe that it has been carefully disarranged.

She is particular to always have a suitable background and harmonious accessories, for she is an artist. One accessory which she keeps well in the background is a husband. She seldom finds him harmonious for longer than a year, however. She renews him constantly.

She says that she considers beauty absolutely essential to dramatic success. After this assertion she looks consciously unconscious and remarks that she supposes she has had her share of success.

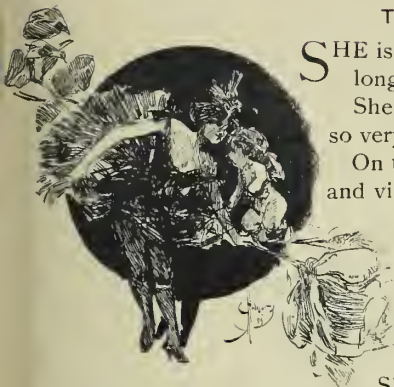
She has repeatedly been told by men of discrimination that she is the ideal *Trilby*, and born to play the parts of *Camille* and *Juliet*.

Her favorite amusements are face-steaming, manicure, and pasting press notices into scrap-books. Although the press has noticed her to the extent of several volumes, one is always more inclined to remember her as the promoter of a certain sleeve-lining and tonic wine than as a great histrionic genius.

Jessie M. Wood.

A GENTLE REMINDER.

THE complaint is made by some of the friends of America in England that American school-books make too much of the wars between the Americans and British, and dwell at such length on the battles of the Revolution and the sea fights of 1812 as to leave the impression upon Young America's mind that "the red-coats" are our natural enemies. Whoever criticises our school histories and compares the accounts of the Revolution in them with the allusions to it in English school-books, should remember that we have only a century or so of republican history, and that the only foreign wars in it on which our writers can dwell with satisfaction happen to be wars with the English. The nineteenth century wars between the English and French alone can give the English school-book writers all the war narrative they have any real need to submit to Young England, but besides those they have the conquest of India, whatever comfort can be got from the Crimean war, and any number of minor scraps with Orientals and savages. We can't spare our English wars from our histories, nor ought we to. The most our duty demands is that the story of them should be set forth with moderation as history, and not as a record of unhealed injuries to form the basis of a grudge.



A NAPHTHA LAUNCH.



WHAT WE MAY EXPECT.

"SAY, DICK, LEND ME THAT FIVE DOLLAR BILL."

"HAVEN'T ANY, OLD MAN."

"YES, YOU HAVE; THIS PHOTOGRAPH I JUST TOOK OF YOU SHOWS ONE IN YOUR LEFT-HAND WAISTCOAT POCKET."

NOT A MATTER OF RAIMENT.

A SHAPELY sylph, he saw her pose,
For an ecstatic whirl,
And murmured, "It is not the clothes
That make the ballet-girl."

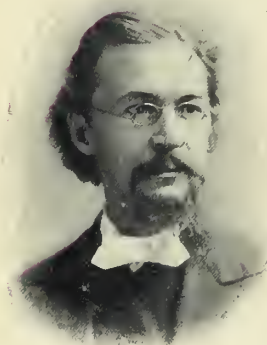


By DAISY.

Daisy will publish horoscopes in this department only in the order received. Remember the conditions. Cut out all the pictures from 4,000 copies of LIFE and forward them to Daisy, together with a photograph of your brain by Roentgen.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
Daisy tells us what we are.

CHARLES H. (P-K-H-R-S-T).



THIS gentleman was born under Virgo, with Cassiopeia's chair on its last legs, the canals on Mars bursting their dams and a wet blanket over Venus. Has rosy cheeks, bleached hair, a receding forehead, and a cork leg. Is very susceptible, easily led, and changes his mind on the least provocation. Has a tendency towards kleptomania, and might appropriate things that do not belong to him. Dangerous in politics. Should avoid places of amusement, such as dance halls, gilded hells, etc. Has a passion for gambling, and may land in jail unless careful. Talks best when alone. Has love of approbation strongly developed, but may be disappointed later in life. Should wear rubber hose, striped pink shirts with white collars and a corrugated iron porous plaster. Will find his most congenial companions among bartenders and reporters. May sign the pledge in '97; do good work as an aeronaut or an Arctic explorer.

* * *

LILLIAN (R-S-L).



THIS lady was born under Saturn in relapse with Sagittarius, all the planets visibly affected, the mountains in the moon toppling over and icebergs forming on Venus. She has a frame structure built on the modern plan, with a thatched roof of burnished gold, a face with features to it, an acquired Hoboken accent and a Broadway-and-Thirty-third-street complexion that is only rivaled by the kalsomined ceiling in the Waldorf dining-room. Has traveled extensively in Jersey City, crossing on the ferry-boat many times. Is precocious, readily noticing any bright object and can repeat the letters of the alphabet. Looks well through a telescope. Is very impatient, and will never become a widow on this account. Will marry in '96, '97, '98, and possibly in '99. Should wear a mask during the day and sleep nine hours a night. Would do good work as a missionary or might join the Salvation Army.

CHARLES A. (D-N-A).



THIS gentleman was born under Libra, with seventeen fresh spots on the sun, comets shedding their tails generally, Leo standing pat on ace high and Grover Cleveland's tintype on the face of the moon. He is short and squat, with a Rutherford B. Hayes' slope to his forehead, a Seawanhaka bang, Pulitzer dimples and Godkin teeth. He has a record for saving several lives from drowning, and a taste for religions, flitting from one to the other with great ease. Also wonderful powers as an entertainer and would make a good vaudeville performer or a living picture. Is noted for his tender, sympathizing nature, which shrinks from giving needless pain to others. Loves his neighbors dearly, and is constantly bestowing on them little evidences of his thoughtfulness. Ought to have some business which will bring him into personal contact with those who love him. Avoid politics and cats. Often disappointed, notably in '76, '80, '84, '88 and '92, also in '96. Would do good work in a graveyard or might succeed as keeper of a sailors' boarding-house.

* * *

ABDUL HAMID (HIGH TURK).

THIS gentleman was born under Sagittarius with that sign in the ascendant, a purple halo around Venus, the dog-star frothing at the mouth and Mars holding up a kicker. He is tall and slender, with Moslem whiskers, a canvas-back complexion and a harem gait. Under the microscope reveals 99.98 per cent. of animal matter and the rest unknown. He is very brave, frequently spending hours in his own company. Is quite versatile; loves at first sight, and has a sense of humor so keen that he has had to stop reading LIFE, but Puck is still open to him. Has a shrinking, feminine nature, faints at the sight of blood, and would do good work as a cable-car gripman. Should cultivate the society of elderly spinsters, take daily exercise on a barbed-wire fence, and wear a suit of asbestos in case of sudden death. Would make a good smoke consumer or a vivisectionist.

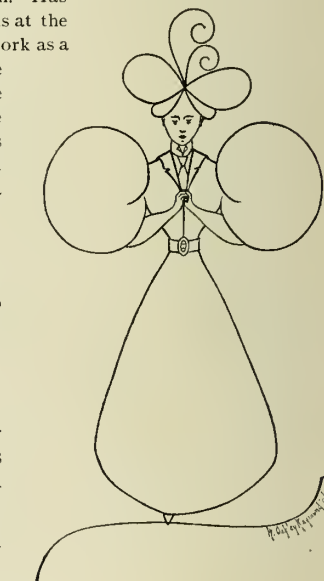
FOR a long distance race,
Nemesis can afford to
give you a big handicap.

KEEPING HIS HAND IN.

"EVER notice how superstitious Hargreaves is? Never passes a post without touching it."

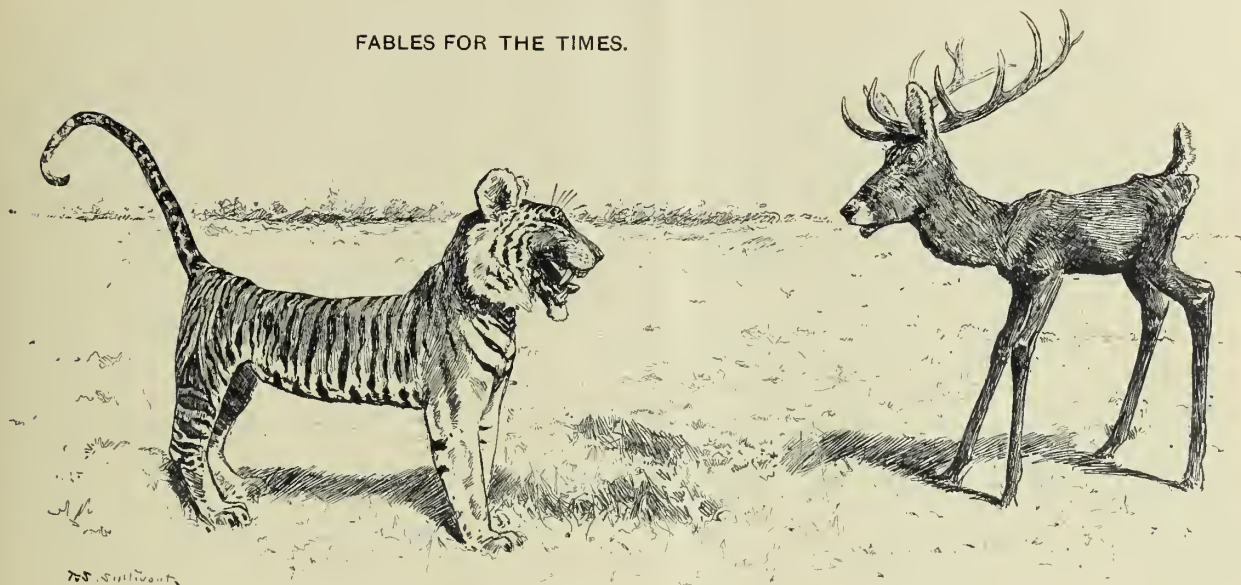
"That isn't superstition; it is just practice."

IF the men who make history were the men who wrote it there would be a great conflict of authorities.



UP the aisle with pious mien,
With measured steps and
look serene—
An every Sunday-morning scene
In Lenten-tide.

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.



THE TIGER AND THE DEER.

ONE day a tiger, who had grown remorseful over his murderous career, resolved to turn over a new leaf and live on terms of friendly interest with the other animals of the forest.

He started out on a campaign of pacification. The first animal he met was the deer, whom he addressed in the most courteous and beautiful of language, assuring him of his undying affection.

"Bunco!" yelled the deer, as he skipped away from there at the rate of ten seconds in even time.

Immoral:

It is useless to attempt to gain the good-will of suspicious characters.

H. W. Phillips.

SNIDE TALKS WITH GIRLS.

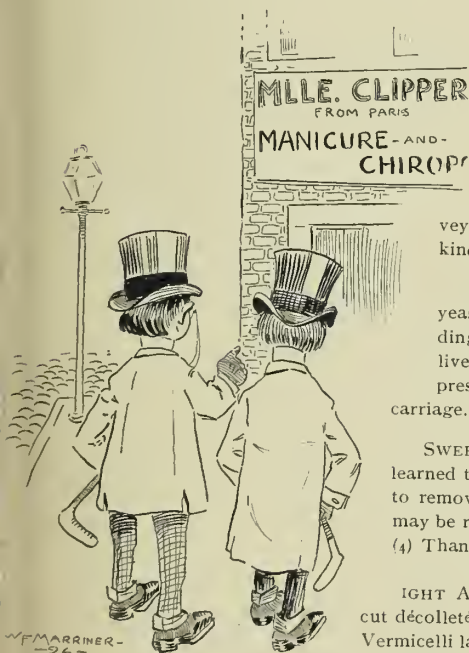
By RUTH MASHMORE.

MISSY J., Cripple Creek.—No woman has a right to believe that any man is in love with her until he wears the necktie she gave him for Christmas. (2) Simply say in writing your note:—"Dear Mr. Jay—Thank you so much for the beautiful ice cream sodas. I shall wear them to the theatre to-night that you may depreciate their loveliness as well as—Yours insanely, Gussie Giles," and mention the hour at which you will not be ready. (3) Grape fruit is eaten with a pitchfork, but bananas are broken with the fingers and the pieces conveyed to the mouth on stilts. (4) It is not in good taste to wear tights to a tea. Thank you for your kind words.

LOVEY DOVEY AND OTHERS.—An inexpensive wedding breakfast would consist of cold-cream, yeast cakes, nut-crackers, vaseline sandwiches, and toothpicks. (2) If it is to be a high-noon wedding, the bridesmaids would wear clothes and carry kodaks. (3) If a servant passes you a dish of live rattlesnakes on toast, help yourself without shaking hands with him. (4) A cute wedding present for a young girl to give her future sister-in-law would be either a house and lot or a baby-carriage.

SWEET STEEN, Hoboken Heights.—A girl of s'teen does not have cards of her own until she has learned to play poker. (2) If one is only taking a cup of tea or a shampoo at a reception, it is not necessary to remove one's shoes and stockings, but if anything is stolen and it is not in Boston, one's eye-glasses may be removed. (3) Foot tubs are no longer used for finger bowls except in Brooklyn and East St. Louis. (4) Thank you, dear, for your kind words about my toeache.

IGHT ARDENT ADMIRERS.—A crocodile crimson skirt would look well with a mock-turtle green waist cut décolleté, with "bouffant" sleeves of cocktail clover yellow and terra-firma red collarette trimmed with Vermicelli lace, but not with a ham-sandwich pink boa. Twenty-five yards would be enough for the sleeves. (2) Announce your engagement by hiring a brass-band and a billboard. (3) No, my dears, London *Punch* is not a "funny" paper. What put that idea into your heads?



"THERE'S A DIVINITY THAT SHAPES OUR ENDS."



Tom H. Wallington

"HIS CHILDREN ARE THE LIVING IMAGE OF HIM."



CHICAGO AS A LITERARY STORM CENTER.

A LITTLE book, with a fetching paper cover by Bradley, a mystic title-page that suggests a Vedder angel in a blizzard, and a very modern type-page on equally modern saffron-hued deckle-edged paper—these are the material equipments of Percival Pollard's novel of Chicago as a literary storm center. The only part of the equipment overlooked was a mechanical proof-reader who could catch ordinary typographical errors and spell words of more than two syllables. The book is entitled "Cape of Storms."

Percival Pollard is a young man who has learned how to write in good, swift, flexible phrases. He got his training on a weekly paper with a small page, and there is nothing like it to teach the art of compression. As a result you are never left in doubt about the author's intention in a single chapter. He knows what he is driving at from the first, and expresses it with skill. His men and women are real, and always act in character.

The plot suggests what is called 'a nice moral problem'—Can a man who has led an exceedingly rapid life forgive the sweetheart of his youth who has made one impulsive mistake for which she has had years of remorse? Mr. Pollard thinks he can, and he shows the reader that they live happily for-

ever after. But in our opinion *Dorothy* should watch *Dick* pretty closely. We suspect that the rural quiet of Lincolnville will pall on him bye-and-bye, and he'll slip off to Chicago for a little fling with the boys. A fellow of *Dick's* temperament believes he has remorse and repentance when it is only restlessness soothed by a radical change in his surroundings. Lots of men think that they have reformed their souls when they have only changed their environment.

The real trouble with *Dick* was not his love affair but the people he met in Chicago's literary storm center. Under thinly disguised names he makes it very evident that to hear Hamlin Garland discuss realism and moral purpose in fiction will drive any sensitive soul to Europe for a career of crime. Moreover, *Dick* could not weather the Chicago storm center when Mr. Hobart Chatfield-Taylor's novels blew into it.

Altogether the hero is shown as an object of sympathy rather than of reprobation. The game wasn't worth the candle. Lincolnville without high art is infinitely preferable to Chicago with Garland and Chatfield-Taylor setting the literary pace.

* * *

THE stories that Anthony Hope has gathered in the volume called "Comedies of Courtship" (Scribners) exhibit him at his best in what may be called his Dolly Dialogue manner, as distinguished from the romantic-adventuresome style of his *Zenda* stories.

If there is any better fun in current stories than the literary lawn-tennis in which his clever young men and women engage, it is difficult to name it. They pound the dialogue back and forth over the net with entrancing skill, and the women score as often as the men—which is unusual.

The best story in the collection is probably "The Lady of the Pool"—a most amusing novelette of more than one hundred pages. Mr. Hope has the art of making a telling character with a few strokes, like old *Lord Thrapston* in this story, who could walk out of the book onto the stage and make a great hit.

Droch.

HE WAS STILL A FRIEND.

JIMMY MOOGAN, who had just been appointed on the police force, was coming down the street in all the glory of his new uniform, when he caught sight of his old crony, Mike O'Brien, who had a most glorious jag on, and proceeded to run him in. Mike resisted and was clubbed.

"Ah, Jimmy, Jimmy and is this the way you trate an old frind?"

"It's not because I hate you that I bate you," said Jimmy swelling up, "it's because I have the author-r-r-ity!"





LENT.

NOW, is it contrition,
Without intermission,
That keeps her devoted head
bent ?

Or is it confession
Of wicked transgression ?
Oh, no! 'tis the advent of Lent
For feeling compunction
Is Fashion's pet "function,"

At about this same time every
year ;
The time for reflection—
And for the collection
Of Easter gowns soon to ap-
pear!

George Hyde.







"The size of the hat a woman wears on her head in the theatre is in inverse proportion to her breeding."

THE RECENT REVIVAL.

NEW YORK has been having a perfect carnival of the sort of acting which has for a long time been confined to what is variously termed "the road" and "the provinces."

This treat is doubtless due to the fact that New York has shown signs of being tired of the sex drama and the second-class burlesque which local managers have imported from London with a generosity approaching to extravagance.

Shakespeare has at last had a chance to show his head in New York. The present one has developed into a cold winter and the frost has struck deep into the imported drama. Therefore, poor William, who has become acclimated in America outside of New York, has dared to face the frost, the nipping frost, which his erstwhile successful rivals could not endure.

The crimes which are perpetrated in the name of Shakespeare are many, and the recent crop of classical performances reminds one of the epidemic of murder which periodically sweeps over Long Island or New Jersey. The ex-Rev. George C. Miln, Miss Marlowe-Taber, Mrs. Potter-Bellew and their abettors are not liable to the criminal law, but their many crimes against the living person of William Shakespeare are not to be condoned simply because New York is so sick of London idiocy that it welcomes anything that savors of wholesomeness—even murder conceived in a spirit of honest resentment.

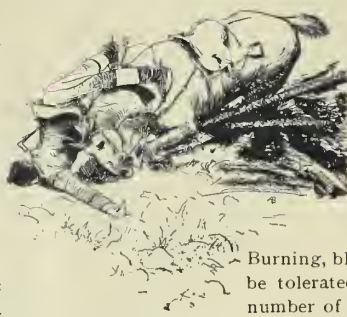
The good player-folk whom we have mentioned know that there exists in America Matthew Arnold's "saving remnant" of people who will go to see the abandoned drama if it is performed even only decently. To the shame of New York it is true that away from this town the old plays had a better constituency than here—until lately. The only thing that kept the plays on the boards was this outside support. A reaction has come, and these actors who have practically been exiled from New York hasten to take advantage of it. They have come, and New York has had a carnival of the sort of acting which gains patronage from only provincial audiences.

LIFE does not cavil at the crudeness of these recent presentations. It is glad that they were possible. They may perhaps inspire a critical thirst for something more finished. They show that somewhere, somehow, the old spirit of the stage still lives and that neither fashion

nor morbidness can kill it. The fact that classic plays, produced only as dramatic ventures, can yet secure a hearing in New York gives heart to those who hope to found in the American metropolis a secure home for all that is best in the stage art of the English-speaking people.

Metcalf.

HOPE FOR HORSES.



THERE seems to be a tendency among certain young gentlemen of education to become veterinaries.

It is a cheering sign. Good citizens have long regretted that this honorable profession should have sunk so low.

The first duty of the reformer is to abolish existing methods.

Burning, blistering and blue pills should not be tolerated in any civilized stable. The number of valuable horses sacrificed annually to these time-honored blunders is appalling.

But what school of medicine are these students to enter? No self-respecting professor of the old régime would consent to instruct a pure young man in the follies of homœopathy, and yet the pure young man can hardly afford to ignore a system almost universally adopted by owners of valuable cattle.

When a good horse can be saved the owner is not punctilious as to what system achieves it, and he seems to have discovered that apostles of diminutive doses obtain astonishing victories in the animal kingdom.

The recent case in this city of a homœopathic physician who took an interest in a friend's horse and straightened out a pair of sprung knees by the scientific application of little white pellets opens a whole vista of delightful probabilities.

LIFE is no partisan in matters of science, but he does love a good animal, and if there is to be enlightenment and progress for the rest of the world let the horse have a show. Thus far he has been, and in the majority of cases still is, the victim of the most incredible stupidity and ignorance.



A PROSPECTIVE FEAST.

"HAROLD, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, WHAT ARE YOU DOIN'?"

"I'M A TANTALIZIN' HIM WID ME LEGS—HE TAKES 'EM FOR BONES."

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

IT was during that sacred hour between daylight and dusk, when the boy loves to come to his mother's knee and whisper those sweet confidences that exist only between mother and son. The room itself had not been lighted, and yet in the dim atmosphere the richness of the furnishings, the luxurious tone, the costly pictures and drapings could plainly be felt.

"Mother," said the youth, his thin, careworn face indicating that the canker of some hitherto concealed trouble was consuming him.

"Mother, the son of the butcher who lives two blocks away wanted to fight me to-day, but I did not dare risk your displeasure, although I am sure," he added with a smile, "that I could have licked him."

"You were right, dear," his mother replied. "You do well to turn your back on the vulgar."



Wm. H. Walker '95

"JAMES, PUT SOME FAT WITH MRS. LONGJOHN'S RIBS."

"Some boys in the next ward wanted me to play with them. Was I right in refusing?" he asked.

"Entirely so, my son," replied his parent. "It'll become one of your position to mingle with the base herd."

"The circus is coming next week," said the boy, his voice turgid with melancholy. "It would not be advisable, would it, mamma dear, for me to go with some other boys and get fifty-cent seats and eat peanuts and shout?"

"Most assuredly not," was the reply. "A box will be engaged, and I will have your tutor accompany you and instruct you about the proper and formal way to applaud."

There was a brief pause, and then the boy said:

"Mother, papa is a very rich man, isn't he?"

"Yes, dear."

"Isn't he a millionaire, mother?"

"Yes, my son."

A faint and sickly smile illuminated the face of the youthful questioner, while a ray of that sublime hope that sometimes comes into the hearts of the wealthiest ones shone in his pale blue eyes.

"Do you know, mother," he said, a vision of freedom, where all things are level, coming to him suddenly, "do you know I sometimes wish that papa would lose every d—d cent he had."

Allison Fox.

MR. GEORGE GOULD is very anxious to live in New York, but feels that he cannot afford to pay the taxes on the \$10,000,000 worth of property that he is supposed to hold in this city. Why not pass around the hat and chip in for George? It is a great pity to allow a few paltry thousands to stand between us and such a generous and public-spirited citizen.

FIRST EDITOR: I hear the new book reviewer has been bounced.

SECOND EDITOR: He was discovered cutting the leaves of some of the best books.



A FRIEZE OUT.



JUDGE GARY has a dry wit with him that is occasionally the cause of his grim court-room being pervaded by a very audible tittering.

The other day one of the attorneys was airing his indignation. He had been robbed. Yes, sir, robbed. It was shameful the way things went right there under the eyes of the law.

Finally Judge Gary noticed the fuming and fretting one.

"What's the matter now?" he asked.

"Matter? It's a confounded outrage. Had my overcoat stolen right from this room."

The judge smiled a little.

"Overcoat, eh?" he said. "Pah, that's nothing! Whole suits are lost here every day."—*Green Bag*.

OUR train had pulled in on a siding to wait for a wreck on the road to be cleared away, and a number of men got down from the coaches and walked up and down the long platform attached to the freight shed. Opposite this shed, on the other side of the highway, was a dense wood. We had been idling round for a quarter of an hour when suddenly some one discovered that a beer bottle was swinging to a limb. He out with his gun and began blazing away at it, and his example was followed by every other man in the crowd who was "heeled." We had fired fifty bullets at the bottle, and it was still untouched, when there was a yell from the bushes and a native came crawling out on hands and knees to exclaim:

"What have I done that you all want to kill me?"

"Good gracious, man, were you in there?" shouted one of the crowd.

"Right in thar, stranger, and seemed to me the wah had come back. I didn't git hit, but you've done killed my mule, I reckon."

We ran over with him, and sure enough there was his mule down on its back and kicking its last, with four or five bullets in him.

"Yo' dun didn't mean to, o' co'se," said the owner, "but this ar' mawl was all I had. I don't say he was wuth what a prime mawl orter fetch, but I could have sold him fur \$50."

He was informed that we would make up a purse to pay the damages, and we chipped in and made it \$65. He took the money and disappeared soon after, and had a long start when a second native appeared and asked:

"Bin any shootin' yere?"

"Yes."

"Shute at that ar' bottle?"

"Yes."

"Kill a mawl?"

"Yes."

"Pay fur him?"

"Yes; do you know anything about it?"

"No, not much. I sold the animal to Bill Wheezen 'bout an hour ago for \$10, and I sorter reckoned he wanted him to play the old dodge with. How much did you raise?"

"Sixty-five dollars."



CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK.

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MR. LINCOLN never told a story except for a purpose. I remember one that he told in my presence. A certain Judge Krum, a lawyer, had been complaining of the treatment he had received from a local judge. He swore he meant to carry his case to the Supreme Court and humiliate the upstart judge who had decided against him. Mr. Lincoln spoke in his quiet, dry way:

"That makes me think of a story. There was a certain man who dreamed that a treasure was buried, and that to find it he had to dig in a certain spot. His labors were to be crowned with success only on condition that he keep silent while he was digging. He began to dig. A terrific battle was waged near him. A naval encounter was fought near by. Innumerable people tried to engage him in conversation. Still he kept silent. A great giant passed, walking very rapidly. The digger did not even turn his head. After a while a dwarf came prancing along, walking as if he were nine feet high.

"Say," he said to the digger, 'did a giant pass here?'

"The digger did not answer. The dwarf repeated his inquiry. No answer.

"Can't you answer a civil question?" asked the dwarf. No answer.

"Oh, well," said the dwarf, 'I'll just walk along and overtake him.'

"Then the digger broke his silence.

"The h—l you will!" he said."—*Washington Post.*

STEVENSON told a story about his friend Joe Blackburn that is said to have nettled the Senator because it came too near to the facts for mutual enjoyment. In early manhood, it is said, the Senator was not conspicuously retiring or reticent to such a degree that it required more than one yoke of oxen to draw from him an opinion upon any public question at any time whatsoever. Mr. Stevenson said that once when a celebrated desperado was to be publicly executed in Kentucky, Joe Blackburn, then a rising politician, chanced to be among the spectators. Before the sheriff adjusted the noose to the neck of the condemned man he tendered him the customary privilege of making any dying observations he

might desire to for the benefit of his hearers.

"I don't think I've got any remarks that"—the man began to say, when he was cut short by a loud, cheerful voice, shouting:

"Say, Bill, if you hain't got anything special to talk about, I wish you would give me about fifteen minutes of your time just to let me say to these good people that I am a candidate for their suffrages and to show some reasons why—"

"Hold on," said the desperado. "Sheriff, who is that man?"

"That's Blackburn."

"What Blackburn? Joe Blackburn?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. Give him my time. Give him all of it. But go ahead and hang me first and make Blackburn talk afterward."—*New York Herald.*

YEARS ago the courts in Western New York found it a matter of great difficulty to collect juries for the trial of cases. Not many of the men of the region took enough interest in the carrying on of courts of justice to be willing to leave their daily work to answer even an imperative summons to the jury-box.

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One morning, however, when the judge's patience had entirely departed, the sheriff came bursting into the court-room, his face flushed with the excitement of victory.

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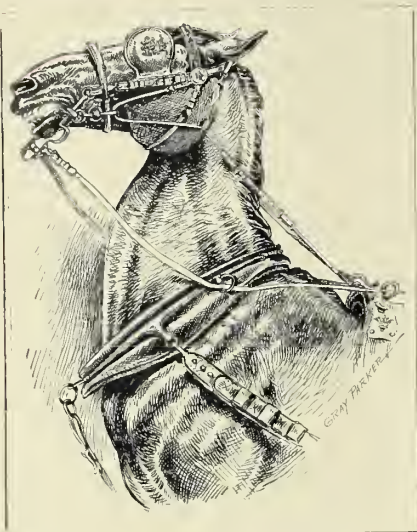
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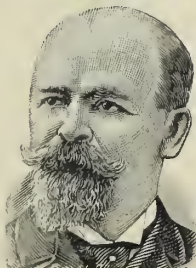
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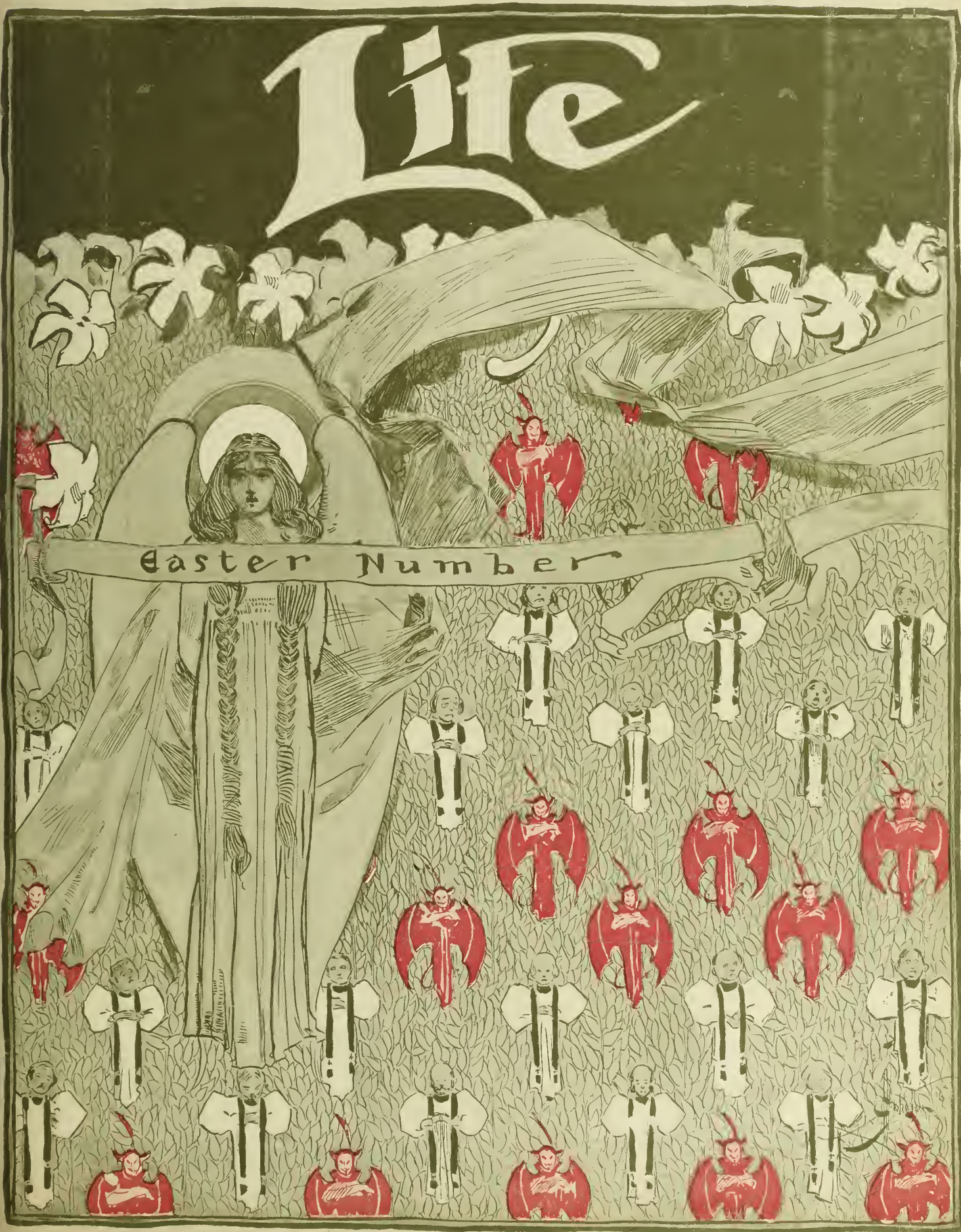
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article that every lady should have in the house. Ask your dealer for BROWN'S and take no other.



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will never be caught napping the second time. It's trifling with one's health. Not so with the genuine. However, use care in buying. See that the word *Rye*, in large red letters, is on the label, and our firm name is on case, cork, capsule and label.

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"Taken From the Enemy."

The following is a translation of part of a speech delivered in Switzerland, November, 1876, by M. Edw. Favre-Perret, the chief Commissioner in the Swiss department and member of the International Jury on watch at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, and is worthy the attention of every good American.

"Gentlemen, here is what I have seen. I asked from the manager of the Waltham Company a watch of a certain quality. He opened before me a big chest. I picked out a watch at random, and fixed it to my chain. The manager asked me to leave the watch with them for three or four days, that they might regulate it. 'On the contrary,' I said to him, 'I want to keep it just as it is to get an exact idea of your workmanship.' On arriving at Locle I showed this watch to one of our first adjusters, . . . who took it apart. At the end of several days he came to me and said, literally: 'I am astonished; the result is incredible. You do not find a watch to compare with that in 50,000 of our make.' This watch, I repeat to you, gentlemen, I myself took offhand from a large number, as I have said. One can understand by this example how it is that an American watch should be preferred to a Swiss watch."

The movement M. Edw. Favre Perret picked out at random was a "RIVERSIDE," and all that he said it then, and a good deal more, is true to-day.

Do not be misled or persuaded into paying more for a Swiss watch which is not so good as a WALTHAM. Be sure that the name "Riverside" is engraved on the plate.

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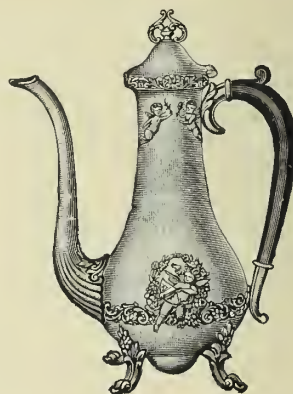
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VOLUME XXVII.

•LIFE•

NUMBER 692.



AFTER THE BATTLE.

He: WELL, I KNOW ONE GIRL THAT IS WILLING TO MARRY ME.
"WHY, YOU'D MAKE A GOOD DETECTIVE!"

AN INVESTIGATION NEEDED.

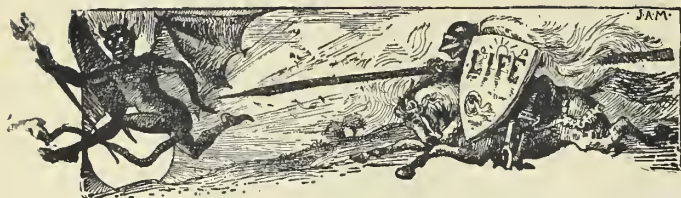
SNODGRASS: In me, sir, there is a man of genius—
unrecognized, perhaps, but still a man of undoubted
genius.

SKIDMORE: Then hold still while I turn a cathode
ray on you and see whom you have swallowed.

THE FOOLISH ONE.

THE WIDOW: Yes, poor John left some insurance.
HE: Enough to cover the loss?

IT is a great pity that all worthless people are not
also lazy.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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At a recent "College Day" celebration at the Woman's College in Baltimore, President Eliot, of Harvard, made an address in which he enumerated and discussed some of the positive satisfactions which the average man may reasonably expect to enjoy in this world. He took note of the legitimate pleasures of eating and drinking, of the pleasures of the eye and the ear, of the delights of natural history and out-door life, of the domestic affections, of physical exertion, including brain-work; of intercourse with good minds, especially through books; of social relations, and of the possession of a good name. Finally he spoke of the importance of making a judicious selection of beliefs. Everybody, he said, holds numerous beliefs on subjects outside the realm of knowledge, and, moreover, everybody has to act on these beliefs from hour to hour. He thought that a certain deliberation in accepting new beliefs is conducive to happiness, and that cheerful beliefs were preferable, especially if they concerned the unknown world.



THESE are wise thoughts and worthy of consideration, especially at Easter, when people's minds dwell rather more than at most times on matters of faith. Of course one does not always believe just what he chooses. He believes often what he must, or what he can, or what, in the particular stage of obscurity or enlightenment in which he finds himself, seems most reasonable and likely. Still he does make a choice. He can say to a great extent on what considerations or probabilities he shall permit his mind to dwell, and upon what lines of speculation he shall endeavor to inform

himself. He may find himself at one period of life at sea upon various points, and at a riper age he may discover that without any very noticeable wrestling of the spirit he has come to have opinions on these subjects which, if not dogmatic, are at least distinct and tangible enough for him to recognize and work with.



THE belief which is especially seasonable at Easter is that which affirms the soul's immortality. LIFE would not wish to crowd it on any one's acceptance, but as a journal largely concerned with the lawful pleasures of existence it may properly enough point out that it is a cheerful belief, and fit, with due deliberation, to be adopted. It is an encouragement to those persons who, through virtue and good luck, find existence pleasant, and a solace to those who don't. It is an equalizing, tranquilizing belief. It tends to restrain us somewhat from too impetuous an eagerness to leave all our fun immediately for fear we shall get no other chance, and it is a good belief to fall back upon when we feel we have misused our opportunities and forfeited our share in the substantial satisfactions of Easter.

Discipline is ungrateful to the human spirit unless it can discern some chance of its producing happiness, but one may take his punishment more manfully and with a profounder patience if he can believe that after the nonsense is finally thrashed out of him, even though that takes a lifetime, there will still be a chance to take comfort in his regenerate condition.



OF course there are difficulties about the notion of immortality. It cannot be proved. Some of us may say it is matter of record, but the record is as much open to the doubts of the doubtful as the theories it substantiates. There is at least this to be said in support of it, that though it transcends our experience, and for that reason seems marvelous and somewhat incredible, we cannot say that it is theoretically more marvelous or more incredible than this earthly life and our experience of it, which we believe in because it is before our eyes. Out of nothing we came into life here. Out of nothing we may progress into life elsewhere.

It is a cheerful subject, a cheerful belief, brethren. Let us take all the comfort in it we can. The Easter bonnets and flowers and the Easter eggs are good in themselves, but they are better still if they can give our thought a useful impulse. Try to be good eggs, dears, so that when the good Lord cracks your shell he may not be tempted to throw you away.

MARCH



ABYSSINIA DOES
FOR CRISPI.
== " ==



== A SPLIT ==



== MUST SMASH
SOMEBODY! ==



COLD
FACTS



CENSURE OF
BAYARD -



CANT YOU GIVE
US A FEW FACTS?

== TAKE CARE! BEWARE! ==

== OUTRAGEOUS VIOLATION OF
SENATORIAL COURTESY - ==

== THE FAT'S IN THE FIRE! ==



AN EASTER MORNING SURPRISE.

"WELL, BY GUM! I'D LIKE TO SEE THE RABBIT THAT LAID THAT EGG!!"

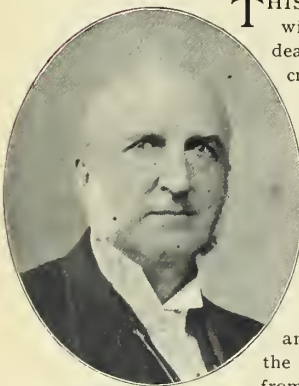


By DAISY.

Daisy will publish horoscopes in this department only in the order received. Remember the conditions. Cut out all the pictures from 4,000 copies of LIFE and forward them to Daisy, together with a photograph of your brain by Roentgen.

Twinkle twinkle, little star;
Daisy tells us what we are.

CHAUNCEY (D-P-W).



THIS gentleman was born under Pisces, in trine with Aquarius, in total collapse with Cancer, a deathly pallor on the face of the moon, the lines crossed on Libra and the rest of the planets arrayed in iron ear muffs. He is short and singularly beautiful, with long primer features, a bourgeois expression, Roman nose and an italic brain. He is the proud possessor of a tender, loving nature, is likely to be misunderstood, and is revered by all who do not know him. Has little imagination, but an unusual memory, which serves the same purpose. He shrinks from publicity, and his whole life

is spent in constant fear that he will get his name in the newspapers. He has a happy faculty of always saying the wrong thing at the wrong time, has a natural inborn love for antiquities, and would do good work in the Smithsonian Institute. Will find his most agreeable companions among the deaf and dumb. Should stay 'in a' night beware of traveling on railroads and avoid food. Will succeed best as a coachman or waiter in the Waldorf.



ORIGIN OF THE GOTHIC ARCH.

LITTLE WILLIE (IMPERIAL GERMAN).



THIS young man was born under a hopeless Mars, with the band on Jupiter playing a funeral march, the sun frozen, twenty-one blizzards on Mercury, and the rest of the planets groveling in the dust. Although but three weeks old, he weighs eighteen pounds, has three teeth and feeds himself. Has a very powerful imagination, enabling him even to conceive of others, and in a short time will become the possessor of great wealth, owning heaven and earth, the dry land and waters therein, all of the stars, with a guaranteed first mortgage on upper Hades. He is the possessor of a McKinley modesty, treating kings and queens with the same deference that he accords to all, and would do good work as a railroad ticket agent or a society reporter. Should avoid people, wear Uitlander pajamas, a steel gag and sleep in a balloon. Succeed as a supreme being.

VICTORIA (W-T-T-N).



THIS lady was born under Leo, with that sign in the ascendant, Gemini and Pisces tied for second place, fourteen alarms of fire on Aquarius, and the standing army of Mars drinking chloroform out of tin buckets. She is tall and swanlike, wears a Hohenzollern bang, has a reversible profile that looks well either way, and is out of sight in a London fog. She is very intelligent, speaking words of two syllables with great ease, and is noted for her great generosity, spending money like water in the desert of Sahara. Is likely to meet with injury if traveling in

cabs, and should seek the seclusion afforded by the tops of omnibuses when out-o'-doors. Is deficient in manner, and would do well to read books of etiquette and should use a ready letter writer when corresponding. Should seek the society of adults, ride a Gladstone wheel and wear Venezuelan bloomers. Will succeed best as a houseworker, or might take in washing by the week.

KEEPING THEM OFF.

"I SHOULD think the tourists coming to this place would destroy this lovely park of yours," said the Northerner to the Floridian. "Well, they used to pick the oleanders and steal my cocoanuts, but I put up that sign over there and since that time they've respected my rights."

The Northerner walked over to the sign and read as follows:

PLEASE DO NOT
IRRITATE
THE RATTLESNAKES.

THE new woman doesn't want to forget that the apparel oft proclaims the man.



WHY HE TARRIED.

"WELL, I'LL HAVE TO TELL YOU GOOD-BYE."

"OH, NOT NOW, GEORGE. MOTHER SAYS WE MUSTN'T MAKE ANY NOISE UNTIL FATHER GETS TO SLEEP."



ON APRIL FIRST.

DID he kick me? Well—I rather think
His language rather indicated that
He'd quite forgotten this old trick
Of a brick inside a hat.
And do I smile? Well, just because
I take it as a sign
That other hats along the street
Contain less brains than mine.



ON SOLEMNITY THAT THINKS ITSELF SERIOUSNESS.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD, Jr., in a little volume of thoughtful and well-expressed essays which he calls "Types of American Character" (Macmillan), has with considerable solemnity expressed his views on the American man of letters. Among many statements that we are inclined to believe measurably true, he asserts that "we are too serious; we take ourselves too seriously, our vices and our virtues too seriously, life too seriously." This assertion has a plausible sound but it does not seem to accord with the



"FROM THIS TIME ON I SHALL BELIEVE IN GHOSTS."

"WHY SO?"

"YOU KNOW THAT 'WIDOWER' WHO HAS BEEN DEVOTING HIMSELF TO ME ALL THE EVENING?
WELL, HIS DEAD WIFE APPEARED JUST NOW AND TOOK HIM HOME."

THE ARTIFICIAL MAN AND THE SAVAGE.

*A Story with a Moral.*

"NOW, WAIT TILL YOU SEE ME SCARE THIS SAVAGE."

facts of life in the great republic as they appear from day to day. It is neither true of the American man of letters nor of affairs. There is a great difference between solemnity (which is often the mask of ignorance) and seriousness. Wit, humor, and vivacity often go hand in hand with the greatest seriousness; indeed they are frequently its most efficient handmaidens. For what Mr.

Bradford means by his assertion is not gravity of manner but gravity of purpose. Now there are no weapons that can be more skillfully used to advance a serious purpose than wit and humor.

* * *

SO far do we believe Mr. Bradford's statement to be from the facts, that we fear a trained observer would rather say that the national shortcoming at the present day is a lack of seriousness as to our vices, our virtues, and life in general. Newspapers play with the most weighty responsibilities, legislators and rulers are a national jest, college men are afraid to be thought studious, and great corporations hoodwink their constituents and deceive the Government. There is little hypocrisy in all these things; the attitude is rather the cynical one of "What are you going to do about it?" To put it in the vernacular—this is a great big game and we are in it to win.



BUT THE SAVAGE DOESN'T SCARE.

The American man of letters too often is simply a reflection of this attitude. He adapts himself to the fad of the hour, and changes his style as he would his coat. If short stories are the thing that pays, he turns them out in quantity; if the people are crying for gore in their novels, he lets loose the dogs of war; if they want advanced women, he shortens their dresses and gives them cigarettes, and if socialism is the prevailing amusement he produces dilutions of Karl Marx. These things are done with a certain solemnity and moving of ponderous machinery that we fear Mr. Bradford has mistaken for seriousness of purpose. An elaborate exposition by an author of the theory on which he has constructed a worthless novel is not proof of a serious purpose. That sort of "purpose" in fiction is the most useless kind. What is needed is that kind of seriousness that believes in taking infinite pains; that the only excuse for devoting oneself to an art is that every piece of work shall be as good as the artist can make it. And there is the further obligation on the artist that his latest bit of work shall be better than all his previous efforts.

A little more of that kind of seriousness, mingled with a sense of humor, will help the American man of letters to avoid the pitfalls that Mr. Bradford thinks he has digged for himself. *Droch.*

A STANDING INVITATION: One to a reception.



ALL THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.

SHE: I wish some photographs taken.

PHOTOGRAPHER: Yes, madame, with or without?

"With or without what?"

"The bones."

FIRST WHEELMAN: Well, this road is clean enough.

SECOND WHEELMAN: It ought to be; I went over it yesterday.

LOVING your neighbor as yourself is sometimes a pleasant thing—if you don't get caught.



HE SEES ANOTHER IMPERFECTION

THE EASTER BONNET.

A LITTLE bit of ribbon, lace,	So small, yet when I get the
A tiny singing-bird;	bill
Some ornaments that gleam	And gaze on the amount,
apace	I feel the while I have a chill:
Whenever it is stirred.	It's little things that count.

PASS ALONG YOUR PETS.

THOSE of our readers who happen to own a horse that has grown old in their service and feel that some reward is due him, might hand him over to the vivisectioners.

We have it on good authority that students perform sixty operations on a live horse before death overtakes him.

THE man with the clear conscience feels almost as comfortable as if he had no conscience at all.

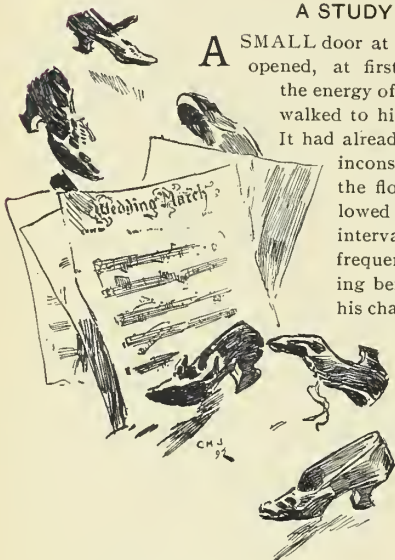


THE LATEST THING OUT IN SPRING BONNETS.



AND WANTS IT

A STUDY IN NERVES.



A SMALL door at the right of the pulpit opened, at first tentatively, then with the energy of a nervous crisis, and he walked to his place before the altar. It had already been indicated by an inconspicuous chalk mark on the floor. His best man followed a little behind him at an interval which had required frequent rehearsing the evening before. He did not catch his chalk mark for an instant, and overstepped it, but he retreated cautiously, still facing the enemy, and carefully covered it with his left foot.

People had been pouring into the church for the last half hour, and the lot of the immaculate

ushers had become a less and less happy one as the throng at the door increased. It soon became absolutely impossible for any of them to find a moment to consult their lists. The bride's mother had made them up, after the presents had finally stopped coming, and it caused her the keenest disappointment, as she came down the aisle at the end of the ceremony, to see with what democratic disregard "silver" guests had been escorted to "miscellaneous" pews, while horror as at a sacrilege came over her as she beheld with what frequency the opposite mistake had been made.

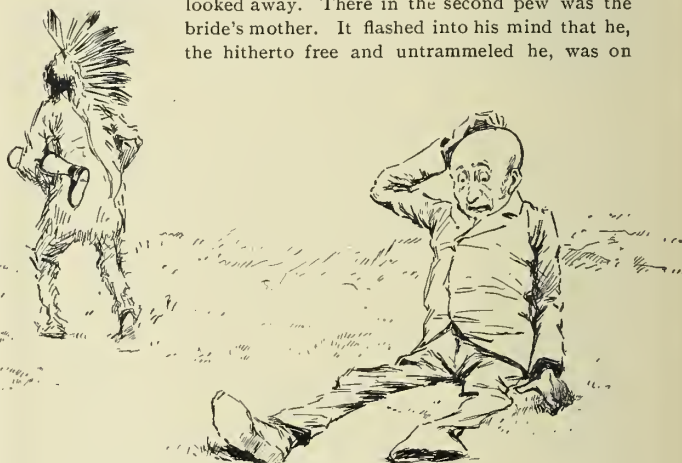
At last all those who had been invited had been given the front seats on the aisle which they required, and those who had simply come had found their way to the crowded galleries. There was a slight flutter in the audience when the bride's mother and her two married sisters were escorted to their seats on the opposite

side of the aisle from that set apart for the bridegroom's family, in the suggestively antagonistic manner which is customary when two houses are about to be united.

From his chalk mark by the altar he gazed rather unintelligently at the blur of faces turned towards him. Why should they all be staring at him? Was his cravat slipping up over his collar? He remembered distinctly that everything was fast when he had taken his last look at himself as an unmarried man. Why should the blamed thing fail him now? Only a hoarse but reassuring "You're all right, old man!" brought his wandering hand back to his side again. But why didn't the music begin?

The vast aggregated stare of the throng in front of him gradually resolved itself into its elements. It struck him that everyone seemed remarkably solemn, as if it were an occasion for sadness rather than for smiles. Why couldn't they look pleasant about it? Then it occurred to him that he felt solemn himself, and the cheerful and sympathetic grin on the face of one of his still-bachelor classmates, whom he had suddenly discovered, seemed decidedly out of place and frivolous.

But none the less something seemed required of him. Should he grin back, or should he merely wink in acknowledgment? The rehearsal had not prepared him for this emergency. He shirked the responsibility of deciding and looked away. There in the second pew was the bride's mother. It flashed into his mind that he, the hitherto free and untrammelled he, was on



AND GETS IT.





THE LATEST STYLES.



DRAWN FROM THE NUDE.

the point of acquiring a mother-in-law. He remembered that the papers which he had read coming up on the train had seemed unusually full of the usual alleged jokes at the expense of that unfortunate woman. They had not made him laugh then and they did not now as they came leaping up like imps out of the memory of his inner consciousness, for he was too earnest in his belief that his mother-in-law to-be was no joke, but a proposition.

Why didn't the music begin? Why didn't they open those doors? Had anything gone wrong? Had anyone arrived at the last moment to announce some good cause why they two should not be joined together in holy

wedlock? No, thank heaven, he could face the world on that score. None the less, he felt that it must be fearfully late. Yet he had been told that everything was all ready and that it was time for him to take his place on his chalk mark. What were they waiting for? Had he not waited long enough already? He had known her from early girlhood, and he knew now that this had not made the winning her any easier for him. At first she had been too busy to think of a lover at all. Then her most intimate friend became engaged, and he took shape as an idea, gradually developing into a perfect though shadowy creature, as indefinite as her own future, so that she had been slow to realize that he was already present by her side in all his imperfections of the flesh.

But he had won her, so why didn't the music begin? If he could only look at his watch and see what time it really was it would relieve his mind. He remembered that he had never seen it done, and kept his hands fast at the seams of his trousers, out of temptation.

Suddenly the doors were pushed back and the bridal party appeared in the opening. Behind the double file of sombre-hued ushers his eye caught a bit of color from the dress of one of the bridesmaids, and then rested for a moment upon a little cloud of pure swanlike white. Thank heaven, there she was. And

as she was there why didn't the music begin? The tallest usher changed his position and the little white cloud disappeared behind his broad black shoulder. Confound him, why couldn't he stand still, when that was the first glimpse he had had of her for goodness only knew how long!

There they all stood in the doorway, his seven best friends and the Girl's Usher. He supposed there was no reason now, from his point of view, why that unfortunate should not be one of his friends, too. He felt that he had never appreciated the fellow's good qualities so strongly as at that moment. He remembered that when she had at first spoken to him of her usher he had suggested to her the inadvisability of inviting a man to be present at his own funeral, and how she had insisted that her usher she would have. He remembered, too, how he had remarked that she might as well ask him to let her be the confidante of his love affairs incident to the period of the rebound, and how she replied that she had already done so. He determined to save him if it were a possible thing, and had stated that in his experience the Girl's Usher had invariably been either the most lugubrious or the most intoxicated person at the wedding reception. She had answered that her usher was a gentleman, which she hoped he could say of his, and departed for the dressmaker's. But there he was, so why didn't the music begin?

He saw the black back of the organist suddenly fill out as with the responsibility of his



Monkey: "APRIL—"

exalted position, and the next instant the familiar "tum-tum-ti-tum" pealed through the church. The music had begun. He felt that his troubles were over, for anything was better than that silent staring.

For a moment he could not make out what had all at once changed the appearance of things so much. Then he discovered that the sea of faces had turned into an equally bewildering exhibition of back hair, and in an instant a suggestive phrase of the music sent the words of a new popular song running through his mind. What was the matter with his mind, anyway, that he should think of such rot then? Why couldn't he stop thinking?

"Tum-tum-ti-tum." The music not only had begun but it seemed to him as if it had always been playing. Why did they not start? What was the use of all that rehearsing if they didn't know what to do when the time came? "Tum-tum-ti-tum" played the organist.

It seemed an easy matter for eight grown men to walk up a broad aisle together, two by two, a certain distance apart. They had done it half a dozen times the night before. It was perfectly simple. They were to be two pews apart. Or was it three pews? "Ti-tum-tum-ti-tum."

He didn't know which it was, but it was no affair of his, anyway. All he had to do was to stay on his chalk mark until it was time for him to go to that other chalk mark over there to receive her. There it was, a little rubbed out, to be sure, but seeming to him like the guiding star to the path of matrimony, and to it he had hitched his wagon. A scarcely breathed "They're off" at his elbow brought him



DISCOVERED.

"I LEARNED TO THRUM A BIT AT HARVARD, YOU KNOW."
"OH, OF COURSE! JACK SAID YOU LEARNED SOMETHING OR OTHER THERE AND I COULDN'T IMAGINE WHAT IT WAS."

back to earth again. They were coming through the door. It was two pews apart after all. He knew he had been right. He noticed that the Girl's Usher seemed as cheerful as could be expected of him. He wondered how he would feel if he had to change places with him. How had it happened that their places were not changed? He knew that he was a better fellow than the Girl's Usher, of course, but how had he managed to make her believe it? He knew better men than he who had been Girl's Ushers in their time.



Donkey (resuming his former position): "FOOL!!"

"Tum-tum-ti-tum."

The two ushers in the lead were within twenty feet of him. Why didn't they move faster? It made him nervous to see them advancing upon him like that. It was like the car of Juggernaut or the inexorable march of time. They were bringing him the happiness of his whole life. Why didn't they bring it to him faster? It seemed more like the reluctant approach of bearers of misfortune. Those fellows had always stood by him before, why should they come at him now? Why didn't they all point their fingers at him like the ghosts in Ruddygore? There were the bridesmaids, too. He had always supposed that they were nice, kind-hearted girls, though he had never appreciated before how pretty the second one on the left really was. There they were coming at him in the same relentless way. All of them were the pendulum swinging nearer and nearer to push him into the pit.

"Tum-tum-ti-tum-tum."

The two ushers in the lead were so near him that he could see the pearls on the pins he had given them. There she was, heaven bless her! What was the sense of all this bother? Why couldn't he rush down the aisle and get her, all by himself? His eye fell upon the relentless chalk mark before him, and he shifted his weight uneasily from one foot to the other.

The two files of ushers had begun to deploy on either side of him, each man trying to keep one eye on his alignment and with the other to steer for the haven of his own particular chalk mark. As the last one disappeared from view behind him he felt that he never wanted to see one of them again after the way they had just treated him. The next moment the bridesmaids were tripping by him, guided to their positions by that unerring instinct in regard to all that pertains to weddings which is every woman's birthright. It seemed to him that the maid of honor was wearing her hair differently.

The organist looked around from his seat and retarded the next measure of the music. Then the final "tum-tum-ti-tum" rang out triumphantly into every corner of the church. He rushed to the now benignly inviting chalk mark, and in an instant her hand was in his own.

AN eel in an ash barrel is no comparison to the average man at an afternoon tea.



Easter Buds

THE buds that bloom on Easter Day
Are fairer far, I trow,
Than those that grace the days of May
When gentler zephyrs blow.

The lily nodding in the breeze
Can by no circumstance,
In raiment, be compared with these
Conservatory plants.

They toiled not, neither did they spin,
But thirty days they spent
In idleness repenting sin—
The slow fast-time of Lent.

Lent's last ten suns looked down on more
Than penitence and gloom ;
It saw corollas forming for
The buds to burst in bloom.

Ah ! fairer than the blooms of May
When gentle zephyrs blow,
Are buds that bloom on Easter Day
And go to church, I trow !

Wood Levette Wilson.



THE

Ham. Cleveland (as ghost of third term beckons): IT WAVES ME STILL—GO
I'LL FOLLOW THEE.

Olney: YOU SHALL NOT GO, MY LORD.

Ham. Cleveland: HOLD OFF YOUR HANDS.

Lamont: BE RUL'D; YOU SHALL NOT GO.



7.
Cleveland: MY FATE CRIES OUT AND MAKES EACH PETTY ARTERY IN THIS
BOLDY AS THE BRITISH LION'S NERVE. [Ghost beckons.] STILL AM I
HAND ME, GENTLEMEN. [Breaking from them.] BY HEAVEN, I'LL
LOST OF HIM THAT LETS ME! I SAY, AWAY! GO ON; I'LL FOLLOW



"GOOD GRACIOUS!—WHY—WHAT—"



"The size of the hat a woman wears on her head in the theatre is in inverse proportion to her breeding."

"MADAME."

THERE was never yet an actor who did not, at times, condemn the work of the dramatist, and know that he could write a better acting play. Putting the belief to the touch has resulted in a good many dramatic holocausts. There have been a few instances where the combination of actor and author has been a successful one, but the reverse has been the rule.

Mr. Charles Coghlan is an actor of eminence and experience. His play, "Madame," produced at Palmer's Theater, with his sister in the leading part, justifies his belief in his own powers as an author. The play has a plot and one which successfully holds the spectator's attention through considerable extraneous matter, which will, doubtless, by the time this appears, have been eliminated. It is rather an improbable tale—bringing

on the love affairs of a fashionable, female pawnbroker—but it keeps the audience in suspense, and the *denouement* is not revealed until an instant before the final curtain falls.

The scene is laid in London, and the characters are drawn principally from the nobility and gentry. The female pawnbroker is a remarkable mixture of integrity, business and sentiment. She may have existed in real life, but at best she would be a character that not many people would be likely to meet, so Miss Coghlan had free choice to make her what she pleased. She made her lady-like, not over-emotional and thoroughly interesting. In fact, she had the sympathies of the audience, notwithstanding the unpopular nature of her business. The other female part, played by Miss Amy Busby, was that of a young society woman who is acting a lie. It is a skillful delineation of character,

EVERYDAY EXPRESSIONS.



HE TREATED HIM LIKE A DOG.



BUT IT WAS ONLY MRS. NEWMAN REHEARSING FOR THE CHURCH AISLE EASTER SUNDAY.

both by author and artist. It was too bad that Mr. Coghlan himself could not have played the leading male rôle. In his hands it would, no doubt, have been made interesting, but Mr. Harrington Reynolds was only dull and intensely stagey. Mr. Arthur Forrest gave to the conventional villain an animation which was quite refreshing. Some of the inebriates in the third act might well be dispensed with, for their fun was pure drivel and only retarded the action of the piece.

It's really quite delightful to have from London a play which is not made up of would-be-if-they-could epigrams aimed at one or the other of the sexes, or at their relations to each other. Mr. Coghlan's dialogue is entirely free from the taint of the recent epidemic, and is, most of it, essential to the development of the story. Some of the scenes are unnecessarily long, but in the main the action goes along rapidly.

* * *

IT is axiomatic among theatrical folks that the American people like to be humbugged. Mr. P. T. Barnum originated the saying, but while he humbugged people he never defrauded them—they got their money's worth in some form or other. Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, owner and manager of Olympia, seems to have confounded the terms. "Excelsior, Jr.," during its earlier days was more or less entertaining. It may well be doubted that it was ever worth two dollars a seat. In its later career its cast and features have been so changed and weakened that it is not worth seeing at all. The programme continues to announce acts that are not performed, and in this LIFE thinks Mr. Hammerstein makes, at least, an error in judgment. The public is proverbially stupid, but it might find him out some day.

Metcalf.



"GREAT BRUIN! HOW FAINT I FEEL! I MUST HAVE OVERSLEPT MYSELF THIS SPRING."



Uncle Gayboy: YES, BOYS, IF YOU HAVE THE RIGHT STUFF IN YOU IT'S BOUND TO COME OUT.
"IS THAT WHAT MAKES YOUR NOSE SO RED?"

THE DIRGE OF THE HOUSEHOLDER.

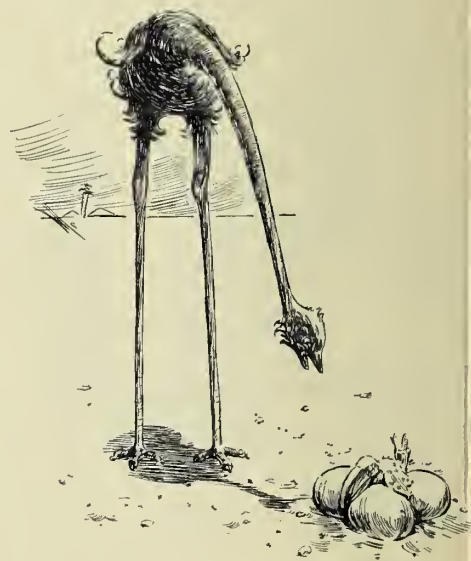
HOW can I sing of my mistress's chiding?
How can I liken her hair to the sun?
Rather I'd dwell on the ruin that's hiding
In anthracite coal at six dollars the ton!

How is it possible, prithee, I question,
To rhyme of the graces of Madeline's boot,
While comes despair at the very suggestion
Of gas at one dollar the vanishing foot?

How can I give my attention to verses,
Gladsome and dainty as finely wove silk,
Mentally damning with deep basso curses
The man who invented the drinking of milk?

Searching a rhyme, my poor brain doth but borrow
Figures and worry till all seems a blank!
*How can I pay out two hundred to-morrow
With only one hundred and eight in the bank?*

Richard Stillman Powell.



ON THE WRONG LAY.



OLYMPIAN SIDE SHOWS.

A LEAP YEAR PROBLEM.

MISS PRUE and Old-boy are to wed
This Easter, everybody
knows;
And far and wide the
question's spread:
"Which was it really did
propose?"

THE MANICURE.

WITH an eye whose weary brightness is vaguely suggestive of belladonna, she studies your hand, and with medicated lips tells you convincingly that it is an unusually beautiful one, adding incidentally that more care should be bestowed upon it.

She suggests "treatment" once a week. Then she proceeds to shrink it in hot water, to pare slices off it, and to file off corners until it feels quite three sizes smaller than usual and you feel convinced that weekly treatment would be fatal to it.

She surmises, while she polishes what is left of your finger-nails as though they were boots, that you are an artist, by the shape of your hand.

Her domain is faintly scented, and divided into secret chambers, which bear the mysterious inscriptions "FACE STEAMING" and "ELECTRIC TREATMENT FOR WRINKLES." She appears to reign in this temple of mystery as high priestess of some occult science, that bestows new faces upon ladies who have worn out their old ones. She is very popular with ladies who are anxious to begin life all over again, with the skin of sixteen and the experience of fifty.

Jessie M. Wood.

THE charity which gives away that which it doesn't want is more inclined to vaunt itself than any other kind.



"WILLIE, where are those apples gone that were in the storeroom?"

"They are with the gingerbread that was in the cupboard."—*Exchange*.

"DON'T you bother your head about fame, Pat. It rarely comes to any of us till after we are dead."

"Faix, an' o'im willin' to shtay here and wait for it."—*Yonkers* (N. Y.) *Gazette*.

"MY pocket's been picked," cried the bearded woman, "and I know who did it. The armless wonder has been sitting right alongside of me all the morning!"—*Harper's Bazar*.

"By Jove, I'm in hard luck!"

"How so?"

"Why, here's a money order I've just got for \$20, and the only man in town that can identify me to the money-order clerk is one that I owe \$30 to."—*Somerville Journal*.

A TURKISH physician once called in to attend an upholsterer very ill with typhus fever gave him up for lost, but passing the house next day found him still alive and on the mend. On inquiry, he found that the patient, in his consuming thirst, had swallowed a pailful of the juice of pickled cabbage. Called in subsequently to attend a dealer in embroidered handkerchiefs ill of the same disease, he prescribed at once the juice of pickled cabbage.

The next day the man was dead, whereupon the doctor entered in his notebook the following memorandum:

"While pickled cabbage juice is a very efficient remedy in cases of typhus, it is not to be used unless the patient be, by profession, an upholsterer."—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

IT having been the custom in a certain establishment in the North to pay the workers fortnightly, and the workmen having found the custom somewhat inconvenient, it was decided to send a delegate to the head of the firm to state their grievance. An Irishman, named Dan D—, famed for his sagacity and persuasive powers, was selected for the task. He duly waited on the master, who addressed him thus:

"Well, Daniel, what can we do for you this morning?"

"If ye please, sur, I've been sint as a diligate by the workers to ask a favor of ye regardin' the paymint of our wages."

"Yes; and what do they desire?" queried the master.

"Well, sur, it is the desire of meself, and it is also the desire of ivery man in the establishment, that we receive our fortnight's pay every week."—*Tit-Bits*.

"THOMAS, I saw you laugh just now. What were you laughing about?"

"I was just thinkin' about something."

"You have no business thinking during school hours. Don't let it occur again."—*London Answers*.



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SOME years ago a lawyer at Chillicothe, Mo., a son of the Emerald Isle with the wit characteristic of his country, received a collection from Iowa against a man who had been dead for some time. He returned the collection with the following advice:

"—, is dead and in h—l, and as Iowa is not that place than Missouri you had better bring suit in Iowa."—*Green Bag*.

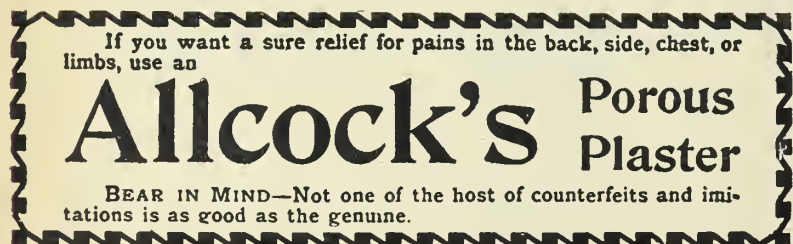
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JUST now Allen, of Mississippi—one of the raconteurs of Congress—is entertaining his fellows with a little story, showing how he recently won for his candidate, from President Cleveland, an appointment to the United States marshalship in the State.

The old marshal had died, and Allen went to the White House with the name of somebody whom he deemed fitted to be his successor. President Cleveland advised him to secure the indorsements of the other members of the Mississippi delegation. Allen knew full well that the effort to secure their indorsements would be regarded only as an invitation by every man of them to find a candidate of his own. And so it was. The result was a lively cross-hauling on all sides, and the situation became so bewilderingly complicated that Allen almost abandoned hope of winning his fight. One day, while the fight was hottest, he dropped in at the White House.

"Ha," said President Cleveland as he greeted him, "I suppose you have come to talk about that United States marshalship?"

"No," Allen responded, "but a mighty good story just came into my mind, and I thought as I was passing I would drop in and tell it to you."

"Always ready to exchange the importunities for place for a good story," was the President's assurance.

"It's a trifle personal, Mr. President," Allen said, "because it's about myself and one of my clients. My client's father died and left his estate in rather a bad kind of a muddle, and I was called in to straighten it out. There was a fee in it, and of course I took charge of the matter right away. The moment I began to try to straighten it out I flushed a covey of collateral relatives, who laid claims to part of the estate, and caveated. There was an awful long litigation.

We and the collateral fellows pulled and hauled at each other until the tug-of-war about played all of us out, and my anxious client, who had expected to take possession of the property without any obstruction, became especially weary. Scarcely a day went by without his wanting to know how the thing stood and when it was going to come to a head. He was overjoyed when I told him that at last the case had got up to the judge and was to be heard the next day, and would probably be decided right away.

"I went over to court, Mr. President, and presented my case in so clear and convincing a light that I was satisfied the court must be with me, and you may imagine my surprise when, after the argument, the judge announced he would take the papers and reserve his decision. The next day my client rushed into my office, breathless.

"Well," he exclaimed, "is it all over?"

"Oh," I said to him, "I made a beautiful argument before the court. Why, it was so clear that there was no room for the court to have any doubt. I talked for two hours, showed the court all the bearings of the case and—"

"Yes, but—" my client gasped, "what was the result?"

"To take the papers and reserve his decision. He shouldn't have done it after such an argument and such a speech as I made, and the case so clear. But, then I did the best I could for you."

"My client was awfully chopfallen. His jaw fell and a shadow of gloom spread over his countenance.

"What's the matter, John?" I asked him.

"Nothin', nothin'," he answered with a broken air, "only I begin to feel sorry that the old man ever died."—*New York Herald.*

A YOUNG woman from out of town went to a tea among the literary set last week. She was introduced to a whole roomful of people, and afterward she went about trying to call everybody by his right and proper name—she rather prides herself on that sort of thing, you know. She remembered an amazing number of names, but when she came to one distinguished looking man she paused in despair. "I know everybody else's name," she said, "but when I try to remember yours I am completely at sea."

"Then you're not far wrong," said the distinguished looking man. "My name is Atwater."—*Washington Post.*



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A cow and a mule were harnessed together and hitched to a plow, and a woman was holding the plow and ripping the soil of Kansas up the back at a great rate as I rode along the highway. I halted to watch the novel sight, and as she caught sight of me the woman stopped her team and came striding across the furrows to say:

"Hello, stranger! Did ye stop at the shanty?"

"Yes, stopped for a drink."

"Was the children all right?"

"I saw seven or eight playing on the grass and having a good time. Where's the old man?"

"Pegged out last fall."

"Do you mean he died?"

"Didn't do nuthin' else fur about three months, and finally got thar. Yes, he's gone to a better land, and I'm working to pay up his debts!"

"Then you are a widow, of course?"

"Sartinly. Goin' to settle out here?"

"Possibly."

"Married?"

"No."

"Want me?"

"No."

"Stranger, shake!" she exclaimed as she came nearer and extended her hand. "You ar' a critter as knows your gait, you ar', and it does me good to meet you. Lands alive, but the men who come along here don't know 'nuff to pound sand, and I waste about three days a week on 'em! I want a critter to say yes or no right off the handle and hev done with it. So you don't want me and the young 'uns and the mule and the cow and the claim?"

"No, ma'am."

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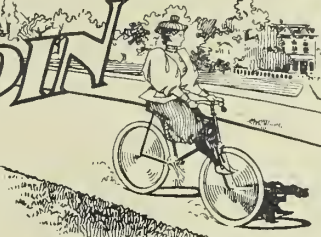
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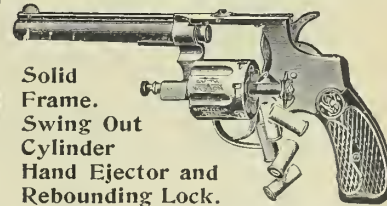


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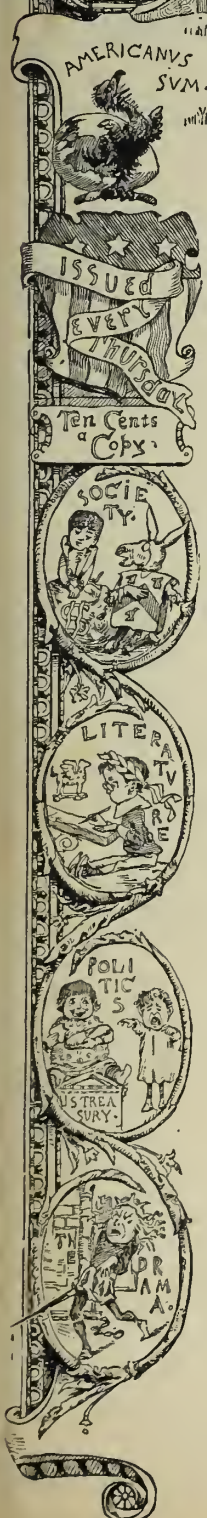
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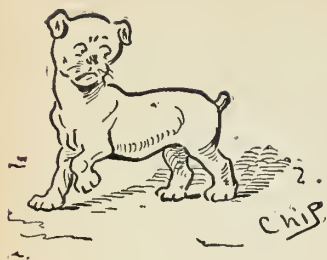
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"WHERE'S YER SPOONS?"

HER EASTER HAT.

[BALLADE.]

THOUGH fine the sealskin cap
 She wore through winter
 gray,
 When in her cosy wrap
 She glided in the sleigh—
 I know I don't betray
 Her confidence supreme
 When, rapture fraught, I say
 Her Easter hat's a dream.

Her "Leghorn" ribbons flap
 To lure the bee in May
 From Nature's shining lap,
 That vagrant roses spray.
 In Fancy's realm I stray
 Where her fine "straw," abeam,
 Must second fiddle play—
 Her Easter hat's a dream.

Her tennis tile so dap-
 Per in my mind will stay,
 My joy 'twill keep on tap

While Time my hopes shall flay,
 The many charms to-day
 That on it richly teem
 To others must give way—
 Her Easter hat's a dream.

L' ENVOI.

Myrtilla, I survey—
 A lily on love's stream—
 Upon her head, a-sway,
 Her Easter hat's a dream.

R. K. Munkittrick.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVII.

APRIL 9, 1896.

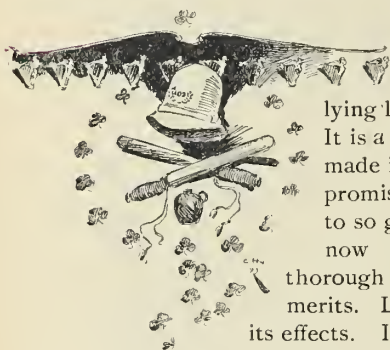
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THE Raines bill is law now and the people of the State of New York are lying low to see how it will work. It is a long time since a law has been made in New York State which has promised to affect so many people to so great an extent. LIFE believes now in giving the new law a thorough trial and judging it on its merits. Let us all try to consider fairly its effects. If at any time it compels us to go dry when we want liquor, let us charge that against it or to its credit according as we gain or lose by the deprivation. It is expected to shut up a great many saloons, to throw a good many industrious bar-keepers and others out of work, to reduce the consumption of intoxicants in the State, and to impose a larger share of taxation on the rum business than it has carried heretofore. Whether it will interfere so much with the personal liberty of citizens as to be a general nuisance is still to be ascertained. The mere fact that it changes our habits in some particulars must not necessarily be allowed to condemn it, because it is possible that some of our habits may be varied without detriment to our weal. Let us give the Raines panacea a fair chance. If it works well we can keep it; if it proves to be a pest or a nuisance, it will be abated.



IT seems the report that the Sultan of Turkey is so dissatisfied with the attitude of the Americans on the Armenian question that he proposes to recall his representative, and cease to have diplomatic relations with Uncle Sam, is untrue. Well, Sultan, Mavroyeni Bey is a pleasant gentleman, and Washington would doubtless be sorry to lose him, but in the matter of the Armenians, the only choice you give us is whether to be ashamed of you or of ourselves. Can you pretend to say that we ought

to get along without holding our noses over the rottenness of a government that could permit the Armenian massacres? We would like to think better of you, Sultan, but appearances are so very much against you that we can't.

* * *



LIFE learns with considerable concern that there has been a falling out between Mr. Anthony Comstock and certain ladies of the W. C. T. U. of Brooklyn, over a proposed statute for the suppression of living pictures. Mr. Comstock has drafted a bill which the Christian Temperance ladies pronounce indecent, and the ladies have introduced a measure which Mr. Comstock pronounces ineffectual.



It is possible that we may rub along about as well if neither measure gets on the statute book.

The idea of reformation and salvation by enactment of the legislature seems to have somewhat too free a rein just now. The Ainsworth law which prescribes anti-alcoholic instruction in the public schools is an example of the effects of this tendency. Within a week or two there have been rumors that some dame somewhere thinks that a curfew law, such as is in force in Nebraska, would be useful in New York to keep children off the streets at night. But we don't want any curfew law. Children driven from the streets in the evening might have to go home and associate with their parents, and parents who don't know when to send their offspring to bed are not intelligent enough to be fit company for their children. We may be happy yet, but it won't be by running paternal legislation into the ground.

* * *



DR. PLAYFAIR, a British physician, has received a sixty thousand dollar rebuke from the courts of his country. Being called to attend his wife's sister-in-law, he formed opinions unfavorable to her moral character,

which he promptly communicated to his wife and her brother. The damage to his patient was very great. She lost not only her social standing, but the allowance which her husband's brother had made her. She declared that she had been misjudged and asked for a chance to explain, but the doctor was obdurate. So, presently, was the court, when it condemned his conduct as unprofessional and directed him to pay her £12,000. Great people are doctors and great is their authority; but proportionately great is the need that they should be disciplined when they abuse it.



"The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring"



ARCADES AMBO:

Or, A Vexed Question Unsettled.

Dramatis Personæ.

"THE SUNDAY WEIRD"—A brutal concoction of all that is worst in journalism.

"THE SUNDAY INFERNAL"—An apt pupil, and sincere flatterer of its rival.

THE SOLAR ONE—A more or less interested spectator.

THE HEAR-ALL—A journalistic "heavy," with a capacity for threats.

THE EVENING PINK—A shivering starveling, with an abortive ambition.

THE POPULACE—The imaginary entity, who couldn't solve the problem.

SCENE.—City Hall Park.

TIME.—Unfortunately, the Present.

(As the Scene opens, the park is observed to be occupied by the Populace sitting in forced judgment on the question whether "The Sunday Weird" or "The Sunday Infernal" is the greater journalistic monstrosity. There is a look of apprehension upon the features of The Populace descriptive of a painful desire to sweep the streets or investigate the sewers rather than decide the momentous problem, but having been somehow roped in, so to speak, this arbiter inelegantiæ is prepared to go through the ordeal with a stiff upper lip. The contestants stand at the entrances of their respective abodes, and are with difficulty restrained from a personal combat. The Populace stands up, and makes the following address:)



SONG.—THE POPULACE.

We'll settle now this question,
If settle it we must;
It gives us indigestion
And fills us with disgust.
To hear ye we're intensely loath,
But in it we've been steered,
So go ahead, ye claimants both.

And first *The Sunday Weird*:

(At the call, the claimant designated comes forward and sings.)

SONG.—THE SUNDAY WEIRD.

Oh! I'm the greatest paper that was ever known to man,
And I'm quite deserving of my popularity;
I work upon a clever and a comprehensive plan—
'Tis embodied in the single word, vulgarity!
You mustn't think my mission is to elevate the masses—
Oh no, dear no! my aim's to be pernicious;
I know, of course, as well as you, my readers all are asses,
And as I only cater to the lowest of low classes,
I rather gain than lose by being vicious!

CHORUS:

(Sung to waltz-time, with great stamping of feet.)

And so I'm the great Sunday Weird! (*Ha-ha!*)
The fellow who reads me is queered! (*Ha-ha!*)
I symbolize guff,
And puff, stuff and bluff,
And with noisomeness I am besmeared!
(*Ha-ha!*)

I am simply in existence for accumulating pelf,
Giving readers faked-up news with all impunity;
And with coarseness and immodesty to aggrandize myself
You may wager I take every opportunity!
No, I may not be American—but tut-tut, what the devil!—
I may as well confess I do not seek to be;
My purpose is in loathsomeness and gruesomeness to revel,
And gradually bring the luckless public to my level—
Thus more terrifying trying every week to be!

(The chorus is repeated with significant silence from all present.)

THE POPULACE:

And now, with many a twinge internal,
We'll listen to *The Sunday Infernal*.

SONG.—THE SUNDAY INFERNAL.

Now turn your eyes to me—
I claim your kind indulgence,
In fact, you're forced to see—
I grow with such effulgence!
Since I appeared *The Sunday Weird*
Is simply void and null, gents,
And I have got the bulge, gents!

(Scorning to sing a chorus, with the fate of his rival in his mind, "The Sunday Infernal" goes right on to the next verse.)

I stole his "special men
Without apologising;
He got some back, and then
(You might think this
surprising),
In half a crack
I got them back—
Thus neatly signalling
How they are him despising!

In seasons past I bore
A doubtful reputation—
A creature to abhor
By men of education.
And though some claim
I'm still the same,
I scorn th' insinuation
And boom my circulation!
And now I'm in the field,
For favor I'm contesting;
The features that I yield,
If low, are interesting!
I underwent
New management
Just for such manifesting,
And what I yearn
And burn to learn
Is, "Can I bear digesting?"

(At the conclusion of
his song, "The Sunday
Infernal" is about to step
back, when "The Sunday
Weird" rushes forward and they indulge in
the following recriminations:)

DUET.—THE SUNDAY
WEIRD and THE SUNDAY
INFERNAL.

SUNDAY WEIRD:
'Tis useless quite to try and fight
The mighty *Sunday Weird*!

SUNDAY INFERNAL:
Go to—go to! Thou art a Jew!
We're not a bit afeard!

SUNDAY WEIRD:
That I'm a Jew is very true—
All note my nasal organ;
But can you shine with deeds like mine?
'Twas I who roasted Morgan!

SUNDAY INFERNAL:
You made a hack at Cleveland's back
And hounded Pierpont M.,
I grant, but this is characteristic
of Jerusalem!

SUNDAY WEIRD:
Withhold your sneers and brutal jeers,
You wretched Gentile scoffer!
When they purveyed the bonds, who
made
That million-dollar offer?

SUNDAY INFERNAL:
You made it, yes, but nevertheless
You howled it East and West!

SUNDAY WEIRD:
Well, what's your claim to bear the
name
Of New York's greatest pest?

SUNDAY INFERNAL:
You must be dense! I'm but three cents—
Five cents are asked for you!

SUNDAY WEIRD:
You're not worth one, but, since it's done,
I'll do the cut act, too!

(Action interrupted for the moment while
he does so, on his daily edition, with great
flourish of trumpets. Brooklyn, and Hudson
and Essex Counties, N. J., are shaken
to their very depths.)

SUNDAY INFERNAL:
It's war and strife, then, to the knife?

SUNDAY WEIRD:
Yes; and your demolition!

BOTH (turning simultaneously to *The Populace*):

Now, of us twain, which gives most pain?
Come, give us your decision!

(*The Populace sinks into deep and troubled thought. The pause which ensues is taken advantage of by The Solar One who casts ironical beams on the assemblage, and hums the following with soft contempt:*)

SONG.—THE SOLAR ONE.

The means that each is using
To influence the choosing
Incline me straight
To congratulate
The side that shall be losing!
Whichever it is!
But it's not my biz—
I gaze on it all with derision!
But, *Populace true*,
They're waiting for you—
Come, give them that wise decision!



THE CONGO AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB.



SVENGALI AND TRILBY.



BEN BOLT.



THE DEATH OF SVENGALI.

(A shrill scream is suddenly heard, and a small sheet, of a decayed strawberry color, accompanied by its aged parent, is seen rushing from up-town to the seat of arbitration. The new-comers are "The Evening Pink" and "The Hear-All.")

THE EVENING PINK: Withhold your decision—I'm in this, too—

I'll not take a dinky-dink!

THE POPULACE: Hello, why who in thunder are you?

THE EVENING PINK: What, me? I'm *The Evening Pink*!

SONG.—THE EVENING PINK.

Yes, *The Evening Pink* am I,
And I've cut my price one-half,
But I'm cussed if I see why
You all stand round and laugh!
With anger and rage I bawl—
Oh, how I'd like to reach you!
My papa here, *Hear-All*,
Will better manners teach you!

(Whereupon "The Hear-All" comes forward and chants in a heavy and threatening monotone:)

SONG.—THE HEAR-ALL.

See hear, you know,
You mustn't act so,
Or your rudeness I shall tether!
I'll make you all solemn
By reading a column
On the European weather!

(Everybody shrinks back in undisguised alarm. Finally, the two combatants clamor for a decision, and *The Populace* thus delivers himself of his eagerly awaited opinion:)

SONG.—THE POPULACE.

Quite vainly we've tried
To make up our mind,
Since you're pretty much both of a stripe;
We're inclined to decide
You are two of a kind,
And a kind that's somewhat over-ripe!

SUNDAY INFERNAL (interrupting):

What beats my price, three cents?
SUNDAY WEIRD: My humorous supplements!
SUNDAY INFERNAL: But I printed the biggest bug!
SUNDAY WEIRD: And I the ugliest mug!
SUNDAY INFERNAL: You have that still, but the prize
Is undoubtedly mine, darn your eyes!
SUNDAY WEIRD: What, yours? No, mine!
SUNDAY INFERNAL: Get out, you swine!
SUNDAY WEIRD: You—

(The argument at this point becomes so heated that *The Populace* retires in disgusted alarm. The *Solar One* glides behind the clouds with a grim smile, "*The Hear-All*" and "*The Evening Pink*" are seen wildly gesticulating, but no one takes the least notice of them, and the scene closes in a phantasmagoria that defies description.)

THE END.

HEREAFTER the British Museum, the National Gallery and the Kensington Museum, in London, are to be open on Sunday. Getting drunk may come in time to be a less popular pastime for the London workman than it has been wont to be.

AS GOOD AS GAS.

VICTIM. You say you supply balloons to guests on the top floor in case of fire? Are they already filled?

CHICAGO HOTEL CLERK: Oh, no. Just wait until the fire has made progress enough and you can fill your balloon with hot air.



BAYARD TAYLOR'S BIOGRAPHY.

IN times of pessimism about the state of American letters, it is stimulating to read the biography of "Bayard Taylor" (Houghton) in the American Men of Letters Series, by Albert H. Smyth. Although dead many years before Holmes, Lowell, and Whittier of the older group of writers who first gave dignity and renown to our literature, Taylor was the connecting link with the present fashion in letters. On one side he represented the studious, classical traditions of our poetry which sought its inspiration in European models; on the other, he was the forerunner of the prevailing type of book-writer who is always more of a globe-trotting journalist than a student and thinker. Taylor was the literary godfather of Julian Ralph and Richard Harding Davis. They are all products of the old Middle States which have usually fathered men of action rather than men of thought and imagination. There is something in the tremendous commercial activity of New York and Pennsylvania that is hostile to purely literary ideals. It drives the fellow with an itch for writing out to see what is new and big in the world. Then he satisfies his literary aspirations by describing what he has seen. That was the phase of his nature which Bayard Taylor expressed so vividly and abundantly in his books of travel.

We are not inclined to agree with this biographer, or with Taylor himself, that he was less of a poet because of his intense activity in this other field. He was not the man to ripen in seclusion. The breadth, the swing, the color in his verse came from the richness of his personal experience. There are many evidences in Taylor's poems that if he had been a poet ripened only by meditation and study, his work would have been full of echoes of greater men. His journalism probably shortened his life, and may, therefore, have curtailed the bulk of his poetry, but we do not believe that it lessened its quality.

* * *

TAYLOR was essentially a lyric poet. His "Prince Deukalion" was, in his own mind, probably the legitimate outgrowth of his study of Goethe's "Faust." But what is best in it has always seemed to me more nearly akin to Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound." I can vividly recall my undergraduate enthusiasm for its rich and gorgeous imagery, and the music of its songs. "Prince Deukalion" suffered then and now from the weight of philosophy which it is supposed to carry in its stately measures. But if any reader who loves poetry will let the philosophy take care of itself and abandon himself to pleasure in the melody of the lines—



"DO YOU NEED A MODEL FOR THE ALTOGETHER?"

the stately metaphors, the flute-like sweetness of the lyrics—he will feel that, whether Bayard Taylor was or was not a great poet, there is no doubt that he is genuine, with a fine fancy and an ear for the richest harmonies.

The biographer has shown excellent taste in his characterization of Taylor as a man. It would have been so easy to err on the side of superlative adulation. Bayard Taylor did not need it. His life was so full of earnest purpose, persistent enthusiasm, and loyal friendships that such a reserved and judicious statement of the facts as in this biography is his best eulogy.

If the biographer errs, it is in seeming to acquiesce in the opinion that Taylor's life was a failure as to its highest ambitions. He achieved in poetry a half dozen lyrics that will live, a masterly translation of "Faust" that has not been superseded, and a lyric drama that commands the respect of poets and scholars. As for his career as a man—he began life as a poor boy on a farm; he saw all that was strange and beautiful and picturesque in the broad world; and when he died he was the representative of his country at one of the proudest courts in the world.

But what was finer than all this—from poor boy to envoy he rose with the love of his friends always around him like a rich garment, and when he died they mourned not the poet, the traveler, or the minister, but the gentle, loyal, chivalrous man.

Droch.



He: HOW BLACK IT IS OUTSIDE!
"YES, THEY SAY IT IS ALWAYS DARKEST BEFORE DAWN."







THE BAA-SHEEP AND THE LION.

A BAA-SHEEP was lying under the paw of a black-maned lion. Whatever was going to be done had to be done quickly. A thought flashed upon the sheep and he said:

"Most dread lord and master, I have heard your voice extolled beyond that of all others. Will you not sing me a little selection from Wagner before I die?"

The lion, touched in his vanity, immediately started up and roared away until the goose-flesh stood out on the rocks. When he had finished, the sheep was in tears.

"What means this?" growled the lion in a rage. "Do you presume to criticize my singing?"

"Oh, no!" sobbed the sheep. "That is not it. But I have heard that wool was the worst thing in the world for the voice, and when I think of the ruin of that beautiful organ of yours, consequent upon eating me, I weep to think that I was not born hairless."

The lion regarded him out of the corner of his eye. Then, in his grandest manner, said: "Run along home to your ma, little sheep; I was only playing with you," and walked off through the forest with a great deal of dignity.

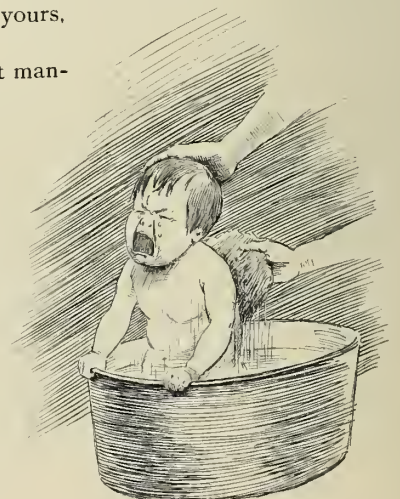
H. W. Phillips.

CHICAGO has ordained that doctors, when answering professional calls, shall have right of way in the streets. For each doctor who gets a permit and a badge, the cows and horses must turn out and the processions open to let him by. The advantage of this ordinance to enterprising young physicians who wish to make their existence known to an inattentive public is obviously great.

HIS CAPACITY WAS LIMITED.

"**D**ON'T you think, Harry, you could induce one or two boys to come to Sunday School?"

"I could bring one," he replied. "De udder fellers in our alley kin lick me."



BATHED IN TEARS

LOVE ON LINKS.



THE BOOKS I OUGHT TO READ.

ON dusty shelves in serried rows they stand,
Reproachful thousands, quaint and grave and great;
My guilty conscience feels their mute command,
Yet day by day—they wait.

More formidable grow their ranks each year,
Their very names I cannot call to mind;

A friend amid this chaos would, I fear,
Be very hard to find.

But to a corner shelf, by most forgot,
I steal, and give reproach no further heed
'Mid boon companions all—yet these are not
The books I ought to read.

Abbie Farwell Brown.

FARMER UNDERDUNN'S WEATHER REPORT FOR WEEK
ENDING APRIL 16th, 1896.

ALBANY, April 9th. The storm which has been working its way toward this city passed over here in the direction of Ellerslie farm, where it burst and sped on towards New York, accompanied by eight cyclones, causing great destruction and loss of whiskers.

For New York and surrounding districts, heavy Raines Thursday, Friday and Saturday, followed on Sunday by great drought, with high humidity in Brooklyn and Jersey City. On Monday a dead calm, increasing in velocity to a zephyr, accompanied by hail and hot showers, will be felt in Harlem. On Tuesday floating icebergs will be discovered in Herald Square and vicinity, and boiling water-spouts, with showers of toads, will burst through the dome of the "World" building. Wednesday will open with a heavy fog in City Hall Park, a tea-green halo around



Mayor Strong, and pink snakes discovered later in the Hoffman House cafe. On Thursday books may be seen in the Astor Library with the naked eye, the statues in Central Park will break away from their moorings, accompanied by loud claps of thunder, and the Brooklyn Bridge will sink out of sight amid the glad cries of the multitudes waiting to cross.



MANY years ago Barney Barnato rented a little house in one of the frontier towns of South Africa. Barney spent considerable in improving the house, but he quarreled with his landlord and decided to move. By inserting the following advertisement in the local paper, the prospective millionaire in some measure got even with his landlord: "Wanted, by a gentleman who agreed to leave dwelling occupied by him in condition in which he found it, 100,000 lively black beetles." Then followed Barney's name and address.—*Argonaut*.

UNCLE STEVE MELTON is famous in Jacksonville for his liberal dispensation of charity and cuss words. He does not use cuss words in a profane way, but simply as a matter of economics. He finds in his fish house that he can get more work out of his colored assistants when he uses forcible expletives.

Some months ago a friend came to him and said: "A friend of mine, a very wealthy Cuban gentleman, is coming to this country to start a large cigar factory. He does not speak a word of English, and his desire is to rent a room in some family where English alone is spoken in order that he may master the language."

"Let him come up to my house," said Uncle Steve, bluffly, and so the arrangement was made.

After having been there about a month the foreign gentleman was introduced to a lady. He bowed low, with his hat hand over his heart, and said:

"Ah, senora, I'm d—d if I ain't glad to meet you!"—*Florida Times-Union*.

FROM Sunday to Monday, when he is in England, Labouchere usually retires to his country-house on the banks of the Thames, at Twickenham. Every summer he gives a lawn-party to which all fashionable London goes. It was at one of these parties that Labby delivered himself of the appended joke. Said a visitor, "Why, what a splendid place you have here, Mr. Labouchere. Your lawn right on the river. Just think of it!" "Yes," he replied; "we have the lawn on the river in the summer and the river on the lawn in the winter. What more could we want?"—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

"ANY quail about this neighborhood?" inquired a tourist who was about to register at a Western Texas hotel.

"Quail!" said the proprietor, with an indulgent smile; "they have got to be a nuisance. The cook complains that she can't throw a piece of toast out of the back window but four or five fat quails fight to see which one shall get on it."—*Texas Sifter*.

THE Rev. Samuel E. Pearson of Portland, Me., was a witness in a divorce case the other day. "Mr. Pearson," asked the judge, "were you on this bench in my place and acquainted with all the circumstances of this case, would you grant this divorce?" "Most certainly, your honor," replied the minister. "But how do you reconcile this statement with the injunction, 'What God hath joined together let no man put asunder'?" "Your honor, I am satisfied that the Lord never joined this couple," replied the clergyman.—*Argonaut*.



HENRY HOLT & CO., NEW YORK.
ON PARODY. By A. S. Martin.
Emma Lou—Her Book. By Mary M. Mears.
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK.
The House. By Eugene Field.
A Fool of Nature. By Julian Hawthorne.
A Master Spirit. By Harriet Prescott Spofford.
The Early Life of Abraham Lincoln. By Ida Tarbell. New York and London: S. S. McClure.
The Courtship of Morrice Buckler. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.
Love Affairs of a Worldly Man. By Maibelle Just. New York and Chicago: F. Tennyson Neely.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN POET.

YOU build a sonnet on about this plan:
Your first line ground out, take the next one—so:
And make it rhyme with this one, just below,
Then, next, you match the first line, if you can,
Don't hurry the machine. The lines must scan.
With steady motion turn the crank. You know
'Tis not a sonnet if it limps. Go slow.
Now find some rhyme for "scan"—for instance, n
As to the last six lines some latitude
May be allowed. Take any word, as "grove."
Now hunt a rhyme for "latitude." Try shrewd.
This line must end with dove, or love, or strove.
And this with mood, or pride, or crude, or dude;
And there's your sonnet. Throw it in the stove.
—*Chicago Tribune*

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

IVORY SOAP

Plenty of sleep, fresh air, careful diet and the daily use of a good soap like the Ivory will purify the complexion as no cosmetic can.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI.



Trial Package in Pouch by mail for 25c.
H. ELLIS & CO., Baltimore, Md.
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor.

"I hear] hat Willits'ha" withdrawn from membership in the church. What was the trouble?"

"He and the minister got into a row over whose was the best bicycle."

—*Indianapolis Journal*.

THE GLORY EVEN OF ITS ANCIENT NAME AND LONG YEARS OF POPULARITY IS EXCELLED BY MODERN MECHANICAL SCIENCE. THE UP-TO-DATE POINTS OF PERFECTION OF THE WARWICK.

MAKE IT THE BICYCLE OF ALL MOST SATISFACTORY AND TO BE DESIRED. It's motto always has been and is, "BUILT ON HONOR." IF THE RIMS ARE VERMILION, IT'S A WARWICK—CATALOGUE FREE. WARWICK CYCLE MFG. CO. 305 COLLEGE AVENUE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



Wright's Myrrh Tooth Soap

Without the Taste of Soap. Delightful and refreshing. Try it. All druggists. Your address on a postal card will bring free sample. Large China box for 25cts. in postage stamps, postpaid, including complete edition Webster's Pocket Dictionary. CHAS. WRIGHT & CO. Mfg. Chemists, Detroit, Mich.

"MORE pie, Johnnie? Why, child, you can't possibly hold another mouthful."
"But, ma, our teacher says there's always room at the top!"—*New York Tribune*.

You enjoy Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters so much that you forget you are taking a tonic. All druggists.

HER PRESENCE OF MIND.—"Rose's marriage is off."
"How embarrassing! Her wedding invitations were out."
"Yes; but she just called them in and made it a 5-o'clock tea."—*Chicago Record*.

SUMMER LAW LECTURES.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.
July 1 to Sept. 1, 1896. For students and practitioners. 27th year. For catalogue, address (P. O. Charlottesville, Va.) R. C. MINOR, Secretary.



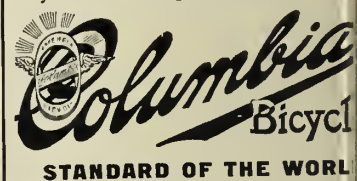
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ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS. Simply stopping the fat producing effects of food. The supply being stopped, the natural working of the system draws on the fat and reduces weight at once. Sold by all Druggists.

Comfort in Bicycl

In every part a bicycle must be adjustable so as to fit the varying conditions of human anatomy. No bicycle so fully meets this requirement as the



Columbia saddle the standard of fort, and the Co bia adjustable ha bar is the standard of rigid, quick-adjustment completeness.

Columbias in construction and quality are in a class by themselves. \$10 to all

POPE MANUFACTURING CO., Hartford.

Many of the Columbia merits are described in the superb Columbia Catalogue. The book tells of Hartford bicycles, \$80, \$60, \$50, best to Columbias. Ask the Columbia agent, or send two 2-cent stamps to us for post.



"Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble."

That's the old way of making soup. Put your meat and soup bones in the "cauldron" and fuss over it for hours.

Armour's

Extract of BEEF

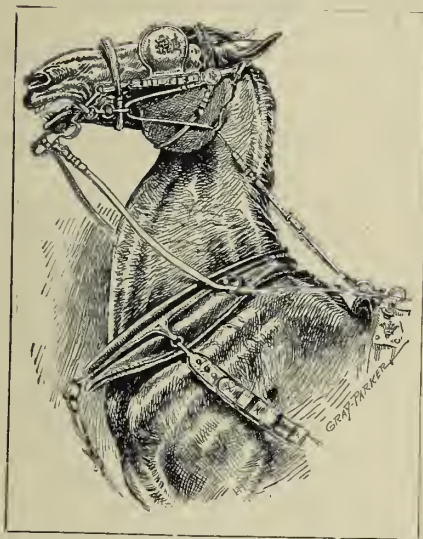
saves you all that "toil and trouble." Add boiling water to the Extract and you have, instantly, a really palatable Bouillon or Clear Beef Soup. No trouble or mystery about it. Anyone can do it.

Armour & Company, Chicago.

LIFE'S PATENT CHECK AND CURB.

Warranted to worry the strongest horse into a lather. No comfort possible with this combination.

Try It—Millions In Use.



"For show and agony a tight check and a strong curb cannot be surpassed."

JOHN SMITH.

"A — sight more fun for the driver than for the horse."

ALKALI BILL.

People of moderate means, desiring the greatest display with the least expense, should give this a trial

FOR SALE, WITH ALL DEALERS.



SUPREME AWARD - WORLD'S FAIR -

Pabst Malt Extract
The "Best" Tonic

Gives to the weak and enervated vital energy & lifting one from despondency to buoyant happiness. ❀ ❀ ❀

GOLD MEDAL AND DIPLOMA, CONSTITUTING HIGHEST AWARD. MUNICH INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION. 1895. AN UNPARALLELED VICTORY IN THE VERY HOME OF BREWING.

THE ART OF BREWING WAS DEVELOPED BY THE GERMANS

Redfern

Court

Dressmaker

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Ladies' Tailor.



Prices for all Cloth Garments will be found very much lower than last season.

210 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Average Daily Distribution, 65,105.

REPUBLIC

READERS
ARE
THRIFTY
AND
WELL-TO-DO.

THEY ARE READY BUYERS.

If you have anything to sell, why not tell them.

THE REPUBLIC

ST. LOUIS.

Semi-Weekly. Each Section, 126.115.

ONE enterprising merchant put in his window a sign which read :

"We back our goods with our honor."

The merchant two doors west put up a sign also. His sign read :

"We back our goods with a cash guarantee. See ?"—*Indianapolis Journal.*



It was in one of the mountain towns of Eastern Kentucky. I had dropped into a general store in the evening to make a purchase, and was lingering to hear a conversation between three or four men, when one of them arose, winked at me to follow him, and started out just as an old man who was saluted as "Cap'n Jim" entered.

"Yo' is a stranger in town, I reckon?" queried the winker, as we got out.

"Yes."

"And nobody's dun told you about Uncle Tom who keeps this stoh?"

"No."

"Then I'll explain. That yere Cap'n Jim has cum to town for powder to shoot squirrels. That yere Uncle Tom keeps it in a keg, and he allus lights a candle to weigh it out in the back room. I've bin a-talkin' to him fur the last twenty years, but he doan' believe it."

"Don't believe what?"

"That that ar' candle and them ar' powder am jess dead suah to cum together sumtime. Got to do it. Uncle Tom's gittin' old and trembly, and thar's got to be a calamitous calamity in that back room."

"And you think it will come off to-night?"

"Mighty likely, sah. I hated to git up and go out afore sumbody had treated, but we ar' in dooty bound to save our lives, I reckon."

"You didn't say anything to the others?"

"Twan't no use. They was talkin' about b'ars, and a b'ar story would keep 'em thar' if the house was afire. Besides, they know all about it."

We had walked away about thirty rods while talking, and had just taken seats on the hotel veranda, when there came a terrible rumble—the night was lighted with a great flame—and then the earth seemed to rise up in waves.

"It's that yere powder and that yere candle cum together!" shouted my friend as he picked himself up, "and now I hope that yere Uncle Tom feels a heap better fur his peartness!"

The store was demolished, and four men killed, while almost every pane of glass in the town was broken.

"Had to be," said my friend, as we stood among the crowd gazing at the ruins. "Yere was trembly Uncle Tom with whiskey in him—thar' was the taller candle with proper ambishun—yere was the keg of powder jes' itchin' to be tackled. Had to be. Couldn't git shet of it!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

COL. PAGE, who commanded a Pennsylvania regiment in the Civil War, often used to tell laughingly his first experience in marching the raw men who had enlisted for the War of the Rebellion. He was given command of a company, and, after some preparatory drill, led them down a street in Philadelphia. They marched as well as could be expected for several blocks, when suddenly from the ranks rang out a loud "Halt!"

The men wavered, and then came to a full stop.

"Who gave that order?" thundered the enraged captain.

"Potts, sir!" "Potts!" a dozen voices called, and every eye turned on Potts, a stout German, a butcher by trade.

"What do you mean, sir, by giving that order?" demanded the captain.

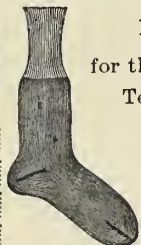
"Well, sir, I've been trying for two blocks to get this company to keep step with me, and they wouldn't do it. So I stopped them to begin all over again."

Capt. Page's anecdote suggests the story of the old Scotchwoman who called on her minister to say that she and her brother John had decided that all the members of the Scottish kirk believed false doctrine and would be lost, and that John and she would in future worship at home by themselves.

"I am very glad," said the minister dryly, "that there are two of you who are right and will be saved."

"Aweel, I'm no sayin'!" said Jean, shaking her head. "Times I hae ma doots o' John."—*Youth's Companion.*

There is Economy



In wearing the **SHAWKNIT HALF-HOSE**, for they are the **MOST DURABLE** as well as the best-fitting.

Testimonials to the effect that they are the best, and

CHEAPEST IN THE END

are received every day from all classes of wearers.

None genuine unless stamped *Shawknit* on the toe.

SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE PRICE-LIST.

SHAW STOCKING CO., Lowell, Mass.

"Ball-Bearing"

Bicycle Shoe

Many Styles—Men's—Ladies'—High or Low-Cut. Corrugated Soles. Pratt Lace Fasteners. No tying—no untying. Prices—Black, \$3.00; Tan, \$3.50; Ladies' Covert Cloth Knee Boot, \$6.00. Ask your dealer for "Ball-Bearing" Shoes. If he hasn't them, shoes will be sent, express paid, on receipt of price.

See that "Ball-Bearing" is stamped on heel. Booklet Free!
C. H. FARGO & CO. (Makers), CHICAGO



Trade-Mark on Heel.

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For Sale by Druggists.

PAMPHLET FREE.

LEHN & FINK, Agents, New York.

SCHERING'S

PIPERAZIN WATER

RECOMMENDED FOR

Gravel, Calculus, Lazy Liver, and all Uric Acid Troubles.

WILL CURE IT.

Keep the Name in mind

NUBIAN

Fast Black Cotton Dress Linings WILL NOT CROCK.

Ladies and dressmakers everywhere have proved their high character. Positively unchangeable. Not affected by perspiration. Made in several qualities for the finest Gowns and inexpensive Dresses.

At All Dry Goods Stores.

Look for this on every yard of the Selva.

Nubian Fast Black



No. 4711 Essence OF RHINE * VIOLETS
(Name Registered.)

THE QUEEN OF PERFUMES

If you want a real Violet Perfume, be sure you get "No. 4711 Rhine Violets" It is not a combination of other scents, but is absolutely true to the flower.

Cut this advertisement out and show it to your dealer.

MÜLHENS & KROPPF, New York, U.S. Agents.

Over the hills
and far away,
The whizzing wheels speed on to-day.
As they fly along the glad shouts ring—
"Ride MONARCH, the wheel that's best and king."

MONARCH

KING OF BICYCLES

Beloved by his subjects because he does right by them. There's goodness and merit in every inch of his kingly fame.

4 models. \$80 and \$100, fully guaranteed. For children and adults who want a lower price wheel the Defiance is made in 8 models, \$40 to \$75.
Send for Monarch book.

Monarch Cycle Mfg. Co.
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88 Reade St.,
NEW YORK.



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YELLOW LABEL "SEC." GOLD LABEL "BRUT."
THE STANDARD OF FINE CHAMPAGNES.

HOW TO MAKE

WOMEN **BEAUTIFUL**



Many women with fair faces are deficient in beauty owing to undeveloped figures, flat busts, etc., which can be remedied by the use of

It is impossible to give a full description in an advertisement; send 6c. in stamps and a descriptive circular, with testimonials, will be sent sealed, by return mail.

ADIPO-MALENE.

L. E. MARSH & CO., Madison Sq., Philadelphia, Pa.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT

THE **TIP-NUH**

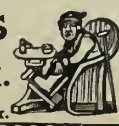


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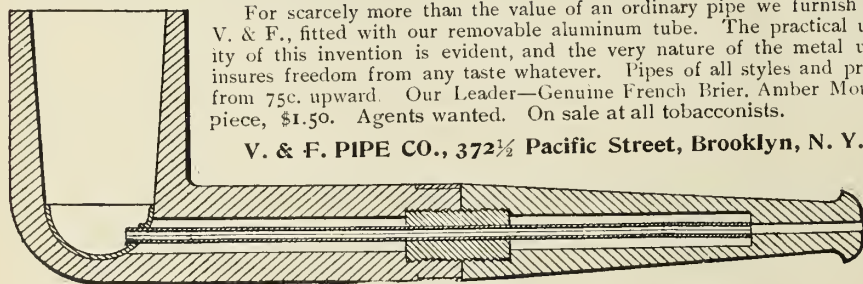
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Two negroes were fighting when their white employer ran up and separated them.

"What are you fighting about?" he asked of the breathless blacks.

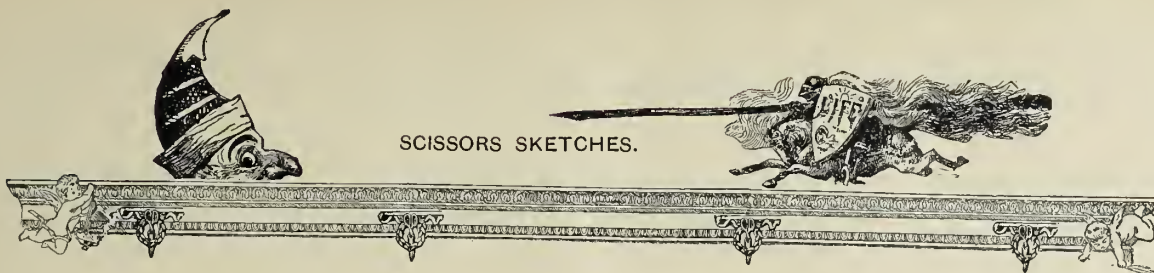
"Why, sah, he called me a niggah!"

"Well, aren't you a nigger?"

"Yes, sah; but hit was the way he said it, sah."

—Chicago Record.

• LIFE •



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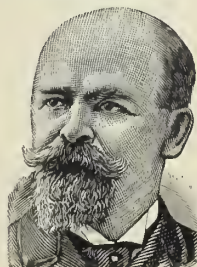
RATHER HOPELESS.

Gibson Girl: So this is a living picture of English Society! I wonder if there are any lords or dukes present?
Gibson Man: I believe there are one or two, but I understand they are being negotiated for.

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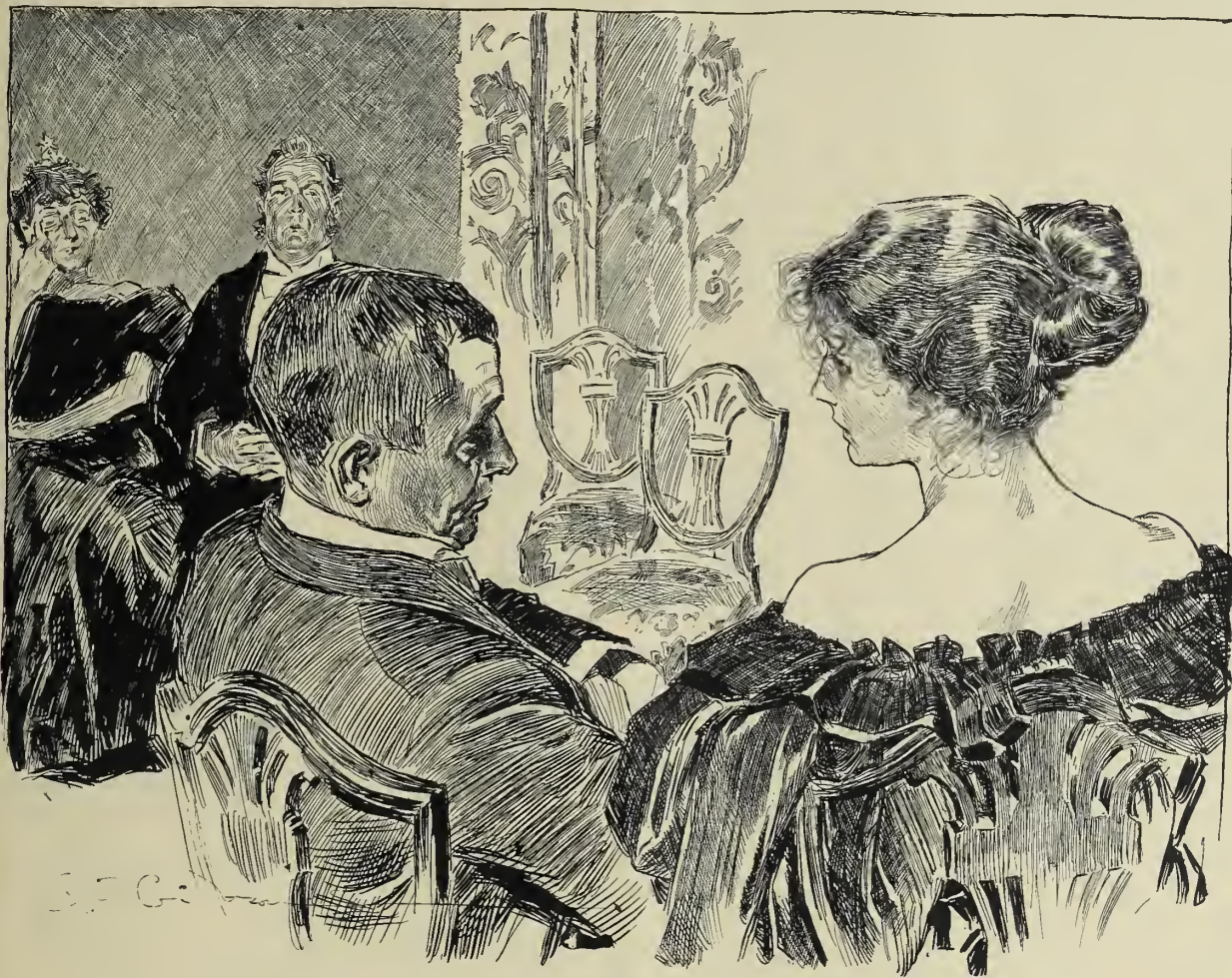
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 In fabled times or modern days
 Than she around whose forehead wreathed
 Night's sabled locks, with stars ablaze!
 In distant adoration long
 This soul and heart in worship knelt,
 Nor dared approach to breathe their song
 Into the shrine where Beauty dwelt:
 Till—Ah, that Memory still can live
 Now joyous Hope is cold and dead!
 If you'll read down, these lines will give
 The cruel, blighting words she said!

R. S. P.

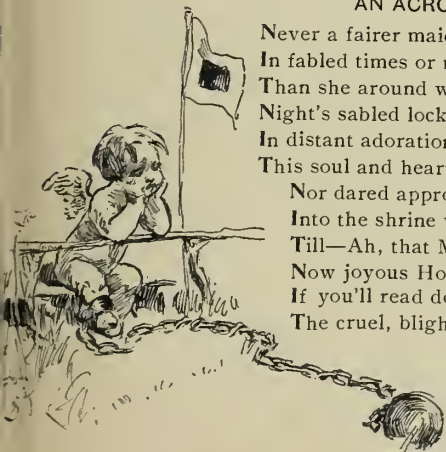
“THERE'S a judge out West who beats the Dutch
 for fiendish punishments.”

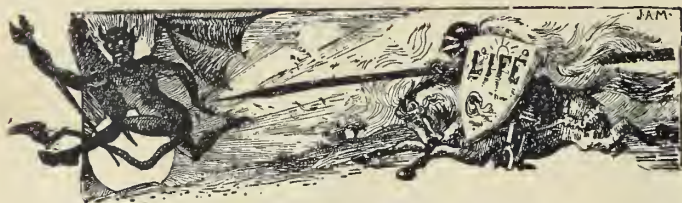
“What sort of sentences does he inflict?”

“Well, one poor wretch was convicted of killing
 five people, and this cruel judge sentenced him to an
 afternoon's imprisonment in a millinery store on open-
 ing day.”

LIEUTENANT PERI: I am afraid you couldn't
 stand the rigor of an Arctic expedition. You
 never have been on one before, have you?

TRAVOLE: No; but I have spent a winter in an
 English hotel.



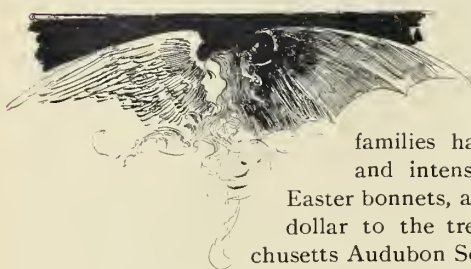


"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVII. APRIL 16, 1896. No. 694.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents. *Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.*

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HUSBANDS and fathers, whose efforts to avert destitution from their families have been complicated and intensified by the cost of Easter bonnets, are invited to send one dollar to the treasurer of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, at the Natural History Society's rooms, on Berkeley St., in Boston. The dollar will not relieve them from the necessity of providing their women folks with fresh and seasonable headgear at proper intervals, but by making them members of the Audubon Society it will bind them "not to purchase or encourage the use of feathers of wild birds for ornamentation," and thus endow them with a useful disability, which, if discreetly employed, may prove to be money in their pockets.

* * *



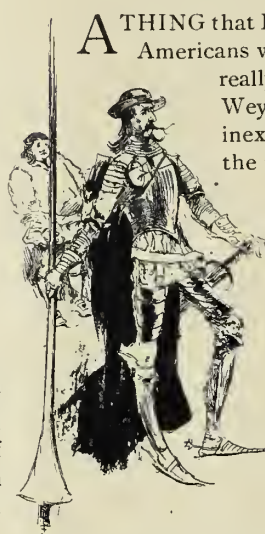
THE question of who shall be the Republican candidate for president is full of present interest to sundry of the Republican bosses, and begins little by little to attract the attention of the public. The present choice seems to lie among Messrs. McKinley, Reed and Morton, with good possibilities that all three of them may be shuffled back into the pack and a new trump turned. The difficulty with Mr. Reed is that nobody can give assurance that he will hinder gold from going to a premium. The difficulty with Mr. McKinley is the same, complicated by eccentric notions about tariff, and by Ohioism in several dangerous forms. The difficulty with Mr. Morton is that he seems almost too obliging.

It is quite true, as Ambassador Bayard said in England, that we are an impetuous people and need a real man to govern us. More of us, who are gold-bugs, want a real man between ourselves and our fellows who are silver men; we, who are silver men, want a real man between us and the gold bugs; we, who are not jingoes,

want a real man between us and the jingoes, and the jingoes equally want a real man between us and them. Almost all of us, of whatever persuasion or impulse, want a real man, and a wise and patient man, between us and the next Congress. Mr. Morton is greatly respected. There is no doubt that he is sound on the money question, but whether he is tough enough timber to make such a president as we think we shall need on and after the 4th of next March is rather an anxious question and one that will be hard to settle.

Mr. Reed is tough. He seems to be a real enough man for any use. What a pity it is that his convictions on important subjects are so obscure!

* * *



AThing that LIFE and a good many million other Americans would just like to know is: What is really going on in Cuba? If General Weyler and his underlings are using inexcusably brutal methods to suppress the rebellion, it may be as much Uncle Sam's duty to interfere as it was the duty of England to stop the Armenian atrocities. So, if the Cubans are bully-ragging the Spaniards more than is reasonable, we ought, perhaps, to discourage them. It seems to be the Christian duty of strong and conscientious Powers, like Us, nowadays, to see to it that when our neighbors fight they fight according to the rules and without uncomely ebullitions of hard feeling or undue violence. But we cannot perform our duty to Cuba unless we know what is going on there. At present we don't seem to know. The newspapers tell us daily by the column, but their dispatches are so conflicting that it is next to impossible to sort out the true from the fabulous.

It is evident enough that we need a commission which shall go to Cuba and observe and report. It must be composed of competent and experienced persons, hardy and adventurous, and good judges of sport. If the President would draft a dozen or two of our best known amateur baseball and football umpires and send them secretly to Cuba, along with a few experienced critics and correspondents, such as Mr. Caspar Whitney, Mr. Poultney Bigelow and Mr. Frederick Remington, we should presently know, if any of them survived, whether General Weyler and the Cubans were playing according to the rules of war or not.

If we cannot get reliable advices somehow, it may be necessary to hold off and let Cubans and Spaniards fight their battle out without further assistance from this country than the unofficial enthusiasm and enterprise of individuals may afford them.

HUNTING WITH A YANKEE DOG.



the deaf, dumb and blind passengers on the elevated roads, followed in the afternoon by high winds in Brooklyn, the City Hall being plainly visible above the prairie grass.

THERE are States enough in which legislative experiments may be tried without abridging the liberty of the people of New York. In Ohio, for instance, one branch of the Legislature has passed a bill prohibiting the wearing of obstructive hats in theatres. Such a law may be helpful if anyone can be induced to enforce it. If the Buckeyes find it useful the rest of us may try it. If not, we may still hope for relief from such an application of the Röntgen rays to opera glasses as may enable us to see through an ordinary hat without difficulty.



FARMER UNDERDUNN'S
weather report for week
ending April 23d, 1896.

NORTH POLE, April 15.—The hot wave still obtains (copyrighted) in this vicinity, the thermometer ranging from 90° to 104° in the shade, with an unprecedented watermelon crop and bunches of bananas hanging from every limb. The roads continue very dusty.

WASHINGTON, April 16th.—High Congressional winds are reported in this region, with long-continued Pension outbursts, Reed birds flying high, and embossed storm signals over the White House. The lightning rods on the National Retreat are bent double, and the inmates

report balls of real fire on the ceilings. The thermometer ranges from 40° below to 800° above, with no prospects of relief.

ELLERSLIE BARNYARD, April 15th.—The Morton boom, which recently found its centre in New York city and gradually spread over a part of Kings and Westchester Counties, reached here yesterday by easy stages, and passed off to the South and East, expending its force in the Atlantic. No serious damage was done, and light, variable winds in the direction of East St. Louis, followed by a dead calm, are predicted for the next six weeks.

For New York and surrounding districts, Thursday, Friday and Saturday there will be a dead silence, followed on Sunday by eighteen miles of solid crime with illustrations to fit, and deep wrinkles will form on the statue of Horace Greeley in Park Row. Monday, live patients will be seen through the windows of Bellevue Hospital, and green grass will sprout in the reading room of the Metropolitan Club. Tuesday will open light and pleasant, with snow, hail and rain later in the afternoon, followed by loud claps of thunder, almost waking up the seven sleepers in the "Evening Post" building, causing them to start and mutter in their slumber. Wednesday the sun will shine, raised letters being easily read by





A CAUTIOUS CUPID.

MY love, of cherry lips I answered, kneeling on my
 possessed, knee,
 And cheeks of rose—the (My favorite pose in love's
 usual thing— affair.)
 Inquired, as a passing jest, “Because the god on foot
 Why Cupid always wears would be
 a wing. Run in for what he does
 not wear.”



HOW THE NATIVE AUTHOR IS ENCOURAGED.

London's *imprimatur* is omnipotent; without it nothing in fiction goes.—J. SELWIN TAIT in the *Evening Post*.

AN ENGLISH REVIEW OF AN AMERICAN BOOK.

... There is no doubt about the American origin of this novel. The spelling, of course, is atrocious, and the phrases used in what is supposed to be polite society are beastly. From the first page to the last the English reader will be shocked by the freedom enjoyed by the young girls of the story. We expect them to be rich, beautiful, and impertinent—but, by all the powers of American civilization, why are they made to live their butterfly existences in a savage freedom that would compromise and forever ruin the reputation of any well-bred English girl! We have long ceased to expect anything approaching literature from American novelists; but, at least, they can attempt to make their so-called well-bred heroines up to the standard of our lower middle class.

* * *

AN AMERICAN REVIEW OF AN ENGLISH BOOK.

... The latest London sensation has just been reprinted by one of our prominent

publishing houses, and we are bound to say that the story fully justifies all the enthusiastic things that have been said about it in the cable despatches of our London correspondent and in his recent letter quoting opinions of leading English authorities. We can heartily commend the book to all of our readers. The startling plot has been very well exploited in the daily and weekly papers, so that we need not again summarize it. What some prudish critics have faintly called “prurient audacity and obscene sentimentalism” is, we can assure our most careful readers, only a frank, scientific statement of certain dominant facts of life that it behooves us all to face openly. We are accustomed to consider the American girl a model of modesty and sweet innocence—and she undoubtedly is, but it would be wise for her to open her eyes to some of the abstruse social problems which her English sister is so bravely confronting. The ideas of the most advanced people in regard to the sanctity and permanence of marriage have been materially modified by recent scientific discussion. If our young women are to continue in the van of progress they must be familiar with these ideas, no matter how disagreeable they may at first seem to be. This epoch-making novel is in the line of such enlightenment. We are told that the masculine *nom de plume* conceals the identity of a young woman of twenty—the daughter of an English peer, near the throne.

* * *

AN AMERICAN REVIEW OF AN AMERICAN BOOK.

... Why will the young writers in this country continue to fill their novels with pretty tennities and inane gossip! The latest book of our most popular young novelist is now before us, and in it he plays the same tune which he has made us familiar with in five successive years. How can he expect intelligent people at the end of the century to be interested in the love affair of a young college athlete and the beautiful daughter of a proud New England millionaire? We admit that he does it very well; he writes good, crisp English, and is never prolix and stupid in style. Moreover, the girl and her lover are “well characterized,” as the phrase is. But who cares for their philandering? The world is full of men



A LEAP YEAR CATASTROPHE.

Ethel: I GUESS YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND TO ADOPT A SON.
 Pa and Ma: WHAT!!

“I PROPOSED TO FRED GORDON AND HE PROMISED TO BE A BROTHER TO ME.”



She: BUT I DETEST JUNE WEDDINGS.
"WHY?"
"THEY MEAN A WHOLE SUMMER WASTED."

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.



THE OLD MAN, HIS SON AND THE ASS.

and women struggling with serious social conditions. Many of their problems are extremely disagreeable, but this is an age of reality. They have grasped the spirit of the age much better in prevailing English fiction. The theory that fiction should only amuse is exploded. American writers must throw themselves into the thick of the fight, even if they get their boots muddy. Our magazines have fostered a certain literary squeamishness in our writers of fiction. But they must emancipate themselves. The brains of the country are in the daily press, and there is more true literature in the graphic reports of our city staff than in the three hundred pages of carefully wrought sentimental tatting that our eminent novelist has put before us in this stupid story. *Droch.*



SPRING LAMB.

AN old man and his little boy were once driving an ass to the market place. "What's the matter with one of you riding?" said a passer-by. So the man put his boy on the ass and they went on. The next person they met said it was a shame to see a boy ride while an old man walked. The man lifted the boy off and got on himself. This also excited adverse comment, and the man took the boy up behind him. The next critic was a member of the S. P. C. A., and he upbraided them both roundly, saying that they would better carry the ass than he them. Thereupon they tied the ass's legs to a long pole and carried him between them. While crossing the bridge, into the town, the man stumbled and the ass fell into the water and was drowned. They promptly sued the city for damages, and compromised on \$263, more than eight times the value of the ass.

Immoral:

Hard luck cannot touch smooth people.

H. W. Phillips.

AGENT: I represent the Bicycle Union Insurance Company. Will pay you two thousand dollars if you are injured in an accident, and the cost is eight dollars a year.

GRYMES: But I never ride a wheel.

"Then you can't get along without the policy, but the cost will be doubled."

WELL QUALIFIED.

"I s dis where dey wants a boy."

"It is, but he must be a boy who never utters an untruth and does not use slang or swear."

"Well, me brudder's a deaf mute. I'll send 'im 'round."

PERSEVERANCE overcomes obstacles—that is, unless the obstacles overcome perseverance.

UNPARALLELED.

EDITOR: Why, this article you've written isn't sensational. It's a statement of the exact facts in the case.

REPORTER: I know it. But when it appears in our paper think of the sensation it will make!



pictures from 4,000 copies of LIFE and forward them to Daisy, together with a photograph of your brain by Roentgen.

By DAISY.

Daisy will publish horoscopes in this department only in the order received. Remember the conditions. Cut out all the

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
Daisy tells us what we are.

TOMMY (R-D).

THIS gentleman was born under exceptional auspices, directly under Venus, the sun making 480 revolutions to the minute, the blushing mermaids on Aquarius clad in Persian veils, and a bicycle face on the man in the moon. He is thin and angular, with cork whiskers, cupid front and an Adam's apple that moves up and down like the freight elevator in a Chicago warehouse. Is possessed of a confiding, trusting Cape Cod nature, believing all that he sees, and should never go out without a chaperon. Must not go near places where machinery is operated, and should avoid sharp instruments. Likely to be disappointed often, notably in '96, and his wish will not come true. Will find his most agreeable companions among persons of democratic temperament. Should lead a quiet home life, surrounded by a few close friends, avoid all excitement, and wear handcuffs when writing letters. Would make a good president of a windmill or succeed as keeper of a lunatic asylum.

* * *

LEVI P. (M-R-T-N).

THIS gentleman was born under the milky way, Taurus tossing up for the drinks, Geysers spouting pastorized cream on Jupiter, the bottom out of the little dipper and Cancer and Capricorn coming in through the side door. He is fourteen hands high, weighs 2,000 pounds when in condition, can do a mile in thirty-one minutes and looks well in a vacant lot. He has a sanguine temperament, which hopes without reason, and is constantly looking for better things, but not likely to succeed. Evil times in latter part of '96, and may go abroad for his health. Danger in politics. Will find his most agreeable companions among the lower animals. Succeed as a dry-goods clerk or a messenger boy.



IGNACE (P-D-E-R-S-K-W-I).

THIS gentleman was not able to tell the exact hour of his birth, but has sent a lock of his hair which answers the same purpose, and which Daisy returns by freight to-day. He was born under Capricorn, a grilled edge on Venus, Job's coffin standing on end, the Northern Cross illuminated with 4,000-carat diamonds, and all space echoing to the glad news. He is short and stout, with a Cleveland neck; has a \$5,000 expression, celluloid ears, and a German band exterior. Would do good work in the mint. Is possessed of a hard, rebellious nature; quite dangerous when aroused, and should avoid the society of ladies. Looks well in a Mother Hubbard; should wear woolen gloves when awake and drink a quart of cologne before each meal. Will succeed as a chimney-sweep.

REFORM.

BROWN: Have you heard about that temperance movement in New Jersey?

JONES: No. What is the plan?

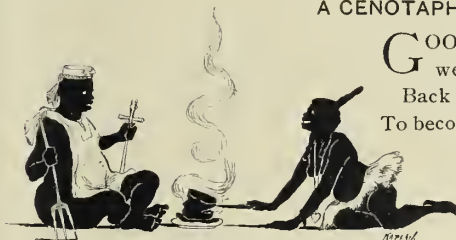
"To encourage the use of beer and whiskey as substitutes for hard cider."

OVER indulgence in official plums results eventually in enforced abstinence.

A CENOTAPH.

GOOD ELNATHAN
Went from Slocum,
Back in 1839.

To become a *tenens locum*
In the missionary
line.
And the Hea-
then, it is
said,

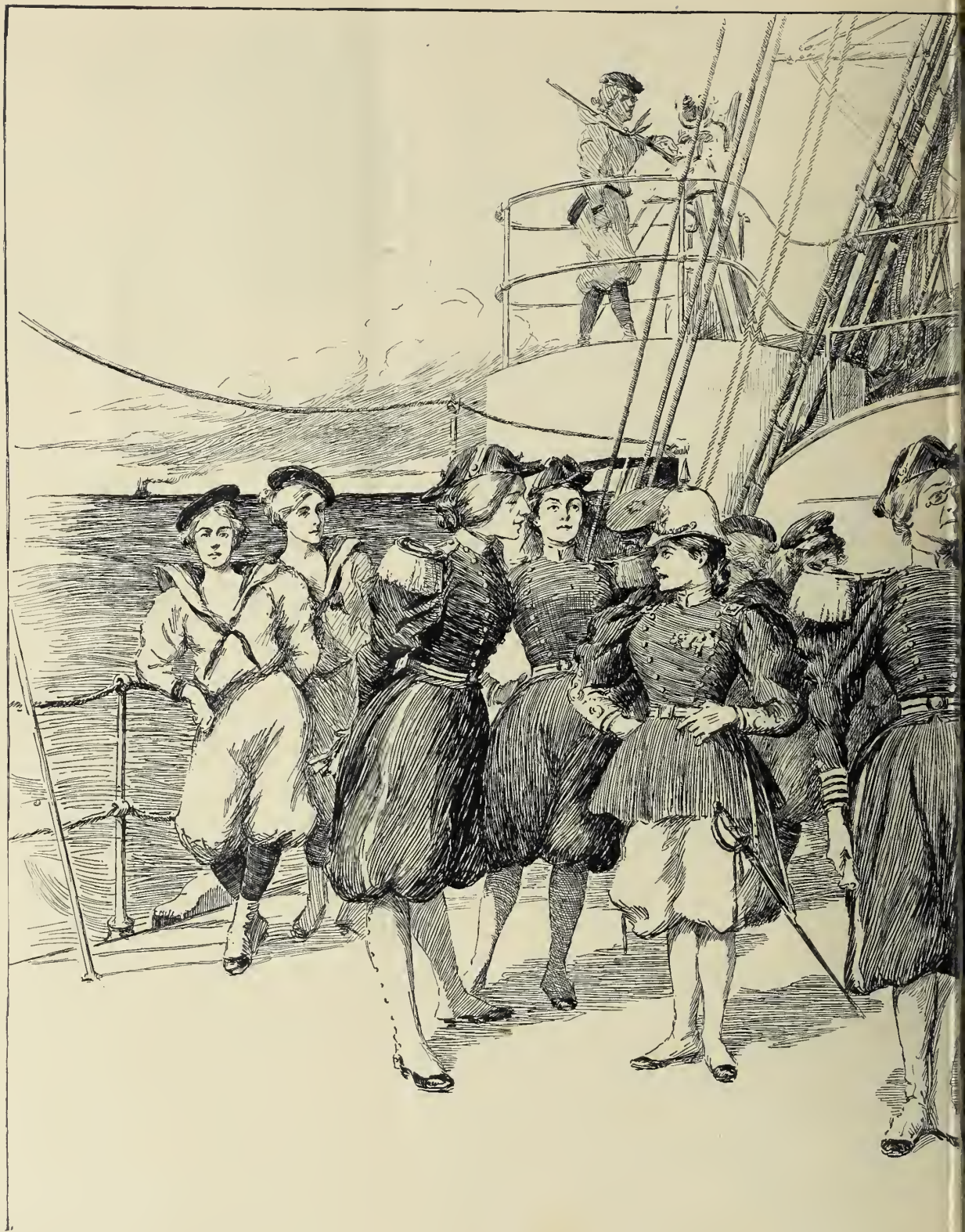


Dearly loved their missionary;
Grief—or something—seemed to choke 'em
When the worthy man was dead.

Then the Populace of Slocum,
Though they hadn't him to bury,
Though the outlay almost broke 'em—
Placed upon the hallowed spot,
Where his blest remains were not,
In the local cemetery,
An expensive marble shaft,
Elegantly epitaphed,
Pleasantly obituary:

"For good Elnathan shed a pious tear—
Departed Saint!—
Would that his lost remains were resting here—
But, Ah! They ain't!
In Afric's clime he hath a warm sarcophagus
In the deep bosom of an Anthropophagus."

P. Dana



E .



Wm. H. W. 96

IVY.

).



"The size of the hat a woman wears in the theatre is in inverse proportion to her breeding."

CHEVALIER.

IT'S fair to wonder whether British music-hall audiences would understand anything at all of "Chimmie Fadden" or Steve Brodie if either of those two worthies dared face the ordeal of the London stage. The unflattering conclusion must be that, in their relations to each other, London is the real metropolis and New York only a provincial town. New York crowds to see Albert Chevalier, and gives not only an enthusiastic but an intelligent hearing to his performance. And yet Chevalier confines himself to a series of characters which are purely local to London, and of which not one New-Yorker in ten thousand has ever seen the prototype. But London has produced him, and we read about him and understand his work in advance, and go to see him.

Would London do as much for any New York portrayer of a purely New York type? Hardly. In this it shows the self-contained, self-satisfied spirit which marks the metropolis—the same spirit which New York shows towards Cohoes's leading soprano and the celebrated young *Hamlet* from Kalamazoo.

There is this, however, to be said for Chevalier: that he works with the mightiness and magic of true art. The coster-monger of London may be an humble character, but he is marked by traits and mannerisms peculiarly his own. These, both great and small, Chevalier has studied and grasped and worked into himself with a genius worthy of a greater subject.

The story of Chevalier is a familiar one; how, from being an actor on the legitimate stage who had failed of recognition, he descended to becoming easily the greatest of vaudeville artists. It is possible to say now that his early failure was from lack of opportunity to use his powers in the direction of their bent. Following the same reasoning, it is easy to suggest that he return those powers to the higher sphere of action, and give to the legitimate stage what it seems he might be—a finished comedian of the highest class.

In one respect Chevalier gives a valuable lesson to our local character actors. One of their gravest faults is gaining their effects through reproducing and even exaggerating the coarseness of the characters they portray. The London coster-monger doubtless possesses his share of the brutality and vulgarity of the British lowest classes, but Chevalier has eliminated these things without being unfaithful to the original. A portrait painter may smooth over a natural defect and not destroy a likeness, and in doing this Chevalier again proves his right to the name of artist.

But, above all, he possesses the wonderful gift of personal magnetism. It is worth the

while of psychic investigators to examine this mysterious force and make it, if possible, a material and tangible possession which might be acquired by all public performers. What is it, Messieurs the psychologists, which marks the difference between the powers of artists of equal technical ability to sway their audiences? It shows itself not only on the stage, but in the pulpits and the forum, and to its possession, in a marked degree, Albert Chevalier owes not the least part of his unquestioned success.

Metcalfe.



"WELL, I'LL BE BLOWED, BUT THIS HONEY IS FATTENING!"

PERFECTLY NATURAL.

"HAROLD, dear, why were you so very noisy this morning? You waked me with shouting. I don't like to be roused so. I wish to sleep until I wake naturally."

"Yes, but mamma, isn't it natural to wake up when you hear a noise?"

IF a girl is going to marry a man who keeps a horse or a dog, she can, by observation, form a pretty good idea of how she will be treated.

THERE is disagreement among philosophers as to whether to be priest-ridden or hag-ridden is the more unenviable estate. Priest-ridden persons sometimes enjoy peace of mind in copious and irresponsible measure, and hag-ridden persons, who are naturally of a yielding disposition, often garner advantageous dispensations of physical ease. The doctors, musing and meditating, see advantages in both states and will not decide in favor of either, agreeing only in this, that to be priest-ridden by a hag-ridden priest or hag-ridden by a priest-ridden hag is more than human nature ought to be expected to endure, and excuses almost anything.



PATERNAL PRIDE.

"IF THERE'S A CHILD IN THE SIXT' WARD KIN BATE THAT WAN O' MOINE AT DHRINKIN', FETCH HIM ALONG, AN' I'LL SET UP THE LICKER FOR THE HOUSE. AH! BUT IT'S A PROUD WOMAN HIS MOTHER'D BE THIS DAY IF SHE WUZ ON'Y ALOIVE TO SEE HIM!"



THAT DELICIOUS MOMENT

WHEN YOU FIND YOU ARE TO TAKE INTO DINNER THE GIRL WHO YESTERDAY REFUSED YOU.



FOR those of our readers who like to get at the inside facts of a case we publish these companion pictures. They are interesting as showing the possibilities of the art of the future when developed by advanced photography. We have selected a well-known drawing from LIFE as better illustrating our point.



I HAD been told that I could probably get lodgings with a mountaineer named Lukens, and when within two miles of his cabin I met a native on the highway and asked him the distance. He gave it and then inquired:

"So yo' are gwine to stop with Jim Lukens, eh?"

"Yes, I was directed there. You know him, perhaps?"

"Oh, yes."

"Very nice man?"

"Powerful good fellow, Jim is, but a leetle quare."

"What is he queer about?" I asked.

"Wall, he'll be a-sittin' on a log at the gate and see yo' half a mile away. If he likes yo' r looks, all right; if he don't he'll sot his dawg on yo'. If yo' git away from the dawg, Jim will likely hev a shot at yo' with his rifle."

"Anything else?"

"Arter yo've reached his cabin all right and feel to home, he may suddenly take yo' fur a revenoo spy. If he does yo'r a goner. He'll shoot fust and ax queshuns arterwards."

"Something more?"

"Jim hain't got no mo'e religun than a b'ar, but he'll lead yo' on to rip the Baptists up the back, and jes' as yo' think yo'r gittin' powerful solid with him, he'll riz up and throw yo' out doahs."

"Is there anything else to guard against?"

"Sum few things, stranger. Fur instance, Jim's a great hand to wrastle. If yo' don't take holt he'll break both yo'r legs fur sure. He'll be sartin to invite yo' to drink, fur he keeps a jug in the house. If yo' go light

he'll take it as an insult; if yo' gurgle her down he'll call yo' a hog and turn yo' out doahs. May be sum other things, but these will do, I reckon."

"I think I won't stop with Mr. Lukens," I replied.

"But yo'd better, sah. I know he's sorter 'spectin' yo', and if you pass him by he'll think yo' ar' stuck up and proud and hev a shot at yo' from behind a rock. Don't yo' go past Jim Lukens' cabin if yo' want to git outer this kentry alive!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE shy young man and timid maid
In silence wait from week to week,
Each wondering, modestly afraid,
Whose place it really is to speak.

—*Washington Star.*

WIDE AWAKE.—When the late King Charles of Wurtemberg was about to be betrothed to the Russian Grand Duchess Olga, a small-sized portrait of the young Princess was sent to him. He looked at the miniature for a while and then said:

"The likeness is highly flattering; the hair is too luxuriant, the eyes too bright, and the complexion too fresh."

"But your Royal Highness has never yet seen the Grand Duchess?" observed an *aide-de-camp*, with some surprise.

"No," replied the Crown Prince; "I do not know her, quite true, but I know these Court painters."—*Berliner Tageblatt.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

VENEZUELA. By William Eleroy Curtis.
The Evolution of Woman. By Harry V. McVickar.

F. TENNYSON NEELY, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO.

Nye and Riley's Wit and Humor.
Bill Nye's Sparks.
Love Affairs of a Worldly Man. By Maibelle.
The Charlatan. By Robert Buchanan and Murray.
Trumpeter Fred. By Capt. Charles King, U. S. Army.

STONE & KIMBALL, CHICAGO.

A House of Cards. By Alice S. Wolf.
The Massacre of the Innocents, and Other Tales of Belgian writers. Translated by Edith Wingate.

COPELAND & DAY, BOSTON.

The Road to Castaly. By Alice Brown.
The Captured Cunarder. By William E. Rid.
In the Village of Viger. By Duncan Campbell.
LAMSON, WOLFFE & COMPANY, BOSTON AND NEW YORK.
Vera Vorontsoff. By Sonja Kovalevsky. Russian into English by Anna von Rydingsvard.

"WHAT is the name of that tall, slender woman over there by the mantel, Mr. Gruffy? He was Morse before she was married, but I cannot remember what it is now."

"Remorse, likely."—*Detroit Free Press.*

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayen, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

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HOUSEKEEPER (in pursuit of a cook): Why did you leave your last place?

COOK: I couldn't stand the dreadful way the master and missus used to quarrel, mum.

HOUSEKEEPER: What did they use to quarrel about?

COOK: The way the dinner was cooked, mum.—*Exchange.*

Don't leave all the work to your stomach. A spoonful of Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters before meals aids digestion. Druggists.

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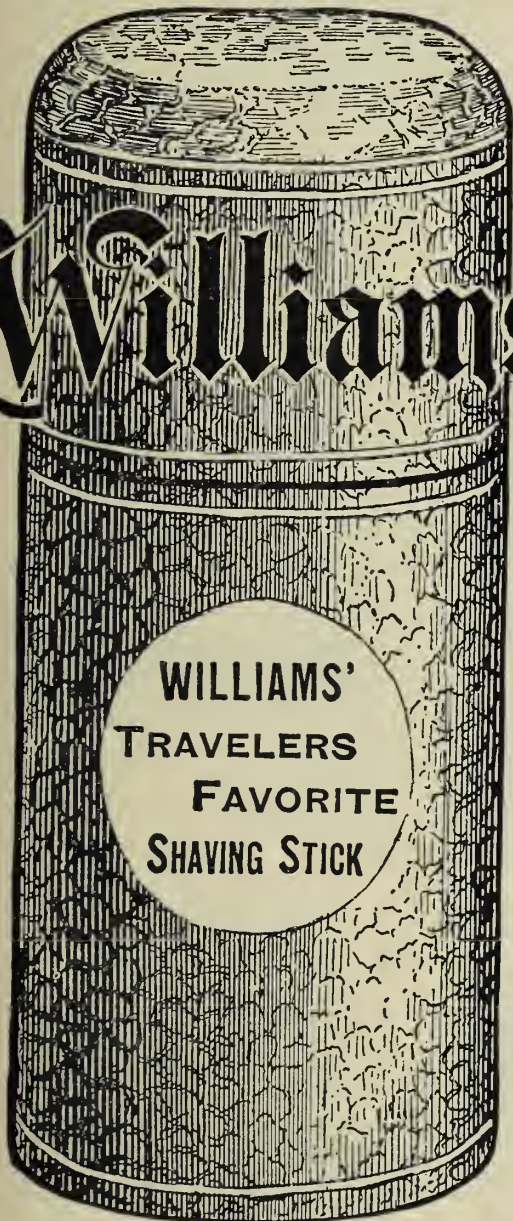
Armour's

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(Overheard on "the Limited.")

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Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.

When Jack and Jill

fell
down
the
hill,



Jill got no bruises shocking;
For CUPID Hair-Pins held her hair,
And saved her head a knocking.

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so that its influence
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tial people of its field
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Chocolate—doesn't need it.
Made in a jiffy, with
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"WHAT are you thinking about, little man?" asked a charming hostess of a small boy visitor.

"Mamma told me," answered the little man, "not to take two oranges, and I was thinking I'd be mighty lucky if I got one."—*Detroit Free Press.*

AN old woman was being questioned by a lawyer as to how the testator had looked when he made a remark to her about some relatives.

"Now, how can I remember? He's been dead two years," she replied, testily.

"Is your memory so poor that you can't remember two years back?" questioned the lawyer.

The old woman was silent, and the lawyer asked, "Did he look anything like me?"

"Seems to me he did have the same sort of vacant look," responded the witness, and the lawyer had no further questions.—*Youth's Companion.*

A MOST amusing reply was made by Judge Neff to an objection made by

Attorney Vernon Burke. The replevin suit of Captain Joseph Doville against Constable Hudson was on hearing. Mr. Burke had continually made objections to certain testimony, and every one of the objections was religiously overruled by Judge Neff.

Later, Captain Doville was on the stand and the same question came up again. "I object," cried out Mr. Burke in a stentorian voice.

"What's your objection?" asked Judge Neff.

"Same old objection," replied the attorney.

"Same old ruling," answered the judge. "Proceed."—*Cleveland Recorder.*

A FEW years ago Jim Chessley was one of the best all-round athletes on the Coast, but he made a specialty of baseball and sprinting. One night, after being out with the baseball crowd, he suggested that they go up to his lodgings and look at a new suit he had bought to sprint in. Though it was two o'clock in the morning, they accepted his invitation.

Chessley put on his new running shoes and trunks. While he was still prancing about the room before his admiring friends a commotion was heard out in the hall and cries of "Stop thief!"

Chessley threw open his door in time to see a man darting down the stairway. He dashed after the fellow, and, after a sprint of half a block, caught him. When Chessley took him by the collar he whirled around as if he intended to fight, but when he had sized Jim up from the top of his head to his spiked soles his jaw dropped, he shook his head hopelessly and said:

"I give up, pardner. When they keep a man ready in runnin' costume to chase a feller at three o'clock in the mornin' they're too many for me."—*San Francisco Post.*

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AN old New York gentleman, meeting his grandson, said to him, in an impressive tone of voice:

"My dear boy, I hear some very discouraging reports about you. They say that you go behind the scenes, and are very much gone on Miss Topsy Liftoe. Is that so?"

"Yes, grandpa, to some extent."

"Drop them, my boy. I know them, my son. They are a bad lot."

"But, grandpa, the actresses of the present day are different from what they were when you were a young man, fifty years ago."

"Not much, my boy. They are mostly the same identical actresses. Why, I was engaged once to Miss Topsy Liftoe myself."—*Texas Sifter*.

"I HAVE always thought," he was saying to himself, "that the division of the intellectual history of the race into the three so-called brilliant epochs, the age of Pericles, the renaissance, and the revolution, is fanciful and arbitrary. To the student of history, who marks the advance of humanity, not by the shadows cast by the great names along the wayside of the ages, but rather by those silent influences that insensibly mould character and leave their unmistakable traces in the—"

A voice from the next room interrupted the speaker:

"What are you doing, Elliottson?"

"I am playing, mamma," replied the dear little Boston boy.—*Chicago Tribune*.

THE truly gifted engineer always makes one part of his work fit into another, and no energy is ever wasted. A wealthy engineer who had set up a very fine place in the country, where he had carried out many pet constructive projects, was visited there by an old friend.

The visitor had so much difficulty in pushing open his front gate that he spoke about it to the proprietor.

"You ought to fix that gate," said the guest. "A man who has everything 'just so' should not have a gate that is hard to open."

"Ha!" exclaimed the engineer, "you don't understand my economy. That gate communicates with the water-works of the house, and every person who comes through it pumps up four gallons of water!"—*Exchange*.

WHEN Mme. Melba was in Washington recently she met Speaker Reed in the Capitol. "Why don't you have a fight here?" she said to him in laughing protest. "I would much rather see a fight than hear a speech." "Then why didn't you let me know you were coming?" said Speaker Reed, gallantly. "I would have had a fight for your special delight, and if you will only wait I will go on the floor and start a row this minute."

TACT.

Hail, graceful Tact! That to no fool denies
 A charm to tame the wild and cheat the wise,
 And, without lying, reaps the gain of lies.

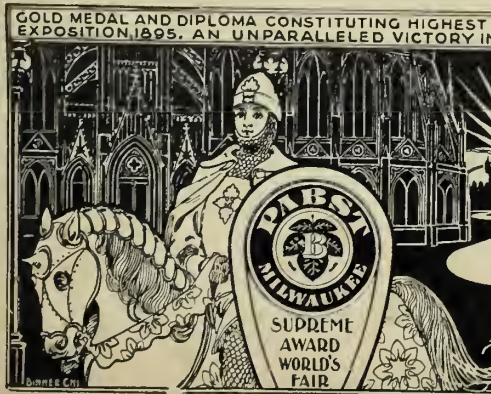
That, courteous ever, kills without a blow,
 And with a Yes contrives to act a No;
 And can compress a volume into "Oh!"

That wins by losing; and by serving reigns;
 By silence argues; and by giving gains;
 That throws its stones, yet saves its window-panes.

That looks like porcelain, when 'tis made of delf;
 And, pilfering, by its very storm of pelf
 Tricks all the world; yes, even tricks—Itself.

—*Exchange*.

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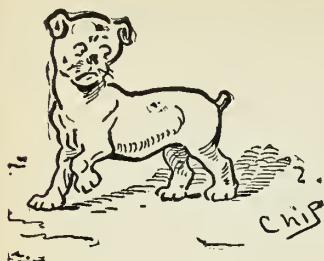
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The Heiress: YOU ARE WRONG WHEN YOU SAY HE HAS NO IDEA OF THE VALUE OF MONEY. THE FELLOW HAS PROPOSED TO ME TWICE.

SOLID FOOD.

THE ST. LOUIS HOSTESS: I am afraid you will find our dear Missouri water rather unpleasant to your taste.
GUEST: Not at all, Madame. It's the best I ever ate.

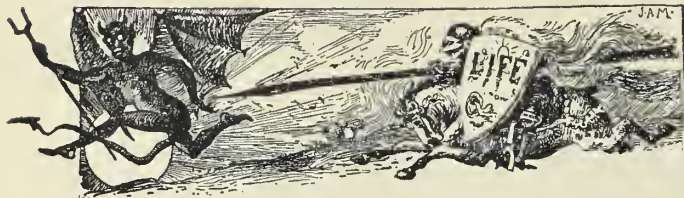
RETIRING.

MISTRESS: Mary, I don't approve of your entertaining your young man in the kitchen.
"Well, mum, he's too shy to come in the parlor."

THE man who is not so bad as he might be, is rarely as good as he could be.



A BIT OF PASSED L.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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APRIL 23, 1896.

No. 695.

19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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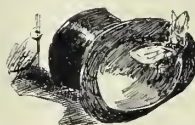
NOBODY needs more sympathy than a person of standing and character who has done a conspicuously foolish thing and been caught at it. The community has been much exercised over the case of a well-known clergyman in New York who preached a sermon on Easter Sunday, the greater part of which was borrowed from a discourse of an eminent Unitarian divine, now deceased. Dr. Morgan not only preached what he could remember of Dr. Putnam's sermon, but he allowed it to be reported and published, and all without a word of credit or any suggestion that the discourse did not come out of his own head. It is recommended in Scripture that when one Christian brother detects another in a fault he shall go to him privately and remonstrate. Dr. Lee, who found out Dr. Morgan, followed the more contemporaneous course of writing to the newspapers.

Dr. Morgan did a remarkably foolish thing. There was no harm at all in his borrowing Dr. Putnam's thoughts, but it was lamentable that he should have omitted to say whose thoughts they were. LIFE is very sorry for Dr. Morgan and it feels bound also to feel some degree of sorrow for Dr. Lee, who did a proper enough thing in an unscriptural and unchristian way, and who is the more fit to grieve over because he seems still hard of heart and unappreciative of his error.



GENERAL MILES is a worthy citizen and a good soldier. He fought boldly and successfully in the war and came out a major-general of volunteers. Since the war his services have been valuable and he has added to his reputation. Now he is ranking major-general of the army and has gone as high in military rank as our existing military apparatus permits. It is proposed to extend the apparatus in order to give him more rank.

Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and, after them, Schofield were lieutenant-generals. General Miles' friends think he ought to be a lieutenant-general also. But General Miles, though he has improved all his chances, was too young at the time of the war to rise into the same class of generals as Grant, Sherman and Sheridan. There seems hardly occasion to revive the rank of lieutenant-general on his account alone, but if it is desirable that the commanding general of the army should be a lieutenant-general, why not revive that rank for permanent use? If every deserving major-general who comes to be in command of the army is to aspire to be a lieutenant-general, it would save trouble and economize the time of Congress to re-establish the higher grade, not only for General Miles but for his successors.



THE HON. WILLIAM E. RUSSELL, of Massachusetts, begins to be talked about as a possible candidate for President. Mr. Russell is a young man, but he is getting over it as fast as could possibly be expected. Moreover it is asserted and generally believed that he has never been any older than he is at present. Yet heretofore his adolescence has not hindered him from being active, useful and highly successful in public life. He is now about forty years old and has fewer things the matter with him, intellectually and otherwise, than most of the candidates of more advanced maturity. It is said, of course, that there is no chance for any Democratic candidate from the State of Massachusetts. Maybe so; but LIFE's impression is that it is going to make less difference this year where a candidate comes from than what he thinks and what he is.



THE success of the American athletes at the Athenian sports is gratifying to their countrymen. No international competition in which Americans are entered excites supreme sporting interest in this country unless there are more or less Britishers in it, and England seems not to have been very effectually represented at Athens. Nevertheless the Athenian sports

were highly picturesque and edifying for many different reasons, and it was a good work to help them on. So far as appears, our emissaries have represented us at Athens with entire decency and high distinction. It was well done. Thank you, gentlemen: we are your debtors, and proud to acknowledge our obligations.

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.

PURPLE DELIRIUMS.

THOSE who come away from the exhibit of the American Artists under the impression that the show is a joke will be in error. These pictures are serious efforts. It requires something of a mental strain to accept this point of view and to maintain it in the presence of so many phantasmal experiments in crude color; but these paintings, such as they are, represent the earnest strivings after easy effects by men who—well, by men who should know better.

A slight depression of spirit is at first produced by the discovery that the positions of honor are assigned to the shallowest and most tricky paintings,



THE APPRECIATIVE MAN.

A MAN stood in the archway of an ancient temple. He took in the wonderful proportions and drank of the exquisite detail in an ecstasy of delight. "Oh, great is art!" he cried in a frenzy. "Art is all! the only God!" Just then an earthquake came mumbling along and jarred the whole country loose. As the man picked himself out of the jumbled-up ruins into the dust-filled air, he encountered a lion who had lost his tail and his temper in the *mêlée*. "Well, where's your art now?" snarled the lion. "All in my eye, I reckon," answered the man, as he bathed his damaged optic.

H. W. Phillips.

HURT.

COBBLE: That Miss Slimson is a very sensitive girl. She didn't like it because I called on her last night without being shaved.
STONE: What did she say?
"She said she felt it very much."

EASILY EXPLAINED.

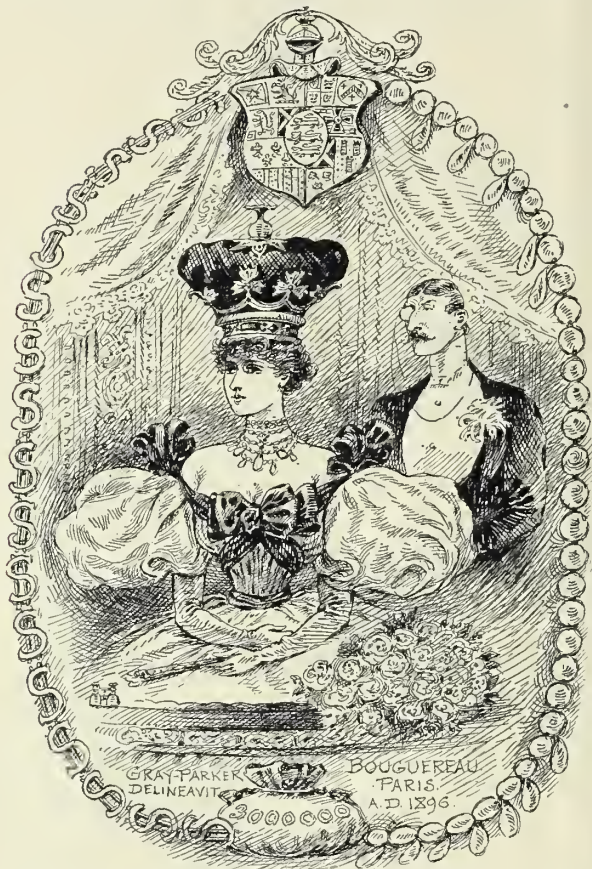
JACK GAYBOY: I'm surprised that your father gave his consent.
SHE: Oh, he doesn't know you as well as I do.



REJECTED — A LEAP-YEAR SKETCH.

HISTORICAL PORTRAIT PAINTING, WITH
APPROPRIATE FRAMES.

(A few leaves from the catalogue of a private portrait gallery.)

WHY NOT ADOPT THE INTERESTING CUSTOM OF OUR ANCESTORS
AND HAVE OURSELVES PORTRAYED IN OUR FAVORITE POSES?PORTRAIT OF MY ELDEST MARRIED SISTER WITH HER CORONET ON,
IN HER BOX AT THE OPERA.—PORTRAIT OF HER HUSBAND
IN THE BACKGROUND.

but this quality of transparent trickiness is so frankly accepted as the high standard of the Society that criticism is at once disarmed—that is, criticism based on composition, drawings, values or harmonies of color.

Judged from its own point of view the exhibit is a vociferous success. The great majority of the paintings are out of drawing, offensive in color and exquisitely false in effect, but as the production of these impressions saves a vast amount of labor and as the style is obviously in favor among the controlling spirits of the Society, it would be manifestly unwise for the ambitious young artist to aim at anything higher.

J. A. M.

SPECIFIED.

H EAD OF FIRM: What time does that funeral you want to go to this afternoon take place?

CLERK: It is called at half-past three, sir.



FROM "LAVENGRO" TO "TOMMY TODDLES."

I F one wishes to know how the fashion in letters changes from decade to decade, let him take up "Lavengro," by George Borrow. It is accounted one of the classics, and yet if Borrow should have fallen upon these times of "smart" books he would have surely failed of a publisher. He would have been told that, while his book is exceedingly well written and full of observation, it is so rambling, inconsequent and long-drawn out that the public would not buy it in quantities to justify it as a commercial venture. Moreover, it is probable that, if he had been persistent, some young man, fresh from a study of French models, would have told him that his passages of "fine writing" are entirely out of key with present standards of taste.

And yet no book has a better right to be in the series of choice reprints that Macmillans are issuing—in such select company as "Peter Simple," "Pride and Prejudice" and "Sybil." You will read "Lavengro" not for an emotional debauch, but for its persistent and unexpected charm. Its leisurely vagaries, its quiet humor, and quaint characters

PORTRAIT OF MY BROTHER CHARLES, THE YALE MAN, ABOUT
TO MAKE A TOUCH-DOWN.

will appeal to your tired nerves like an outing in the country among rural people. Birrell, in his admirable introduction, sums up this charm as follows: "He has behind his books a character of his own, which belongs to his books as much as to himself; something which bears you up and along as does the mystery of the salt sea the swimmer. And this something lives and stirs in almost every page of Borrow, whose restless, puzzling, teasing personality pervades and animates the whole."

* * *

THIS commercial age does not seem to inspire much real poetry in the North, but we are pleased to note that the Muse of Mr. J. Gordon Coogler of Columbia, S. C., thrives upon it, as is evinced in the little volume of "Poems" (printed by the author). It is true that Holmes did write an inferior lyric suggested by the trolley, but Mr. Coogler has shown a more electric imagination in the poem beginning:

"After the evening shades have gathered,
And the heated day its race has run,
There's nothing so pleasant as a quiet ride
On the Electric Cars to Shandon."

The author shows an even finer enthusiasm for the poetic charms of the bicycle. His description of a Southern maiden coasting should put the Riverside lady-scorchers on their mettle:

"Her white hands held the handle bars,
Her eyes were like two lovely stars—
Cheeks like the moon."

We grieve to state that this entrancing vision had a narrow escape from instant death, for

"Her charming steel-horse could not miss
A steep and dangerous precipice
By the river's bank."

And here comes in the Moral! The maiden was saved from instant death by riding the right kind of a wheel (see our advertising pages).

"Her charming wheel,
Never faltering, stood it all,
Thus saving her from a fatal fall
By its perfect steel!"

* * *

IF I were a small boy I don't know anything, except the circus, that would keep me from following "Tommy Toddlers" (Harpers) on his wonderful adventures with the woolly Sheep and the ex-Pirate in search of the animals that strayed out of his Noah's ark and became real live ones, bigger than life.

Mr. Albert Lee tells the story, and Peter Newell draws the pictures in a realistic manner that will convince any intelligent boy that he must have been along with Tommy—probably in the guise of the ex-Pirate. It's hard to imagine how Mr. Lee saw it all, unless he was the woolly Sheep.

Droch.



PORTRAIT OF MY YOUNGEST BROTHER REGINALD, WINNING THE GREAT TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT NEWPORT.



PORTRAIT OF MY COUSIN ROBERT, IN THE ACT OF ACCOMPLISHING A CENTURY RUN.



SIGNS OF SPRING.



By DAISY.

Daisy will publish horoscopes in this department only in the order received. Remember the conditions. Cut out all the pictures from 4,000 copies of LIFE and forward them to Daisy, together with a photograph of your brain by Roentgen.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
Daisy tells us what we are.

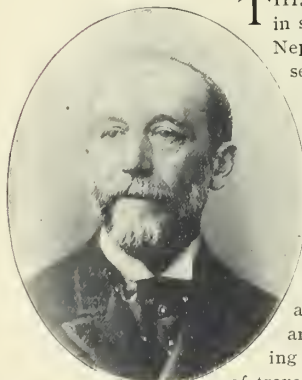
JAMES J. (C-R-B-T).



THIS gent. was born under Aquarius, with a drop curtain over Sagittarius, Venus rent in twain, and Taurus tossing up with Mars for the bay rum. He is very puny, with a glass face, an automatic mouthpiece, and can write with his feet in seven languages. He is singularly refined in his manner, runs like a deer at the mere mention of blood, and would do good work in a flying machine. He is very harmless, splendid with children, quite gentle with other animals, hard to find when wanted, and has traces of a soul. Will find a warm welcome among prize-fighters, but prefers the society of others. Is the soul of generosity, frequently giving himself away, and would do good work as the governor of a State, or the president of a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

* * *

TOMMY (P-L-T).



THIS gentleman was born with all the planets in single file, a torchlight procession on Mars, Neptune falling on his trident, and the dust several miles thick on Pisces. He is seven cubits in stature and constantly growing, has an Albany and Harlem river expression, with a Salvation Army face and a cloven foot. Is easily led and very charitable, dispensing good things to all who love and obey him, works on the ground floor, and loves others for what there is in them. Evil times in '97. Has a great ambition, but in order to succeed should avoid machinery and seek the society of Presbyterian ministers and saloon keepers. Has a weakness for writing for the papers and should check it. Beware of traveling in large cities. Should live in Mammoth Cave, and will succeed best as a medium or a well-digger.

ALBERT EDWARD (W-T-T-N).



THIS gentleman was born under Leo, with that sign rapidly declining, Venus running full capacity night and day, in full-back with Neptune, in quarter-back with Virgo, and Cancer and Capricorn playing pool for the drinks. He is always short, with a red brick exterior built throughout with fire-proof material, has Lord Fauntleroy curls with a Howell's bang, is very industrious, spending hours over his meals, and quite democratic in his tastes, frequently associating with members of his own family. He is very shy in the presence of ladies, and would do good work as a cigar store Indian. He looks well in a suit of Cape Cod oyster shells, linked with galvanized wire and set with 18-carat rhinestones; should avoid clubs, and will find his most congenial companions among mermaids. Would do well as a blacksmith, but will succeed best as an advertising agent.

DIFFERENT IDEAS OF SPORT.

THE slugger is generally regarded as something of a brute. But there are few sluggers in whom the love of fair play is utterly extinct. As a rule, they prefer to see the smaller man win.

The vivisector is not hampered by any such sentiment. When he gets an animal securely strapped to a table and warms up to the sport of seeing how much he can accomplish and yet keep the victim alive, he experiences a sense of victory combined with safety that the slugger seldom enjoys.

LIFE knows a great many good citizens who would travel long miles to see a fight to a finish with hard gloves between this kind of a "scientist" and a professional slugger.

"A SCRAP of history"—The battle of Gettysburg.

WELL RECOMMENDED.

TANKS: Dr. Emdee is the best man at diagnosis I ever saw.

BANKS: How is he about treating a patient?
"First-class; always prescribes liquor in some form."

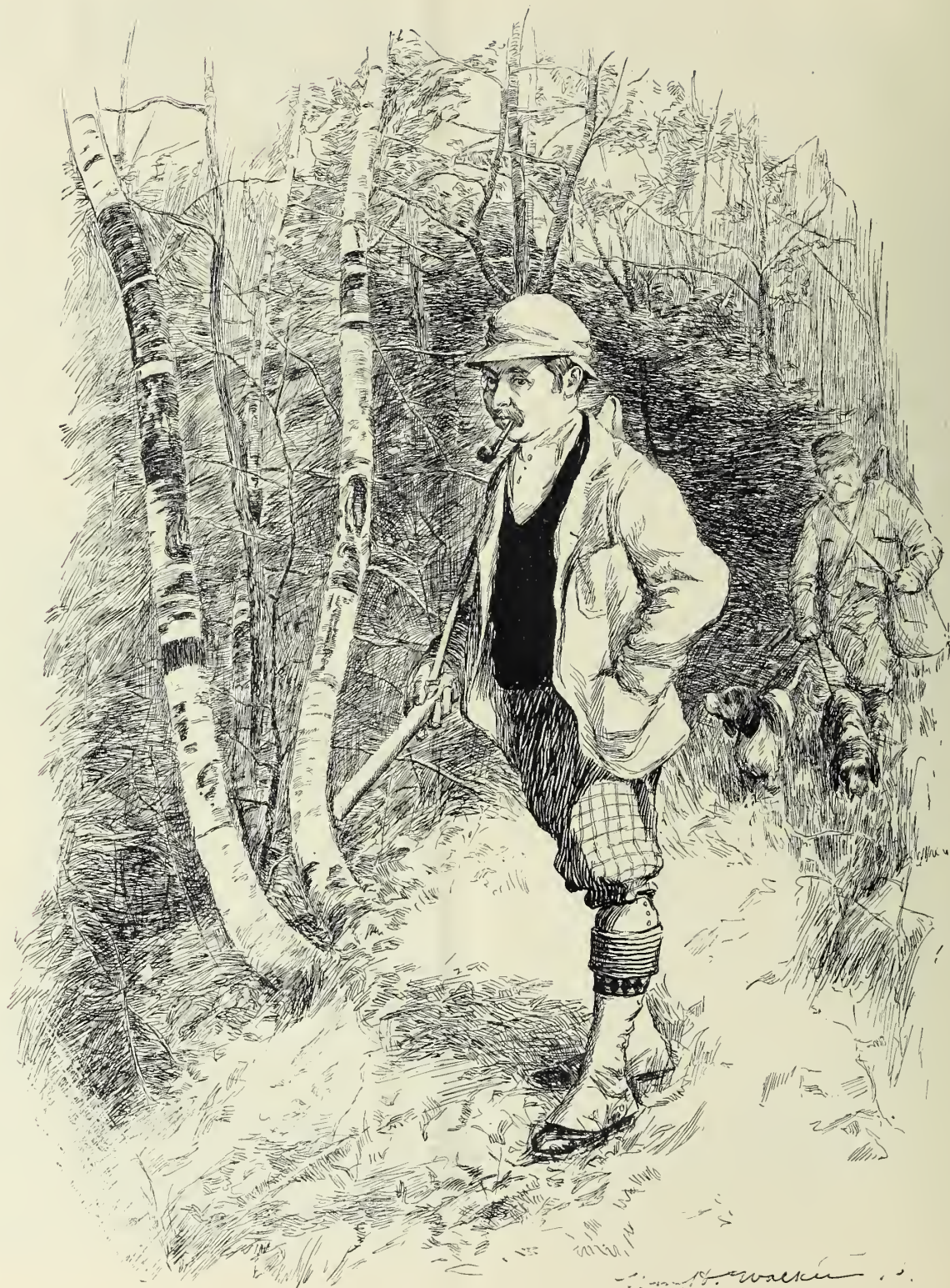
NEVER judge a man by the coat he wears. He may have borrowed it for the occasion.



THE FIRST LIMITED STOCK COMPANY EVER FLOATED.



She: MY HEART IS NOT OF STONE!
"NO, ASPHALT—SOFT IN SUMMER, FLINT IN WINTER."



W. Walker

QUERY — WHICH



EXTERMINATION?



Hamlet: I'LL SPEAK TO IT.

WORTH THE TROUBLE.

"MISS Swift is learning to ride a wheel, she tells me."

"But she rode one last year. Why does she have to learn again?"

"Another fellow is teaching her."

THE BLUE BLOTCH OF COWARDICE.

An Incident of the Pursuit of the Insurgents,
with Profuse Apologies to Mr.
Stephen Crane.

I.

ABOVE, the sun hung like a custard pie in a burnt blanket. A Spanish cavalier, muttering mild green curses, stood near. He was stewing the last dish of leeks which his mother had given him before he left home. From a clump of sordid trees two miles off came the happy cackling of muskets.

"There will be death to-day," said the youth. "Dark-brown death." At this point cavalier's chameleon curse turned to a light yellow, owing to the proximity of a pot of Spanish mustard.

II.

Slowly the baby's rattle of rifles ripened into a Fourth of July. The youth gradually awoke, being kicked violently in the stomach by a baby-faced lieutenant.

"Get up, you," said the latter, with a small blue-black curse. "The insurgents are retreating in our direction."

"I presume this is what they call war," muttered the youth, stupidly, with his chin in his hands. "We have been chasing the insurgents for three months,

and we hain't had a thing but our backs to 'em the whole time."

He looked over his stock of oaths, but could find none of the precise shade that he wanted.

III.

Shapeless chunks of rifle smoke were kicking about in the grass. The regiment had been fighting like demons. Here and there were men squirming horribly in the grass. This was because sundry red ants had found lodgment between their shoulder-blades.

"The terrible loss to the insurgents in this battle," said a Spanish officer, who was preparing news for the press, "cannot be less than three killed and four wounded."

IV.

With frantic leaps, a horse, bearing a huge Spanish general, came down upon them, each jump biting off large sections of the horizon. Behind him, on foot, came a small dark man, waving a machete.

The regiment rose and ran, intuitively, with mouths closed and long, practiced strides.

An undreamt-of frenzy seized the youth. He deliberately stopped and looked back—then ran on.

"I have seen an insurgent," he burbled, triumphantly. "I need no longer feel upon my heart the blue blotch of cowardice."

He was still running when far off on the chin of the horizon dimpled the smile of the next morning.

Paul M. Paine.

IT'S mighty seldom that you see Industry looking for a job.

A TERRIBLE EXAMPLE.

TWO loves took lodgings in a heart
Whose owner wanted both to stay;
But constant quarrelings and tart
Encounters many times a day
Persuaded one to go away.

This love went journeying about,
With frequent change of residence.
His mind was vastly broadened out;
He added to his stock of sense
In each distinct experience.

One day, upon a pointless roam,
By accident he chanced to spy
His earliest remembered home,
And on the spot resolved to try
These lodgings where he used to lie.

The other love still, hermitwise,
Abode within, but nearly dead
From lack of change and exercise.
He saw his rival, paled with dread—
And, lo! his broken spirit fled.

Whereat his awed survivor cried:

"I'll stay awhile, but still I must
Be sure this lesson is applied.

At my demise they'll say, I trust,
He died from wear, but not from rust."

Layton Brewer.

MISS NEW WOMAN: No, I don't want any.

PEDDLER: But, madame, this article that I am selling is something that no gentleman can afford to be without.

MOST air-castles are built for two.



"FREE AND EASY."



"SEE HERE, MABEL, YOU MUST GET OVER THIS SPREE. I WANT YOU TO POSE FOR AN ANGEL IN A MEMORIAL WINDOW, AND YOU DON'T LOOK A BIT LIKE IT THIS MORNING."

SHALL THE BACHELOR PAY FOR HIS DINNER?

WHEN a hostess invites a bachelor to dinner, she expects him to acknowledge the favor by calling upon her soon after. If he fails to do this, she feels he is not treating her properly; that he is rude and ungrateful. She forgets that the indebtedness is as much hers as his. She forgets that whereas his presence, or the presence of some other bachelor, was a necessity at her table, it was by no means a necessity to him; that he could have procured a much more digestible dinner at any first-class restaurant, or at his home, if he has one; and that he would not have eaten it between two women of uncertain interest, to whom he must either listen or talk while trying to enjoy it.

Her proposition in inviting him is: "You may eat at my house a messy, complicated dinner that you would never think of ordering for yourself, if you will pay for it by coming around and talking with me some afternoon when you can't afford the time and don't feel like it."

If the bachelor is too poor to purchase a dinner elsewhere, or so stupid and generally undesirable that no one enjoys his presence, she would indeed be justified in exacting payment. But this is not the bachelor our hostess invites. She invites the man whose company is of more value than the nourishment she offers. She is well aware of this and she should not insist on his paying for his food.

PHYSICIAN (examiner for Life Insurance Co.): How old are you?

IRISHMAN: Twanty-five.

"Your parents are living, I suppose?"

"No, sur, they're dead."

"What did they die of?"

"Ould age, sur."

"How old were they?"

"Farty, sur."

"Do you think a person of forty dies of old age?"

"In the ould country people die young of ould age."

AN EXCEPTION.

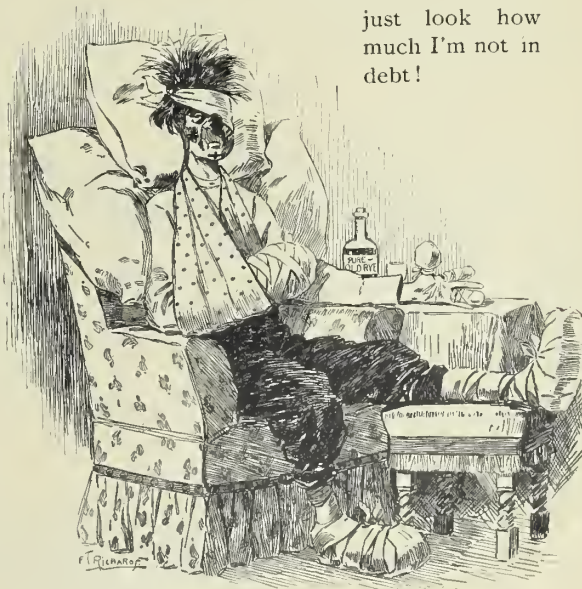
THE LANDLADY: That Roentgen discovery is a wonderful thing.

NEW BOARDER (glancing at the chicken). Yes, madam, but it isn't always necessary.

FRUITS OF ECONOMY.

BRYTON EARLY: I thought you were going to save so much money by resigning from the club.

MINOS COYNE: Well, just look how much I'm not in debt!



"I SAID, IN MY HASTE, ALL MEN ARE LIARS."



CARL HERTZ, the illusionist, was talking of some of the accidents that sometimes spoil the art of the conjurer.

"It was in Nashville," he said that I experienced a real knock-down blow. I was performing the well-known trick of passing a marked coin into the centre of an uncut orange—at least that's what a good many people thought I was doing. I used a silver dollar, and emphasized the trick by passing the coin into the pocket of some boy whom I had enticed on to the stage.

"I will openly confess that the boy had to be a confederate, and that the marked dollar had its fellow in one previously prepared by me. One night as I was entering the theatre I looked around for a likely youth to aid me in my double dealing. I picked a boy, and promised to pass him in if he would follow my instructions.

"I am a conjurer," I said. "I want you to put this dollar in your right-hand trousers pocket. I'll get you a seat in the front row. When I ask for somebody to come on the stage, you must come. Then I will ask you to produce the dollar."

"The boy promised everything, and, after making arrangements for him at the door, I left him. When I was ready for the dollar trick, I saw my young confederate sitting open-mouthed in the front row. I had prevailed upon another member of the audience to lend me a dollar marked exactly as the one I had given to the boy.

"I passed that borrowed dollar into the orange, cut the fruit open, and out dropped the coin. Then I went on:

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I will perform a still more difficult feat. I have passed that dollar into an orange. Now I will ask some member of the audience to step on the stage, and, without going anywhere near

him, I will pass the same dollar, marked, as you have seen, into his trousers pocket."

"True to his bargain, the boy stepped to the stage. I stepped opposite him and asked:

"Now, sir, have you ever seen me before?"

"No, sir," was the answer.

"I have here a dollar," I continued. "I am going to pass it into your right-hand trousers pocket. One—two—three—go!"

"I made the proper magician's pass and smiled confidently upon my audience.

"Now," I said to my assistant, "put your hand in your right-hand trousers pocket and give me the dollar."

"The boy looked a bit sheepish, but he dived his fist down. Then, to my unutterable horror, he produced a handful of silver and said:

"I've only got ninety cents of it left, sir."—*Memphis Commercial Appeal*.

APROPOS of the passage of the Raines bill a good story is told of one of the country legislators who helped it through. The legislator was in New York recently for one of the many purposes that so frequently call legislators to the metropolis. A city associate got together a party of friends and undertook to show him the sights of the town. After seeing the Eden Musee, the Central Park menagerie and other objects which are supposed to interest countrymen, the city member thought he would try an experiment and led his party into the Hoffman House bar-room.

The country legislator did not realize where he was going till he was safely inside and had been lined up to the bar with his companions.



MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON.

THE WORKS OF FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.
Translated by Thomas Common.

A Roman Singer. By F. Marion Crawford.
The Rules of Golf. By J. Norman Lockyer, C. B., F. R. S., and W. Rutherford.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Susannah. By Mary E. Mann.

A Parting and a Meeting. By W. D. Howells.

Whist Laws and Whist Decisions. By A. W. Drayson.

A Few Memories. By Mary Anderson.

Books and Their Makers During the Middle Ages. By Geo. Haven Putnam, A. M. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederic. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.

Your Money or Your Life. By Edith Carpenter. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Among the Freaks. By W. L. Alden. London, New York and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co.

"Now, then," said his guide, "what are you going to have?"

The country legislator's face fell.

"What are the rest of you going to have?" he asked.

"Never mind that," said the entertainer; "you just name anything you want. It is my treat."

"What will it cost?" asked the man from the country, dubiously.

"Any sum from twenty-five cents to five dollars," replied the other. "Don't worry about the cost."

"I'll tell you," said the countryman, desperately. "I don't drink, and I don't smoke, but if you'll excuse me this time, I'll get my boots blacked here."—*Buffalo Express*.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

IVORY SOAP

It costs a little more, but with chapped hands and clothes weakened by the free alkali in common soaps, the housekeeper soon finds that Ivory Soap is the cheapest in the end.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CHICAGO.

BIBBER CIGARETTES
OR
LITTLE CIGARS.
ALL IMPORTED TOBACCO.
**HIGHEST IN PRICE,
FINEST IN QUALITY.**
25c. a Bundle,
10 in Bundle.

Trial Package in Pouch by mail for 25c.
H. ELLIS & CO., Baltimore, Md.
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor.

"SINCE Folsom took to bicycling, I suppose he is often seen on the road?"
"Yes; I saw him there five times within a week the other day."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

IT'S MOTTO IS "PERFECTION"
STRENGTH AND BEAUTY
COMBINED WITH SUCH INIMITABLE FEATURES AS ITS FAMOUS ABSOLUTELY DUST PROOF BEARINGS AND OTHER POINTS OF SUPERIORITY GAINED BY YEARS OF SUCCESS ACCOMPLISHED BY THE FACT IT IS THE WHEEL THAT HAS ALWAYS BEEN "BUILT ON HONOR" PLACES
THE WARWICK
FORE MOST IN THE RANKS OF HIGH GRADE WHEELS
+ CATALOGUE FREE
WARWICK CYCLE MFG CO
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
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**Wright's Myrrh
Tooth Soap**
Without the Taste
of Soap.

7 Delightful and refreshing. Try it. All druggists. Your address on a postal card will bring free sample. Large China box for 25cts. in postage stamps, postpaid, including complete edition Webster's Pocket Dictionary. CHAS. WRIGHT & CO. Mfg. Chemists, Detroit, Mich.

"AT my last place," said a cook, "I should have been very comfortable if the master hadn't been a photographer."

"Why, what difference could that make?"

"You see, at the dinner table he used to photograph the joints before they were removed to the kitchen."—*Le Petit Parisien*.

You enjoy it, that's one reason it does you good—Angostura Bitters—the original—Abbot's. Druggists.

THE HAT MAKES THE MAN.

A boy does not become a man until he is 21, but Knox says he has known a hat to "become a man" as soon as it was tried on.—Howard Paul.

SUMMER LAW LECTURES.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

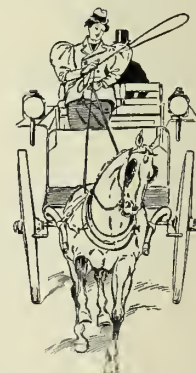
July 1 to Sept. 1, 1896. For students and practitioners. 27th year For catalogue, address (P. O. Charlottesville, Va.) R. C. MINOR, Secretary.



CORPUS LEAN

Will reduce fat at rate of 10 to 15 lbs. per month without injury to health. Send 6c. in stamps for sealed circulars covering testimonials. L. E. Marsh Co. 2815 Madison Sq., Philada., Pa.

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Our
**Trade-Mark Guarantees
Perfection.**



**Coats, Gowns, Capes,
Hats and Bonnets**

For Driving, Cycling, Equestrian, Golfing, Carriage, Street, Dinner, Reception, Visiting and Evening Wear.

Our Style and Price Defy Competition.

West 23d Street.



ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.

Simply stopping the fat producing effects of food. The supply being stopped, the natural working of the system draws on the fat and reduces weight at once. Sold by all Druggists.



Always Appetizing.

At times when you relish nothing, a cup of Bouillon made from

Armour's

Extract of BEEF

restores the appetite, gives a feeling of comfort and drives away fatigue. Its making is the matter of a moment. Requires only the addition of boiling water and a pinch of salt. Send for our little book "Culinary Wrinkles."

Armour & Company, Chicago.

National Bicycle Board of Trade

AFRAID OF VICTORS!

Highest Tribute ever paid to a Bicycle!

New York, March 25th, 1896

Mr. W. C. Pawley,

Sec. Jersey City Y. M. C. A.

The National Board of Trade of Cycle Manufacturers hereby sanctions a public exhibition of cycles, accessories and sundries, at the Y. M. C. A., March 27th and 28th.

This sanction is granted on the express understanding that no exhibition of VICTOR BICYCLES will be permitted.

Yours truly,

R. L. COLEMAN, President.

Sanction granted for cycle show at Jersey City.)

acknowledged at last by our competitors:

That Victors cost more to build.

That Victors are made of better material.

That Victors show better workmanship.

That Victors run easier.

That Victors wear longer.

That Victors are worth more than other bicycles.

Why not ride the best?

OVERMAN WHEEL CO.

New York.

Boston.

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LIFE BINDER,

Cheap, Strong, Durable.

WILL HOLD 26 NUMBERS.

Mailed to any part of the United States for \$1.00.

Address Office of "LIFE," 19 West Thirty-first St., New York.

THE lordly, Englishman who came to this country on a touring trip was giving his impressions of what he had seen and heard. He was of the opinion that American education is very defective.

"For instance," drawled the Briton, "I hear you say, 'Where am I at?' instead of 'Where is me 'at?'"—*Louisville Commercial*.

OUR marble dealer, C. C. Dunkelberg, is a hustler. Yesterday he left for Vermont to fill an order for seventeen granite monuments sold in this locality, ranging in price from \$285 to \$1,000. This is an evidence of business which, in these times, is encouraging.—*Gouverneur Free Press*.

AN Atchison man recently caught three different men kissing his wife, whereupon he went to a lawyer. "You have very good grounds for divorce," the lawyer said. "I don't want a divorce," the citizen replied; "I want to get out an injunction to make them quit it."—*Kansas City Star*.

A FEMINE friend of Mrs. Carlyle, calling one day in Cheyne Row, met Carlyle on his own door-step, his head bent, and perplexity and annoyance wrinkling his philosophic brow. The sage only bowed, and went on his way down the street. The servant showed the visitor into a darkened room, where there were to be seen the debris of tea and the prostrate form of Mrs. Carlyle on the sofa.

"Did you meet Thomas?" demanded the wife, in a voice which showed unmistakable traces of a recent domestic storm.

"Yes. He was going out. I met him on the door-step, looking very sad. What's the matter, my dear?"

"The matter!" cried Mrs. Carlyle from the sofa, with sparkling eyes; "I've been two days on this sofa with a sick headache, and he's only this instant come in and asked me what ails me! And—well, I've just thrown my tea-cup at him!"—*Argonaut*.

HIDEYOSHI is one of the greatest men in Japanese history. His relics are as numerous as those of Washington. In a monastery not far from Yokohama the guide shows the visitor a skull which, it is declared, is the veritable headpiece of the great departed.

Phillips Brooks saw this relic when he was in Japan.

"Why," said he, "I thought Hideyoshi had an enormous head. This skull is very small."

"Yes," said the guide, "but that was when he was thirteen years old!"—*New York Press*.

THE late Rev. Dr. William L. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, used to tell this story of an Irishman who desired to have a letter written home to his friends in the old country. It was at a time when provisions were so abundant in the West as to be almost without value.

After mentioning a good many things that he wished to have written to his friends in Ireland in regard to America, Patrick said:

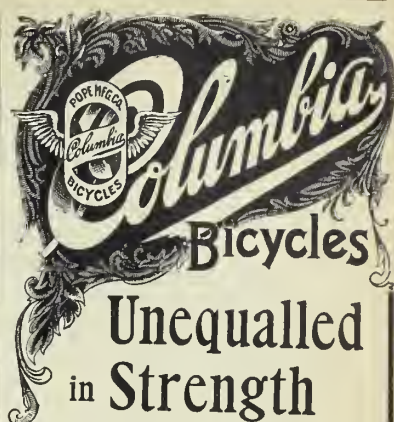
"Tell them that I get all the meat I can eat three times a week."

"And what do you mean by that?" asked the writer. "Don't you get all the bacon you can eat three times a day?"

"Yes, your riverence," was the prompt reply.

"Well, then, what do you mean by writing to your friends in Ireland that you get all the meat you can eat three times a week?"

"Faith," said Pat, "and that is more than they will believe."—*Youth's Companion*.



The high-carbon steel and nickel steel used in the tubing of Columbia bicycles have no equal in their power to resist the strains to which a bicycle frame is put. This tubing is all made in the Columbia mills especially for Columbias

Standard of the World

Columbias in quality and construction are in a class by themselves. **\$100** to all alike

The Columbia Catalogue, handsomest art work of the year, is free from the Columbia agent, or is mailed for two 2-cent stamps.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Columbia Branch Houses and Agencies are almost everywhere.

IN THE NORTH-WEST CORNER

In the upper left-hand corner, Editorial page, is the position given

NET CIRCULATION FIGURES

every day and week in the year for the DAILY and SEMI-WEEKLY EDITIONS of

The St. Louis Republic.

NET Average Daily, Feby., 65,068

" " Semi-Weekly, 119,545

SIGNS OF GOOD TIMES.

The Total Amount of paid advertising printed in all the English papers of St. Louis during the first three months of 1896 exceeded that of 1895.

THE REPUBLIC stood first in number of columns printed, as well as in making the greatest gain over 1895, that of 878.89 columns.

TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY.



"Yes," said the Cedar street lawyer, "there are many funny incidents in the law business, but there is a sad side to some of them, too, which makes me reflect on how small a proportion of all human wrongs and misfortunes we are able to relieve. One day, soon after I began practice, a handsome and fashionably dressed woman came into my office. From her looks I judged she was not much over twenty years of age, and I learned afterwards that she had been married only a short time before. She told me that she had been sent by a clergyman who was a friend of mine, and after some hesitation added that she had had trouble with her husband.

"I supposed that my visitor was seeking to be released from Hymen's bonds and asked if there was any evidence on which she could base an action for divorce. She seemed to be horrified at the thought and said:

"Oh, no, sir; I don't want a divorce."

"Well, then," I said, "probably you can get a separation." And I enumerated the grounds on which it could be obtained.

"But I wouldn't have a separation if I could get it," said she.

"I was becoming a trifle puzzled, but I hazarded another suggestion.

"Better go up to Judge Blank," I said, naming one of the police justices. "He will give you a warrant, and you can bring your husband into court and make him contribute a fixed sum per week to your support."

"I don't want him to contribute to my support," said the woman, almost crying by this time. "I can make more money than he can."

"This was exasperating, so I said:

"Well, madam, you can't get and don't want a divorce or a separation, and you don't wish to compel your husband to contribute to your support. You must pardon me if I can fail to see how I can advise you, for I have no idea as to what you do want."

"Tears welled up in the young woman's eyes, and, clasping her hands, she faltered, plaintively:

"I—I—want him—to—to—love me!"—*New York Sun.*

HE was general superintendent of a big Northwestern railroad system, and whenever his trains got to running late the clerks in his office always scented trouble. Word was immediately passed around that "the old man" was liable to have another "mad fit" if So and So, hauling No. —, didn't pull into the end of the division on time, and everybody got out of the way who could.

When the morning overland train, which pulled out just about the time the superintendent reached his desk, arrived at the end of the first division, it was reported twenty minutes late. He immediately wired the conductor to know the cause, but got no answer. Several divisions were passed over in the same way, each report showing the train losing time, and repeated telegrams as to the cause failed to bring any response from the train conductor. Finally the "old man" could stand it no longer and sent a rush message: "For God's sake, why don't you make time?"

This answer came back from the conductor:

"How in — can I with three car-loads of receivers on board?"—*Chicago Chronicle.*

INQUIRING TOURIST (in an Oklahoma restaurant): That is a novel idea of yours, surely, calling your guests to dinner by firing off one barrel of your shotgun. But, pardon me, why do you discharge only one barrel?

PROPRIETOR EARLY BIRD RESTAURANT: I keep the other bar'l to collect payment for the dinner with.—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE wife of a Cincinnati clergyman traded a barrel of her husband's sermons recently for a new bread pan. Some time afterward, the ragman came around again, and asked if she had any more sermons to sell. "Why do you want sermons?" "Because I did so well with those I got here a year ago. I got sick in the summer and a preacher in the country boarded me and my horse three months for that barrel of sermons, and he has since got a great reputation as a preacher up there. I will give you five cents a pound for all you have got."—*New York Tribune.*

THE HALF-HOSE THAT ARE STAMPED

Shawknit ON THE TOE

Fit Well, Look Well, Wear Well.

They are the only half-hose constructed in accordance with

THE SHAPE OF THE HUMAN FOOT.

Sold by the trade generally, and obtainable direct from the makers, who will send a Descriptive Price-List to any applicant.

SHAW STOCKING CO., Lowell, Mass.

"Ball-Bearing" Bicycle Shoe

"FITS AND FEELS LIKE A GLOVE"

Seamless at sides. Flexible corrugated soles. Pratt Lace Fasteners. Men's—Ladies'—all sizes—all widths. Black \$3.00; Tan \$3.50. Sold by all Shoe and Sporting Goods dealers.

This Trade-Mark on Heel

If your dealer has none in stock, a pair will be sent prepaid on receipt of price. Booklet free.

C. H. Fargo & Co. (Mfrs.) CHICAGO

GOUT? SCHERING'S **PIPERAZIN WATER**

For Sale by Druggists. PAMPHLET FREE.

LEHN & FINK, Agents, New York.

RECOMMENDED FOR Gravel, Calculus, Lazy Liver, and all Uric Acid Troubles.

WILL CURE IT.

Keep the Name in mind

NUBIAN

Fast Black Cotton Dress Linings

WILL NOT CROCK.

Ladies and dressmakers everywhere have proved their high character. Positively unchangeable. Not affected by perspiration. Made in several qualities for the finest Gowns and inexpensive Dresses.

At All Dry Goods Stores.

Look for this on every yard of the Selvage.

Nubian Fast Black

Essence OF RHINE * VIOLETS

(Name Registered.)

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If you want a real Violet Perfume, be sure you get "No. 4711 Rhine Violets"

It is not a combination of other scents, but is absolutely true to the flower.

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MÜLHENS & KROPPF, New York, U.S. Agents

Monarch

Mounted on this king of bicycles, you are Monarch of all you survey. All nature is yours as you speed along on your ride of health and happiness. You can depend on the MONARCH in any emergency. There's "Know How" in the making.

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BICYCLE LANTERN

Once Lighted,
Always Lighted.

A drawn Brass Lantern, all parts riveted or screwed, finished in black japan and nickel (like a coach lamp) or in polished nickel. Burns Kerosene. Tally - Ho lamp has many new features which make it the handiest and best lamp for bicyclists' use.

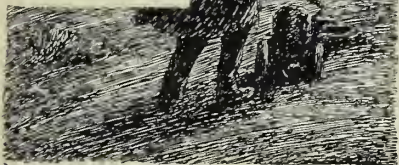
Patent spring adjustment.

Patent locking attachment.

Patent match-scratching device.

Patent removable reflector.

The highest wind or the roughest road will not extinguish it.

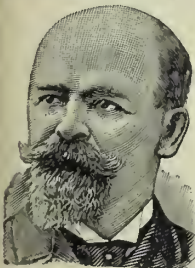


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Tells about the best Sundries made.

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And a Delicious Remedy for

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Send 5c. for sample package.

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SAFE, SURE, EFFECTIVE.

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Mamma
Does"

A lesson that
can not be
learned too
early in life is
the value of
an occasional
tonic.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S

Malt-Nutrine

TRADE MARK.

—the food drink—is the best of all—a blood vitalizer and flesh builder. It is the pure and palatable nutriment of malt and hops—invaluable to invalids, helpful to all.

For sale by all druggists.

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softening, whitening and perfuming the
complexion. Most efficacious for light
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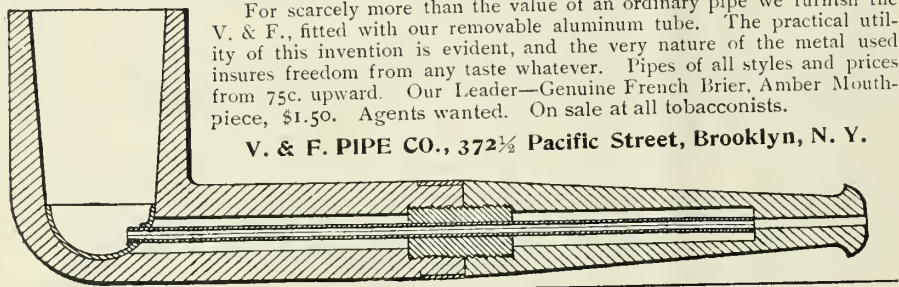


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Your physician will tell you that Olive Oil, pure and sweet, is one of the most wholesome of foods. Rae's Oil is pure and sweet, as testified to by numerous awards and wide repute. A trial will convince you of its superior excellence as a food product.

Guaranteed Absolutely Pure by

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Established 1836.

Leghorn, Italy.

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THE dry, parched feeling of the face, after a day spent on the deck of an ocean steamer, will be refreshed by an application of Burnett's Kalliston.

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Many women with fair faces are deficient in beauty owing to undeveloped figures, flat busts, etc., which can be remedied by the use of

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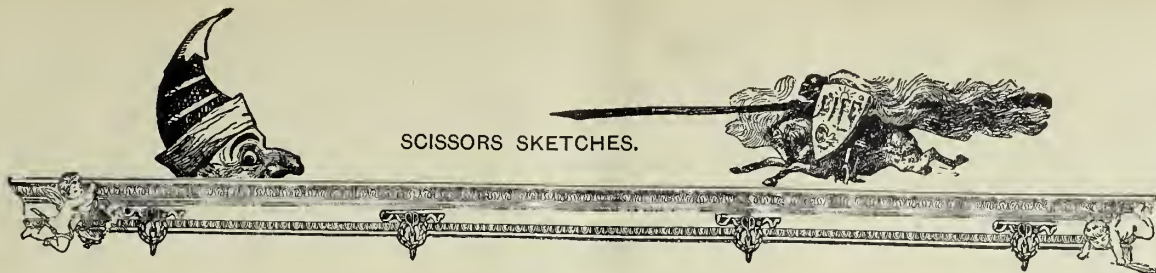
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PERFECTION OF ART AND UTILITY.

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Introducing a new mechanical process by which the familiar creations of two widely different schools of illustration are forced to meet and exchange views.



A FRUITLESS ERRAND.

Gibson Girl: WHY ARE SO FEW OF YOUR MEMBERS OF THE NOBILITY PRESENT? I CAME OVER EXPRESSLY TO MEET THEM.
Du Maurier Girl: WHY MOST OF THEM ARE IN THE UNITED STATES ON BUSINESS.

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Handsome
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Mailed Free.

The Stearns is a modern wheel of advanced construction. Lightest, strongest and lasts the longest. The '06 Stearns surpasses all former models.

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YELLOW LABEL "SEC." GOLD LABEL "BRUT."
THE STANDARD OF FINE CHAMPAGNES.

"SYLPH CYCLES RUN EASY."

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Busy Women
should use—

WHITMAN'S
INSTANTANEOUS
CHOCOLATE.

IF YOU'RE A PIPE SMOKER
A TRIAL
WILL CONVINCE THAT
GOLDEN SCEPTRE
IS PERFECTION.

WE WILL SEND ON RECEIPT
OF 10¢ A SAMPLE TO
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1 lb \$1.30; 1/4 lb 40¢
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Tires are the standard single-tubes. Their success has caused a host of imitations. But who will have imitations when he can have the genuine?

IF IT'S A HARTFORD TIRE IT'S RIGHT.

The Hartford Rubber Works Co.
HARTFORD, CONN.
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That's What the
Dickie Bird Said.

Listen—when you want
an absolutely reliable whisky
buy the

OLD CROW RYE

You will never regret it; but
there are many imitations.
All really meritorious goods
are imitated. See that the
word **RYE** is on the label in
large red letters and our firm
name on case, cork, capsule
and label.

H. B. KIRK & CO.,
Sole Receivers and Bottlers.
ESTABLISHED 1858.
67 & 69 FULTON STREET,
Also BROADWAY & 27th ST., N.Y.

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MARIANI WINE—THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC—FOR BODY AND BRAIN.

"I CAN CERTAINLY ADD MY TESTIMONY TO THE VIRTUES OF VIN MARIANI. I AM WELL CONVINCED OF ITS EXCELLENCE AND QUALITY."

SIR HENRY IRVING.

Write to **MARIANI & CO.** for Descriptive Book, 75 PORTRAITS.

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Another collection of quaint and amusing sketches by **F. P. W. BELLEW** ("Chip"). Large Quarto, 9 1/2 x 12, on plate paper, handsomely bound.

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\$100.
For people of good taste

ALL Cyclists
do not ride Rambler Bicycles—they cost \$100.

Beautiful book of Rambler details free at Rambler agencies or by mail.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.
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ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3. SHOE BEST IN THE WORLD.

If you pay \$4 to \$6 for shoes, examine the W. L. Douglas Shoe, and see what a good shoe you can buy for

OVER 100 STYLES AND WIDTHS

CONGRESS, BUTT and LACE, made in kinds of the best selected leather by skilled workmen. We make and sell more \$3 Shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

None genuine unless name and price is stamped on the bottom.

Ask your dealer for our \$5, \$4, \$3.50, \$2.50, \$2.25 Shoes: \$2.50, \$2 and \$1.75 for boys.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. If your dealer cannot supply you, send to factory, enclosing price and 36 cents to pay carriage. State kind, style of toe (cap or plain), size and width. Our Custom Dept. will fill your order. Send for new Illustrated Catalogue to Box K.

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KRAKAUER,

LADIES' TAILORS

Established 1881.

Smart Spring
Tailor-Made Gowns.

Newest materials just received—now ready for inspection.

Style, cut and workmanship guaranteed to be the very highest class.

We claim to give the best results for the lowest prices.

Gowns from \$65.00
Jackets " 40.00

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Life



HIS DEFENDER.

"WHY, HE YAWNED THREE TIMES WHILE I WAS TALKING TO HIM."
"PERHAPS HE WASN'T YAWNING. HE MAY HAVE BEEN TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING."

F. MARION CRAWFORD'S NEW NOVEL.

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By F. MARION CRAWFORD,

AUTHOR OF "Saracinesca," "Pietro Ghisleri," "Katharine Lauderdale,"
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Being the St. Andrew's Rules for the Game.

Codified and Annotated by J. NORMAN LOCKYER, C. B.,
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COMEDY, devoted to

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beautifully printed illustrations
on heavy calendered paper, with
a specially decorated cover
printed in colors.

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Subscriptions, One Dollar a Year,
Postage Paid.

Drawings by Gibson, Wenzell,
Van Schaick, Johnson, Sulli-
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PUBLISHERS,

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LADIES' UNDERWEAR,
CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR,
MEN'S UNDERWEAR.

Silk Underwear, Balbriggan,
Lisle Thread, Merino Underwear
of the best quality and make.

Cartwright & Warner's
Celebrated Underwear

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LADIES' SPRING HOSIERY,
CHILDREN'S HOSE & HALF HOSE
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All Warranted Fast Colors

Golf and Cyclists' Hose.

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A Popular History from the First Dis-
covery of the Western Hemisphere by
the Northmen to the end of the Civil
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historic period and the age of the
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lisher has been to produce in one, not
over big volume, just the accurate,
clean-cut information, statistical, his-

torical and general, that every man or
woman of intelligence is glad to have
at hand.
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our price, \$1.65.
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\$6, our price, \$1.90.
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A Reminiscence of Foreign Travel. By
Joel Cook. Elegantly illustrated with
487 engravings on wood. 537 pages,
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This is a book that will be thoroughly
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eled. It will prove a most useful book to
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UNDER THE ACT OF 1891.

Stern Bros

are now showing in their
Upholstery Dept'

Large assortments of
Lace Curtains,
Portieres,
Furniture Coverings,
Cottage Draperies,
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Also
Slip Covers, Awnings.
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Made to Order at short notice.
Estimates Furnished.

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Rug Dept's
Japanese Jute,
Cotton and Flax Rugs,
Domestic Smyrna Rugs
Art Squares,
Mattings

in choice designs and colorings.

West 23d St

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.



THE MAN AND THE SERPENT.

A MAN, who had lived a beautiful purple life, went to sleep under a tree in the forest. Jove sent a huge serpent to destroy him. The man awakened as the reptile drew near.

"What a horrid sight!" he said. "But let us be thankful that the pink and green elephant and the feathered hippopotamus are not also in evidence."

And he took a dose of bromide and commended himself again to sleep, while the serpent withdrew in some confusion.

What this proves to a thinking mind:

Jove himself couldn't get a position as Sunday School Superintendent on his reputation.

H. W. Phillips.

AT THE ROAD-HOUSE.

TOPEPLY (to driver): Look out for the Raines Bill, while I go in and get a drink.

AS a general thing, the less you have to say the more people you can get to listen to you.

BALLADE OF BOOMS THAT WERE.

O TELL me in what hidden haunt
Is *Flower*, with his blighted glee?
And *Croker* where, and *Hughey Grant*,
A grateful kinsman, where is he?

And' *Echo Platt*, responsive Me,
Whom yokels o'er the river hear,
Above the Harlem Bridge, so free?—
Where are the booms of the vanished year!

And where is wily *David Hill*,
On whom, in some unhallowed hour,
The spell of *Dennis*, settling chill,
Bereft him of his early power?

And where doth *Warner Miller* cower,
Whom that jade, Fortune, chucked sheer
Outside the breastworks, stark and stour?—
Where are the booms of the vanished year!

O Grover, prince; O sire, refrain
In fate's recesses dark to peer,
Lest eke for thee this verse remain:
Where are the booms of the vanished year!

F. B. G.



THE MIDNIGHT DRILL.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVII. APRIL 30, 1896. No. 696.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents. Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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A DAY of July weather in April, in New York, is a good joke that everyone is ready to appreciate. A week of it is no joke at all. The clerk of the weather will please take respectful notice that scorching in April is prohibited by municipal ordinance in this town and that no delivery of frost in June will be accepted as offsetting the recent outbreak of excessive heat. The taste of New York in weather seems not to be thoroughly understood in the weather office. New York always gets plenty of summer, and it prefers that its springs should be springs as heretofore and not half-baked deliverances of unseasonable goods. Of course the recent hot spell did some useful

turns: it brought the grass up and the leaves out, but its best work was to ripen the McKinley boom so that the least frost will spoil it, and if the boom should survive that, the first hot day in June will rot it. No known method of nursing or cold storage can keep that boom in marketable condition until July. Another effect of the spell has been to thaw the reserve of Mr. Reed, who has allowed his friends in Maine to bring him forward as a Republican candidate for President on a gold basis. We did not swelter for nothing, but we did swelter, all of us—that is, except Mr. Harrison. He kept cool.



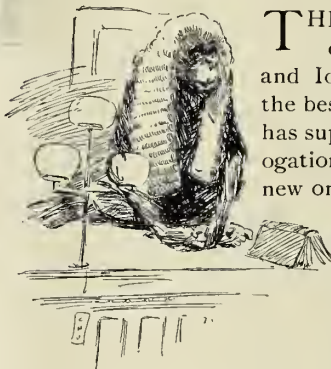
who report good business, satisfactory profits and a

surplus in the government treasury, all earned on a gold basis. Competition may be the life of trade, but honest money is the legs it stands on.



THE Burden jewels have been found, and the men who stole them are under arrest in London. The only safe thing to steal nowadays is something like the Heine monument, that nobody wants. The members of the respected Burden family are still declining offers to go on the stage, and are likely to refuse to allow their celebrated jewels to be exhibited, except to private audiences, as heretofore.

THE New York Legislature thinks that bicycles are baggage, and that the New York Central Railroad ought to carry them without extra charge. The bill to that effect, which has passed the Legislature and been signed by the Governor, seems superficially to be in the interest of bicyclists, but it is possible that its chief beneficiaries may be the bicycle repair shops. We know what an earnest baggage man can do with an objectionable trunk. We may learn presently what effect he can have on a bicycle which travels free.



THERE seems to be a lively competition between Ohio and Iowa as to which shall have the best regulated citizens. Iowa has supplemented her laws in derogation of the drink traffic with a new one which forbids the sale or gift of cigarettes. In Ohio one branch of the Legislature has passed a bill prohibiting the practice of treating to drinks, and perhaps that in due time may become a law. Iowa and Ohio were both recruited largely from New England, and no doubt this tendency in them to make straight paths and compel folks to tramp in them is atavistic in its nature, and is an inheritance from the New England Puritans. If these careful commonwealths continue to be so precise in their regulations it will be necessary presently to stop strangers on their frontier and coach them out of the revised statutes, so that incautious liberality may not get them into trouble. There is some excuse for extreme measures in Ohio, because Kentucky is just across the river and keeps setting an example the effects of which of course have to be checked, but Iowa is in a safe enough place, and, it would seem, might safely trust her citizens to grow up naturally.

APRIL



== NO GO! ==



WHAT AM I AT?



== THE QUESTIONER OF THE SPHINX. ==



== REFORM BLOCKED. ==

NOTICE!
NO SNIVELSER
VICE MEDDLING
WITH FOURTH-
CLASS POST
MASTERS.
GORMAN

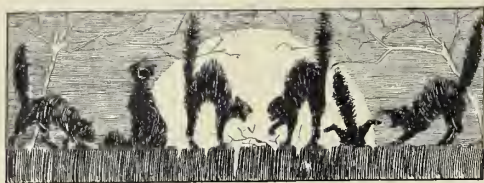


WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?



== MR PLATT'S RECREATIONS ==





MEWRAL DECORATION.—CATA-WALL PAPER.

A PLETHORA.

"I HAVEN'T time," you cry, distraught

By urgent calls at every turn.

In the next world—consoling thought!—

You will have time to burn.

SOMETHING OFFICIAL.

SOME forty vivisectors have produced an official defense of vivisection, and it is just about the kind of a defense we should expect. Here is the opening argument:

"Therefore, in the slowly woven fabric of achievement, pure science and applied science, biology and medicine, have always been warp and woof. Let either be destroyed, man's life shall go threadbare.

"To show this, a few out of many striking examples may suffice.

"Not very long ago the red clover was imported into a British colony to which it was not native. The plant thrived when planted; but its flowers set no seeds, so that fresh seed had to be brought from the mother country. The disappointed farmers consulted people who had given up their time to the study of plants and insects—botanists and 'bug hunters,' in fact. Pure science told the practical farmers that the long-billed humble-bees which sucked honey in every English clover field also carried pollen from flower to flower, and thus fertilized the plants, and that it was useless to try for crops of imported red clover unless humble-bees were imported also."

What has this to do with vivisection?

The "defense" continues:

"No less enlightening is the history of one of the greatest and most modern of the developments of science. Near the end of the last century Dr. Galvani, an Italian professor of anatomy, set himself to investigate the cause of a newly discovered fact—namely, that the muscles of the legs of freshly killed frogs jerked forcibly when their nerves were worked upon by the taking of a spark from an electrical machine. This investigation, which does not sound momentous, he undertook, 'in order to discover the hidden properties' of the nerves and muscles, 'and to treat their diseases more certainly.' To the jerks

of Galvani's frogs' legs we owe the discovery of the galvanic battery and current, which are named after him; the telegraph and ocean cable, with their immense influence upon civilized life in peace and war; the transfer to miles of distance of the vast working power of Niagara Falls."

This last is the strongest point in the paper. That the vivisector should take pride in the destruction of Niagara Falls is natural, but even this must be denied him as the frogs mentioned were already dead.

Following is another clincher:

"No mother would knowingly allow her children to ride behind a locomotive engineer who had never seen the workings of an actual engine."

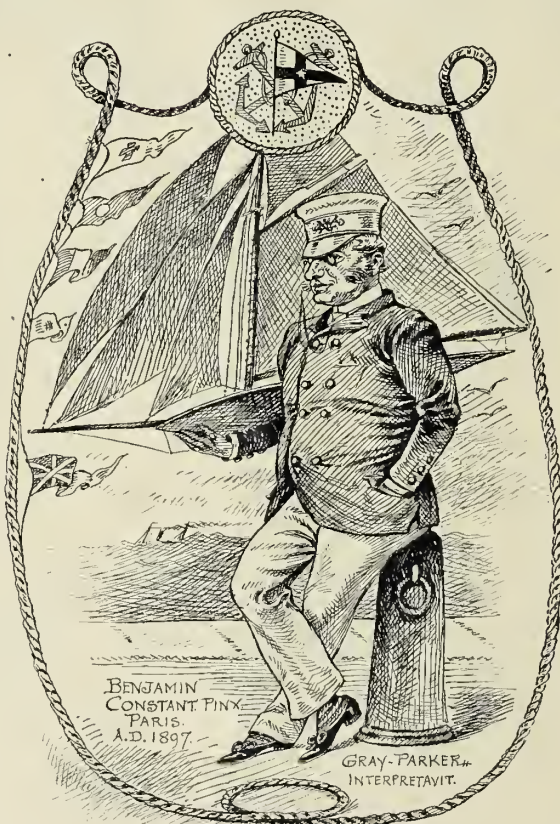
True, but only the mother of a vivisector could insist that the engine be taken apart every day to make sure the machinery was still there.

We are afraid the vivisector is not strong in argument. His proper field is the torture chamber.

HISTORICAL PORTRAIT PAINTING, WITH APPROPRIATE FRAMES.

(A few leaves from the catalogue of a private portrait gallery.)

WHY NOT ADOPT THE INTERESTING CUSTOM OF OUR ANCESTORS AND HAVE OURSELVES PORTRAYED IN OUR FAVORITE POSES?



PORTRAIT OF MY FATHER HOLDING A MODEL OF HIS FAVORITE YACHT, "THE CONQUEROR."



PORTRAIT OF MY UNCLE JOHN (MOTHER'S BROTHER) THE POPULAR AND WELL-KNOWN WHIP.



LARGE NEWSPAPERS AND SMALL BOOKS.

IT is a strange development in the business of writing that as newspapers grow larger, books grow smaller. This is the day of Sunday newspapers that contain two or three times as much matter as the old three-volume novel; and of novels that have about as many words as four newspaper pages. Although in apparent contrast, these things are intimately related. The newspaper habit, as has been often remarked, develops a race of readers who soon tire of long-continued attention to any one topic or train of thought. Hosts of men spend several continuous

hours over a newspaper, but hardly more than five minutes are devoted to any one subject. The mind skips with agility from one topic to another, as it is natural for the American mind to skip in its daily business routine. We are alert and quick at comprehension, rather than thorough and persistent. If an American reader is bored for three minutes he is lost; there is no intellectual conscience to spur him on to the mastery of a subject that is not made both clear and entertaining.

This journalistic habit of mind has made little books popular. The American reader would rather skim through three little books in a lazy afternoon than wade through one volume of respectable proportions. He likes contrasts of style, sentiment, and emotion; he has the sense of getting the most for the least expenditure of effort in this manner. It is not a question of aggregate time spent in reading; we believe that more people read more hours now than ever before. Indeed a very fair argument could be made to prove that reading is a national vice.

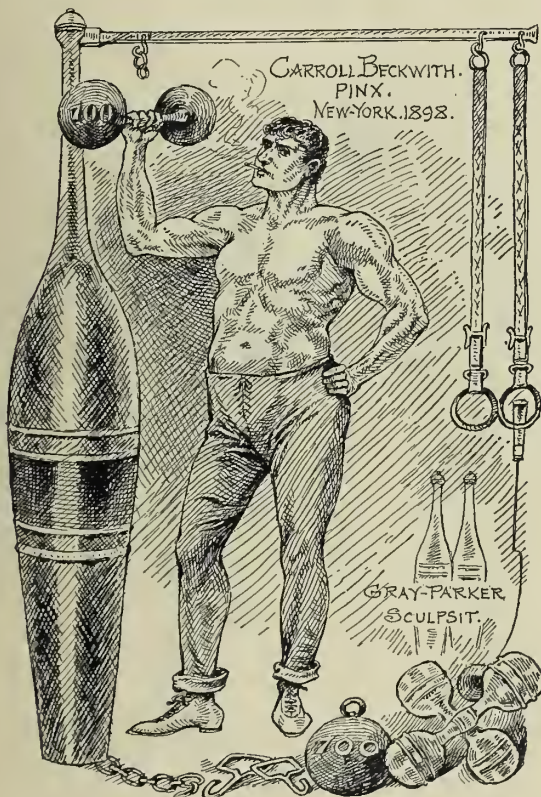
But the American of to-day must get a certain number of vivid emotions in a given time from his reading or he feels that he has been defrauded.

* * *

SUDERMANN'S play of "Magda" has been seen at the theatres this winter, interpreted by foreign stars of the first rank in languages foreign both to Sudermann and our-



"HAS YER MAN GOT AN OLE PAIR OF PANTS WHAT I KIN HAVE?"
"NO, HE HASN'T, BUT I HAVE."



PORTRAIT OF MY ELDEST BROTHER, EDWARD, THE HARVARD MAN, IN THE ACT OF RESTING AFTER ARDUOUS LABORS IN GREEK AND LATIN PHILOSOPHY.

selves. It is, therefore, satisfying to have such a capable translation of the play in English as Mr. C. E. A. Winslow has made and Lamson, Wolfe & Co. have published in a most attractive volume. The English text is free from all hint of the German idiom and reads with surprisingly good literary finish. It is one of the few modern plays that is well suited for acting and also most interesting to read.

Among the young Canadian writers of verse, no one has shown a sweeter melody and more delicate fancy than Duncan Campbell Scott. These same poetic qualities are evident in his prose, and make the charm of his volume of French-Canadian stories, entitled "In the Village of Viger" (Copeland & Day). The impression produced by them is of the quiet, gentle, pathetic kind that wins the reader. They are vague, reticent, fanciful, and yet the quaint old village and the people are made very real. The literary workmanship is careful, and the feeling is artistic; but the effect of all this effort is simplicity itself.

A book that is destined to ameliorate the sad fate of people who feel it their duty to attend private theatricals is John Kendrick Bangs's "The Bicyclers, and Three Other Farces" (Harpers). It is hard to imagine a company of amateurs so stupid as not to produce a fair amount of laughter with any one of these parlor plays. The situations are so funny in themselves that you are bound to laugh. The dialogue has the real "crackle and bang" to it that makes a farce go.

Droch.

NOTHING BETTER.

A COLLEGE man and a country maid
Sat on a swinging gate.
"It's a pretty close night," the maiden said.
"But the surroundings are first-rate."

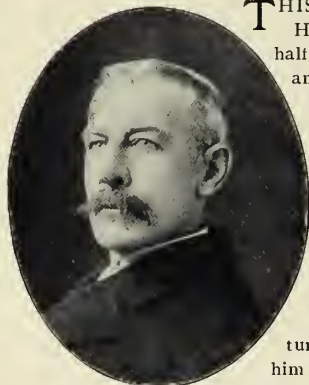


By DAISY.

Daisy will publish horoscopes in this department only in the order received. Remember the conditions. Cut out all the pictures from 4,000 copies of LIFE and forward them to Daisy, together with a photograph of your brain by Roentgen.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
Daisy tells us what we are.

JAMES GORDON (B-N-T).



THIS gentleman was born under the Ram's Horn, in corkscrew with Capricorn, Libra half-seas over, Venus clad in the Golden Seal and the Spring freshets from Aquarius turned into Manhattan cocktails. He has a blended form with some body, a scarehead, revolves on a pedestal of wind and pink atmosphere, inclines frequently at an angle of 45°, has a brandy and soda outlook, with heliotrope eyes and a pousse-cafe complexion. He looks well in a case of ground glass, and should always wear a label. Would do good work in an inebriate asylum. He has a steadfast nature, sticking by those who love and obey him for hours at a time; is very dependent on others and will not succeed in control. Has a keen, discriminating intellect, rarely reading the sermons in the *Herald*; should avoid menageries, and will find his most congenial companions among members of the New York Yacht Club. Succeed as a sandwich man or a temperance reformer.

* * *

T. DE WITT (T-L-M-G).



THIS gentleman was born in the cusp between Aries and Taurus, a tin halo round the sun, Venus dead to the world, Mercury spouting red fire and Libra out of its orbit. He is of mediocre height, with a north, east, south and west expression; ruby lips on Marvin hinges, and an Asbury-Park-and-Ocean-Grove accent. He runs on two legs and could walk on his hands, but they are in use elsewhere. Has a retiring, bashful nature, taking only what he can get, and is possessed of great refinement, disliking to be with himself. He should eat light, nourishing food and take chloroform with his meals, Sundays included. Will find his most agreeable associates in the Cannibal islands, where he will be weighed and not found wanting. Ought to make a good prizefighter or barber, but will succeed best as a bartender in a Keely institute.

WILLIE L. (S-T-R-N-G).



THIS gentleman was born to be an elevator boy, but owing to an error at the time of his birth—Taurus being detained three minutes by a blockade in the milky way—he is now on exhibition as the ossified man in the greatest freak show on earth. He was born otherwise under the Pleiades, Capricorn drawing to a bobtail flush, Mars and Uranus on first base and Venus coming home on a three-bagger. He has tea-green whiskers, a Croker instep, Roosevelt teeth; looks well in white duck and would make a successful street-cleaner or do good execution in a tobacco warehouse. He is very extravagant, spending other people's money without a thought, and has little self-respect, mingling and marrying among the 400 with City-Hall abandon. Evil times in '97. Should ride on the cable cars for his health, avoid saloons and travel in Ireland for instruction.

LIMITED.

HE: There's one thing about me: I always know enough to take a hint.

SHE: Why, don't you ever call on the same girl twice?



"GEORGIE, DEAR, YOU GO IN AND ASK PAPA'S CONSENT AND—GEORGE—IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN, I'LL GO TO SEE YOU EVERY DAY TILL YOU'RE WELL AGAIN."



OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.
A HEALTH TO HIS SON-IN-LAW.



THE IMPRESSIONIST CALLED DOWN.

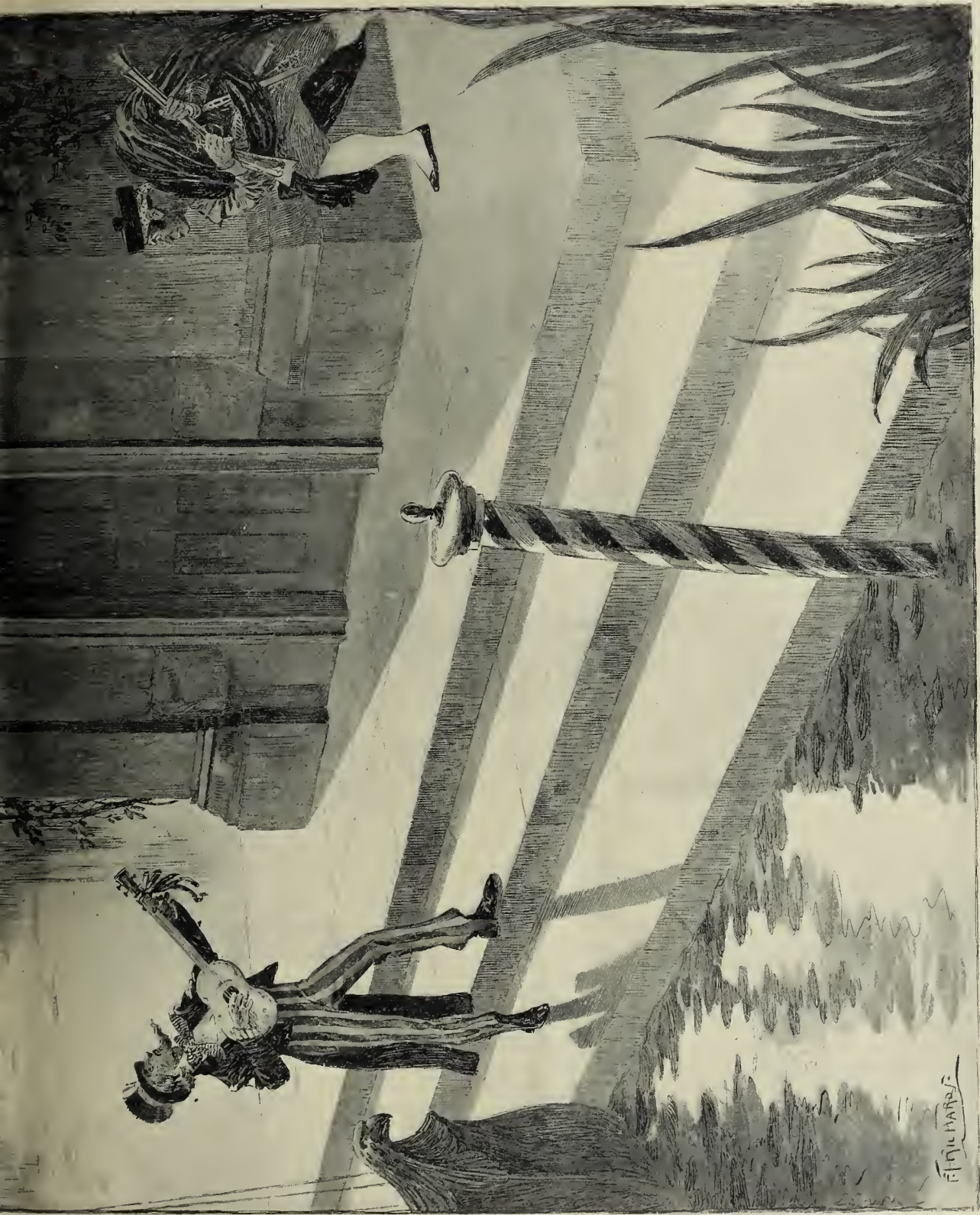
The Cow: "LOOKAHERE, LEMON-COLORED ROCKS, PINK STONE WALLS, PURPLE TREES AND CALICO SKIES ARE MATTERS CONCERNING YOU AND YOUR CONSCIENCE, BUT — IF YOU DON'T STOP PAINTING IN MY CALF NILE-GREEN THERE'LL BE SIMPLY A FLAT TONE LEFT OF AN INTERESTING BUT WAYWARD YOUNG MAN. DO YOU TUMBLE?"

SOME NEW BOOKS.

- Night Thoughts.* (The Wide Awake Series). By George M. Pullman.
Foul Play. By T. C. Platt.
Lovers Once But Strangers Now. By Lillian Russell.
In Durance Vile. By Joseph Pulitzer.
Far From the Madding Crowd. (In preparation.) By Levi P. Morton.
A Strange Inheritance. By Richard Croker.
Dictionary of Terms. By Grover Cleveland.
Coming Through the Rye. By John L. Sullivan.
The Earth Is My Footstool. By William of Germany. (Translated into 17 dialects, by Poultney Bigelow.)
Roughing It. By Lord Dunraven. Full Calf.
Opening of the Chestnut Burr. By Chauncey M. Depew.
Slaughter of the Innocents. By H. H. Vreeland (President of the Metropolitan Traction Company.)
Why I Am An Ass. By Anthony Comstock.
The Greatest Thing in the World. By B. F. Harrison.
Bricks Without Straw. By Pierpont Morgan.
The Almighty Dollar. By T. De Witt Talmage.
Songs From An Attic Window. By Russell Sage.
Corbett's Life and Letters. 10 volumes. Bound in sheep.
The Bartender's Guide. By Theodore Roosevelt.
People That Have Influenced Me. By Wm. L. Strong.
His Majesty Myself. By Richard Harding Davis.
What's In A Name? By Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont.
White Wings. By Geo. E. Waring.
The Modern Munchausen. By Farmer Dunn.
There Are Others. By William McKinley.
Misunderstood. By Thomas F. Bayard.
When My Dreams Come True. By Thomas B. Reed.
Milk As A Stimulant. By E. W. Bok.
God Save the Queen. By Larry Godkin.
What Shall I Do To Be Saved? By Chas. A. Dana.
Sweet Bells Out of Tune. By Dr. Parker Morgan.

• LIFE •





HE WOULD A WOONG GO.

"Come live with me, and be my love."



THE PRAYER.

PLUTARCH'S LIVES TO DATE.

LYCURGUS MCKINLIUS, THE LAW-GIVER.

LYCURGUS MCKINLIUS, Jr., the Law-Giver of the Buckeye Province, inherited the Spartan simplicity of his remote ancestor, Lycurgus of old, who was in the simplicity business long before T. Jefferson. He was simple enough, in fact, to imagine that the people would stand a tax on everything but air to protect "infant industries" capitalized at \$20,000,000 each. Being a native of Ohio, it was natural that he should aspire to the presidency, for every Ohioan thinks he has a mortgage on the White House. About the only man in Ohio who has not foreclosed is John Shermanus, the author of "How I Was T'run Down in 'Eighty-Eight."

As a boy Lycurgus McKinlius attended the public schools under protest because they were on the free list, and longed to grow up rapidly and get where he could have a Congress on his hands.

At 17 he was a soldier; at 21 he was a captain and brevet-major; at 24 he was a lawyer; at 33 he was a congressman; at 47 he was a governor; and at 52, in 1896, he was longing to emulate another great Ohioan by leading an army of the unemployed (Republicans) to Washington.

Lycurgus McKinlius reached the very pinnacle of fame when he posed before the public on his famous Tariff Bill. In all the earth there was nothing higher than that bill for him to stand on.

We are told that in 1896 when both Lycurgus McKinlius and Levi Parsons Mortonus Diogenes, the Grand Old Man of Ellerslie Stock Farm, were coquetting with Metoo Tomplattus, Casca Quayimus and other State bosses and endeavoring to win their support for the presidential nomination, the rival candidates met one day and immediately fell to abusing one another.

"Your aspirations for the presidency are absurd. The tariff is a back number, and so are you, McKinlius," sneered Mortonus Diogenes, leaning heavily on his cane.

"Speaking of back numbers, Methuselah was a gay young buck compared with you," retorted McKinlius. "You must think the White House is a Home for the Aged Order of Superannuated Has-Beens."

"Get you gone, Lycurgus McKinlius," Mortonus Diogenes cried in a rage. "Get you gone; but remember--remember--we shall meet at Philippi!"



Shaking with laughter, Lycurgus McKinlius hurried away out of reach of the cane. "The idea of an alleged statesman being so ignorant," he said later to one of his henchmen. "The idea of His Barrelship saying 'we shall meet at Philippi,' when everybody that reads the newspapers knows we're going to meet in St. Looney in June!"

To the hour of his death Lycurgus McKinlius was an ardent champion of a high protective tariff. It is related that one winter day he stood in the street with hat and shoulders covered with snow, and half-frozen tears streaming from his eyes.

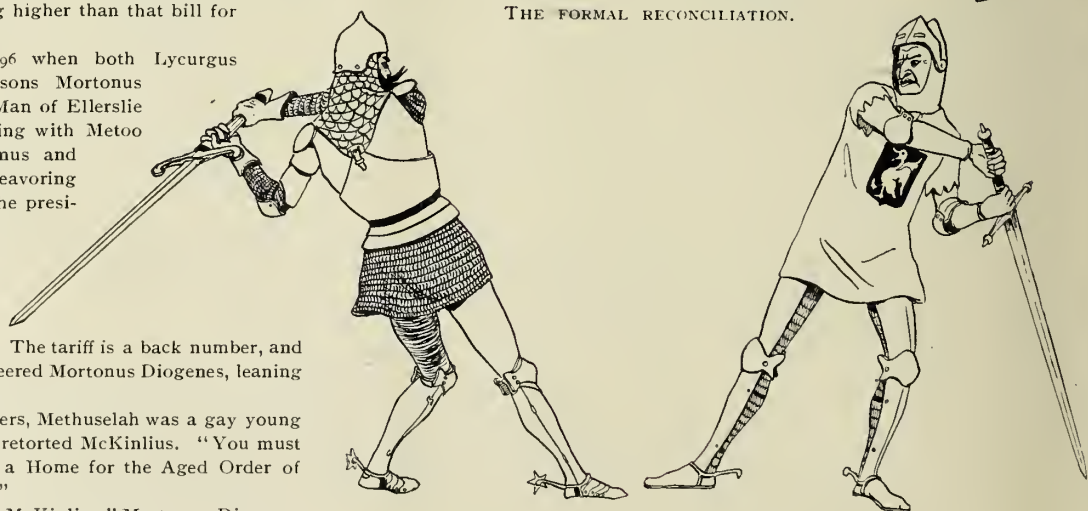
"Why do you weep?" asked Cato Reedimus.

"Why do I weep?" McKinlius cried, pointing upward toward the thickly falling snow. "It breaks my heart, Reedimus, to see all this stuff coming in free!"

Earle H. Eaton.



THE FORMAL RECONCILIATION.



THE COMBAT.



THE FINAL RECONCILIATION THAT COMES TOO LATE.

WHERE OUR TASTES LIE.

THE fact that seventy thousand birds were supplied to the New York market in one year for millinery purposes seems to indicate that we are a kind-hearted people and fond of animals.

With vivisection rampant and the fields and forests being cleared of birds, the animal kingdom seems to be in a tight place hereabouts. But "Science" and Fashion are mighty, and civilization is a wonderful civilizer.

AVOIDING EXTRA EXPENSE.

"ON moving day, Oldsoak never moves with the family because of the expense."

"The expense?"

"Yes, these moving-van men, you know, charge so much for every load."

A MAN has to be something more than eccentric to have his eccentricities tolerated.

"THERE IS NO NEW THING UNDER THE SUN." Eccl. i. 9.

MONEY TALKS. "... But money answereth all things." Eccl. x. 19.

THE SILVER TROUBLE. "He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver." Eccl. v. 10.

BALLOON SLEEVES. "Woe to the women that sew pillows to all arm-holes!" Ezek. xiii. 18.

WE ARE THE PEOPLE. "No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you." Job xii. 2.

YOU MAKE ME TIRED. "But now he (Eliphaz) hath made me weary." Job xvi. 7.

MY FAVORITE.

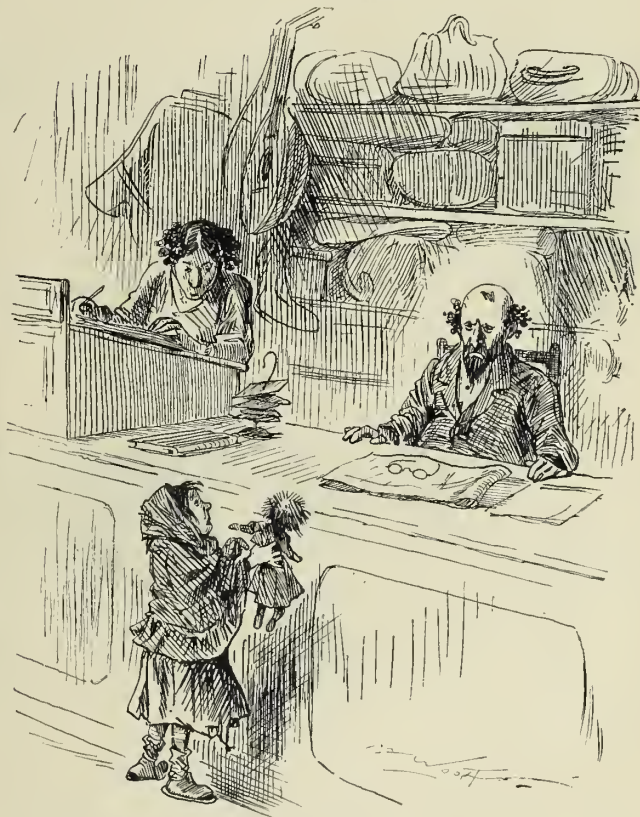
WHEN Gladys treads the minuet
With roses in her hair of jet,
Methinks no flower that ever blows
Is half so lovely as the rose.

In football days she's wont to wear
Chrysanthemums, and then I swear,
"No flower can be more rich and gay
Than that fair Gladys wears to-day."

And when she kneels with humble air
And murmurs low her Lenten prayer,
With purple violets on her breast,
Why, then I'm sure I like *them* best.
But if for me she'll wreath her hair
With orange blossoms, pure and fair,
I'll prize, till stars shall cease to shine,
The blooms which make sweet Gladys mine.

Dixie Wolcott.

ALL the world's a stage,
and the better the
performance the greater
will be the box office receipts.



"SAY BOSS, I'S GOT TER RAISE FIVE CENTS FOR CHEWIN' GUM, EVEN IF I HAS TO PUT ME CHILD IN HOCK!"



Two or three lawyers were discussing the tricks of their trade.

"A big, burly fellow from the Michigan pine forests came into my office," said one of them, "and told a very mean story about a rich man here in town, who was trying to cheat him out of two or three thousand dollars, and who had managed to get a pretty tight clutch on the money. The backwoodsman looked and talked like an honest man, and the old miser's reputation was mean enough to match the story, so I felt inclined to believe it. When he had finished I looked him up and down from head to foot. He asked me what I was looking him over for. 'Well,' said I, 'I was thinking that if I were over six feet tall, and as powerful a man as you, I wouldn't hire a lawyer to help me get that money.' The man's excited face smoothed out into blank astonishment. 'What do you mean?' he said. I answered, 'I mean just what I say. You are sure, are you, that he has that money in his office?' 'He had it there last night.' 'Well, you don't need a lawyer.'

"The man turned on his heel and left without another word. In a day or two he sent me a check for \$50 and his thanks for my advice."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

THERE was once a dispute among a group of Boers over the color of the English flag. There was much difference of opinion on the subject until an old patriarch, clad in a blue shirt and soiled yellow moleskin trousers, arose. He knew nothing about the English, but he was solid on the color of the flag. When he stood up there was a murmur of "Oom Peet," and a respectful

pause. "The English flag," he said, with an air of placid certainty, "is white." There was a general cry of expostulation, which had no sort of effect on the old warrior. "Don't I know?" he asked, gently; "I have seen it—seen it three times: once at Majuba, once at Bronkerspruit, and once at Doornkop. Each time it was hoisted and each time it was white." And that settled it.—*Argonaut*.

OWING to the illness of his regular office boy, Dr. Joseph Marcus some weeks ago hired a new boy named Tommy Jones. Tommy was a jewel, and when Joe, the first incumbent, convalesced, the doctor was loath to let Tommy go. But Joe wanted to come back to his soft berth, and pleaded with his former employer. A way out of the dilemma seemed to present itself, for the doctor said:

"Joe, if you can put the other boy out, you can get your job back."

"Do you mean that I must lick him?"

"That's about the size of it."

"All right."

When Dr. Marcus returned to his office that night he met a sight he never bargained for. The glass in the door was smashed into smithereens. A marble clock on the mantel was minus dial, glass, or hands, and a handsome office chair reposed on three legs; but Joe was in victorious possession, nursing a swollen cheek.

"Tommy's gone," he said, with a grin.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

WHAT THE ANGELS THINK.

My dear Clairette, gowned all in white,
Kneels where the fading evening light
Steals in to see so pure a sight.

My dear Clairette lifts tearful eyes
In supplication to the far-off skies
And for forgiveness softly cries.

My dear Clairette prays that she be
Forgiven for the sins that she
Feels rest upon her weightily.

My dear Clairette, so pure and fair!
The angels smile to see her there,
And wonder at the needless prayer.

—*W. J. Lampton in the Cosmopolitan*.

SEVERAL artists at a Royal Academy dinner, sitting in the neighborhood of Carlyle and Thackeray, were expressing their enthusiasm about Titian. Carlyle, who had been listening in silence to their rhapsodies, interrupted them by saying, with slow deliberation: "And here I sit, a man made in the image of God, who knows nothing about Titian, and that's another fact about Titian."

Thackeray, sipping claret at the moment, paused and bowed courteously to Carlyle. "Pardon me," he said, "that is not a fact about Titian. But it is a fact, and a lamentable fact—about Carlyle."—*Argonaut*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

IVORY SOAP

One may be neat and "bike" it too;
A muddy fall is naught to rue
Since Ivory Soap will soon restore
The fabric, spotless as before.

Copied, 1896, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cin. O.

"HUNTER

Baltimore Rye"

The American Gentleman's
WHISKEY.

FOR CLUB, FAMILY AND MEDICAL USE.

THE BEST WHISKEY IN AMERICA

10 YEARS OLD

Endorsed by Leading Physicians when stimulant is prescribed.

Pure, Old, Mellow.

SOLD AT ALL
First-Class Cafes and by Jobbers.

WM. LANAHAN & SON, - - Baltimore, Md.

"Drink HUNTER RYE. It is pure."

PA: Didn't I hear you say, Bella, that young Mr. Cakkle, who calls on you so regularly, is an advocate of the eight-hour movement?

BELLA: Yes, pa.

PA: I thought so. I noticed last night it took about eight hours to get a move on him.—*Boston Courier*.

MR. MANN: So you had to go and tell Mrs. Henn what I told you about the Fowlers? I never did see such a woman! You never could keep a secret.

MRS. MANN: How unreasonable you are, Henry! If I don't tell a secret, how is anybody to know that I have been keeping it?—*Boston Transcript*.

THE SATISFACTION DERIVED FROM SMOKING YALE MIXTURE

IS DIFFICULT OF DESCRIPTION TRY THIS DELIGHTFUL BLEND ONCE. THE RESULT WILL PLEASE US BOTH

YALE MIXTURE

A 2 OZ. TRIAL PACKAGE POST PAID FOR 25 CENTS THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO. SUCCESSORS OF MARBURG BROS. BALTIMORE, MD.

DUST HAS NO TERRORS

FOR RIDERS WHOSE WHEELS ARE FITTED WITH ABSOLUTELY DUST PROOF BEARINGS SUCH AS ARE FOUND ON

THE WARWICK

THESE, WITH ITS OTHER INIMITABLE POINTS OF PERFECTION MAKE IT THE PEER OF WHEELS. IT'S THE WHEEL THAT'S BUILT ON HONOR AND IF THE RIMS ARE VERMILION IT'S A WARWICK CATALOGUE FREE

WARWICK CYCLE MFG CO

SPRINGFIELD, MASS

FINISH that WEARS

The enamel and nickel that are applied to Columbia Bicycles know no equal for beauty. Better still, this beauty is the same a year hence—two years hence. A rub of the polishing cloth, and Columbia enamel shines like new. In every detail you can be sure of Columbias—unequalled, unapproached.

Columbia Bicycles

Standard of the World.

\$100 to all alike Columbias in construction and quality are a class by themselves

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Columbia Art Catalogue, telling fully of all features of Columbias—and of Hartford bicycle next best, \$80, \$60, \$50—is free from the Columbia agent or is mailed for two 2-cent stamps.

THE HALCYON

(Formerly Halcyon Hall.)

MILLBROOK, DUTCHESS CO., N. Y.

Easily accessible, unique in design, liberal in management, perfect cuisine; 1,000 feet elevation. Beautiful drives, ideal bicycle roads and charming scenery make this hotel a perfect Summer resort. Easily reached from Grand Central Depot in 2 hours. Unusually moderate rates. Open for guests May 1st. Special terms for beginning of season. Address, descriptive pamphlet, H. R. ROBERTSON, Jr., proprietor, at Hotel Imperial, N. Y. City.

There's one thing for you to remember—no Angostura Bitters is the genuine original except Abbott's. All druggists.

That Delicious Flavor

which you relish so much in Soups served in the best Cafés, can be secured at home, by using

Armour's

Extract of BEEF.

It gives to Soups a zest and flavor attainable in no other way. Anyone can make delicious Bouillon or clear Beef Soup with Armour's Extract, boiling water and a pinch of salt. Nothing simpler. Send for our book of "Culinary Wrinkles" —mailed free.

Armour & Company, Chicago.

NUBIAN Fast Black

Cotton Dress Linings—For Waist and Skirt,

Will Not Crock.

It is positively unchangeable and of superior quality. Nothing else so fully satisfies the highest requirements and yet the cost is moderate enough for any dress.

All Leading
DRY GOODS
Stores.

Nubian Fast Black

Look for this on
EVERY YARD
of the Selvage.

WEDDING SILVER.

Special attention given to the preparation of articles suitable for
WEDDING PRESENTS.

Complete outfits of Knives, Forks and Spoons and Carvers. Artistic and original designs in Silver Vases, Trays, and desk furnishings.

THEODORE B. STARR,
206 Fifth Ave.,
Madison Square.

WHEN Congressman Cannon, of Illinois, strenuously objected in Congress, the other day, to an appropriation for officers' residences on the grounds of the Naval Observatory, Robinson, of Pennsylvania, who was an Annapolis man, defended the proposition and poked fun at Cannon in this wise: "Soon after Mr. Cannon came here from his prairie home in Illinois for service," said Robinson, "he embarked on a steamer on the Potomac River. While pacing the deck, he suddenly started back in amazement from an open hatchway. 'My God,' he exclaimed, 'she's hollow!'"—*Argonaut.*

IN one of the Western cities there is a firm of three women lawyers who have an office on the top floor of a tall building in which there is no elevator. The other day a client climbed the stairs and arrived panting at the top, to find the office closed and the following inscription on the door:

"Our senior partner is going to be married this evening, and we have gone home to prepare for the reception.

"MATILDA HICKS,

"LOUISE WILSON."

—*New York Journal.*

"Do you think you could eat another piece of pie, Tommy?"

"I think I could, ma'am, if I stood up."—*Chicago Dispatch.*

"If you dare to kiss me, I'll call mamma."

"Please don't. I never kiss old ladies."—*Adams Freeman.*

ROBERT STUART PIGOTT, the baritone, has a lovely little daughter, whose sayings are really worth making a book about. Mrs. Cleveland is the object of her adoration just now. The child was walking in I street with her mother the other day when they met Mrs. Cleveland, out for her daily constitutional. Mrs. Cleveland saw the child's wrapt admiration and smiled as she passed.

"Mamma," said Katharine, who hadn't seen the President's wife before, "she doesn't look nearly so old as grandma."

"Why, of course, she doesn't," said the surprised mother. "What makes you say that?"

"Well," went on the child, "you told me she was the very first lady in the land."—*Washington Post.*

See-saw, Margery Daw,
Jenny shall have a new
master;
She put CUPID Hair-
Pins in her hair,
And they stick like a
porous plaster.

It's in the

TWIST.



By the makers
of the famous DeLONG
Hook and Eye.



Richardson & DeLong Bros.,
Philadelphia.

"Signs of Good Times."

16,019

Pounds

is the **Increase**
over the first three months of
1895 of the

**SEMI-WEEKLY
REPUBLIC**

mailed at the St. Louis post-
office, as shown by the post-
master's receipts on file in this
office and open for inspection.

Over 14 Per Cent.
is the **Gain**

in advertising carried in the

**SEMI-WEEKLY
REPUBLIC**

during the months of January,
February and March, 1896, over
the same period in 1895.

The gains in both circulation
and volume of advertising are

"Signs of Good Times."

**WHITMAN'S
INSTANTANEOUS
CHOCOLATE.**

Pure, Delicious Flavor.
Mix with boiling milk or
water, and it's made.
Stephen F. Whitman & Son,
Philadelphia.



AN old Irishwoman, who has received many benefits at the hands of a benevolent minister and his wife, is so shiftless that occasionally the large-hearted couple lose all patience with her; but she has such a sense of humor, and such a beguiling tongue, that she never fails to amuse them and finally to win them back.

At one time when money was given her to buy warm underclothing with, she wasted it upon a large plush photograph album. The minister spoke to her with considerable severity, as did also his wife, and for some time Bridget received no calls from either of them.

One afternoon, however, the minister relented and stopped at Bridget's door on his way to see a sick woman.

"Shure, and it's meself that dreamed about you last noight, Misther Williams," said Bridget, with a beaming smile. "Oi dreamed that you and Missus Williams came here to see me, and says you, 'How are you off for tay and coffee, Bridget?' and Oi says, 'It's niver a drop of ayther Oi've got in the house, Misther Williams!' And thin you presinted me wid a pound of tay, and Missus Williams wid a pound of coffee on the shpot! Yis, sorr, that was me dream."

"Well, Bridget," said the minister, striving not to smile, "you know dreams are said to go by contraries."

"Shure, and that's fwhat Oi said to meself," exclaimed Bridget, triumphantly. "Said Oi, 'Misther Williams is the wan that'll be giving me the coffee and Missus Williams the tay!' Thim was my very thoughts, sorr."—*Youth's Companion*.

A WASHINGTON correspondent, some time ago, started a story about Prohibitionist Hull, of Iowa, to the effect that he once admired a knife of Representative Chickering's which had in it a hook, "designed," Chickering said, "to remove stones which might become fastened in a horse's hoof on a rocky road." Hull admired it so much that Chickering gave it to him, and Hull took it home

to show to his wife. Mrs. Hull looked at the knife and then at her husband. "John," said she, "any man who has served three terms as secretary of the State Senate, been twice lieutenant-governor, and served two terms in Congress, must be a pretty good man if he doesn't know a champagne-opener from a hoof-cleaner." The story was copied all over the State, and commented on in a variety of ways. Then the Congressman met the correspondent who first published the story. He was smiling all over. "You did me a great service," Hull said, wringing his hand affectionately; "all the Prohibitionists are taking my wife's view of my ignorance, and all the 'antis' are insisting that I'm a devil of a good fellow for imposing so successfully on my wife. It works in my behalf whichever way you take it."—*Exchange*.

SOME one asked Max Nordau to define the difference between genius and insanity. "Well," said the author of "Degeneration," "the lunatic is, at least, sure of his board and clothes."

"ANYTHING interesting in the New Woman club?"

"Yes; we are to have a spring exhibition of paintings done by old mistresses."—*Chicago Record*.

AFTER a dinner given by Stephen Price, of Drury Lane Theatre, all the guests but Theodore Hook and the Reverend Edward Cannon retired. Price was suffering from gout, but as they disregarded his hints to retire, he stole off and left them in high talk. On the following morning he inquired of his servant: "Pray, at what time did those gentlemen go last night?"

"Go, sir?" replied John; "they're not gone, sir; they have just rung for coffee."—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

"WOULD you like a sonata before dinner?" said the Washington hostess to the gentleman from Kentucky.

"Well, I don't mind," said he. "I had two on my way here, but I reckon I can stand another."—*Boston Herald*.

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TEETH AND BREATH.

A sample of liquid Sozodont by mail, provided you mention this publication and send three cents for postage. Address the Proprietors of Sozodont, HALL & RUCKEL, Wholesale Druggists, New York City.

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THE CLUB = COCKTAILS

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Try our YORK Cocktail—made without any sweetening—dry and delicious.

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AVOID IMITATIONS.

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With the "Search Light"
—IS A PLEASURE

SEARCH LIGHT

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Flame Cannot Jar Out.
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Burns either Kerosene or Naphtha.
The Polished Reflecting Surfaces
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Combination of Lenses
makes most intense and penetrating light.
The Only strictly first-class bicycle
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The 1896 Search-Light is conceded to be
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Price \$5.00, delivered free or of your dealer.

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Send for Circular No. 47.

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DEUTZ & GELDERMANN, Ay, France.

Possessing to the fullest extent the fruity
and delicate character peculiar to the wines
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Agent C. H. ARNOLD, 27 N. William St., N. Y. City.

FROM THE OFFICE BOY.

SHE smiles while that prosy old duffer dictates,
And is sweet as you please when he scolds;
She smiles when the baldheaded partner comes in
And talks of his coughs and his colds;
She smiles at the clerk while she clicks her machine,
And laughs at what he thinks is fun,
But never a smile or a laugh for me—
They have whiskers and I have none.

I have plenty of brains, and I know a good deal,
I could give his nibs points on the law;
I could teach that old clerk for the next twenty years,
I could tell him some things, but—oh, pshaw!
What's knowledge and brains to a girl nowadays?
They ain't in it when all's said and done.
The idiots get all her smiles and her thoughts—
They have whiskers and I have none.

—New York World.

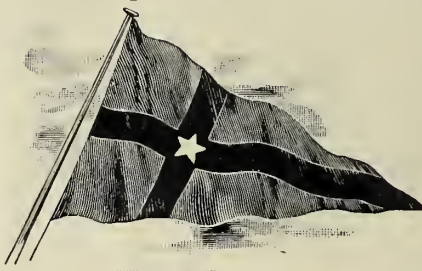
THE editor of a London evening daily was noted for his promptitude and tendency to rush things. He was continually impressing upon his reporters the necessity for condensing news. There came into the office one morning a notice of a terrific explosion on board a big ship at Portsmouth. "If you catch the next train," he said to one of his men, "you will be down there by two, and can wire something for the fifth edition, but boil it down." The message came in due time. It said: "Terrific explosion. Melpomene. Boiler empty. Engineer full. Funeral to-morrow. No flowers."—Wave.

MAMMA: You know, Johnny, when mamma whips her little boy, she does it for his own good.

JOHNNY: Mamma, I wish you didn't think quite so much of me.—Boston Transcript.

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Special Attention Given to the
Designs of Fitting out of Yachts. Sets of
Club Flags, Monograms AND Glassware
Made Specially
Initials FOR
Engraved Cabinets
or Etched. AND
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It's a Wise Nurse

that speeds the recovery of her patients by
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ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine
TRADE MARK.

—the food drink. It contains
the greatest amount of real nu-
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to nursing mothers, consump-
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A HINT FOR COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS.

Harley: On your last trip you took ten orders to my one, and I worked pretty hard, too. How do you account for it?

Beach: Well, I attribute a good deal of my success to the fact that I wear a stylish, glossy Knox Silk Hat.

HER DIMPLES.

When Dora's dimples come and go,
I watch them, torn 'twixt bliss and woe
(For at her feet I long have sat me),
Their fitful charm distracts me so:
Because, alas! I never know
Whether she's laughing with or at me!

—The Century.

RECENTLY in England a prize was offered for the best "bull" made of laughter-provoking words, and *The Outlook* publishes a selection from those submitted.

Extract from a speech made at a meeting to promote total abstinence: "The glorious work will never be accomplished until the good ship *Temperance* shall sail from one end of the land to the other, and with a cry of 'Victory!' at each step she takes, shall plant her banner in every city, town and village in the United Kingdom."

"We pursue the shadow, the bubble bursts, and leaves the ashes in our hands!"

An orator at one of the university unions bore off the palm when he declared that "the British lion, whether it is roaming the deserts of India or climbing the forests of Canada, will not draw in its horns nor retire into its shell."

A certain politician, lately condemning the government for its policy concerning the income tax, is reported to have said: "They'll keep cutting the wool off the sheep that lays the golden eggs until they pump it dry."

A HARD-LOOKING tough was on trial in the Court of General Sessions. Judge Cowing was on the bench. Lawyer Howe, in a voice husky with emotion, addressed the jury: "Gentlemen, my client is a poor man. He was driven by hunger and want to take a small sum of money. All that he wanted was sufficient money to buy bread, for it is in evidence that he did not take the pocket-book containing \$300 that was in the same bureau drawer." The eloquent attorney for the accused was interrupted by the convulsive sobs of his client. "Why do you weep?" asked Judge Cowing of the doomed man. "Becors I didn't see der pocket-book in de drawer."—*Texas Siftings*.

THE New York *Recorder* gives a story of a young lawyer who evidently did not consider the well-known learning of the judge a sufficient reason for omitting evidence of his own attainments.

The judge was compelled to listen to a case that had been appealed from one of the police courts. The young practitioner who appeared for the appellant was long and tedious; he brought in all of the elementary textbooks, and quoted the fundamental propositions of the law.

At last the judge thought it was time to make an effort to close the argument.

"Can we not assume," he said, pompously, "that the court knows a little about law itself?"

"That's the very mistake I made in the other court," answered the young orator, "and I don't want to let it defeat me twice."

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It is important to buyers that they should be informed that the only ware that has always been known as Haviland China is marked under each piece:

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FRANCE
On White China.

Haviland & Co
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On Decorated China.

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RECOMMENDED FOR
Gravel, Calculus, Lazy
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WILL CURE IT.

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The Ten Cases We Have Tended to Our Venezuelan Commission



for their use will just fill the bill. Its soothing influence will be felt, and it will help to buoy them up in their long and arduous research among the musty papers. An old article, made from an old time formula, is appropriate for the settlement of this long-standing dispute, and we believe, will be appreciated.

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is the BEST in the world. The genuine has the word

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 "I DIDN'T THINK GOD HAD TIME TO LOCATE ME YET."

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*Fine Domestic Underwear,
Night Robes, Petticoats.*

*Dressing Sacques.
Cameleon Silk Petticoats.*

*Silk and Crepe Negligée
Gowns.*

Fancy Waists.

CHILDREN'S WEAR

**Broadway & 19th St.
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Does This Interest You?

M. Favre Perret, International Juror from Switzerland at our Centennial Exhibition, in a speech to a convention of Swiss watchmakers, stated, in speaking of a "*RIVERSIDE*" Waltham Watch, "Not one Swiss watch in 50,000 compares with this."

Since this startling and unsolicited testimony was given, Waltham Watches have been improved in quality and lowered in price. Made only by the
AMERICAN WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY.

For sale by all retail jewelers.

Three Famous Books

at near to quarter prices. The most important transaction we have lately made in the Book Store puts within your reach three almost unheard-of book bargains.

Bryant's History of the United States.

A Popular History from the First Discovery of the Western Hemisphere by the Northmen to the end of the Civil War. Priced by a sketch of the prehistoric period and the age of the Mound Builders. By William Cullen Bryant and Sidney Howard Gay.

It contains 50 full-page steel engravings, over 50 full-page woodcuts, and more than 1,000 illustrations in the text. With maps and facsimiles. 4 octavo volumes, 2,443 pages, with complete index. Published to sell at \$24.00. Our price, \$7.

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The latest compilation of this kind. 882 large octavo pages. 4,000 articles touching every phase of Cyclopedic Knowledge, 800 illustrations, 115 Maps and Diagrams, 70 of them double-page colored maps. The object of the publisher has been to produce in one, not over big volume, just the accurate, clean-cut information, statistical, his-

torical and general, that every man or woman of intelligence is glad to have at hand. Cloth, red edges, publishers' price, \$5.50, our price, \$1.65. Sheep, marbled edges, publishers' price, \$6, our price, \$1.90. Half Morocco, marbled edges, publishers' price, \$6.50, our price, \$2.25.

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A Reminiscence of Foreign Travel. By Joel Cook. Elegantly illustrated with 487 engravings on wood. 537 pages, 4to, size 11 x 8 3/4 inches, gilt edges. Published to sell at \$5.00. Our price, \$1.65.

This is a book that will be thoroughly appreciated by every one who has traveled. It will prove a most useful book to those intending to visit the scenes described, and a highly interesting and instructive book for those who stay at home.

Our book store contains every worthy book. Catalogue for the asking.

**BROADWAY
9th & 10th Sts.
FOURTH AVE.**

Hilton, Hughes & Co.
SUCCESSORS TO A.T. STEWART & Co.

NEW YORK.

**BROADWAY
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Special attention given to the preparation of articles suitable for

WEDDING PRESENTS.

Complete outfits of Knives, Forks and Spoons and Carvers. Artistic and original designs in Silver Vases, Trays, and desk furnishings.

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206 Fifth Ave.,
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direct attention to their large assortments of

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And a great variety of
Steamer Rugs
and Shawls

All at very

Attractive Prices

West 23d St.



THE GRAMMATICAL CLERK.

"CAN YOU GIVE ME A ROOM AND A BATH?"
 "No. You'll have to bathe yourself."

A POST-NUPTIAL REVERIE.

THE wedding, last night, was a royal affair,
 According to all of the papers,
 The perfume of flowers afloat in the air,
 The mellowing light of the tapers,
 And Nellie leaned proud on the arm, so they say,
 Of papa, clear up to the altar,
 Repeating the vows in a confident way,
 With no inclination to falter.

The bridesmaids arrayed in their virginal white,
 Were symphony's sweetest creations,
 The music soared up to the regions of light
 As though it were Heaven's oblations

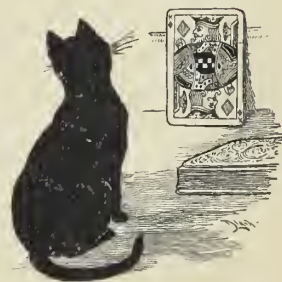
To Nellie, and yet a grim sense of unrest
 The whole of the evening enthralled me;
 My senses went whirling, my heart was distressed,
 The scene at the altar appalled me.

It seemed that I lived through a troublesome dream,
 E'en Nellie was thrilled with emotion,
 I once caught her eye and its sparkle and gleam
 Seemed soft in its sense of devotion.

The crowd lingered late, all their homage to pay,
 And yet even longer I tarried.

I jealously wanted to steal her away,
 Since I was the fellow she married.

Roy Farrell Greene.



A CAT MAY LOOK AT A KING.



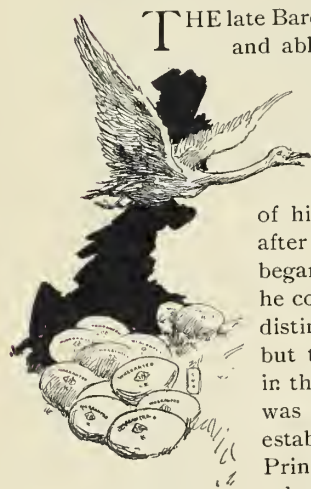
"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVII. MAY 7, 1896. No. 697.
19 WEST THIRTY FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union. \$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents.
Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.
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ON April 23d, in the course of a row between two Congressmen in the Naval Affairs Committee-room in the Capitol, inkstands and other stationery were thrown and ink and blood spilt on Uncle Samuel's carpet and over some of his furniture. Neither combatant was hurt enough to afford any prospect that the membership of Congress will be reduced. It seems proper to suggest that in cases of fights between Congressmen in committee-rooms where no one is much hurt, the combatants should pay for the damage done to the room, but where grave injuries are inflicted the Government should stand the expense. It is worth something to Uncle Sam this year to have an average Congressman permanently crippled.



THE late Baron Hirsch was an exceedingly shrewd and able man who became extremely rich, partly by inheritance, partly by marriage, but mainly by using his brains in his business. He had a phenomenal aptitude for money-making and undoubtedly he enjoyed the exercise of his faculties in that employment, but after he had piled up a huge fortune he began to take serious thought as to how he could have fun with it. He wished for distinguished social recognition in Europe, but that it was impossible for him to buy in the measure that he desired because he was a Jew. By profuse expenditures he established intimate relations with the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Orleans and other Europeans of exalted rank and large opportunities for expenditure, but even with their help he could not overcome the prevalent prejudice of European society against a Jew. He went on the turf and succeeded surprisingly with racehorses, but that didn't satisfy him. Finally he turned to charity and especially

to the amelioration of the condition of the people of his own race in Southwestern Europe. He put his intelligence into his philanthropic projects as well as his money, and it is understood that he left them in such order that they will go on and work themselves out now that he is dead.



WHAT is to be done with the huge accumulations of money which lodge nowadays in private hands is one of the most interesting questions of the time. It is a pity that Baron Hirsch should not have had a few years more to devote to his solution of it, but what he did, while the opportunity remained to him, was very edifying and impressive. Judging from the zeal with which he followed up his projects, he must have found philanthropy a remunerative calling, and its incidents as great a relief to his mind as to his pocket. His example is respectfully commended to gentlemen, and American gentlemen especially, who suffer from the sort of fiscal embarrassment with which he had to deal.

IT is rumored that Mr. George Smalley has been threatening England with an American war. No, Mr. Smalley; it won't come. Business is too good in England to be spoiled, and here it is so bad, bad, bad, that we can't afford to fight. We can't fight just now; we don't feel well enough. We can't fight anybody about anything until after Election and then, please Heaven, we'll be too busy at our several trades to think of fighting.



IT seems that Dr. Lee, who recently caught another minister cribbing a sermon, is himself accused of a plagiarism twenty years ago in a college poem. Oh what a tangled web we weave when first we practise to deceive! LIFE offers Dr. Lee the expression of its sympathy. We must all be lenient in our attitude towards the intellectual dishonesties of clergymen. No other profession puts such a premium on disingenuousness as theirs does. They engage at the start to be convinced and to stay convinced as to matters anent which the rest of us may make up our minds at our leisure and unmake them again without sin. Honesty is made far easier for us than for them, yet instead of being easy on them we hold them, as a rule, to stricter account than ourselves.



A STRUGGLING YOUNG ARTIST.

A QUANDARY.

WHEN mamma saw my cycle suit,
She cried: "It's too short, daughter."
But riding on the Boulevard.
Some men yelled: "Cut it shorter."
Now I'm a simple, little maid,
So won't some one apprise me
If I must listen to mamma,
Or what the men advise me?

Curley.

ALMOST A TRAGEDY.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Miss ALICE TRENT, of Yonkers; a young woman.
Mr. JOHN MARCH DAR, of New York; a young man.
Mr. S. M. GOOSE, of New York; a tailor.
Mr. A. D. TRENT, of Yonkers; a father.

TIME: Last week.

PLACE: Yonkers, New York and Boston.

Note from Miss Trent to Mr. Dar:

YONKERS, N. Y., Monday.

Dear Jack: Can you come up to dinner Thursday evening at six o'clock. Cordially,
ALICE.

Note from Mr. Goose to Mr. Dar:

41144 Broadway.

JNO. M. DAR, Esq.

Dear Sir: Can you pay us \$40 on account to-morrow? We need the money.

Yours

respectfully,

S. M. GOOSE.



"THERE'S A BLACK SHEEP IN EVERY FLOCK."

Letter received by Miss Trent from Mr. Dar:

Well, I guess not. You must think I'm a National bank with nothing else to do but to accommodate you. The next time I get such a note from you, you'll hear something drop, and drop hard. See? You make me tired.
Yours,
J. M. DAR.

Letter received by Mr. Goose from Mr. Dar:

Dearest: Nothing would be more delightful than to do as you request. Surely, I shall only be too glad.
Devotedly,
JACK.

Letter from Mr. A. D. Trent to Mr. Dar:

YONKERS, N. Y., Tuesday.

Sir: You are an insolent young puppy and I shall call on you, at your office, to-morrow at 10 A.M. for an explanation of your insulting note to my daughter.
Yours,
A. D. TRENT.

Letter from Mr. Goose to Mr. Dar:

41144 Broadway, Tuesday.

Dear Old Boy: Accept our profoundest thanks for your promptness. Our collector will call at 10 A.M. to-morrow. Yours sincerely,
S. M. GOOSE.

Notice on Mr. Dar's office door Wednesday:

GONE TO BOSTON.
BACK NEXT YEAR.

Telegram from Mr. Dar to Mr. Trent:

BOSTON, MASS, Wednesday.

A. D. TRENT, Yonkers, N. Y.

See my letter to your daughter, mailed to-day.

J. M. DAR.

Telegram to Mr. Goose from Mr. Dar:

BOSTON, MASS., Wednesday.

S. M. GOOSE, 41144 Broadway, New York.

Prepare to be sued for large damages, with the accent on the first syllable.
J. M. DAR.

Letter from Mr. Dar to Miss Trent:

Young's Hotel, BOSTON, MASS., Wednesday Ev'ng.

My Darling Alice: Is it necessary for me to explain to you this apparently dreadful situation? Don't you know and understand that I simply mailed you the wrong letter? Try to persuade your father to let me return to New York and explain further in





AN EX IT.

person. Wire me an answer here as soon as you read this.

Anxiously but devotedly, Your

JACK.

Telegram from Miss Trent to Mr. Dar:

YONKERS, N. Y.,
Thursday, 6 A.M.
Mr. JOHN DAR, Young's
Hotel, Boston, Mass.

Dear Jack: Can you
come up to dinner Thurs-
day evening at six?

Cordially,
ALICE.

W. J. Lampton.

A SURE SIGN

WILTON: Are
your people
going to move this
spring?

JOHNNIE FLAT-
HOUSE: I guess we
are. Pa's planning
to go away for a
week.

HIS CHOICE.

LANDLADY:
What part of
the turkey will you
have, Mr. New-
boarder?

"A little of the
outside, please."

A CRYPTOGRAM.

SHE is learning to use the typewriter,
Her skill is but limited now.
The exercise seems to delight her
Though a frown sometimes darkens
her brow
As I pause where her hands, fair and
slender,
Are plodding the alphabet through
Still expecting that sentence so tender,
The sweetly confessed

"I love you."

A fond heart is one of the prizes
Whose blessings are swiftly revealed.
In vain Cupid seeks for disguises;
His presence can ne'er be concealed.
And I wait for no key to decipher
The message that dawns on my view
As I lean o'er the girl I would die for
To read while she writes:

"I /gve y-9."

Philander Johnson.

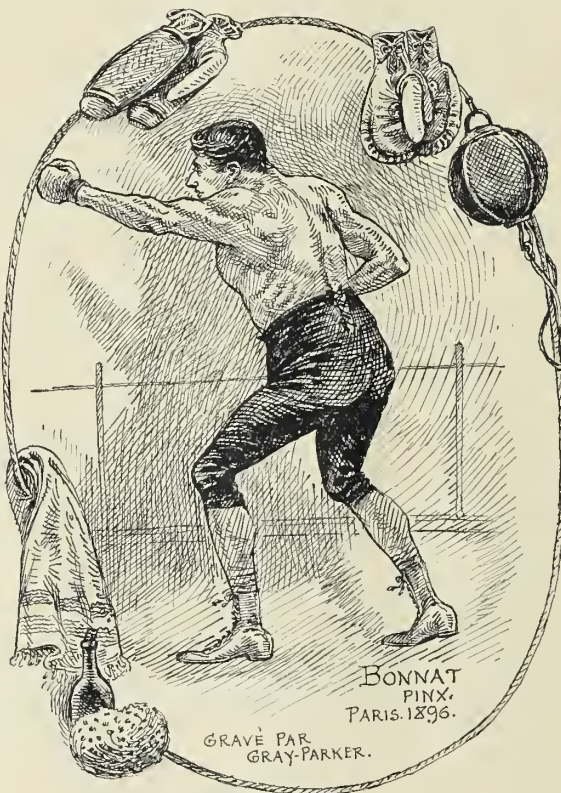
THE baseball season is fairly on its way, and the tottering and decrepit representatives of the great metropolis have started upon their exciting work of crawling around the bases and lying down to die peacefully near the home plate while their opponents are engaged in playing ball.

Once was the time when the New York team lived and breathed, and had to be photographed by the instantaneous process. But now it requires a landscape gardener to keep the weeds out of the prairie grass that finds its luxuriant growth on the soles of their russet shoes.

HISTORICAL PORTRAIT PAINTING, WITH APPROPRIATE FRAMES.

(A few leaves from the catalogue of a private portrait gallery.)

WHY NOT ADOPT THE INTERESTING CUSTOM OF OUR ANCESTORS AND HAVE OURSELVES PORTRAYED IN OUR FAVORITE POSES?



PORTRAIT OF MY COUSIN JACK, N. Y. A. C., LETTING OUT
HIS LEFT IN AN AMATEUR BOUT.



PORTRAIT OF MY UNCLE HARRY (FATHER'S BROTHER)
BEFORE HE MADE HIS CELEBRATED "CARRY
CLEAR" OF 250 YARDS.

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.



THE ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN.

AN ass, by some means unknown to the writer, having managed to get into a lion's skin, ran around the neighborhood frightening the beasts into fits. When he brayed, they said: "Jupiter! what a magnificent bass voice he has!" and he was the pantata of that district until he died of old age.

Immoral:

A good bluff, well chuckled, is liable to do considerable execution.

H. W. Phillips.

RESEARCH REWARDED.

"LITTLE Johnny opened his drum yesterday to find where the noise came from."

"Did he find out?"

"Yes. When his father came home, the noise came from little Johnny."

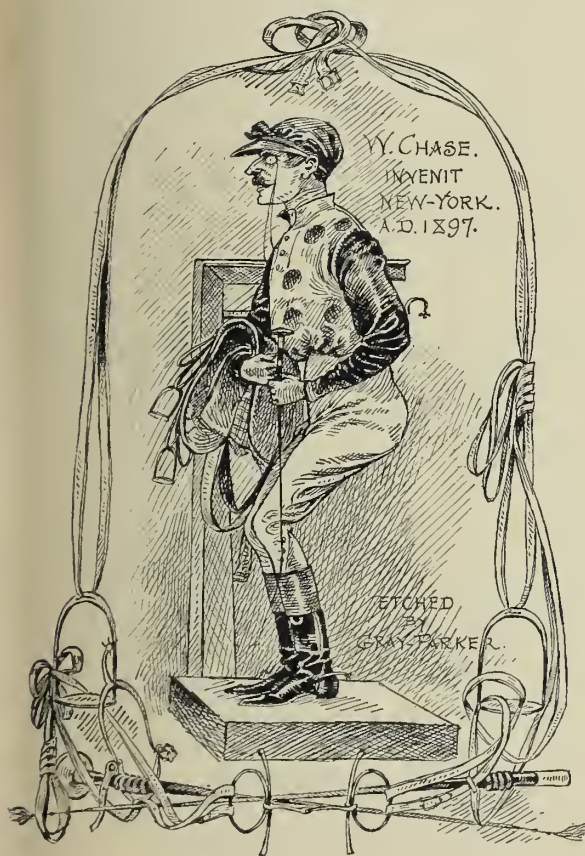
"DO you recall any mention of cannibalism in the Bible?"
"Certainly. Don't you remember where the Hebrews are forbidden to eat pork?"

DIDN'T AGREE WITH 'RASTUS.

"WHAT'S the matter with your boy 'Rastus?" asked a white gentleman in Los Angeles of an old colored man.

"Dat boy struck mighty hard luck," replied the old man. "He dun been studin' de shavin' and barberin' bizness. He's a 'prentice, dey calls it—blackin' shoes an' wiskin' folks wif a duster an' makin' hisself generally handy. But he never got de chance to cut hair before yesterday, when a gemman rush in, so 'Rastus say, mighty quick like an' fling hisself into de chair an' say: 'Shingle my hair quick, yo' black rascal.' All de bosses done gone to dey dinner, so 'Rastus spec it was his time; so he slide out de do' an' study de shinglin' on de roof a minute an' sets to. W'en he finish an' han' de glass to de man he say he act like he done gone crazy. He hit 'Rastus over de head wif a cup an' chase him out de shop an' clean down de street wif a razor. 'Rastus done been sick ever since."

IT is strange that the learned ladies who built the "Woman's Bible" with arguments in favor of her emancipation should have overlooked the fact that the patriarchs evidently did the housework. Adam helped make the fall clothing and Noah preserved pairs in the Ark.



PORTRAIT OF MY COUSIN GEORGE, THE DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMAN RIDER, ABOUT TO BE WEIGHED BEFORE A STEEPLE-CHASE.



GOLFING TERMS.
DRIVING OFF A TEE.



ciation are sacrificed on sunny afternoons and moonlight nights. I used to get the real thrill from chasing an abstract principle of law through a score of musty State Reports. It set my brain afire to see these things grow palpable before me. A new idea was an achievement—now it is a mere phantom of the night. What is thought at its best compared to the joy of exercise in the sunlight and the placid nerves that follow on hunger and thirst appeased? I tell you, Diana, the wheel is making us all rank materialists."

"That is what most people with an artistic temperament need," said Diana.

"They are out of sympathy with the great material motives that move the mass of men and women."

"And so they ought to be," said Adrian. "You must be different from the mass of men to lead them. How can a writer preach higher ideals if his life is on the lower level?"

"You beg the question," persisted Diana. "The man who reads, or writes, or paints can put more vigor, more individuality, more idealism into it if he has put body and nerves attune by wholesome exercise."

"There is just so much energy in a man or woman," replied Adrian. "What goes into leg muscle won't be transmuted by any hocus-pocus into brain-cells and thought. You can't have your cake and eat it, too."

"It's all a question of proportion," said Diana. "Civilized people for years have been working the brain-cells

MRS. FIXEM. I don't see what you men find in your club.

THE BRUTE: It's what we don't find.

THE man at the top of the ladder is not lonesome. He is too busy retaining his place.

TANDEM TALKS.

SCENE: *The dining-room of a Long Island hotel at luncheon hour. Half-a-dozen bicycle parties scattered about.*

"IT is great!" exclaimed Diana, as she settled into a chair and glanced at her pretty face in a mirror.

"Greater than Art?" asked Adrian, who liked to stick pins into Diana's enthusiasms. Art was what she thought she worked at five mornings a week. It was her sedative before a round of luncheons, teas, and dinners.

"You always jest at Art," said Diana, severely. "I was talking down to your level. I meant to remark that wheeling on a tandem down the Merrick road, with a northwest gale behind you, is great!"

"But all this wheeling is death to Art," said Adrian with mock solemnity. "It is one of those strong stimulants that destroys your pleasure in the mild bouquet of books and pictures."

"You are wrong, hopelessly wrong," flashed Diana. "The keen pleasure and physical exhilaration of such a whirling ride as we have had, racing with the gale, keys up every sense with it. I saw colors in the landscape that I never saw before—browns, and purples, and swirling grays that the French *plein-air* men have painted with their finer vision."

"You probably see them better now," said Adrian; "but you'll never have the patience to paint them. The wheel is death to thought, meditation, and Art. My great legal treatise on the Relation of State Legislatures to Lunacy would have been finished a year ago but for the wheel. The hours I used to spend at the Bar Asso-



"EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT YOUR BRIDLE HAS SLIPPED."



TO HEAL THE DIFFERENCE.

"I CANNOT BE YOUR WIFE, ALGY—THERE IS TOO GREAT A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN OUR FORTUNES."
 "BUT, MABEL, I'M SURE THERE WOULD BE NO DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEM IF WE COULD ONLY BRING THEM TOGETHER."

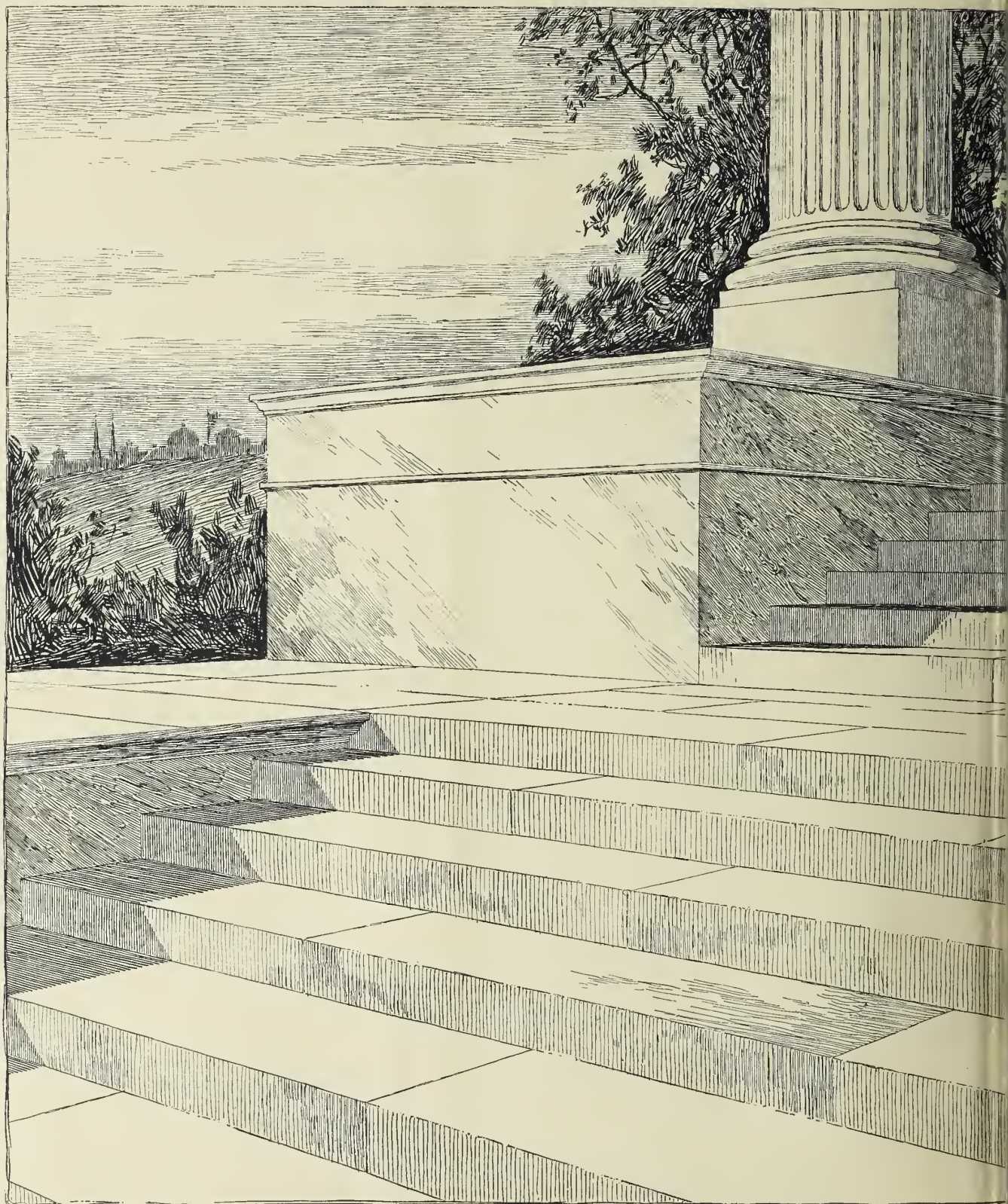
too much. You've got to have a big physique to make a big brain possible or efficient."

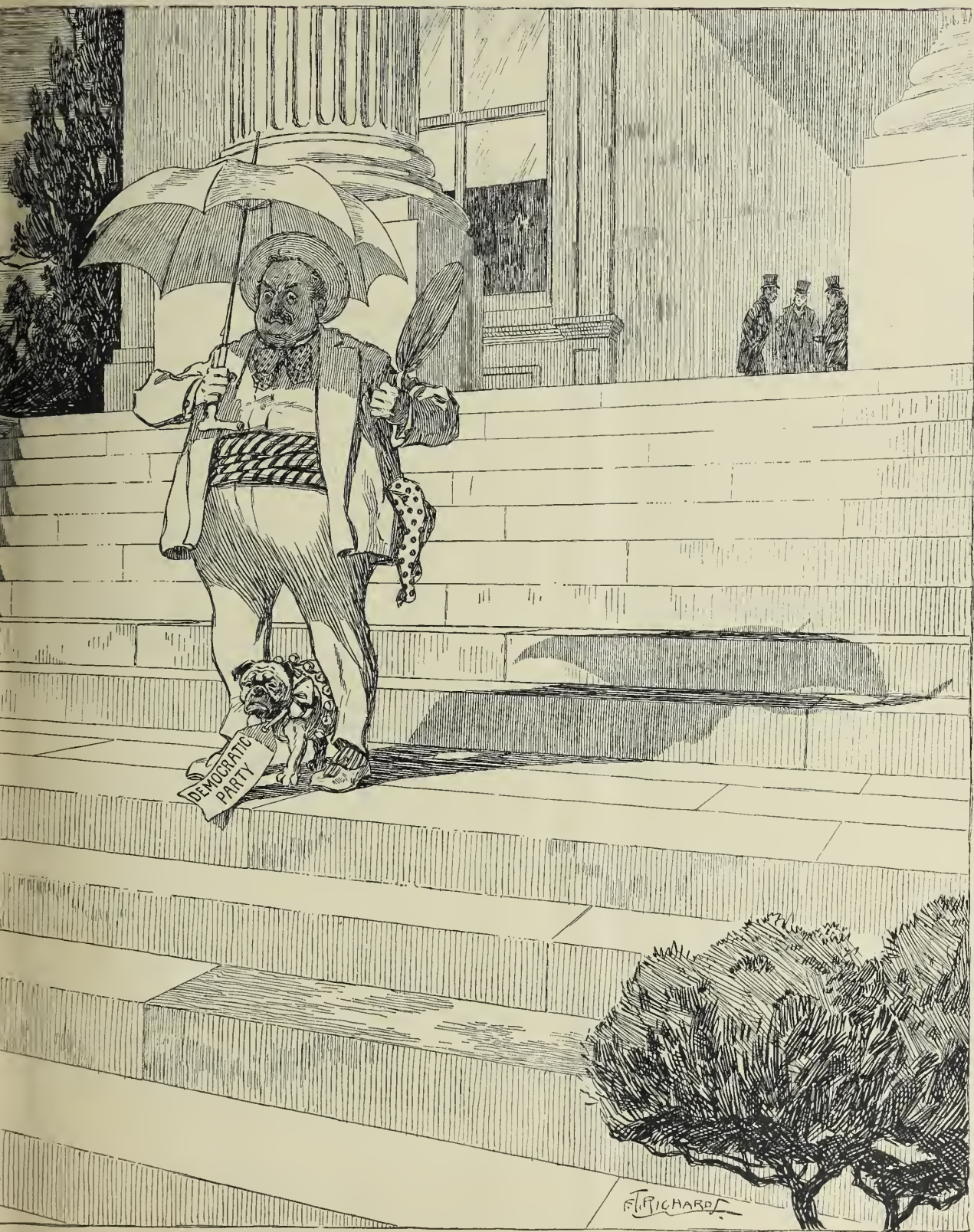
"I'm not so sure of that," said Adrian. "Compare Robert Louis Stevenson and John L. Sullivan for example."

"And yet Stevenson said that when he worked all morning in his garden his conscience approved him far more than when he spent the time writing his books. His pleasure came from wholesome exercise," said Diana.

"That is the whole question in a sentence," said Adrian, triumphantly. "You used to make the end of life something higher and finer than pleasure. Now you have enthroned the sensations of the physical man. What becomes of Art, of Thought, of Duty? They are whirling down the Merrick road in a cloud of dust. Come, let us join the procession—Idealism on a wheel, pursued by the avenging furies!"

Droch.





IS THAT DOG NOW!

THE BENEFIT OF MANY CREEDS.



AT THIS LATE DAY.

IN days of olde,
When actors bolde
Appeared upoune ye stayge,
When "Will" his gold-
Enne music rolled;
When Garricke or Burbage—

But wot-ye-'elle!
An' sooth to telle,
Within this latter age,
Hacke writers felle
Are "doeing welle"
A-writing for ye *Stayge*!

Carl Currie.

THE NEWSPAPER WOMAN.

IN the vast advertising sheet which Americans—with their never-failing drollness—call a "newspaper," it is sometimes considered necessary that a few items of so-called human interest should occasionally occur. On every successful paper the spiciest of these items are supplied by a lady of great daring and enterprise, whom for polite reasons, and in spite of appearances, we should prefer not to call an adventuress, but a newspaper woman.

Her name—which she inscribes quickly and in extra large capitals upon the Roll of Fame—is always alliterative, and always ends in IE.

Thus she is Jennie Jot-it-down, or Susie Spacewriter, or Rita Rite-it-up.

Instead of wasting time and money in entering the spiritless ranks of some tedious profession, she earns a delightfully erratic income by doing things which she shouldn't do, and telling about them afterwards.

She is a woman of action, even more than she is a woman of words, which is saying a good deal. Although she is always throwing herself in front of trol-



ley cars, sleeping in paupers' beds, entering forbidden dives and doing other eccentric things, she has never yet been confined in Bloomingdale Asylum. In narrating her follies, a complete absence of such adult literary ingredients as grammar, style and common sense, united to a certain naive but flamboyant egotism, convinces the reader that she is an irresponsible little kitten who doesn't know any better.

She is extremely versatile. When paupers' beds are inaccessible, and trolley cars refuse to meet her advances, she retires from the Tenderloin district to the pastures of East Orange, where, among last year's sleeves and home-made hats, she writes syndicate fashion articles for the Western papers. These are not mere treatises on bias folds and box plaits. Millinery goes hand in hand with philosophy, and a strong outburst of morality will be sandwiched in between a description of a collarette and that of a flannelette combing-jacket.

This shows the depth of the female literary mind.

As interviewer the newspaper woman shows how splendidly she has developed that quality which first led our mother Eve to interrogate the serpent. In this branch of the profession she displays great mind-reading powers, and in publishing the interview she translates the laconic reticence of the interviewed lion into several columns of what she knew he wanted to say and somehow didn't.

The newspaper woman is like the "little busy bee." She "gathers honey all the day from every opening flower," or rather "copy from every opening mouth." If she doesn't put what you have said to her into one of her articles, you may be very sure that it was only because it was too stupid to print.

Jessie M. Wood.



"WHAT ENTHUSIASTIC CONVERTS THEY WOULD HAVE MADE!"



"OH, MICHAEL, IS IT TRUE YOU TOLD MR. JONES I LOOKED LIKE AN ANGEL AT MAMMA'S TEA?"
 "YES, DARLING, AND SO YOU ALWAYS DO."
 "WELL, I THINK YOU'RE HORRID TO SAY THAT, WHEN I SPEND SO MUCH THOUGHT ON MY TOILETS!
 ANGELS ARE ALWAYS DRESSED IN THOSE DREADFUL FLOPPY THINGS."



WANTS THE EARTH.

THE ERROR OF A NOVICE.

"I DON'T like the title of this bill," said the old Congressman to the new one.

"Is it too long?"

"No, but it reveals the nature of the measure."

A STATE OF MIND.
 —Massachusetts.

SOUND FINANCE.

"IT is my firm conviction," said the stork, as it gulped down a frog, "that the green-backs should be retired."

MOST of the present day "problem" dramas are more notable for their breadth than their depth.

SPEAKING OF MISS PLAINE.

HE: She has such a sad face.

SHE: I should say it would make anyone sad to have such a face.



Oh, poster artist, tell us when
This horrid school of art you've set up
Will be called down and made passe!
Or do you never mean to let up

Till we who constitute the herd
Shall see the true artistic beauty
Of maidens green with crimson hair
And snakes for fingers doing duty;

And we see man's soul symbolized
By a fishworm with appendicitis;
Or till the decorative tone
Of purple cows shall much delight us.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A CHICAGO minister recently preached a sermon on God's tender wisdom in caring for all, and illustrated his point by saying that He knows which of us grows best in the sunlight, and which must have shade. "You know you plant roses in the sunshine," he said, "and gladiolus and geraniums, but if you want your fuchsias to grow, you must keep them in a shady nook." After the sermon a woman came up to him, her face glowing with pleasure. "Oh, doctor, I am so grateful for that sermon," she said, clasping his hand and shaking it warmly. His heart glowed for a moment—only for a moment, though. "Yes," she went on, fervently, "I never knew before what was the matter with my fuchsias."—Argonaut.

THERE is a physician in Cleveland who is pretty sure to stutter when under the stress of excitement. Some time ago he had occasion to professionally officiate on an interesting occasion, and his vocal infirmity was the cause of a funny misapprehension.

The husband and prospective father, who, by the way, had set his heart on a son and heir, was nervously pacing the library when his doctor entered.

"Well, doctor," cries the husband, forcing a smile, "is it twins?"

"Tr—tr—tr" began the doctor.

"Triplets! Great Caesar!"

"Qu—qu—qu—" stammered the doctor.

"Quadruplets! Holy smoke!"

"No, no," cries the doctor. "Qu—qu—quite the contrary. Tr—tr—tr—try and take it ph—philosophically. It's just a girl."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

COMMISSIONER BOOTH-TUCKER, the new head of the Salvation Army in this country, may be a great and good man in many ways, but he can hardly be considered a success as a hymn writer, judging from the following stanza of a hymn which he has just composed:

"Jesus is my steamer,
Who ne'er can sink. In Him
I have embarked, and safely
To heaven's port I swim."

—New York Tribune.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

A GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN. Edited by Max Pemberton.

Out of Town. With illustrations by Rosini Emmet Sherwood.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK AND LONDON.

A King and a Few Dukes. By Robert W. Chambers.

Sunshine and Shadow. By Caroline Edwards Prentiss.

Retrospective Reviews. By Richard Le Gallienne. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; London: John Lane, the Bodley Head.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON AND NEW YORK.

Tom Grogan. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Illustrated by C. S. Reinhart.

Pirate Gold. By F. J. Stimson (J. S. of Dale).

Odes. By Charles Leonard Moore. Philadelphia: Published by the author.

Undertones. By Madison Cawein. Boston: Copeland & Day.

An Unsatisfactory Lover. By "The Duchess." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Adam Johnstone's Son. By F. Marion Crawford. New York and London: Macmillan & Co.

Technique MDCCCXCVII. Boston: Published by the Junior Class of the Institute of Technology.

"It is said there is little difference between genius and insanity."

"Well, there's one important difference—the authorities protect us from the lunatics."—Chicago Tribune.

"I BOUGHT a pair of handsome embroidered suspenders to-day, John," she said as she smoothed out her bloomers.

"For me or for you?" he asked.—Chicago Post.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saubach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

IVORY SOAP

A luxury is "Anything which pleases the senses and is also costly or difficult to obtain."

Ivory Soap pleases the senses, but is neither costly nor difficult to obtain. Your grocer keeps it.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI.



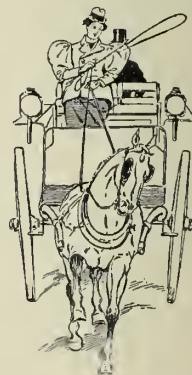
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Tooth Soap**
Without the Taste
of Soap.

Delightful and refreshing. Try it. All druggists. Your address on a postal card will bring free sample. Large China box for 25cts. in postage stamps, postpaid, including complete edition Webster's Pocket Dictionary. CHAS. WRIGHT & Co., Mfg. Chemists, Detroit, Mich.



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For Driving, Cycling, Equestrian, Golfing,
Carriage, Street, Dinner, Reception,
Visiting and Evening Wear.

Our Style and Price Defy Competition.

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CIGARETTES
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LITTLE
CIGARS.
ALL IMPORTED
TOBACCO.
**HIGHEST IN PRICE,
FINEST IN QUALITY.**
25c. a Bundle,
10 in Bundle.

Trial Package in Pouch by mail for 25c.

H. ELLIS & CO., Baltimore, Md.
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor.

From the days of the
Warwick Knight,
Whose fame and
honor bright,
Made them of men supreme,
By deeds that
wonderous seem.
Up to the present time
This name's stood
forth sublime,
Descended now to the
Warwick Wheel,
That nineteenth
century sneed
of steel.

**"IF THE RIMS ARE VERMILION IT IS
A WARWICK" THE BICYCLE THAT IS
"BUILT ON HONOR!"**
1896 MODELS \$85 and \$100
CATALOGUE FREE

WARWICK CYCLE MFG CO.
245 COLUMBIA AVE
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

A MAN went into a dentist's shop to have a tooth extracted, but as he thought the dentist's charges were rather high he asked if he couldn't pay on the installment plan.

"Certainly," replied the dentist. "But when a patient pays in installments we pull the tooth on the installment plan also."

"How's that?"

"My charge for pulling a tooth is \$5."

"So you said."

"Very well. How much a week do you propose to pay?"

"About 25 cents."

"All right. Get into this chair and I will pull on the tooth 25 cents' worth, and you can pay the first installment. Come in again next week and I will jerk the second installment out of you, and the next—"

But the patient had vanished.—Texas Siftings.

Going abroad? The best and pleasantest
antidote for sea sickness is Abbott's genuine
Original Angostura Bitters. At Druggists.

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF LOVE.—"Love me little, love me long," she warbled.

"Yes," said he. "But will you love me when I am short?"—Indianapolis



CORPUS LEAN
Will reduce fat at rate of 10 to 15 lbs.
per month without injury to health.
Send 6c. in stamps for sealed circulars
covering testimonials. L.E. Marsh Co.
2815 Madison Sq., Philada., Pa.



ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.
Simply stopping the fat producing
effects of food. The supply being stopped,
the natural working of the system draws
on the fat and reduces weight at once.
Sold by all Druggists.



After the Play

or, in fact, anywhere, at any hour, one can make delicious Bouillon from

Armour's

Extract of BEEF.

Requires only the addition of boiling water and a pinch of salt. It's the matter of a moment.

Armour & Company, Chicago.



Williams' Shaving Stick.

The Lather—

Rich, . . .

Cream = like,

Soothing,

Healing,

Never = Drying

—which has given

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS

their

world-wide reputation

is found in no other soap. . . .

The constantly increasing demand for Williams' Shaving Stick in this country, England and on the Continent is the best evidence of its superiority over all others. either of home or foreign manufacture.

In fact Williams' Shaving Stick is fast displacing all others. There is absolutely nothing like it.

For sale by dealers anywhere. Mailed on receipt of price (25c) if unable to get it of your dealer.

The J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.
London: 64 Great Russel Street, W. C.

**WE
PAY
POST-
AGE.**

All you have guessed about life insurance may be wrong. If you wish to know the truth, send for "How and Why," issued by the PENN MUTUAL LIFE, 921-3-5 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

LIFE BINDER

Cheap, Strong and Durable.

Will hold 26 Numbers,

Mailed to any part of the United States for \$1.00.

Address Office of "LIFE,"

19 West Thirty-first Street, New York.

high grade wheels at popular prices, \$45, \$65, \$75. Also, our superb Syphs at \$100, forming an absolutely complete line. Agts wanted.



Exclusive territory. Estab. 1864. Cata. Always free. Rouse, Hazard & Co., Mfrs. 198 G St. Peoria, Ill. Reliable



VERLAND CYCLES

THE —

ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC

is the most popular and best patronized SCHOOL and SUMMER RESORT medium in the West.

INFORMATION BUREAU.

THE REPUBLIC'S Bureau of Resorts and Hotels has proven of great value to advertisers and it constantly supplements the advertisements which appear.

WANTED.

THE REPUBLIC solicits your advertising and information relative to your resort.

A SPECIAL RATE IS MADE FOR RESORT AND SCHOOL ADVERTISING.



WHAT IT COMES TO.

When indistinguishably fine
The ages molder to decay,
We see how little of divine
Hid in that kingly front of clay
And get, perhaps in dust that flies
About the tombs of ancient note,
A whiff of Cæsar in the eyes,
A pinch of Pompey in the throat.

—Philadelphia Press.

THE recent incident in New York recalls a story of a clergyman who was in the habit of quoting from various sermons without giving due credit to the authors—and to such an extent as to provoke the ire of one of his parishioners. On a certain Sunday a quotation was made by the pastor. The parishioner rose from his seat and said, "That's Blair"; another quotation soon followed. "That's Fuller." Still another theft. "That's Channing," said the accuser as he arose from his pew cushion for the third time. "Put that man out," belittled the reverend plagiarist. "That's original," said his critic—"That's his own."—Boston Transcript.

THE admission of women into the occupations which were formerly deemed the exclusive possession of men is neatly satirized by a contemporary.

This paper represents, in the warfare of the future, a feminine aide-de-camp rushing in great excitement into the tent of her "generaless."

"The enemy are advancing in force!" exclaims the aide-de-camp.

The "generaless" looks up calmly.

"Tell them," she says, "that I am not at home."—Youth's Companion.

"I HEAR," said the fond mother, excitedly, "that Willie is learning to play poker at college."

"Well," said the old man, "it is a good thing. He'll also learn economy."

—Indianapolis Journal.

AN Irish member of the Sixth Regiment of South Carolina Infantry was stationed on the beach at Sullivan's Island, with orders to walk between two specified points, and to let no one pass without giving the countersign. He was one of those soldiers who believe in obeying orders to the letter. Two hours after Hugh had thus been stationed, the corporal with the relief appeared in the moonlight, and was astonished to see Hugh walking to and fro up to his waist in water. The tide had come in.

"Who goes there?" demanded the sentry.

"Relief," answered the corporal.

"Halt, relief! Advance, corporal, and give the countersign."

"But I am not coming in there to be drowned. Come out and let me relieve you."

"Niver a bit," said Hugh. "The liftenant told me not to leave me post."

"Well, then," said the corporal, starting to move away, "you may stay there all night."

"Halt!" thundered the sentry. "I'll put a hole in ye if you pass without the countersign. Them's me orders from the liftenant," and he cocked and leveled the gun.

"Confound you and the lieutenant!" answered the corporal. "Everybody will hear it if I bawl it out to you."

"Yis, me darling, and the liftenant said it must be given in a whisper. In with ye; me finger's on the trigger." There was nothing for the corporal to do but to wade out where the faithful sentinel stood. "Be jabbers," said that worthy, "it's well you've come! The dhirty tide has almost drowned me."

—Exchange.

THE RIDER THE SUFFERER.—Walker: Er—when you run into a man, the rider is as likely to get the worst of it as the pedestrian, isn't he?

Wheeler: You bet he is! The last fellow I ran into only lost a front tooth, while I had four spokes broken and my sprocket wrenched all out of true!

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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Are so constructed as to Fit.

They contain NO BUNCHES,

They contain NO PERCEPTIBLE SEAMS,

They contain NOTHING to ANNOY and are made of

The BEST YARNS and in a Great Variety of Attractive Styles.

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In NERVOUS INDIGESTION.

—Rev. HERBERT T. BACON of the Virginia Conference, Clarksville, Va.: "I suffered severely from *Dyspepsia* and *Insomnia*, attended with great and constant depression of spirits, on account of which the Annual Conference granted me a year for rest and recuperation. Cod Liver Oil and stimulants were not only medicine, but my principal nourishment, my stomach refusing to digest other food. I visited the

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and used freely of the Water of the original spring, now known as No. 1. It soon gave me a keen appetite and healthful digestion, and I was able to partake with perfect impunity of the richest dishes found upon the hotel table. The exhilarating effect of the water was very marked and my despondency gave way to a cheerful, hopeful spirit, the insomnia was relieved to a great extent, though not entirely. Continuing the use of the Water for several months, my health was entirely restored, and I reported myself to the Conference in November ready for itinerant life."

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—Rev. GEO. W. DAME, D.D., of the Diocese of Virginia, Danville, Va., referring to SPRING No. 2: "Suffering from *Dyspepsia* and *Nervous Debility*, I made recently a visit of some six weeks to the

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WOMEN



BEAUTIFUL

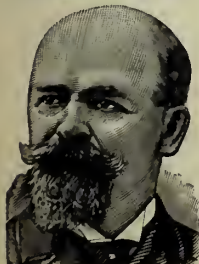
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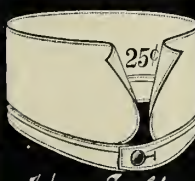
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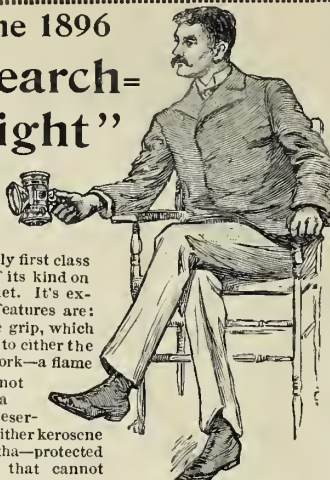
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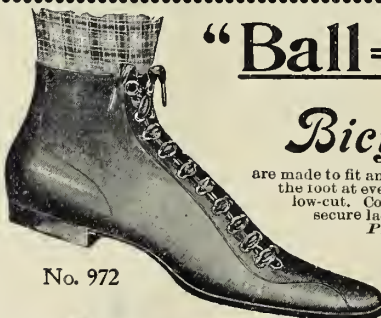
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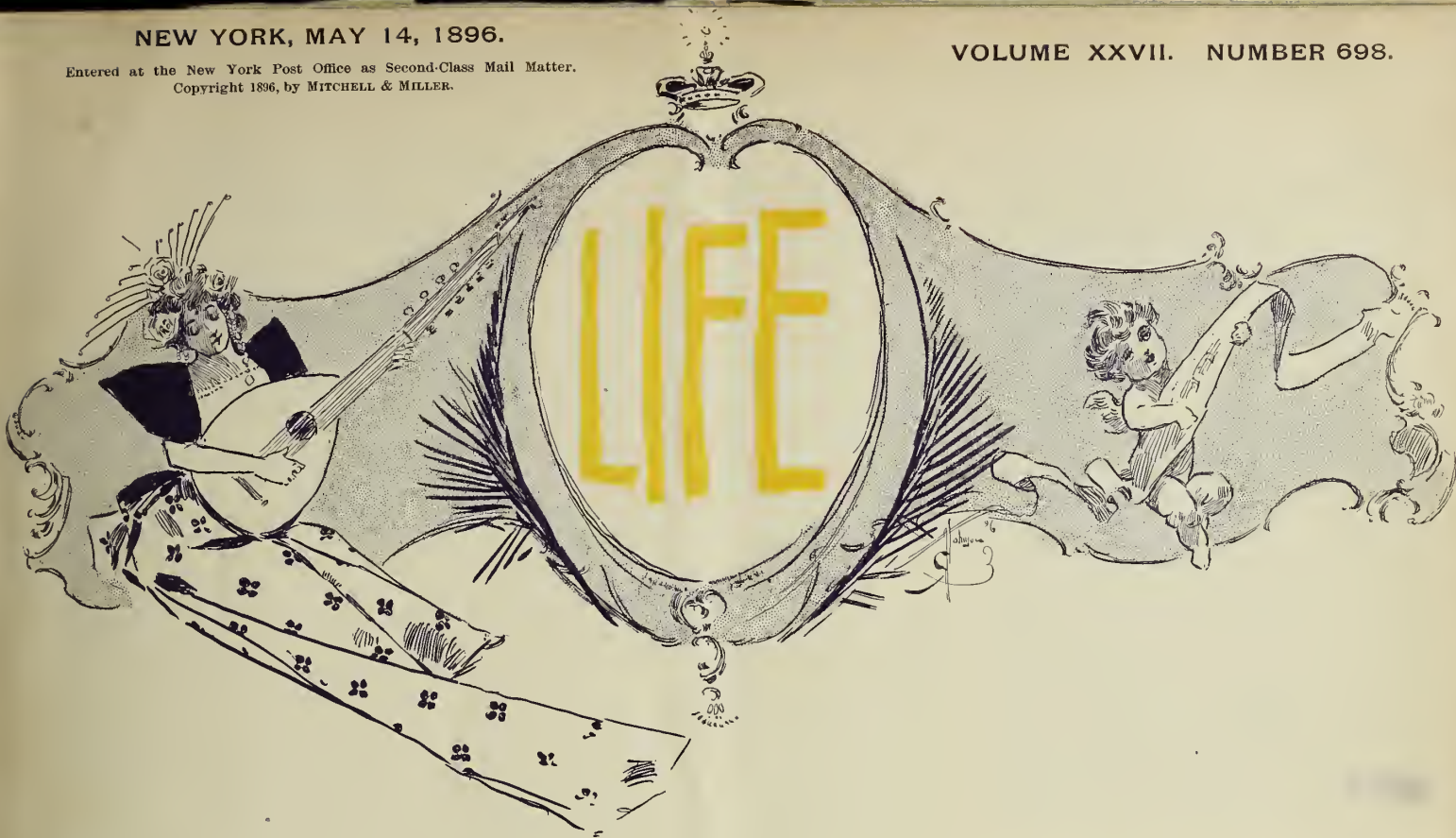
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VOLUME XXVII. NUMBER 698.



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"YA-AS, I SUPPOSE I WAS; BUT YOU SEE I HAD TO RIVAL A LOT OF FELLOWS WHO WERE ALWAYS HANGING ABOUT."

"WELL, I THINK I'LL ENTICE THOSE FELLOWS BACK; THEY'LL BE GLAD ENOUGH TO COME."

LIFE has selfish reasons for hoping that the project may not fall through altogether.

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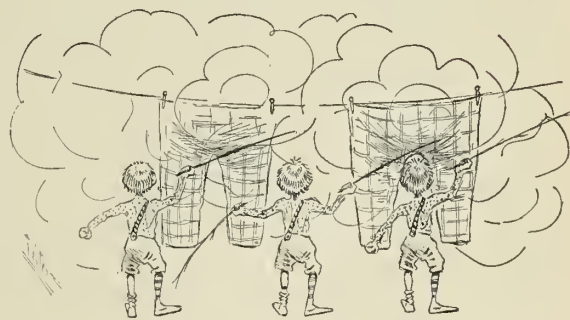
OPEN the graveyards
And gather them in;
Plenty of subjects here—
Tall, short and thin.
Get a new street-car line,
Cable or trolley,
With observation hearse—
Oh! it's so jolly.
Have patent sewer-gas,
Explosive mains;
Get electricity
Into your veins.
Raise up a "fire-proof"
(Put on the label)
Sky-scraping building
To burn like a stable.
Get a new railroad
At ten times its cost;
Graveyards adjacent
Each highway crossed.
Set up a tombstone
Over each hearth.
Make a sublime grave-
Yard of the earth;
Shovel them in with
Plenty of grit.
Then build a flying-ma-
chine and try it.

Frederick McCormack.

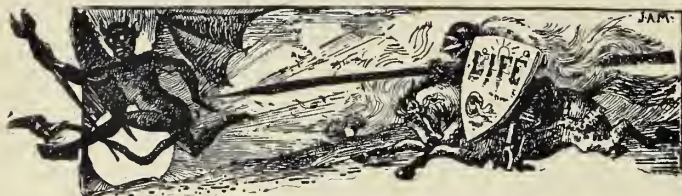
HERE and there is a man who believes that God was created in his own image.

A DESIRABLE CONTINGENCY.

THE proposition to appropriate \$50,000 for a statue of General Butler, in Boston, has been considered by the present Legislature of Massachusetts, and referred to the next Legislature for action. A suitable effigy of General Ben on horseback, over against the hallowed Bulfinch front of the Boston State-house, might be the means of adding many valuable citizens of the Bay State to the population of New York.



"THREE OF A KIND BEAT TWO PAIR."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVII. MAY 14, 1896. No. 698.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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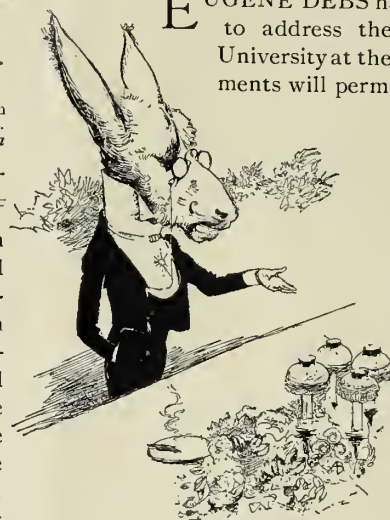
LIFE cordially congratulates Mr. John Hays Hammond on not being hanged for high treason in a far-away land. It is disconcerting to be hanged even at home, with modern conveniences to make the transition easy, and sympathizing friends and ambitious newspaper reporters to beguile one's last moments; but to stretch a rope in South Africa as the result of an episode that was all a mistake—and a sorry, sordid mistake at that—would have been utterly deplorable. Mr. Hammond seems to be a good man of energy and able to command big pay in his profession. His mistake was in letting himself be persuaded that the good old rule was still operative in South Africa, and that no other law was to be taken seriously. Here's hoping for his early restoration to health, liberty, discretion and usefulness. In this age of great and jealous powers, armed to the eyes, and telegraph lines everywhere, it has come to be unsafe to knock any government on the head, even though it is a small one and the woods grow thick about it.



THE fact that the *New York Times*, a newspaper with a great past, has gone into the hands of a receiver, seems to give ample ground for the suspicion that the maxim "Be virtuous and you will be happy" is of limited contemporary application to the newspaper business. The *Times* has been considerably virtuous as newspapers go. It has followed its conscience in politics, has avoided sensation, and has striven to be decent. Incidentally it has told daily about all the news that was worth telling. But it has not prospered. It has not been cheap, nasty, impudent and unscrupulously "enterprising" enough to commend itself to one very great class of newspaper buyers, and it seems to have missed the inspirations which might have won it the support of another and better class. The newspaper business in New York is not just now an industry on which the

mind can dwell with satisfaction. The success of some of the papers that succeed in New York makes even more for the mortification of reasonable spirits than the reverses of such old neighbors as the *Times*.

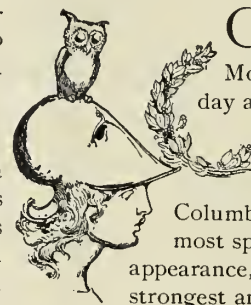
* * *



EUGENE DEBS has accepted an invitation to address the students of Chicago University at the earliest date his engagements will permit. It has been understood that the opinions that Col. Debs affects are inimical to the reasonable repose and welfare of society, and some people may wonder that the Chicago students should be permitted to invite him to talk for their especial benefit. But it can hardly do harm. Forewarned is fore-armed. Debs may be a wolf, but he is not a wolf in sheep's clothing. He

wears his own hide and there are rattles in his tail, besides. If his views are unsound, the Chicago students ought to be able to locate the holes in them, else there would be something amiss about the quality of the instruction that Dr. Harper's institution diffuses.

* * *



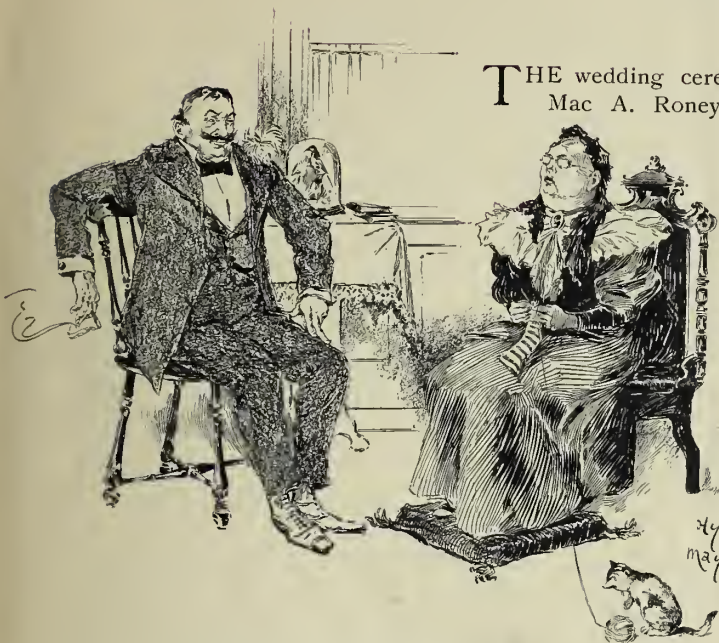
ON May second, Columbia University dedicated its new site on Morningside Heights. It was a great day and fitly celebrated with banners and brass bands, aggregations of learned men, wise and eloquent addresses, and other suitable accessories. Columbia on its new site will be one of the most splendid of American Universities in appearance, as well as one of the richest and strongest and biggest. New York intends to be proud of her, and Columbia intends that New York's pride shall be altogether reasonable and well-founded.

Hail, Columbia!

* * *

A PARAGRAPHER of the Rochester *Herald* has done a pun, the atrocity of which demands especial denunciation. Commenting on certain occurrences at a recent breakfast of the Woman's Health Protective Association of Philadelphia, he quotes as among the good things that were said a remark of "Miss Repplier—who, we imagine from her name, will be likely to have the last word anywhere." Surely, a paragrapher with such an imagination as that ought to pay a special fee for his license.

A MAY (BE) WEDDING.



The Spinster: WHAT IS YOUR BUSINESS?
"I TRAVEL IN UNDERWEAR, AUNTY."
"AND DON'T YOU EVER CATCH COLD?"

THE wedding ceremony was performed yesterday of Charlotte Russe and Mac A. Roney, the Rev. Percy Verance officiating. The bride was preceded up the aisle by the maid of honor, Sally Lunn, who was accompanied by the bridesmaids Miss Chievous, Miss Demeanor, Miss B. Havior and Miss Fit. Then came the ushers, Bob O. Link, Steve A. Dorr, Dr. Will Power, Bill Rendered, Benny Ficial and Arty Ficial.

The party was met at the altar by the best man, Johnny Cake, cousin to the groom. The bride was given away by General De Bility. The church was beautifully decorated by Rose Budds. Some of the people seen there were: the celebrated Lady Bugg, who wore a gown of red with black dots; Mrs. Sippi, accompanied by her niece, Miss Sour; Della Ware, Addie Rondacks, Ann Gelic, Lily Putian, Aunty Fat and Aunty Lope, relations of the bride; Frank Furter, Tommy Hawk, I. Ball, Phil A. Delphia and Henry Etter. The guests were received at the house of the bride immediately after the Sarah Money by John Barley Corn, Tom Gin, I. B. Boozy and U. R. Fuller.

IF the little fish do not eat the big fish, it is not always for lack of appetite.

THE HEAD AND FRONT.

LIFE takes pleasure in introducing to its readers Mr. H. H. Vreeland, once an innocent man and now president of the Metropolitan Traction Company. This Company, vulgarly referred to as the Cable-car Company, was organized several years ago for the purpose of promoting nervous prostration among the inhabitants of New York and incidentally to reduce the population. In both cases it has been eminently successful. Its rules are:

Never to stop for passengers.

When by any possibility they succeed in getting on the cars, to make them as uncomfortable as possible. Curves a specialty.

To insist upon their changing from one car to another at regular intervals along the route.

Passengers who are compelled to place themselves under the protection of the Company are in the habit of reviling the poor wretches who control in their deadly flight the moving monuments of misery that plough their way through the principal streets and avenues. And yet is it right to blame the gripman and conductor? They are themselves compelled to ride, an influence not conducive to the development of the finer instincts. Besides, they are under orders to get to a certain place in a certain time on penalty of having their daily bread cut off. They are servants, not of the public, but of the Company, whose responsible head is Vreeland.

FRESH.

'SHE looks as if she had just stepped out of a picture."
"Yes. She's scarcely had time to dry."

FOR PRUDENTIAL REASONS.

"WHEN marrying," remarked Miss Vera Strong, "I believe in taking a man of your own size."
"Why?" asked Miss Tommy.
"In these days it is highly important to have an extra supply of clothing one can draw upon in case of need."



"HA, HA! I GUESS HE THINKS THIS TRUNK IS LOADED WITH LEAD"—BUT



WILLIE ERRED.

UNEQUALLED.

THERE'S many a new sensation found
In the popular sport of "wheeling."
But queerest of all, when far from home,
Is that "punctured tired feeling."

TANDEM TALKS.

SCENE: *The piazza of the Princeton Inn at twilight.*

"YOU are all wrong about the wheel being the enemy of idealism," said Diana, as she settled into a huge rocker, and watched the sunlight fade from the square church tower across the way.

"We fought that out the other day," said Adrian. "I don't want to dispute about anything to-night. It is enough to have ridden fifty miles to-day, and to have dined at the end of it."

"That is the trouble with you and the wheel," said Diana. "Your mind is hopelessly tied up in your muscles. If you were a real idealist, the poet in you would come to the surface at an hour like this. See the wonderful green on the great trees yonder, and listen to the far-off music of the students' singing!"

"It's an old story to me," said Adrian. "I had four years of it."

"More shame to you," said Diana. "The memories of those good old times ought to shine in your face to-night."

"They are too deep in my heart," sighed Adrian, with more sincerity than usual.

"Good boy!" murmured Diana. "You are honest in streaks."

"That is why you love me," jibed Adrian. "It's the stripes in my honesty that catch your eye. Nothing is more stupid than a man who is uniformly truthful."

"That is the queer thing about a really nice man," reflected Diana. "He is always scrupulously truthful as to the essential facts of life—the every-day occurrences that make up his business and social obligations. But he is seldom honest as to his opinions and emotions."

"What do you expect?" growled Adrian. "No decent fellow is a liar. When it comes to opinions, beliefs, and emotions there is no obligation on any man to reveal what he really thinks and feels. A man's heart is his castle."

"And you don't like a woman to get beyond the moat," said Diana. "However, we generally do get into the innermost chapel, and you never suspect that we are there, for we hide behind the tapestry. You call the tapestry your creed. It is really the ideals of the woman you love."

"You women live upon delusions like that," growled Adrian. "A woman's heart is like a well-kept lawn, beautified with flowers, and shrubs, and trees. There is a sort of barb-wire fence about it, but any passer-by can look over and enjoy the beauty of the shrubbery."

"Shrubbery, indeed!" snapped Diana. "Is that what you call our capacity for faithful service, patience, and sympathy?"

"Oh, no," said the unruffled Adrian. "I admitted that there were some trees on the lawn—trees that cast enough shade for a man to rest in now and then. But you have so few reserves. You like to talk of your emotions."

"You should read 'A Few Memories' by Mary Anderson, and you



VERY APPARENT.

"IT'S EASY TO SEE, HATTIE, THAT SHE HASN'T MOVED IN THE BEST SOCIETY!"



LEGAL TERMS.

"THEN YOU WOULD CONSIDER MY MARRIAGE TO A RICH AMERICAN GIRL A FAILURE?"

"CERTAINLY NOT; ONLY A NOTICE TO CREDITORS TO PRODUCE CLAIMS."

would get a different idea about us," said Diana.

"Well, isn't that very book the record of a woman's emotions?" asked Adrian.

"It's a protest from beginning to end—a protest against the publicity into which the career of an actress forces a sensitive woman," said Diana.

"If she had been a greater artist," said Adrian, "the personal annoyances would have been swamped by the joy of artistic achievement."

"That is a fine argument for you to use against me," laughed Diana; "you who never separate the artist from his work. Here is the record of a woman who leaves the stage because she believes that to simulate the forced emotions of the theatre from year to year, and to live that artificial life in the blaze of publicity, reacts on the personality

of the artist, and leaves her at the last stranded away from humanity. She quits at the very height of her success—and you say that a greater artist would have stayed on. Oh, you shifting, illogical man! You pose as an apostle of idealism whose 'heart is his castle,' and then criticise a woman for trying to have a castle of her own. That act was the highest test of her idealism and of her artistic aspirations. Come, let us walk across the campus in the moonlight. You need to renew the ideals of your youth!"

Droch.

THE INFLUENCE OF ENVIRONMENT.

AMERICANS who think Lord Salisbury's manners lack the suavity which befits an English peer are reminded that his lordship began life a comparatively poor man with a living to make. When he was thirty-five years old, the death of his brother made him heir to a peerage and to great estates, to which he soon succeeded, but for years before that happened he was a leader writer on a London newspaper and a contributor to the *Quarterly Review* and other British periodicals. It is understood that while in the newspaper and magazine business he acquired the haughty and somewhat overbearing habit of thought and demeanor which are proper to those callings, and which became so deeply fixed in him that he could never gain the humbler and more ingratiating attitude which is suited to a mere marquis.

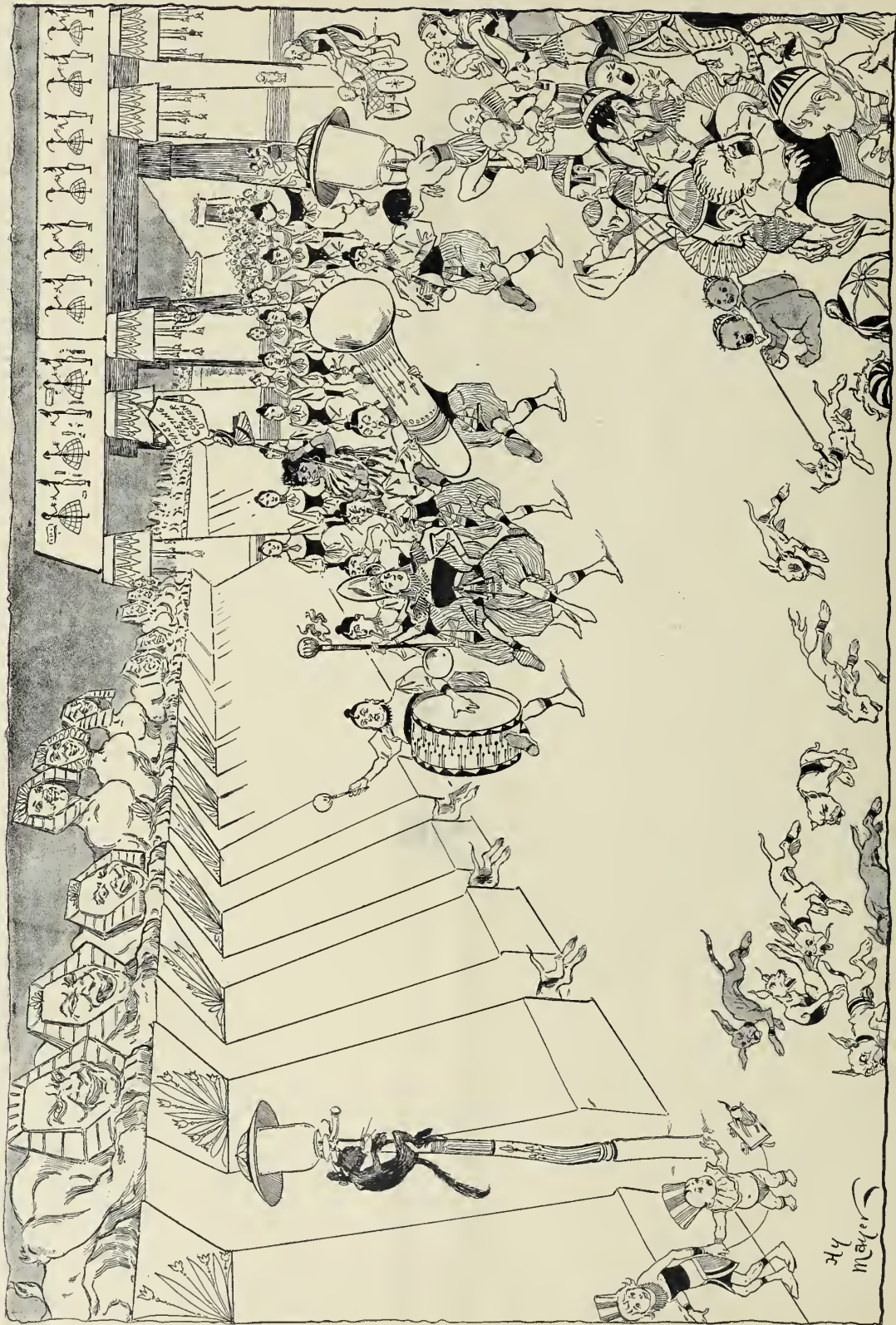
AMBIGUOUS.

SHE: And would you have loved me just as much without my money?

HE: Just as much, my darling.



"HOLDING HIS OWN."



ARCHAEOLOGICAL STUDIES.
THE NEW WOMAN'S PARADE.

FABLES FOR THE
TIMES.

THE AMBITIOUS HIPPO-
POTAMUS.

A HIPPOPOTAMUS who had dwelt contentedly for years on the banks of a reedy stream, looked up one day and saw an eagle.

She became immediately fired with a desire to fly. Having lived a staid and respectable life that could not but find favor in the eyes of the gods, she raised her voice in prayer.

Jove smiled a little but granted her request.

On the instant a pair of broad, powerful wings were affixed to her shoulders.

She was naturally a trifle nervous about trying them at first, but finally mustered up her courage.

Away she swooped, and with a pardonable vanity took her course over a piece of jungle where some old friends lived.

Precisely thirty-eight seconds later a convention of animals, all swearing and trembling with fright, were trying to conceal themselves in the same three-by-four hole in the ground.

The effect on the other animals disconcerted the good-natured hippopotamus to such an extent that she lost control of herself and sailed through the forest like an avalanche on a bender. Down went the trees, and crack went the branches, while horror-stricken beasts with bristling hair split the welkin with their shrieks.

The hippopotamus made for home at her best speed. Arriving over the familiar spot, she let go all holds and came down ker-splash in the mud, knocking the aston-



ished little hippopotamuses out into mid-stream.

"Oh, Jupiter! take 'em off!" she gasped. "I now see that the hippopotamus was not intended to fly."

Immoral:

It takes more than nine bloomers to make a man.

H. W. Phillips.



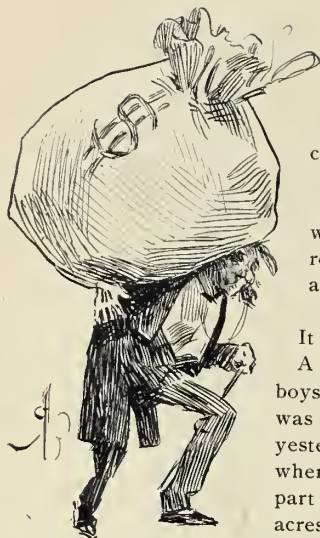
A CABIN
WHEN OUR

E.



EETING.
TERS RULE.

THE BLESSINGS OF POVERTY.



I AM busy because I am poor. Sometimes I have thought I was poor because I was busy and hadn't time to get rich, but the thought seems to lack coherence or something.

Anyway I am too busy to analyze it now. Someone asked me the other day if I worked on an empty stomach. I promptly replied that I did, because when my stomach was full I did not have to work.

It is a great blessing to be a philosopher. It is also a great blessing to be poor.

A man I went to school with when we were boys, but who is not acquainted with me now, was driving along the street the day before yesterday, in a three thousand dollar turn-out, when an alarm of fire was turned in from that part of the city where he owns about seven acres of property. He ordered his coachman to fly thither and the coachman flew accordingly until the carriage collided with a cart; one of the horses was crippled for life, the carriage was wrecked and my former schoolmate was rolled over in the street with a broken arm and bruises enough to paint a black and green poster with. When he regained his consciousness, he was informed that the fire had burned the entire insides out of a hundred thousand dollar business block he had just completed.

I heard the same alarm of fire, but I walked calmly on to my boarding-house and was not troubled by my transportation facilities colliding with a cart.

The other morning, as I sat at the breakfast table, I read a story of the dreadful suffering of an epicurean millionaire with gout, and I looked at my breakfast as the landlady put it carefully down by my plate, and felt sorry that that suffering



"THAT'S THE WORST OF THIS 'NEW WOMAN' BUSINESS! A FELLAH CAN'T PUT ON HIS GOLF CLOTHES NOW WITHOUT BEING TAKEN FOR A GIRL."

millionaire could not change places with me for nineteen or twenty years.

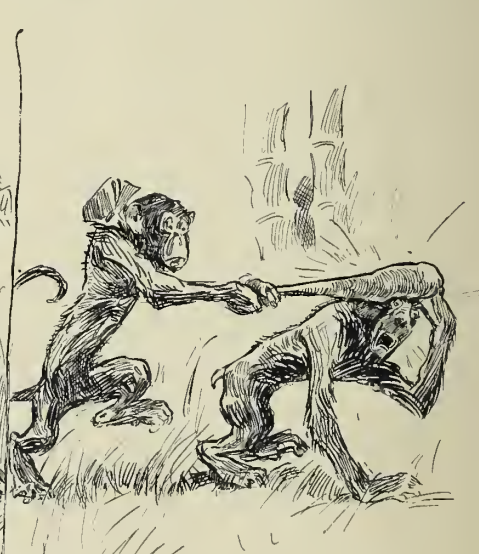
In matters of the heart, too, poverty is a remarkable



If a body meet a body
coming through the jungle



If a body kiss a body -



should a body -

blessing. I am yet a bachelor. If I had been rich I would have been a married man, for a rich man is practically defenseless under the circumstances. Many a time and oft have I known the incommunicable bliss of loving some fair creature. Many the moonlight nights that I have floated on the inexpressible sweetness of a summer sea of mutual confidences. Often and often I have reveled in the ecstasy of what I fondly hoped was reciprocal affection, and I am still left to continue in the enjoyment of those delights. What married man is?

Ah, if they had only been poor as I am!

Yesterday my dearest friend wanted to borrow ten dollars from me. If I had been rich he would have got it and been my debtor for life, and our sweet and strengthening friendship would have perished forever.

Five years ago I wrote a brilliant and able article on the political situation, and the day after its appearance in print a prominent politician, who had never before heard of me, came to talk to me about running for Congress. When he had been informed of my



"GRANDMA, WHEN I AM AN ANGEL, WILL I HAVE WINGS?"

"I HOPE SO, DEAR. WHY DO YOU ASK?"

"'CAUSE I THINK I'D RATHER HAVE A BICYCLE."

pecuniary condition he went away. If it had been otherwise I might have become a member of Congress, possibly a United States Senator.

Verily, verily, poverty is a blessing.

A footpad stopped me at midnight not long ago and requested me to hold up my hands, which I did. When he had finished his examination of my effects he sighed sympathetically and tendered me half-a-dollar, which I accepted in the kindly spirit it was intended. What a different tale I would have to tell had I been wealthy!

I hear a knock on my door, and I must stop and see my visitor. It is the tax assessor, and I shall be glad to meet him. It is not the rich who are glad to see the assessor.

W. J. Lampton.



grumble?



TOO MUCH TO EXPECT.

How can I warble in measures light hearted,
How can I chant of spring's opening buds,
When the carpets are up and the cook has departed,
And all things are steeped in the odor of suds?

How can I sing of the freshening breezes?
Or prattle of green on the hedge rose's clumps,
When the air is pervaded with coughs and with sneezes,
And two of the children are down with the mumps.

How can I joy in the beauty that's vernal,
How can I dream of green meadows outspread,
When I've got to go round with this wretched, infernal,
Extempore, d—nable cold in my head?

—New York Press.

THERE was a certain young American girl in London who had come over with only the courage of youth and the point of a pen to keep the wolf away. She hadn't the easiest time in the world, let me tell you.

One day she presented herself at the office of an editor who had bought "stuff" of her. The great man was busy, but as she insisted on seeing him she was allowed to enter. She had a bundle of manuscript in her hand, and she begged the editor to read it at once. Oddly enough, he consented. It was a story.

It was a story about a young woman writer who purchased a typewriting machine on the installment plan. All went well till the final payment of one pound was

due. She hadn't the money, and couldn't get it. Twice the people who sold the machine gave her additional time. At her wit's end, the poor girl begged him to wait just two hours. She gave him something to read, and she wheedled him a little, and he offered to wait.

So she sat down at the machine and rattled off a pathetic story of her own struggles with fate, and of her fruitless efforts to raise money to pay for the typewriter. When she finished she put on her bonnet and went to a newspaper office, sold the story, and brought back the money in time to save the machine.

It was a prettily told story, and a pathetic one.

"By jove!" said the editor, as he finished reading it. "I always said you could do fiction, but you never would. Come around next week, and I'll let you know whether we'll publish it."

The girl hesitated.

"If you please, sir," she said, "won't you decide now?"

"Why?" asked the editor, in surprise.

"Well," said the girl, "you see, the man who came after the typewriter is waiting for the money."—*Chicago Record.*

AUNT DOROTHY: How many commandments are there, Johnny?

JOHNNY (glibly): Ten.

AUNT DOROTHY: And now, suppose you were to break one of them?

JOHNNY (tentatively): Then there'd be nine.—*Amusing Journal.*



HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

MADELON. By Mary E. Wilkins.
For King Or Country. By James Barnes.
Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc.

F. TENNYSON NEELY, CHICAGO AND NEW YORK.

The Minor Chord. By J. Mitchell Chapple.
An Art Failure. By John W. Harding.
Confessions of a Fool. New York: G. W. Dillingham.
Cinderella and Other Stories. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

In India. Translated from the French of André Chevrillon by William Marchant. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

"Yes," said the principal of the young ladies' seminary to the proud parent, "you ought to be very happy, my dear sir, to be the father of so large a family, all the members of which appear to be so devoted to one another."

"Large family! Devoted! What on earth do you mean, ma'am?"

"Why, yes, indeed," said the principal, beaming through her glasses. "No less than eleven of Gussie's brothers have been here this winter to take her out riding, and she tells me she expects the tall one with blue eyes again to-morrow."—*Exchange.*

"PAPA, what is a historical epoch?"

"It is a period of time that used to cover ages, but now it runs along anywhere from a week to ten days."—*Chicago Record.*

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

Babies whose mothers use common soaps, fret
Chafed and uneasy: but this little pet,
Thanks to pure Ivory, contentedly lies,
Soothed into slumber with soft lullabies.

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—doesn't need it.
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THE WARWICK

MAKE IT THE EASIEST RUNNING OF WHEELS. THIS A GREAT FEATURE FOR WOMEN RIDERS. IT'S THE WHEEL BUILT ON HONOR

IF THE RIMS ARE VERMILION IT'S A WARWICK. SEND FOR CATALOGUE FOR FULL PARTICULARS

WARWICK CYCLE MFG CO. SPRINGFIELD MASS.

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Pure, Old, Mellow.

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In strength, lightness, grace, and elegance of finish and equipment Model 41 Columbia is unapproached by any other make.

COLUMBIA

saddles are recommended by riders and physicians as proper in shape and adjustment, and every detail of equipment contributes to comfort and pleasure.

\$100 to all alike.

The Columbia Catalogue, handsomest art work of the year, is free from Columbia agent, or is mailed for two 2-cent stamps.

POPE Mfg. Co.
Hartford, Conn.

"Double, double toil and trouble;
"Fire burn and cauldron bubble."
That's the old way of making soup. Put your meat and soup-
bones in the "cauldron" and fuss over it for hours.

Armour's
Extract of BEEF

saves you all that "toil and trouble." Add water to the Extract and you
have, instantly, a really palatable Bouillon or Clear Beef Soup. Anyone can
do it.

Armour & Company, Chicago.

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MARIANI WINE—THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC—FOR BODY AND BRAIN.

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spring and action of
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Cost Most. Worth Most.

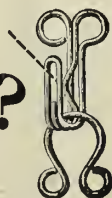
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NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

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order; too strong to break;
hooks and unhooks easily—
when you please—not before.

The DeLONG
Hook and Eye

See that

hump?



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Philadelphia,

makers of the
CUPID Hairpin.
It cannot slip out of the hair.

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TEETH & BREATH

Delightfully Fragrant and Refreshing—
A Favorite with Connoisseurs
For Half-a-Century

A sample by mail if you send three cents for postage and mention
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& RUCKEL, Wholesale Druggists, New York City.

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Leads in Advertising
In St. Louis.

The total amount of paid adver-
tising printed in all the English
papers of St. Louis during the
first three months of 1895 and
1896 was as follows—stated in
columns of equal length and frac-
tional hundredths of a column:

	Columns, 1895.	Columns 1896.
Republic.....	2,353.33	3,232.2
Globe-Democrat..	2,742.78	3,184.5
Star.....	2,264.66	2,743.8
Post-Dispatch....	2,523.42	2,634.1
Chronicle.....	1,915.17	2,262.9

A comparison of the strict
commercial advertising is n-
less creditable to The Republic.
Omitting the "wants," real es-
tate and legal advertising, The
Republic still shows well in the
front, the record of all the paper
for the three months being as
follows:

	Columns, 1895.	Column 1896.
Republic.....	1,683.00	2,187.1
Globe-Democrat..	1,688.59	2,050.4
Post-Dispatch....	1,381.17	1,729.7
Chronicle.....	1,184.92	1,614.7
Star.....	953.59	1,011.0

"SEEN Bill Brown when I was up
to town," said the man with the gum-
boots, settling himself on the salt-bar-
rel, "conductin' a street car."

"I thought Bill was goin' into busi-
ness for himself," said the grocer.

"Wal, I allow he is to some extent,
but the company ain't got on to it yet."
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

GEORGE W. SMALLEY, while repre-
senting the *Tribune* in London, was
very fond of the nobility; and, it is said,
he dearly loved to be seen with a lord.
When an invitation was received by any
of the correspondents to a "small and
early" affair, it was generally supposed
to mean an earl and Smalley.—Vanity.

"I HAVE written a poem," she began.
"Well!" exclaimed the editor, with a
look and tone intended to annihilate;
but she wouldn't annihilate worth a
cent, and resumed:

"I have written a poem on 'My
Father's Barn,' and—"

"Oh!" interrupted the editor, with
an extraordinary suavity, "you don't
know how I am relieved. A poem
written on your father's barn, eh? I
was afraid it was written on paper, and
that you wanted me to publish it. If I
should ever happen to drive past your
father's barn, I'll stop and read the
poem."—Ex.

COACH (to college athlete): Your
muscles seem to be flabby, and your
whole system needs toning up. Are you
drinking anything?

ATHLETE: Not a drop.

COACH: Then you must be smoking
too much.

ATHLETE: No; don't smoke at all.

COACH: Studying?

ATHLETE: Er—yes—a little.

COACH (indignantly): You've got to
stop that. Do you want to lose the
game?—University Courier.



"ONCE upon a time," said ex-Congressman Peel, of Arkansas, at the Metropolitan, "I heard Mr. Lanham, of Texas, then a Congressman, say to his colleague and friend, Col. Culberson, that it would be better for both of them to retire from political life and return to their homes and make some money from the practise of their profession.

"You know, Culberson," said Lanham, "that \$5,000 a year hardly pays the expenses of living in Washington, and as for saving anything, that is impossible. Both of us can make more money than that practising law."

"Yes, Lanham," responded the other, "I admit the truth of what you say. It's no big money, \$5,000 a year, but, Lanham, it comes powerful regular."—*Washington Post.*

SENATOR WALTHALL tells a story on himself which is none the less good by reason of the fact that the scene is laid during the late civil war. At that time

the Senator was a colonel in command of a Confederate regiment, and had brought his men into position, occupying a sunken road. A Federal battery was pouring shot and shell all around the adjacent territory. This fire, however, passed over the regiment hidden in the roadway, and they were to all intents and purposes out of danger.

On the high bank in front of the place where Colonel Walthall stood was a giant pine tree about a dozen feet in circumference. Acting on the spur of the moment, the Colonel thought a fine opportunity was presented to give his men an object lesson in personal bravery without any risk to himself. Accordingly, he climbed up the bank and stood behind the pine tree. The next minute a shell struck the tree and sent a shower of bark and splinters flying in all directions, when Walthall overheard the following dialogue between two of his men lying in the roadway beneath:

"I tell you, Jim, it was a mighty good thing for the Colonel that pine tree was there."

"Yes, Tom," replied the other, "but if it hadn't been for the big tree the Colonel would never have been there in the first place."—*Washington Times.*

"MAX O'RELL" relates that, while he was teaching in an English school, a lady wrote to the head-master: "Dear Sir—It is our intention to place our boy under your care, but before we do so we should like to know what the social standard of your school is." To which the head-master replied: "Dear Madam—So long as your boy behaves well, and his fees are paid regularly, no inquiry will be made about his antecedents."

TEUTONIC
A CONCENTRATED LIQUID EXTRACT OF MALT & HOPS
FOR CONVALESCENTS NURSING MOTHERS AND THOSE SUFFERING FROM INSOMNIA, DYSPESIA etc. RECOMMENDED AND PRESCRIBED BY ALL LEADING PHYSICIANS AND A VALUABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR SOLID FOOD
PREPARED BY S. LIEBMAN'S SONS' BREWING CO. BROOKLYN N.Y.
AT ALL DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS

SUPERIOR to VASELINE and CUCUMBERS
to
VASELINE
and
CUCUMBERS
CRÈME SIMON marvellous for softening, whitening and perfuming the complexion. Most efficacious for light affections of the skin.
J. SIMON 36, rue de Provence PARIS
PARK & TILFORD, New-York: Druggists, Perfumers, Fancy goods stores.

VIOLETTES DU CZAR
(Czar's Violets)
CONCENTRATED PERFUMES
L. LEGRAND (Oriza-Perfumery) 41, place de la Madeleine, PARIS

GOUT? SCHERING'S
For Sale by Druggists. PAMPHLET FREE.
PIPERAZIN WATER
LEHN & FINK, Agents, New York.
RECOMMENDED FOR Gravel, Calculus, Lazy Liver, and all Uric Acid Troubles.
WILL CURE IT.

NUBIAN Fast Black
Cotton Dress Linings—For Waist and Skirt,
Will Not Crock.

It is positively unchangeable and of superior quality. Nothing else so fully satisfies the highest requirements and yet the cost is moderate enough for any dress.

All Leading
DRY GOODS
Stores.

Nubian Fast Black

Look for this on
EVERY YARD
of the Selvage.

**Fools Rush in Where
Angels Fear to Tread.**



Very true; it's the old, old story. People will oftentimes buy an article that is recommended to be "just as good," because it is a trifle cheaper, and endanger the health of themselves and families.

Moral: Buy only the genuine

OLD CROW RYE,

which has the word RYE in large red letters on the label and our firm name on the case, cork, capsule and label.

H. B. KIRK & CO.,

SOLE BOTTLEERS,

69 Fulton St., also Broadway and 27th Street,
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What
is the
use of
Patent
Leather?

When I can
polish my
shoes with

**Brown's
French
Dressing**

Superior to all
others for the
following reasons:

1. It gives a superior Polish,
2. It does not crack or rub off on the skirts.
3. Unlike all others, it does not crack or hurt the leather, but on the contrary acts as a preservative.
4. Has been manufactured over forty years and always stood at the head.

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EVERYWHERE



Ask
your
dealer
for...

**Brown's
French
Dressing**

And be
sure to
accept
no other.

Vino-Kolafra

HELPED WIN THE YALE-CAMBRIDGE GAMES

Also the games of the New York-London Athletic Clubs, and many other Athletic contests during the past season. It is used in another form, as a marching ration by the French and German armies. **Vino-Kolafra** is used by Physicians, Trained Nurses, Invalids, and brainworkers on account of its **MARVELOUS SUSTAINING POWER.**



FOR INVALIDS THE GREATEST OF TONICS.

The tonic and strengthening properties of **Vino-Kolafra** render it a veritable elixir of life to invalids and convalescents from severe ailments. Being a regulator of the heart and nerves, it is particularly beneficial to those suffering from affections of the heart or from derangement of the nervous system.

STIMULATES WITHOUT REACTION.

Vino-Kolafra, made from the African Sterculia nut, is the only stimulant ever successfully employed in athletic contests, because the only one known to science that is not followed by unpleasant reaction or after effects. It is non-intoxicating.

It is sold by druggists generally. For literature regarding it, address **The Brunswick Pharmacal Co., 92 William St., N. Y.**

AN old colored man who wheels rubbish out of alleys in a southside residence district considers himself pretty well known among the people away from whose back doors he pushes ashes. One morning recently one of the gentlemen who employed the African walked out into his back yard and spoke familiarly to the ash-wheeler.

"What is your name?" he asked, in addressing the colored man.

"George Washington," was the reply.

"Washington — Washington," repeated the gentleman; "it seems to me that I have heard that name before."

"Guess you have," rejoined the African. "I have been wheeling ashes out of these alleys for 'bout ten years." — *Chicago News.*

A MATCHLESS SKIN TONIC.

SIBYLLINE.

SPEEDILY REMOVES

Wrinkles, Tan,
Sunburn.

CURES

Eczema, Pimples,
Blackheads,

and all cutaneous diseases,
making the skin clear
and soft.



Unequalled for Use after Shaving.

For Sale by all Druggists, or by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents per bottle.

— Send for free booklet. —

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BATHS OF HOMBURG

Half an hour from Frankfurt-on the-Main.

Mineral Springs, very salutary in diseases of the stomach and attacks of gout. Gouty disposition, diabetes, scrofula, and certain diseases of the heart. The iron-wells prove useful in cases of anæmia and the consequences of influenza. Unrivalled summer climate, pure and bracing mountain air. "Whey" Cure. New Bathhouse. Salt, Carbonic Acid, Pine and Mud Baths. Inhalations from Vaporized Salt Water. Cold Water Cure. Gymnastic and Orthopædic Establishment, Magnificent Kurhaus, First-class Restaurant. Excellent Orchestra. Opera. Reunions. Illuminations. Lawn Tennis (36 courts), Golf, Rounders, Cricket. Comfortable Hotels. Private Houses. Moderate Charges. Mineral Water and Salts exported in any quantity.

Haviland China

It is important to buyers that they should be informed that the only ware that has always been known as Haviland China is marked under each piece:

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FRANCE

On White China.

Haviland & Co
Limoges

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IS THE

This 1896

SEARCH LIGHT

PRICE \$5.00

The only strictly first class bicycle lantern on the market.

Ask your dealer or send to

BRIDGEPORT BRASS CO.

Or
19 Murray Street, New York.
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17 No. 7th St., Philadelphia.

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SEND FOR CATALOGUE No. 47.



Rae's Lucca Oil

The Perfection of Olive Oil

Your physician will tell you that Olive Oil, pure and sweet, is one of the most wholesome of foods. Rae's Oil is *pure* and *sweet*, as testified to by numerous awards and wide repute. A trial will convince you of its superior excellence as a food product.

Guaranteed Absolutely Pure by

S. RAE & CO.,

Established 1836.

Leghorn, Italy.

A better Cocktail at home than is served over any bar in the World.



THE CLUB = COCKTAILS

MANHATTAN, MARTINI,
WHISKEY, HOLLAND GIN,
TOM GIN, VERMOUTH and YORK.

We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. Being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality.

Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions, the one which is aged must be better.

Try our YORK Cocktail—made without any sweetening—dry and delicious.

For sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the U. S.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.,

39 Broadway, N. Y., Hartford, Conn. 20 Piccadilly, W. London, Eng.

FIBRE CHAMOIS



Used and
Endorsed
by

Lillian Russell
Mrs. Frank Leslie
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The genuine article is plainly stamped

Fibre Chamois

BURNETT'S KALLISTON.

EVERY one that has used Kalliston once, endorses it as a specific for sunburn; it is not oily in its nature, but a delightful wash for the skin.

For sale by all Druggists.

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VEUVE CLICQUOT

YELLOW LABEL "SEC." GOLD LABEL "BRUT."
THE STANDARD OF FINE CHAMPAGNES.

Waverley Bicycles

have grown more rapidly in popular favor than any others because they are sold at a fair price and * * * * *

NEVER FAIL

We have always built thoroughly good bicycles of the finest material and with the most approved form of mechanical construction. They are light, graceful, strong, easy running, highly finished, fully guaranteed and the peer of any bicycle in the world * * * * *

\$85 ONE FAIR PRICE \$85
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Eastern Wholesale Branch, 339 B'way, N.Y.
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LADIES' TAILORS.

Established 1881.

Smart Spring
Tailor-Made Gowns.

Newest materials just received—now ready for inspection.

Style, cut and workmanship guaranteed to be the very highest class.

We claim to give the best results for the lowest prices.

Gowns from \$65.00

Jackets " 40.00

391 5th Avenue,

New York.



A Man with a Family

should study its needs: wholesome food, proper clothing, good air, exercise and (not the least necessary) an occasional tonic. For debility will creep in.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S

Malt-Nutrine

TRADE MARK.

is a food drink. One sup of it will give you more grain strength—actual nourishment—than a dozen loaves of bread. It gives consumptives and sufferers from wasting diseases greater strength and healthy flesh, and gives nursing mothers just the nourishment they want.

To be had at all Druggists' and Grocers'.

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MILLBROOK, DUTCHESS CO., N. Y.

Easily accessible, unique in design, liberal in management, perfect cuisine, 1,000 feet elevation. The beautiful drives, ideal bicycle roads and charming scenery make this hotel a perfect Summer resort. Easily reached from Grand Central Depot in 2 hours. Unusually moderate rates. Open for guests May 15th. Special terms for beginning of season. Address, for descriptive pamphlet, H. R. ROBERTSON, Jr., proprietor, at Hotel Imperial, N. Y. City.

Guaranteed

thoroughly light in weight, strong, desirable, positive slack adjustment,



\$3.50

perfect tilt, and absolutely non-injurious.

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HULBERT BROS. & Co.,

Majestic Bicycles,
26 W. 23d Street,
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The Ypsilanti Trade Mark is stamped on every garment. Look at it now—look for it when you purchase

YPSILANTI

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For Gentlemen.

The perfection of health protective underwear. It fits so well you only know you have it on, because you are so comfortable. Endorsed by all physicians. Send for Catalogue and our new book entitled "Modern Underwear and How to Wear It." Free.

HAY & TODD MFG. CO.,
Ypsilanti, Mich.



A POOR EXCUSE, ETC.

Mr. Arnold: I went out between the acts to get a little fresh air.

Mrs. Arnold: That's a good excuse, Arthur, but it's my opinion you went out to show off that new Knox Hat of which you are so proud.

THE LAND OF THE TOTEM POLE, ALASKA.

A COUNTRY FULL OF INTERESTING SIGHTS.

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB'S ARRANGEMENTS.

THAT Portland, Oregon, is about the midway point in our National possessions, measuring east and west, is a surprising statement to most people, but it is as many miles from Portland west to the extreme limit of the region of the Stars and Stripes as it is to the east; and yet it is said that nine-tenths of the inhabitants of the New England and Eastern Central States have never been west of Chicago.

The modernisms of travel have, however, made it easily possible for those who live even on the eastern sea coast, to visit within a few short weeks, and with the greatest degree of comfort, not only all the chief centers of interest in the Western States, but to stretch the journey out into what was but a few years ago 'the great and unknown beyond'—Alaska—that enormous empire over which floats the Stars and Stripes, and which stretches from the waters of the Arctic Ocean of the north to the Pacific on the south, and to the west and northwest to Behring Straits, which narrowly divide it from Siberia.

The journey to Alaska properly begins at Tacoma, and from the very moment the steamer (and if the tourist is wise in his selection, it will be the 'Queen') shapes her course up Puget Sound, the novelty and interest of the voyage begins. The ship's course follows a northwesterly direction through an ever-changing, ever-beautiful Archipelago. The course is not shaped across a trackless sea as that to Europe, but from start to finish is followed through a tangle of picturesque islands. Look where he may at any hour of the day, the voyager has spread before him a panorama of majestic and thrilling beauty. The stately ship is at one time speeding along under the very shadow of stupendous rocky cliffs, and at another leaving behind her a foaming wake across some wide-stretching strait. Again she is pushing her nose slowly through a sea of floating ice fragments, which have broken away from the great frozen rivers, stretching down from mountain summit to water's

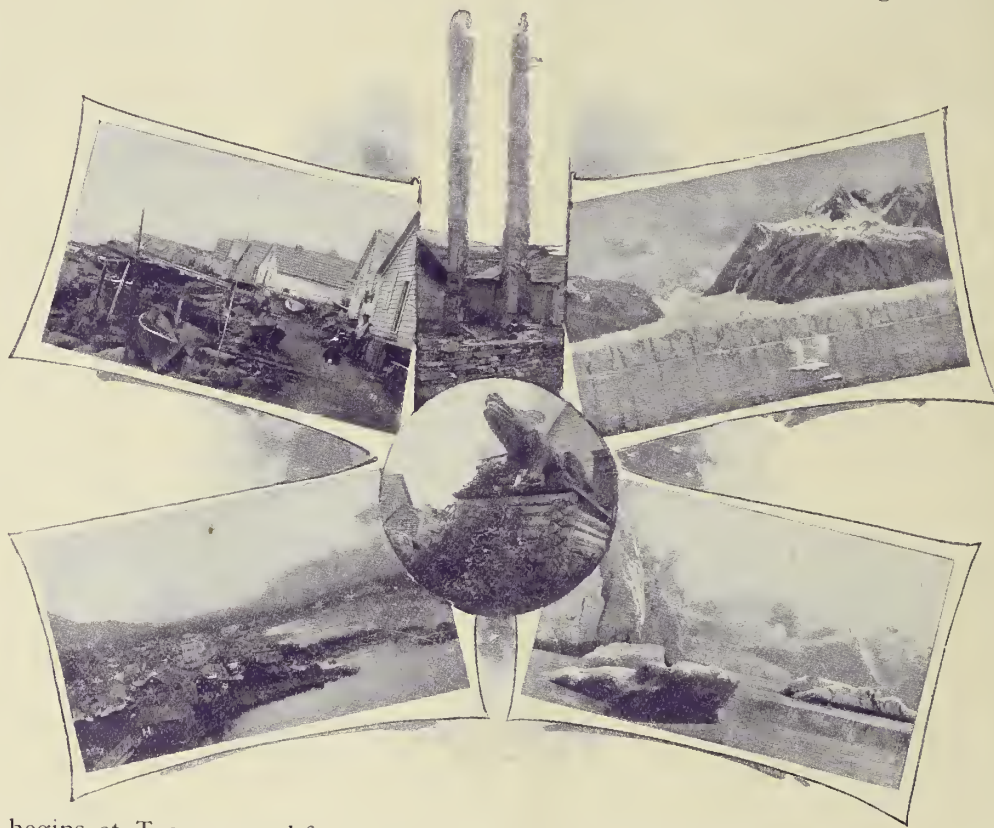
edge, or is lying at anchor near the great Muir Glacier, the crowning glory of all this land of wonders.

If Alaska had nothing else to show the visitor, this beautiful 'River of Ice,' this great frozen sapphire, with its myriad of spires and crevasses, its columns and huge crystalline masses, would amply repay one for the trip. But this is but a single feature of the journey. The visitor will see Fjords more majestic and more picturesquely wild than Norway's, snow-capped mountains as impressive as the Jungfrau or the Matterhorn of Switzerland, and villages as novel and as strange as those of the Nile. He may see, too, Juneau and Fort Wrangel, and in the Alaskan metropolis, Sitka, a host of characteristic features as novel as they are interesting.

The traveler who 'knows how' will arrange to make his Alaskan trip, and for that matter any extended pleasure journey in the West, with one of the Raymond & Whitcomb Excursion Parties. To travel with one of their select parties insures the very best of accommodations everywhere. The writer has himself had to put up

with inferior comforts on several occasions because a Raymond & Whitcomb Party had reserved for it all of the best. Again, the many minor annoyances of travel, such as attention to baggage, are taken off his hands and attended to by a competent and polite manager. No worry about connections is necessary, because their parties always travel on special trains with dining cars, or in special private cars. One ticket purchased before the start is the "open Sesame" to all the comforts and luxuries of the journey, even if it be across the continent and to far-away Alaska and return. Raymond & Whitcomb, whose New York office is at 31 East 14th St., near Union Square, publish several very interesting booklets on Alaska and the West, which give all details as to the cost of their various trips, and tell much of the country, too. They send them free to all who request a copy.

FRANK PRESBREY.



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LIFE



ALL HAIL.

*Hail to the hat of Spring —
Hat of the present day;
Folly and Fashion full sway —
This is the latest thing!*



The Prudential

Shows 20 years
of solid progress.

Assets.

1876.....	\$ 2,232.30
1880.....	168,153.77
1885.....	1,040,816.39
1890.....	5,084,895.02
1895.....	15,780,154.31

Payments to Policy-Holders To the end of

1876.....	\$ 1,957.50
1880.....	98,860.03
1885.....	1,331,161.68
1890.....	6,961,452.82
1895.....	21,664,834.15



The Prudential offers the very best
of LIFE INSURANCE on two plans:

Family Insurance, \$15 to \$1,000.

Premiums collected weekly at the
homes of the persons insured.

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Premiums payable quarterly, half-
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Company.



THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO.
OF AMERICA.

John F. Dryden,
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Home Office—
Newark, N. J.

EDWARDS



"I HAD A FIGHT YESTERDAY WITH THE BOY NEXT DOOR,"
 "YES, HIS FATHER CALLED AT MY OFFICE TO-DAY ABOUT IT."
 "I HOPE YOU CAME OUT AS WELL AS I DID."

A MEGACEPHALIC CONTEMPORARY.

"WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE'S HOPE."

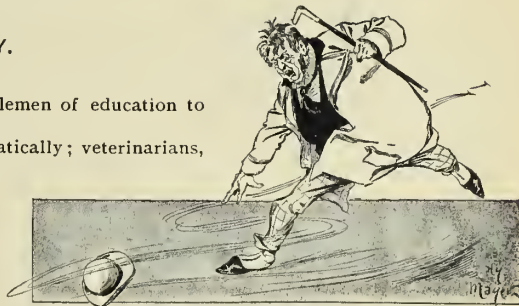
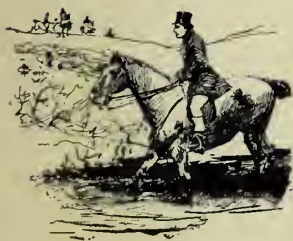
"THERE seems to be a tendency among certain young gentlemen of education to become veterinarians."—LIFE.

Our vivacious contemporary seems to have gone astray grammatically; veterinarians, if you please.—*Rider and Driver.*

Not at all.

If our esteemed contemporary doesn't know the English language as applied to horses, what does it know?

See the *Century Dictionary*, page 6,743, first column, third line from top of page.



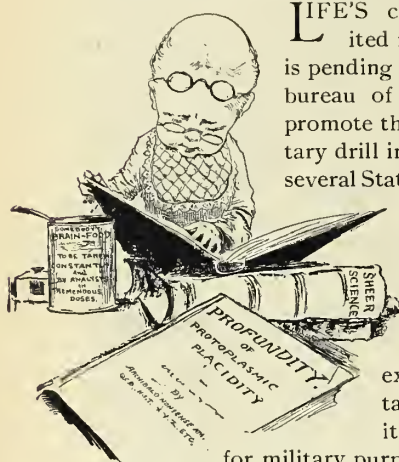
THE DERBY RACE.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVII. MAY 21, 1896. No. 699.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union. \$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents.
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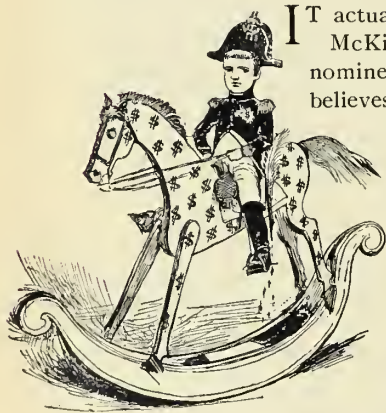


LIFE'S co-operation has been solicited in opposition to a bill which is pending in Congress "to establish a bureau of military education and to promote the adoption of uniform military drill in the public schools of the several States and Territories." In LIFE'S

opinion the introduction of military drill as part of the public-school system in this country is unnecessary and inexpedient. Military drill is not the best of exercises for boys: the military training that results from it is of very doubtful value

for military purposes, and the public schools have abundance of instruction on their hands already. Don't put up any more jobs on the public schools. Give them a chance to teach the elements.

* * *

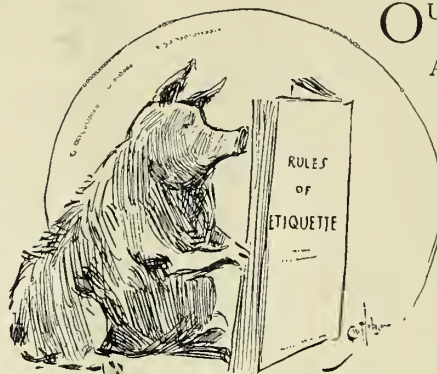


IT actually begins to look as if Major McKinley might be the Republican nominee for President. The Major believes in a tariff for protection, with incidental revenue. So far as his attitude on the money question can be inferred from the financial "plank" adopted by his Republican brethren in Ohio this year, he believes in a silver dollar that will at all times be worth just as much as a gold dollar. The only known way to contrive such a silver

dollar is by international agreement, and there is no present prospect that that can be brought about; therefore Major McKinley believes in an impossible silver dollar. A man who believes in an impossible dollar ought to be an impossible candidate this year for either the Democratic or Republican party, but McKinley finds great favor with the Republicans just now, and the

prophet who predicts that he won't be nominated can get odds from his supporters. Major McKinley does not inspire confidence in the men who believe in good money. If the St. Louis convention should nominate him, the action of the Democrats at Chicago will be awaited with the liveliest interest by anxious citizens of both parties.

* * *



OUR fellow townsman, Col. Jacob Astor, owns the Schermerhorn building, which runs from Pine Street to Broadway in this town, around two sides of the very tall, new office building of the American Surety Company. The

Surety Company's building is twenty-one stories high, and as it has windows on all four sides, the upper apertures on two sides necessarily overlook Col. Astor's building. Now that it is finished, Col. Astor proposes to build his property up around it, shutting up half its windows and shearing off half its elaborate cornice. This seems somewhat harsh of Col. Astor, and report says that his first intention was to rent his building to his neighbors, but that an arrangement to that end which was afoot was abandoned by the Surety Company because of its belief that the Legislature could be induced to pass a law prohibiting the erection of any more very high buildings in New York. A bill to this effect appeared at Albany, and the Surety Company, it seems, backed it ardently, in the expectation that it would get its easements for nothing, instead of having to buy them of Col. Astor.

Now, of course, it was indecent for any Company which had just put up a twenty-one story building to ask the Legislature to make such buildings unlawful in future. The Surety Company, if it did that, behaved like a pig. It seems to have made Col. Astor very angry, and no wonder, and now it seems the Colonel intends to give it an object lesson on the inexpediency of too much greed.

Col. Astor is already within his rights in building as he has planned. No doubt he feels that if he is to build he must build promptly, before a law can be passed to hinder him. Still, if the Surety Company wants even now to buy him off, LIFE would be glad on his own account to see him listen to it, for not only does his purpose offend thrift, but iron and granite last a long time and a resentment—even a just one—that finds an expression twenty-one stories high in those enduring materials is pretty certain to outlive its owner's wrath and stand finally as an aspersion on his temper.

THE DIFFERENCE.

TO kiss a Miss is not amiss,
It means an almost certain
bliss;
No other way is sure but this:
To miss a kiss is *quite* amiss.

QUEER.

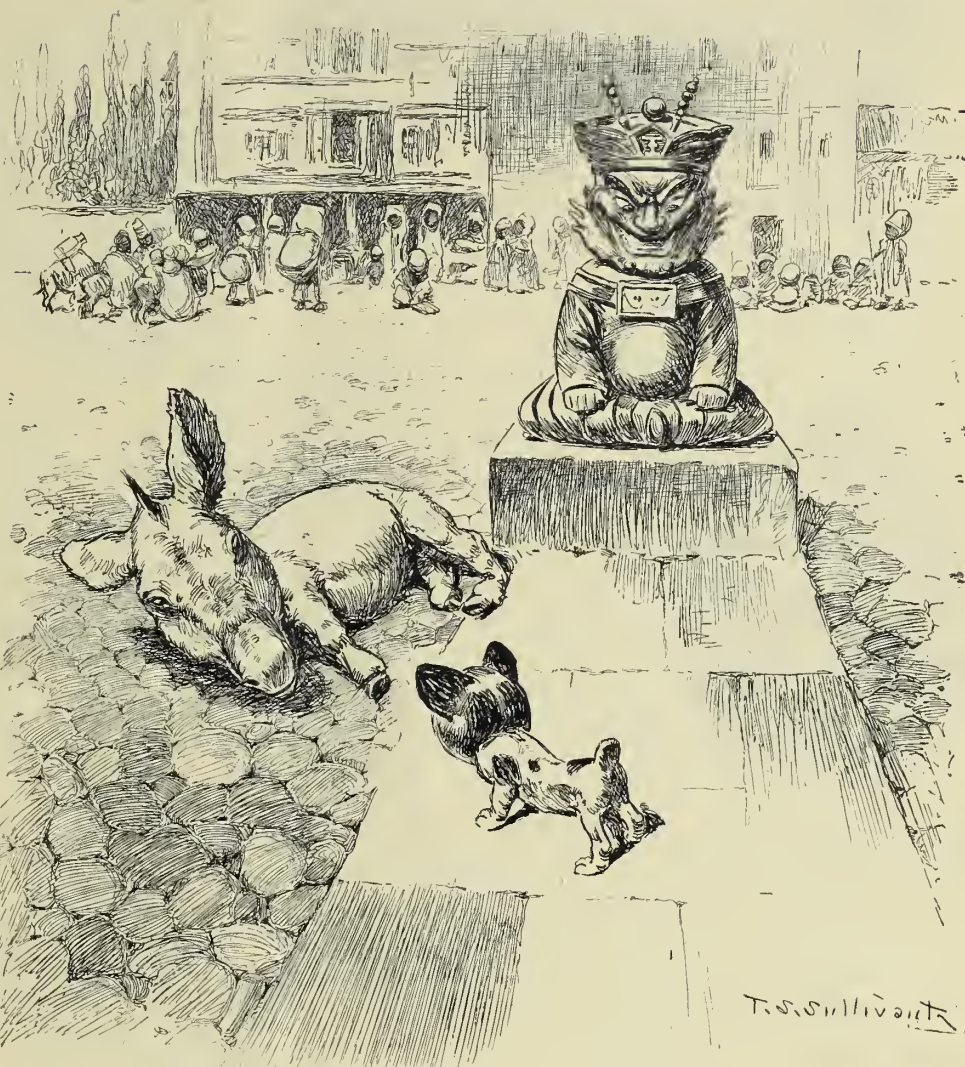
A CURIOUS thing about some large stock companies is that when they commit a crime no one is ever responsible. The man who did it was under orders, the man who is immediately over him refers to another man, who is out of town, etc., etc. Thus it is almost impossible to get on to the curves of the Metropolitan Traction Company and Society for Nervous Prostration. When one of its Chambers of Horror is the scene of another tragedy the poor wretches in charge testify that they are obliged to make the round trip in a certain time or otherwise get "dished." The occult reason for this rule is not any more apparent the higher up we go. All we know is that Vreeland is President and reigns over all.

GOOD CREDENTIALS.

EMPLOYER: We want a sound, able-bodied man.

APPLICANT: Well, sir, I've drawn a pension for the past twenty years.

IT is not easy to lose a bad reputation.



THE IDOL AND THE ASS.

AN ass felt it his duty to destroy superstition, so he went up to the brass idol in the market place and gave it a vigorous kick.

A dog came to him as he lay groaning on the ground, nursing his broken leg, and said: "Well, did you prove anything?"

"Nothing," said the other. "Except that I am an ass."
Deductions to be drawn. Any old thing.

H. W. Phillips.

SURE OF ONE FACT.

COUNT GOLBRICK: Didn't I meet you at the Casino in Monte Carlo last winter?

NUFSED: Couldn't say; somebody did.

"I WISH I knew how to act when I meet a baby. I always feel like a fool."

"All you have to do is to act the way you feel."



"DROPPED ONTO A GOOD THING."



By DAISY.

Daisy will publish horoscopes in this department only in the order received. Remember the conditions. Cut out all the pictures from 4,000 copies of LIFE and forward them to Daisy, together with a photograph of your brain by Roentgen.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
Daisy tells us what we are.

HIGH BILL (McK-N-L-Y).



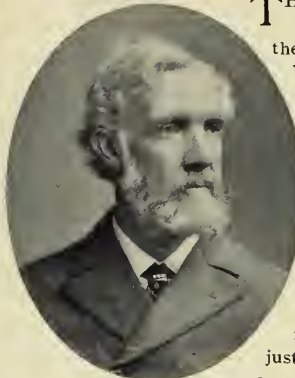
THIS gentleman was born under the sign of the Tin Dipper, Mercury at midsummer heat, the infant industries on Mars praying for relief, and the rest of the planets rapidly rising for the great occasion. He has not yet reached his full growth, which will happen in a few weeks, when he will rapidly lose flesh. He has a galvanized complexion, woolen wind protectors, a European outlook, with El-lerslie farm in the background, the White House plainly visible two points on the port bow, the main boom sprung, a London fog rising, and breakers ahead. He looks well in the quiet of his own home, clad in a Roman toga made in Germany, and chained to the wall. He should keep away from politicians, and spend an hour a day alone with himself. He has a hopeful temperament, which looks forward, not backward, lend a hand, and is rapidly making friends, being loved at present not so well but wisely. Evil times coming. He should avoid all excitement for the next six months, wear a gag, write his letters with *aqua fortis*, and take laughing-gas every morning on rising. He will not succeed in control, and might work great harm to multitudes for the benefit of a few. Will do his best work as a farmer, a vice-president, where he could cultivate a taste for solitude, or would do well as a custom-house inspector.

* * *

RICHARD HARDING (D-V-S).



THIS young man was born under the sign of Himself, the sun, moon and stars shrinking from their orbits, the Milky Way curdled with the intense excitement of the great occasion, a subdued solar system, and the Little Bear with his tail between his legs. He is manufactured from crude, raw and imported foreign materials, is twenty-one stories high, with a Franklin Square back and an imitation brown-stone front, and should never travel without a fire-escape. He has a trusting, confiding nature, believing what he sees, and is possessed of a rare quality of Philadelphia tact which prevents others from speaking of themselves in his presence, and he is very happy, spending many hours alone. If persistent, may learn to read and write in time, but doubtful. Should wear danger signals, and will do good work in a kindergarten, or might succeed in a coal mine.



JOHN W. (G-F).

THIS gentleman was born under the sign of the Stuffed Crab, in opposition to the Sun, the Pelican flying high, the Milky Way skimmed, Venus in tandem with Scorpio, and the rest of the stars out for the dust. He is short and thick-set, with oakum eyebrows, a cork brain, a brass face and a pneumatic cheek. He looks well with hair closely cut, and should wear stripes and walk with a lock step. In his chosen field he is inimitable—no one caring even to emulate him, and his work among the weak and oppressed has rarely been equalled, his sense of injustice making him a great favorite with women. He has a Parkhurstian modesty, and is noted for his tact and sense of the fitness of things, and this has limited his curiosity in the past only to those things which it was desirable not to know. He is steadfast and persistent, drawing his salary with great regularity, and believes in sticking to one thing in spite of every opposition, but cares little for money itself, preferring it only for what it can buy. Should avoid court rooms, and will find his most congenial companions in the penitentiary. Would make a good jockey, a bunco-steerer, or a Sultan of Turkey, but will do his most effective work in a glass case in the Museum of Natural History.



"DO YOU SMOKE CIGARETTES, MISS BLAIZER?"
"NO, I SMOKE A PIPE."

TANDEM TALKS.

SCENE: A hill on the shore road, Staten Island, overlooking the sea.

LET us rest awhile in the shadow of this great tree!" said Diana, as she slid from the saddle to a sloping bank of green.

"What a view for a poet!" said Adrian, waving his hand toward the sea.

"What a view for *me*!" replied the complacent Diana. "That is the way to look at the world—here I am, and it's all for me."

"You are an atrocious egotist," said Adrian. "I suppose that for all practical purposes I am simply a part of the landscape, and therefore belong to you?"

"Well, why not? Are you more pleasing to the eye than yonder ocean? So long as I do not tell you to blot yourself out of the landscape you should be content," said Diana, with her accustomed assurance.

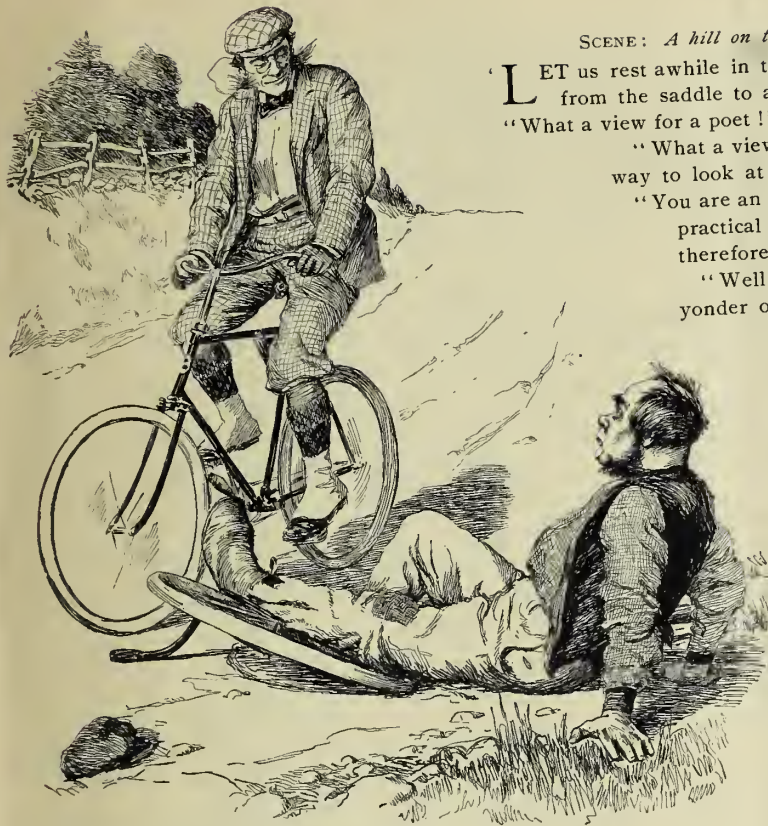
"That is why you women make so many men unhappy," reflected Adrian. "Your only gauge of a man is his adaptation to your personal whims. Do you ever take an impersonal view of any man? Do you ever say of him—he has accomplished a great deal of work in spite of obstacles; his victories have left as many scars as his misfortunes; he is not my kind of man, but I have a great admiration for him?"

"I'm afraid not," laughed Diana, with her usual frankness. "For us a man is either nice or horrid. If he grates on our taste we see nothing good in his works. If he pleases us, then all that he does is excellent."

"We have to be different," reflected Adrian. "It costs too much to judge men by our feelings. A man who grates on your nerves as a companion may be worth thousands of dollars to you as a business associate. It's all a question of means and ends among men—I'm not speaking of dishonest men, but of successful and honorable men of affairs."

"What a horrid, low view of life you take!" exclaimed Diana. "All men are but pawns on your chess-board—to be used if they gain a point for you, to be sacrificed when they cease to be useful."

"I did not say that," said Adrian. "I remarked that intelligent men try to judge other men for their *efficiency*

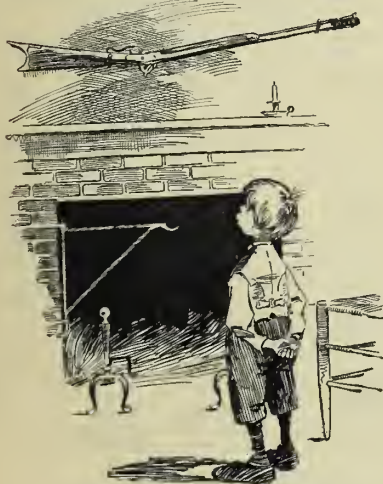


Wm. H. Walker 74

"WELL, PAT, HAVE YOU LEARNED TO RIDE YOUR BICYCLE YET?"

"SORRA A BIT, SOR. SURE, OI CAN'T AVEN BALANCE MESILF STANDIN' STILL, LET ALONE ROIDIN'."

CHORUS girls are, of course, frequently near stars, but that does not always make them angels.



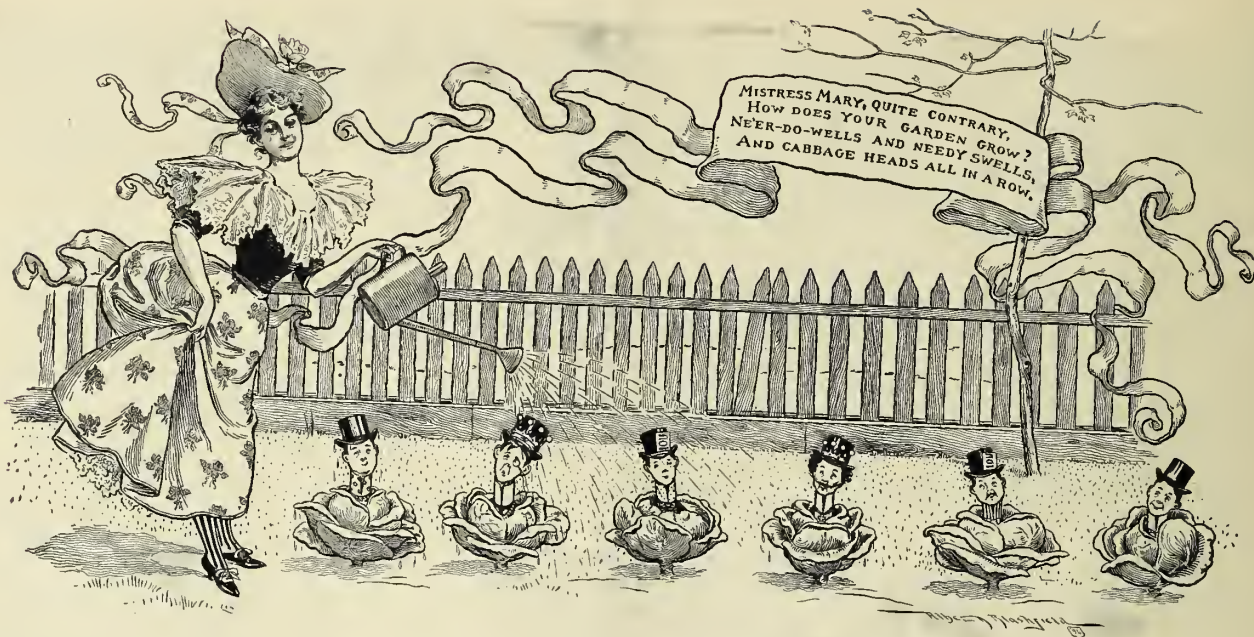
LITTLE JOHNNIE SPIES A MUSKET HANGING HIGH UPON THE WALL.



"WONDER IF THE OLD THING'S LOADED? I DON'T THINK IT IS, AT ALL."



SOON HE HAS IT DOWN AND BY OLD PROCESS, TOE ON COCK, NOW HE —



in doing things, independent of their personal likes or dislikes. That is the best kind of altruism. Sink your own idiosyncrasies and judge a man by what he accomplishes. When that rule becomes universal the industrial millennium will be at hand. It means the putting of the right man in the right place."

"I'm glad women don't come under that rule," said Diana.

"That is why you get into so much trouble when you undertake business. You always want your personality and

character to count for something—even when you are not right or skilful," said Adrian.

"Why not?" asked Diana. "A beautiful face or a charming voice is part of a woman's equipment. It ought to count in her battle with the world."

"A pretty face does not saw any wood," said Adrian.

"But it counts for something finer," said Diana, "just as the blossoms on the dog-wood tree over yonder count for something in your life though you may never see that tree again."

"You always get back to an emotion as the measure of life. The dog-wood blossom and the pretty face are pleasures to the eye. But that is no reason why one should buy the dog-wood tree for a mast-stick, or choose the owner of the pretty face for a wife."

"You can be sure that I did not choose you for your face," laughed Diana as she put her foot on the pedal and turned her back to him. And the argument ended in a whirl of dust that was followed by a warm breeze laden with the perfume of apple blossoms.

Droch.

WONDERFUL.

"IS Spinner an expert bicycle rider?"

"I should say so. He ran over four men last week, and the police didn't catch him once."



YACHTING TERM.
THE SCENTER BORED.

NO LOSS.

"I KEY, Ikey, de papy's drunk de pottle of ink!"

"Vell, Rachael, it vas nuddings put a samble pottle."

LOGICAL.

HE: And so you wish to break off our engagement, long as it is?

SHE: The longer a thing is, the easier it is to break off.



DEMONSTRATES THAT IT IS EMPTY AND HAS FOOLED YOU, DON'T YOU SEE?



IF this little world to-night
 Suddenly should fall thro' space
 In a hissing, headlong flight,
 Shriveling from off its face,
 As it falls into the sun,
 In an instant every trace
 Of the little crawling things —
 Ants, philosophers, and lice,
 Cattle, cockroaches, and kings,
 Beggars, millionaires, and mice,
 Men and maggots all as one
 As it falls into the sun —
 Who can say but at the same
 Instant from some planet far
 A child may watch us and exclaim:
 "See the pretty shooting star!"

Oliver Herford.

Oliver Herford

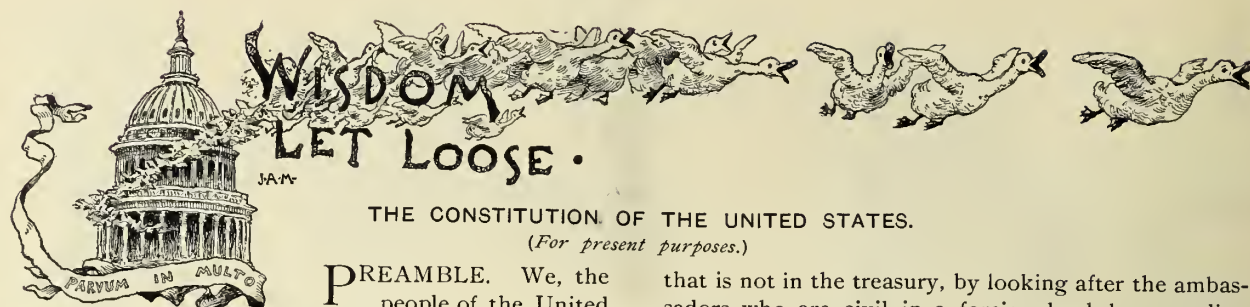


HER NIGHT
HOW SHE SAV



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THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

(For present purposes.)

PREAMBLE. We, the people of the United States, having long since outgrown any delusions we may have entertained on the subject of justice, domestic tranquility, general welfare, the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution:

ARTICLE I.

THE CONGRESS.—Section 1. The House of Representatives shall be composed of blatherskites whose lungs have been duly tested. The House of Representatives shall choose their Speaker with sole reference to his presidential boom and no member shall be permitted to make a speech unless he knows all about foreign countries and their affairs and nothing of his own.

Section 2. The Senate shall be composed of men worth not less than \$10,000,000 each, unless it be proven to the satisfaction of the country that a member is a boss, in which case the office shall be deemed hereditary. Senators shall be chosen by the Legislatures of their respective States in the following manner: Each State Legislature shall divide itself into two nearly equal parts or divisions. Each division shall be armed to the teeth and at the word of command proceed to bombard the other. The side having most survivors by the time the militia interferes shall name the Senator, who, in turn, must fight his way through when he reaches the national capital.

Section 3. Neither House shall adjourn until the business interests of the country are utterly ruined.

Section 4. The Congress shall have power:

1. To turn the country upside down.
2. To make the financial system of the nation a laughing-stock.
3. To make every business man wish he had never been born.
4. To drive the President of the United States crazy.
5. To fight all the nations of the earth single-handed.
6. To enjoy itself in a general way by appropriating money

that is not in the treasury, by looking after the ambassadors who are civil in a foreign land, by attending each other's funerals and by raising pandemonium on the slightest provocation.

ARTICLE II.

THE EXECUTIVE.—Section 1. The President shall be chosen as follows: A howling mob shall assemble in one large city from all parts of the country and yell until the bosses have had enough and settle the matter among themselves. But no man shall be thus chosen who holds any intelligible or known opinion on any subject.

ARTICLE III.

THE JUDICIARY.—Section 1. The Supreme Court shall exist for the benefit of the few and far between, and shall in no case render a decision until twenty years after a suit has begun before it.

Section 2. Anybody who is not pleased with this management shall be guilty of contempt of court.

ARTICLE IV.

GENERAL.—Section 1. The people of the United States shall be objects of the scorn and contempt of their chosen rulers.

Section 2. It shall be a misdemeanor for the people to care anything about the government of the United States. They shall neglect it on all occasions, and the intelligent and instructed classes must remain at all times in complete ignorance of public affairs.

Section 3. Treason shall consist in an attempt to definitely settle the financial question or to reform the government.

Alexander Harvey.

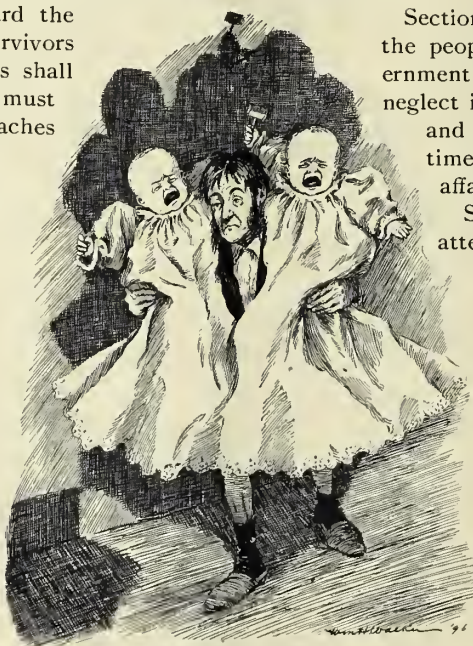
FINANCE.

DOLLY: They say he had to settle a quarter of a million on his eldest daughter because of a mole on her forehead.

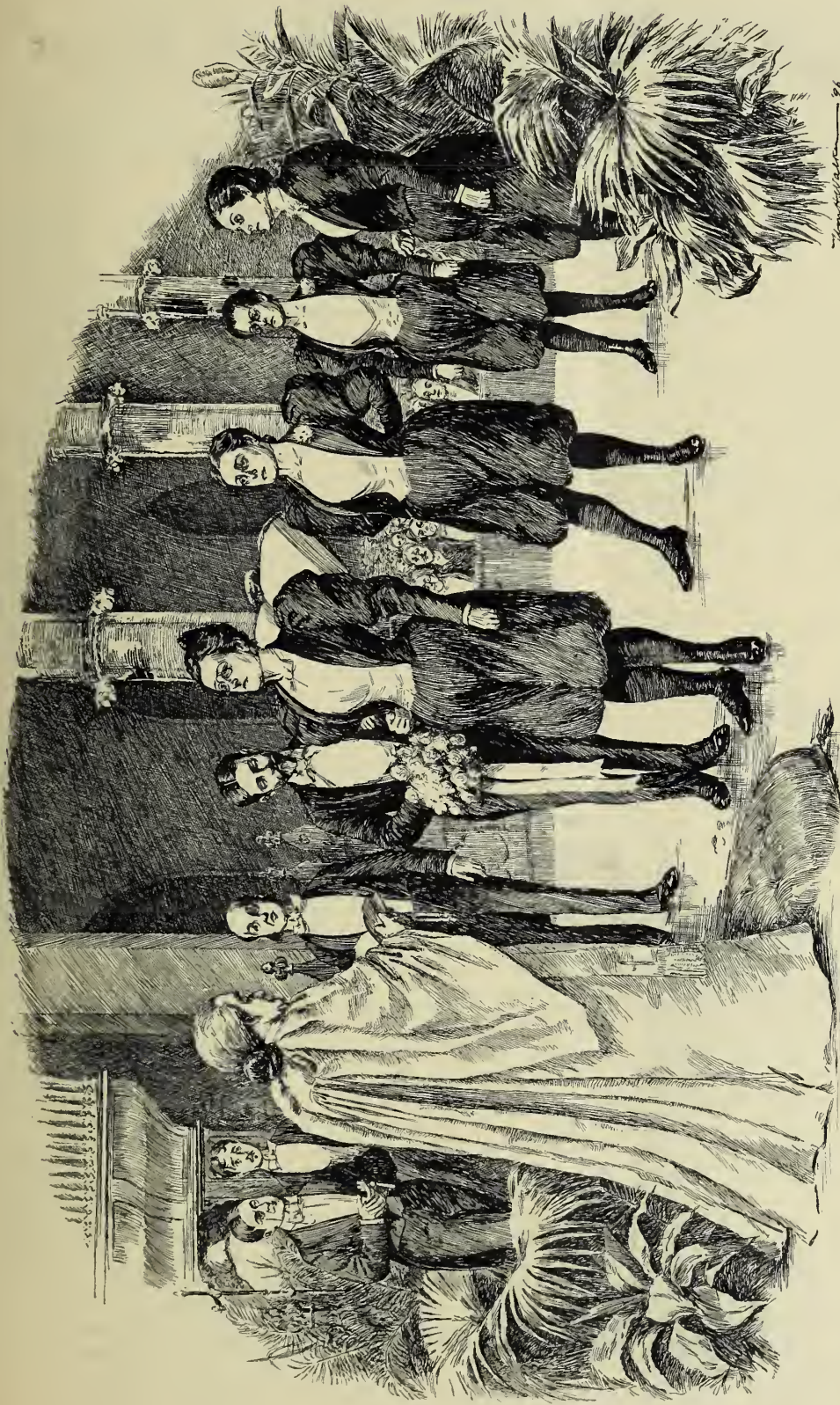
JACK: That was a case of spot cash.

"D OES your wife worry about you when you travel?"

"Not at all. She knows I always buy accident insurance."



ON A PAR.



THE BLOOMER GIRL'S WEDDING.

NONPAREIL.

ALAS! I cannot read her face
To tell if she'll be mine,
Because her type of beauty is
So very, very fine.

A NEEDLESS NUISANCE.

DID Colonel Waring ever happen to be out-of-doors in this city between nine and eleven o'clock in the morning?

If so, he may have noticed at that hour that the ash carts are thickest in the fashionable quarters, and that it requires an agile citizen to dodge the clouds of dust. And if he has noticed this, did he ever get so far as to inquire, "Why, of all hours in the day, should this time be selected for such a work?"

It may be that Colonel Waring always wears a gray suit and doesn't mind a shower of ashes. Perhaps he likes it. There is certainly a mystery somewhere, as we refuse to believe this gentleman so unintelligent that he has failed to realize the stupidity of this custom. No other civilized city in the world would put up with such an easily abated nuisance, and if this gentleman's intellect has already grappled with the subject and met with defeat, we earnestly entreat him to make another attack.

CERTAIN "scientists" tell us that as vivisection is a technical affair the general public should not interfere. This is ingenious, but it would hardly have satisfied Protestants during the Inquisition if they had been informed that the details of the torture chamber were of a technical nature and should be left to the judgment of professional experts.

And the great humane majority of the nineteenth century are not being fooled by similar phrases.

HUSBAND: Do you know, my dear, I never get tired of looking at that photograph of you.

WIFE: Why don't you have it framed and hung up in the club?



SOME FUNNY MESSAGES ARE RECEIVED BY TEACHERS IN BROOKLYN PUBLIC SCHOOLS. HERE ARE A FEW SAMPLES:

The fact that the "Slab City" parents object to clay modeling in the schools is illustrated in the following note sent to a teacher in one of the Tenth ward schools:

MISS —: John kem home yesterday wid his clothes covered wid mud. He said you put him to work mixing clay when he ought to be learning to read an' write. Me man carries th' hod, an' God knows I hev enuf trouble wid his clothes in th' wash widout scraping John's coat. If he comes home like this agin I'll send him back ter yez to wash his clothes. MRS. O'R —.

Here is one from a Brownsville mother who objects to physical culture:

MISS BROWN: You must stop teach my Lizzie fysical pture she needs yet readin' an figors mit sums more as nat, if I want her to do jumpin' I kin make her jump. MRS. CANAVOWSKY.

The number of parents who object to the temperance plank in the educational platform is greater than the number of objectors to any other class of study in Williamsburg. Here is a copy of a note sent to a teacher in the Stagg street school:

MISS —: My boy tells me that when I trink beer der overcoat vrom my stummack gets to thick. Please be so kind and don't intervere in my family affairs. MR. CHRIS —.

Here is a sample on the same subject sent to a teacher in the Maujer street school:

DEAR TEACHER: You should mine your own bizness an' not tell fake he should not trink bier, so long he lif he trinks the bier an' he trinks it yen wen bill rains is ded, if you interfer some more I go on the bored of edcation. W. S.

In this school the teachers are often compelled to listen to long arguments on the excise question, and the parents who call around to argue become greatly excited when told that the children are taught not to taste alcoholic liquors. One little boy told his teacher that his mother had given him orders to get up and leave the classroom during the hour for discussing the alcohol question. The teacher told the boy to ask his mother to call around at the schoolhouse. She did not come, but wrote this note:

TEACHER: John says you want to see me. I have a bier saloon and nine children. Bizness is good in mornin' an' aft'noon. How can I come?

The Pickleville parents as a rule never omit the "obliging" end of a note, as will be seen in the following, sent to a teacher of the Wall street school:

DEAR TEACHER: Pleas excus Fritz for staying home he had der meesells to oblige his father. J. B.

And here is another of the obliging kind:

TEACHER: Please excuse Henny for not coming in school as he died from the car run-over on Tuesday. By doing so you will greatly oblige his loving mother.

Here is one sent to the Brownsville school:

DEAR MISS BAKER: Please excuse Rachael for being away those two days her grandmother died to oblige her mother. MRS. RENSKI.

The child mentioned in the following note was neither German nor Irish. But he is back in school after a battle with the doctors:

MISS —: Frank could not come these three weeks because he had the amonia and information of the vowels. MRS. SMITH.

The notes sent are sometimes written on scented



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Lyrics of Earth. By Archibald Chapman.

Soul and Sense. By Hannah Parker Kimball.

Adventures in Criticism. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

In the Valley of Tophet. By Henry W. Nevins. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

American Oration. Edited by Alexander Johnson. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

paper, and as a rule these are misspelled. Here is a scented paper sample:

TEACHER: You must excuse my girl for not coming to school, she was sick and lade in a common dose state for tree days. MRS. W.

In this same school a teacher received the following:

MISS —: Please let Willie home at 2 o'clock. I take h'm out for a little pleasure to see his grandfather's grave. MRS. R.

Still another mother wrote the following:

MISS —: Please be so kind an' knock hell out of Sol when he gives too much lip to oblige his mother.—
New York Sun.

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SIGNORA YPSILON, a noted Amazon, had a bad fall from her horse, resulting in a severe injury to her shoulder. The surgeon, who was speedily summoned, bound up the wound, and when the operation was completed the lady inquired: "Do you think, doctor, the injury will be seen?" "That, signora," replied the surgeon, "will rest entirely with you?"—*Carlino*.

MRS. WILSON, a very prominent lady, tried to get Mrs. Jones's cook away from her, and actually went to Mrs. Jones's house when she was out and offered the cook more money. The next time they met at a big dinner Mrs. Jones didn't notice her. Some one who sat between them said:

"Mrs. Jones, you know Mrs. Wilson, do you not?"

"No, I believe not," said Mrs. Jones. "She sometimes calls on my cook, I understand, but we do not exchange those courtesies."—*Boston Traveller*.

GUEST: Give me griddle cakes with syrup, some fried chicken, baked potatoes with the coats on and a plate of ice cream.

WAITER (calling down tube): Batter at de plate—slide! A hot fowl tip off stuffed gloves and one umpire in de ice box.—*New York Press*.

"WHEN you married me you said you were well off."

"I was, but I did not know it."—*Vanity*.

THE man who was standing on the ledge of a fourteen-story window and washing the outside of the plate-glass paused in his work a moment and looked inside at the pale-faced men sitting at the various desks in the room.

"Poor devils!" he said to himself. "Some men will do 'most anything to make a living!"

And he whistled a tune and went on washing the window.—*Chicago Tribune*.

FUMER: Sir, you called me a fraud!

CHOLERIC: And you, sir, called me a liar!

FUMER: It might be a good idea for us to get together and open a seaside boarding-house.—*Philadelphia North American*.

It was during the terrific December gales of a year ago, writes a correspondent, that a Yankee schooner, flying signals of distress, sailed into the Bay of Gibraltar. Almost immediately the American vice-consul, with a friend, put off from the Calpe Rowing Club piers, to visit her. As they clambered up the ship's ladder, they were welcomed by the captain, a jolly Yankee from Plymouth, and by his rather gloomy crew.

"Captain, are you in trouble? What can I do for you?" asked the vice-consul, at the same time remarking that his friend had that morning arrived from New York on the "Fuerst Bismarck."

"Wal, sir! The Lord knows we've hed our troubles, bein' fifty-four days out o' London, an' no nearer New York than this. Two of the lads went over the side in that last blow, an' our topsails went when them spars did. This pesky cargo o' chalk hes strained her, so she's takin' in water this minute. Thar's a sight o' things we needs done, an' we'll be obleeged for your help, o' course, sir. But if this here young man hes just come from New York, he can tell us what we want to know afore we does anything else."

The sailors crowded around their captain and listened intently, as he continued:

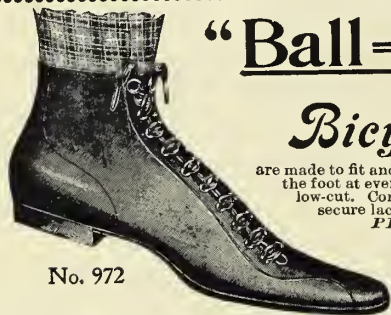
"What we want to know is, haow did that there Harvard-Yale football game come out in November?"—*Youth's Companion*.

"If two cyclists started from City Hall, one, who could ride twenty-five miles an hour, at 10 o'clock, and the other, who could ride thirty miles an hour, at 10.30, when would they come together?" was the question asked the boys' class by a Brooklyn teacher the other day.

There was an oppressive silence before little Johnnie, who was near the foot of the class, put up his hand, signifying that he had solved the problem without the aid of slate or pencil.

"Well," said the teacher, expectantly, "where would they meet, Johnnie?"

"At the first saloon they come to?" was the demoralizing reply.—*New York Sun*.



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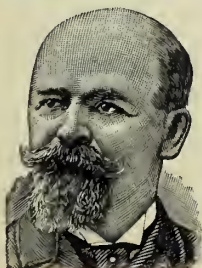
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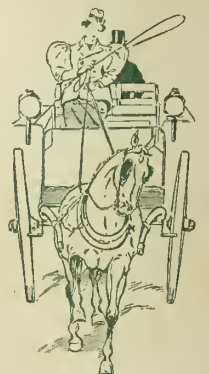
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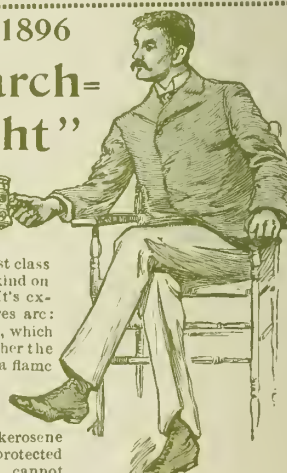
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VOLUME XXVII

·LIFE·

NUMBER 700



She: WHY IS IT THAT SOME MEN ARE SO CALM AND COOL WHEN THEY PROPOSE?
"PROBABLY THEY ARE NOT EXPECTING TO BE ACCEPTED."

MODERN TRAINING.

"MY boy is now learning the effects of alcohol on the human system."

"What are you doing; keeping him home from school?"

IF people meant everything they said the complications would be nearly as great as if they said everything they meant.



JUMPING AT A CONCLUSION.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVII. MAY 28, 1896. No. 700.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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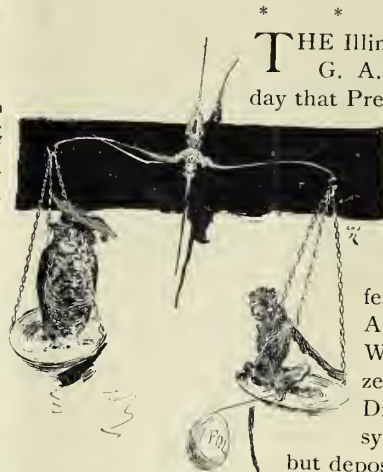
THE American Protective Association has withdrawn its opposition to Major McKinley as a Presidential candidate. LIFE begs to express its sympathy with the Major in this defection, which, however, it cannot regret, as it is unable to see how a man whose views are as nebulous as McKinley's can possibly be considered a fit candidate for President. A man whose availability as a candidate consists in his ability to disguise or conceal his sentiments is not the sort of person to whom an opinion can be trusted to adhere, even though it should be found on him. Candidates who are too modest to express their convictions are open to the suspicion of not having any convictions to express. It is very possible that Major McKinley is suffering from a destitution of that nature. If so, Mr. Hanna might as well send him a kit of convictions first as last and let him open it and find out where he is and what he has got.



PUT it down to the credit of the much flouted Senate that it would not consent to an item for \$3,000,000 in the River and Harbor bill to build a harbor at Santa Monica, in California, for the convenience of one of the C. P. Huntington railroads. Mr. Huntington's lobby worked hard; he even worked hard himself, but Santa Monica's Congressman and California's two senators were against him and he couldn't pass his bill. If a man insists upon carrying a state in his trousers' pocket it is policy for him to take one that hates him less intensely than California hates Mr. Huntington.

THE mortality among American humorists is becoming alarming. Within a few months we have lost Field and Nye, and now Bunner. All of them died untimely, Bunner being but forty-two. We may well lament his early taking-off, for we have lost in him one

of the most accomplished men of letters our country has seen. He had stories to tell and knew how to tell them; there was poetry in him and he knew how to get it out. His gifts were rare, and he had learned to use them with admirable skill. It is a sore loss to American readers that he should not have lived out his time.

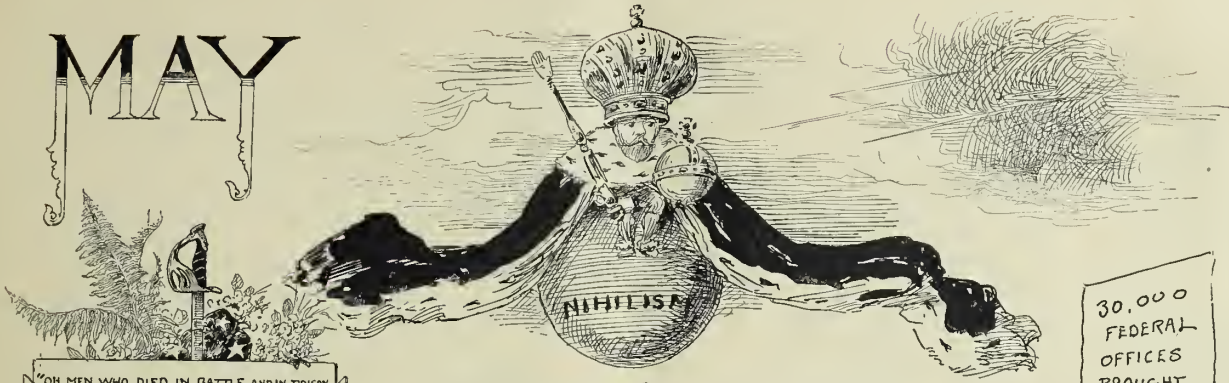


THE Illinois Encampment of the G. A. R. resolved the other day that President Eliot, of Harvard, should be denounced and deposed "because of his unpatriotic and un-American sentiments" expressed in his speech at the conference for International Arbitration in April, at Washington. Any citizen is free to denounce Dr. Eliot as freely as his system seems to demand, but deposing him is a job of a different size and it would take a lot of zeal and perseverance to accomplish it. In his speech in Washington Dr. Eliot called "jingoism" a detestable word for a detestable thing, and grieved that sundry graduates of Harvard were foremost in promoting it. If it is desirable that he should be disciplined for these opinions the proper men to do it are Senator Lodge, Editor Dana, Mr. M. W. Hazeltine of the *Sun*, and Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, all of them Harvard graduates, and one, we believe, a Harvard overseer. Let the Illinois G. A. R. communicate with these gentlemen and get their views as to whether it is practicable to have Dr. Eliot fired out.



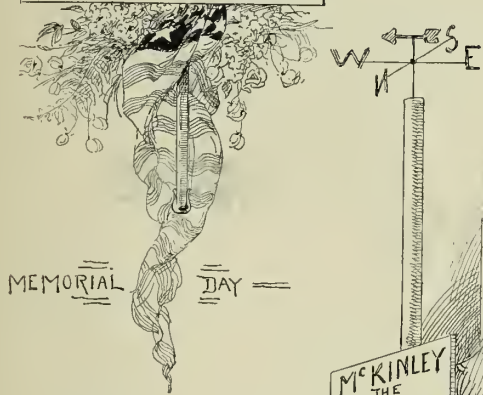
IT is reported and seems to be accurately true that Professor Langley of the Smithsonian Institute has got his flying-machine so far perfected that it has soared twice in one afternoon and came down both times without detriment to its integrity. This is important news. The immense increase of bicycles on earth has made it more than ever desirable that the air should be made commodiously navigable with the least possible delay. When the Jersey suburbanite or the Long Islander can put on his steam wings after breakfast and sail from his front piazza to the top of his office building in New York, metropolitan life may begin to be profitable and sweet once more.

MAY



== CORONATION OF THE CZAR ==

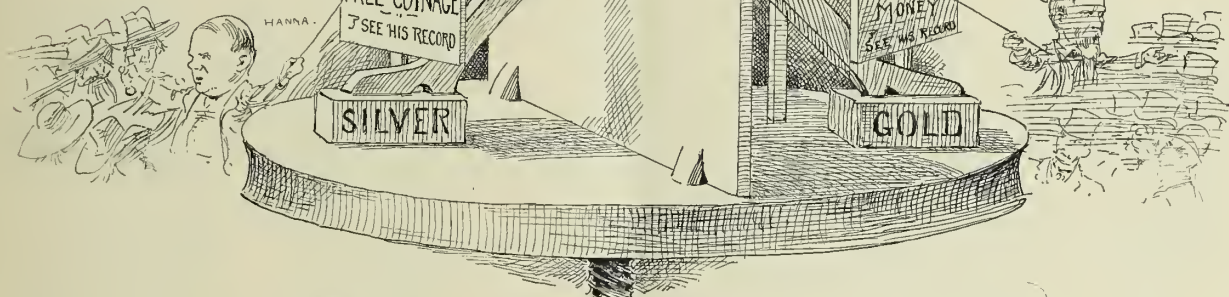
"OH, MEN WHO DIED IN BATTLE AND IN PRISON,
OR ON THE LONG MARCH FELL BESIDE THE WAY,
FROM THOSE FAR HIGHS TO WHICH YOUR SOULS
HAVE RISEN
LOOK 'DOWN, LOOK DOWN, AND COUNSEL
US TODAY."



30,000
FEDERAL
OFFICES
BROUGHT
UNDER
CIVIL SERVICE
RULES
BY ORDER
OF THE
PRESIDENT



== ALAS! FOR THE PROFESSIONAL POLITICIAN ==



== HANNA'S PATENT REVERSIBLE MCKINLEY ==

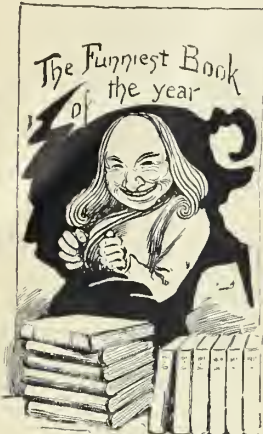


== NO USE, MR CHAMBERLAIN! ==



== FAT PICKINGS ==

THE POSTER'S OPINION OF THE
THING IT ADVERTISED.

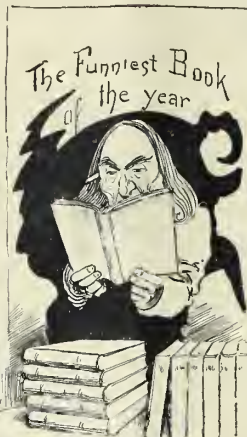
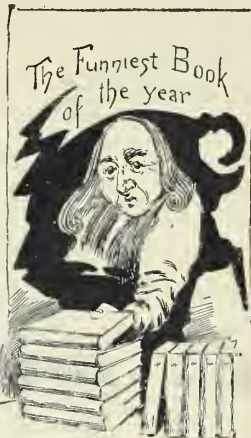


jure the flavor), season with affability to taste, and warm carefully with religious fervor till the vices appear about the size of foibles, and the affability assumes the form of habitual decency. Next, take the sole worldly possessions of fifty orphans and a dozen widows, mince fine and sprinkle freely with undetected theft (on a large scale is best); spread the result carefully among various combines, trusts, bubble companies, etc., and skim off the cream before they have time to

RECIPE FOR AN EPITAPH.

FOR those desirous of obtaining a first-class epitaph the following recipe may be recommended:

"Take a pinch of piety, a handful of hypocrisy, and a large quantity of villainy; mix thoroughly till the piety comes to the surface, then add from six to eight petty vices (a larger supply will not in-



effervesce too much; taking care while doing this not to allow the religious fervor to cool to any perceptible extent. If the mixture seems to lack body, do not hesitate to add more widows and orphans.

"As a test to ascertain whether or not you have carried out these first two steps in the process with perfect accuracy, you may at this stage take a look at your bank account and the general state of your reputation; if the former looks like a somewhat complicated multiplication table, and the latter is shining like polished brass, you may be quite sure that all is in proper shape.

"Now prepare a mould of public opinion by endowing a college or erecting a church; pour in the second mixture (softened, if necessary, by a legacy to an orphaned relative);

on top of this place the first mixture (if not sufficient, add delicate parings of newly-picked vice till the requisite amount is made up—but no further); then place the whole thing in as light a place as possible, and blow hard till it is firmly fixed in shape.

"Serve in liberal slices on a granite tombstone, and keep the remnants for obituary notices in the larger newspapers."

H. C. B.

A DIFFICULT PROBLEM.

THERE are awful rumors, mutterings and reverberations of deep-seated difficulty between the line and staff of the Navy. The line includes all officers who are in the line of succession to the command

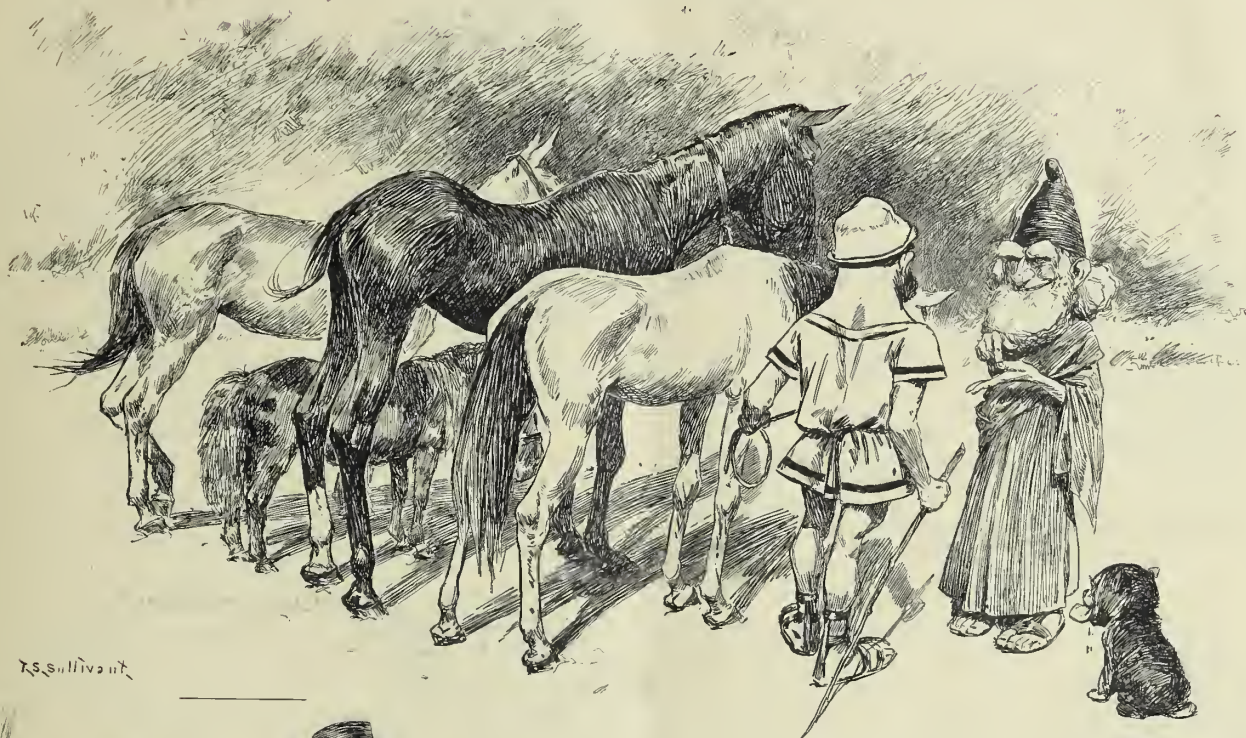
of a ship. The staff consists of all other officers—engineers, paymasters, surgeons, naval constructors, chaplains and marines. The line fights the ship; the staff makes its wheels go round and keeps it in fighting order. The theory, which has come down from the past in the Navy, seems to be that the line is socially and officially superior to



the staff, but the staff wants equal honors and privileges with the line, rank for rank, and exclusive control in its own department. The Navy Department is losing sleep over the problem how to make line and staff work harmoniously together for the good of the service. LIFE trusts it may straighten things out to its satisfaction, but it has a job on its hands which seems to demand the genius of a naval McAllister for its successful elucidation.



Miss Bud: NO WOMAN IS WORTH LOOKING AT AFTER THIRTY.
Miss Elder: NOR WORTH LISTENING TO BEFORE.
"GAD! THEY ARE BOTH RIGHT."



THE MERCHANT AND THE FOOL.

A MERCHANT of horses was driving his stock to the market. On the road he met a venerable old fool, who offered to buy his entire stock.

"It is this way," said the intended purchaser, "I will take your horses now, and whenever I find use for one, will send you the money for it."

"Now the gods be lenient to folly!" exclaimed the indignant merchant. "Man, Man! where in the realm of idiocy did you get your knowledge of business?"

"I ran a pay-on-publication journal for ten years," said the fool with asperity.

But the merchant had vanished in a cloud of oaths and dust.

H. W. Phillips.

IN A DEPARTMENT STORE.

"I WANT something nice in oil for a dining-room."

"Yes, Madam. A landscape or a box of sardines?"

THE man who bites off more than he can chew is not so numerous as he who swallows more than he can digest.

DOCTOR: Your husband is altogether too much alone. He is getting moody and it may lead to something worse. You must force him into the society of others.

WIFE: But how can I do this?

"Get him to resign from the Metropolitan Club."



"WHAT DID YOU GET FOR THAT SPRING POEM YOU TOOK TO THE EDITOR YESTERDAY?"

"ST. JACOB'S OIL!"

CORNER LOTS.

THE heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden bounds;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were taking options on the grounds.

MISS VASSAR: Are you fond of Horace?
MISS ABAT WAR (from Chicago): Yes, indeed. He never said a better thing than "Go West, young man."

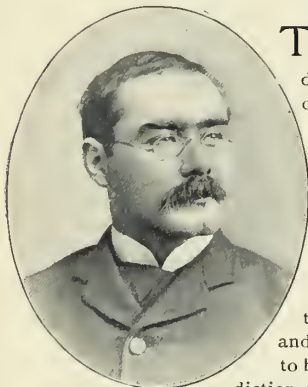


By DAISY.

Daisy will publish horoscopes in this department only in the order received. Remember the conditions. Cut out all the pictures from 4,000 copies of LIFE and forward them to Daisy, together with a photograph of your brain by Roenigen.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
Daisy tells us what we are.

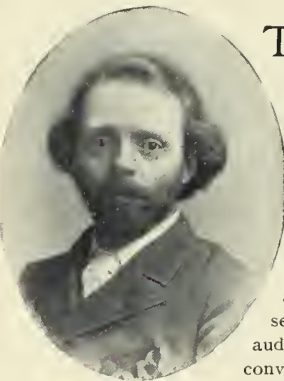
RUDY (K-P-L-N-G).



THIS gentleman was born under a rising Sun, with Leo in the ascendant, Libra doing handsprings in mid-heaven, and Mercury at white heat. In personal appearance he is eighteen stories high and still growing, with solid foundations trimmed with immortelles, and is built to stand. He has a peculiar temperament, seeing with his own eyes and hearing with his own ears, and has made many enemies on account of his intellect, which he carries with him on his travels, when others leave theirs at home. As a boy he was very dull, and it was predicted that he would grow up to be an average English novelist, but the prediction did not come true. He will find his most congenial companions among all sorts and conditions of men, and should wear naturalization papers. Will succeed as a farmer or a baby tender.

* * *

HALL (C-N-E).



THIS gentleman was born under a benumbed Herschel, Venus with the mumps, Mars, Capricorn and Cancer on second base, Libra in tee with Leo, and the links on Virgo fading away under the intense heat. He is tall and swan-like, with a combination breakfast face, consisting of peaches and cream, oatmeal and milk, cracked ice and bread and water. He has a toboggan forehead, Heifer eyes, wears a halo and looks well in a balloon. Is the happy possessor of a melancholy temperament, being alone with himself a great deal; should avoid publishers and audiences, use the deaf and dumb language when conversing, and wear the copyright sign tattooed in bright letters, where it can be seen without the aid of a spy-glass. Will find his most congenial companions among American publishers. With training might succeed as a sign painter, but will do his best work as gardener on a desert isle.

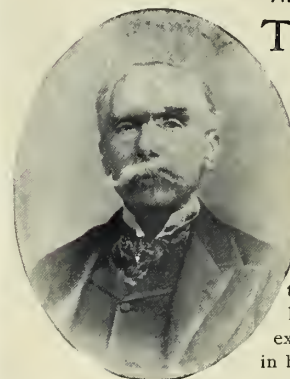
CONY (D-Y-L).



THIS gentleman was born under the sign of the Four, with Taurus and Scorpio favorites, Venus out between the acts, three rings around Saturn, and Capricorn doing a century run in the Milky Way. He has a low frame, with reversible wheels, lavender eyes, with Paderewski chin whiskers, travels without a brake, is geared to 106 in the shade, and looks well in a pink nimbus. He has an obliging disposition, talking for hours when paid, is quite patriotic, leaving his native soil for months at a time, and making hay while the sun shines. He should avoid the open water, speak in a whisper, write only in the dark, and will do his best work as a burglar or a tax collector.

* * *

ALFRED (A-S-T-N).



THIS gentleman was born under Leo, with that sign in convulsions, Libra with appendicitis, the Great Bear breaking his face against a stone wall, Venus moody and the Northern Lights out. He is very tall for him, being nearly thirty inches high, has a job-lot expression, with iambic features, fluted eyebrows and a pentameter gait. He has an impulsive temperament, doing those things which he ought not to do, and leaving undone the things which he is expected to do, and there is no harmony in him. He looks well in a cake of ice and should wear a strait-jacket when at work. Can read, but has never learned to write, and will do his best work as a hod-carrier in a Chicago hotel, or might make a good supe in a dance hall.

SOMETHING ought to be done for the more perfect differentiation of the two literary gentlemen who sign "Robert Bridges" to their work. One of them is a British (presumably a Scotch) poet. Another is an American critic and editor who drops occasionally into verse. Each innocently plagiarizes the other's signature and a certain amount of ambiguity results. Of course if they chose to have it so, they might form a literary partnership and hold the name in common, each using it freely, one in Europe and the other in America, and each becoming responsible for the firm and receiving all its profits on his own side of the water. This course they have not adopted yet, and so each continues to be half of two authors and joint owner of an undivided literary reputation.

ASKING TOO MUCH.

ISAAC: Oh! Rachel, you vas de light of mine soul!
RACHEL (shyly): Den vy don't you turn down de gas, Isaac?
"Vat, und me a stockholder!"



FAINT and far-off, hear the murmur
Of an angel's flutt'ring wings ;
Faint and far-off, hear the charmer
As her siren song she sings.
She is coming,
Hear the humming
Of the faintly fluttering wings.

Pink and white, the eager mountain
Tops, expectant, stand and wait ;
Silver sands at Neptune's fountain,
Tremble lest she should be late.
Eager mountain,
Trembling fountain,
Expectant of her coming, wait.

Budding roses hold their blooming
Till her coming, and they furl
The fragrant flags of their perfuming
Till she starts the season's whirl.
Hear the humming
Of the coming
Of the same old summer girl.

W. J. Lampton.



WAITED TOO LONG.

"I WAS around to
your place last
night and took the lib-
erty of borrowing some of those
new novels of yours."

"That's all right. I only wish you had come around
before I read them."

THE man who originated serials must have been an
author who was looking for some way to keep
women from reading the last chapter of his novel first.

SHE: Every time one of us girls gets married father
plants a tree on his estate.

HE: A much better plan would be for him to plant
a house there.



"IT NATURALLY FOLLOWS."



ON THE GREEN.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

Tales of a Wayside Inn. By John Raines.

A Crooked Path. By David B. Hill.

A Costly Experiment. By John W. Goff.

A Novel Without a Plot. By W. D. Howells.

Under Two Flags. By L. E. Godkin.

The Little Minister. By T. J. Lee.

Millions In It. By Ignace Paderewski.

Never Too Late to Mend. By Hetty Green.

Don't. By Richard Olney.

Nit. By Lord Salisbury.

Words and Their Uses. By Benjamin Tillman.

God's Fool. By Anthony Comstock.

Beyond the Border Line. By Robert Ingersoll.

Master and Man. By T. C. Platt and Levi P. Morton.

On Both Sides. By James Gordon Bennett.

Great Expectations. By Wm. McKinley.

The Girl I Left Behind Me. By Ada Rehan.

His Father's Son. By George Gould.

Treasure Island. By Thomas Byrnes.

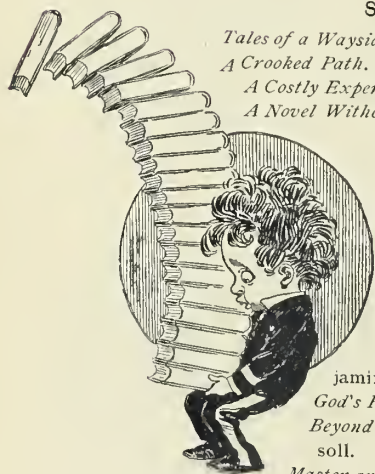
Homeward Bound. By Grover Cleveland.

A Terrible Example. By Marion Crawford.

A Man's Estate. By Mary Lease.

Ten Nights In a Bar-room. By Charles W. Parkhurst.

Dust. By George E. Waring.



ANOTHER NEW WOMAN.
"MARY, WHERE IS MY SHAVING SOAP?"



A CHIVALROUS LORD.

"WHEN HIS LORDSHIP PROPOSED, I SUPPOSE YOU DIDN'T TELL HIM THAT YOU LOVED ME?"
"OH, YES, I DID! BUT HE WAS GOOD ENOUGH TO SAY IT WOULDN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE."



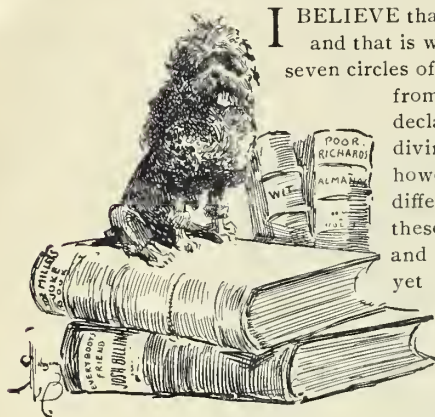
LIFE'S LITERA



LIFE'S TIPS TO SUMMER READERS.

CONCERNING THE SEVEN CIRCLES OF HUMOR.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.



I BELIEVE that seven is a mystic number, and that is why I suggest that there are seven circles of humor (taking a hint also from a Dago poet, who chose to declare that his own comedy was divine). I am not prepared, however, to say just what the difference is between each of these seven circles of humor and its immediate neighbor, yet I can see clearly enough that the seven circles are concentric, rising to a lofty peak in the centre. I am sure that the outermost and lowest circle is given over

to the mere newspaper paragraphers, the dramatists of the brief dialogue, the rhymsters of the punning quatrain, the makers of petty quips and quirks and oddities; and in this circle I should make bold to find the *Danbury News* man and the most of his fellows of the present day.

I suppose that the next circle is perhaps a little higher, and that it is devoted to the writers of "comic copy," who were not manufacturers merely of casual chips of wit, but makers of brief stories and of outline sketches; and in this circle I have no doubt that I could discover John Phoenix and Artemus Ward, and many another of their followers and imitators.

I think that in the next circle perhaps, or in the one just above this, I should meet with some of the more delicate literary artists, with the painters of character studies, for example, with the men and the women who tried to see life with their own eyes, and to set forth not only the external eccentricities of their fellow human beings, but also certain of the internal peculiarities of this most amusing human nature of ours. Probably this group of humorists is so large that it will have to be divided, and that to its accommodation two circles will be allotted. In the lower of these, the broader humorists will dwell. Tobias Smollett, for instance, and Charles Dickens. In the higher of the two places will be reserved for the subtler delineators of humanity, for Joseph Addison and Richard Steele and Oliver Goldsmith, for Washington Irving and for William Makepeace Thackeray.

I know that the innermost circle of all, the disc of table-land at the top of the truncated cone, affords a lofty resting place for the authors of

the great masterpieces of humor and humanity. The area is none too thickly inhabited, but I should expect to find in its Elite Directory the names of Miguel de Cervantes and of Jean Baptiste Poquelin de Molière.

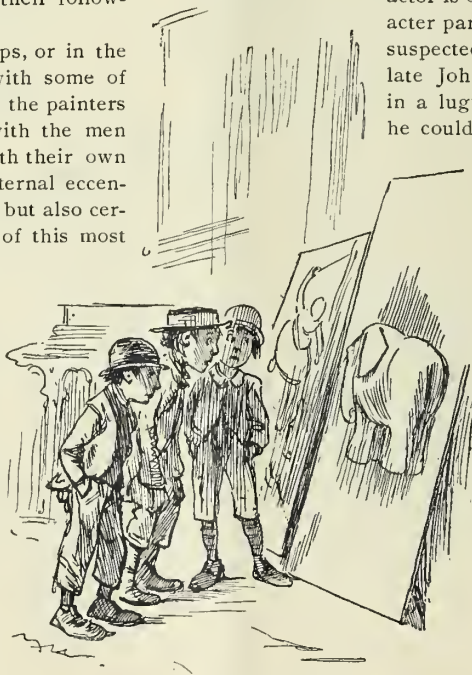
Now, it does not call for a prolonged observation of the seven circles of humor and of the many classes of humorists who dwell therein, to discover that it is only at the top of the mountain that there is peace and rest. In all the lower zones the inhabitants are anxious to better themselves, to raise themselves in condition, to rise in the world. The struggle is as keen there as it is in the magic ring known as Society. All the outsiders want to be insiders. The paragrapher in the seventh circle finds that his misfit spelling and his dislocations of the vocabulary and the other traditional devices of acrobatic humor pall upon him after a while, and aspires to write comic copy so that he may be admitted to the sixth circle. The writer of comic copy in the sixth circle is ambitious also, and he endeavors to broaden his view of human life so that he also may be able to sketch character and thus merit promotion to one or another of the circles above him.



The same tendency may be observed among the humorists of the stage. The burlesque actor is delighted to have a chance to play in farce. The farce

actor is overjoyed when he is cast for a character part in a comedy. The comedian is often suspected of a hankering after tragedy. The late John T. Raymond insisted on appearing in a lugubrious play called "My Son," so that he could prove his command of pathos. Mr. Nat Goodwin is said to have produced "Lend Me Five Shillings" because he "would sooner play third to Jefferson than run a dead heat with Dixey." Those who can evoke at will endless ripples of joyous laughter are not satisfied with themselves until they can call forth also fresh floods of gentle tears.

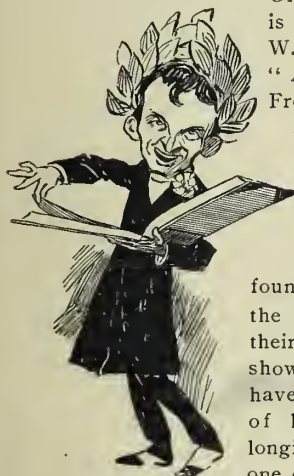
The proof of the existence of the seven circles of humor and of the struggles of those in any one of the lower circles to rise into the one above it can be found by any intelligent person who will glance over the titles of a shelf-full of books that the editor of *LIFE* has just sent me. Here is a book of Mark Twain's—"Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc." Here are two books by the late Eugene Field—"The House" and "The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac." Here are two books by Mr.



Alfred (a close student): WHAT SURPRISES ME IS THAT THEY KNEW WHICH END TO PUT THE HEAD ON OF THE FIRST ELEPHANT THAT WAS MADE!

LIFE'S TIPS TO SUMMER READERS.

John K. Bangs—"The Houseboat on the Styx" and "The Bicyclers and Other Farces." Here is a book by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith—"Tom Grogan." Here is a book by Mr. W. L. Alden—"Among the Freaks."

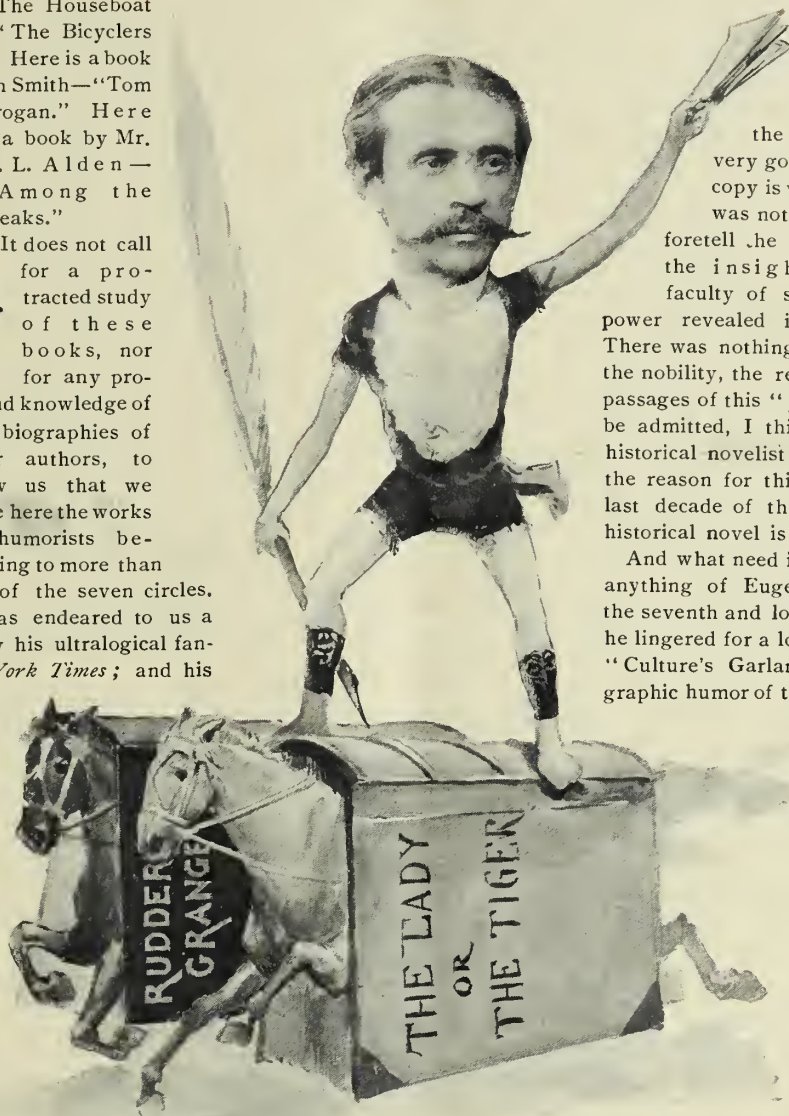


It does not call for a protracted study of these books, nor for any profound knowledge of the biographies of their authors, to show us that we have here the works of humorists belonging to more than one of the seven circles.

Mr. W. L. Alden was endeared to us a many years ago by his ultralogical fantasies in the *New York Times*; and his "Among the Freaks" is like unto these early fancies.

A perusal of its pages shows that it is comic copy, and so we set down Mr. Alden as still a resident of the sixth circle. But a perusal of Mr. Bangs's "Houseboat on the Styx" shows us that here is a former writer of comic copy whose ambition has been

justified by success and who has now moved into a higher circle, where he will meet with not a few other humorists likely to enjoy the interview between Barnum and Noah and the sons of Noah as much as anyone can. And a perusal of Mr. Hopkinson Smith's "Tom Grogan" reveals to us another writer who has resolutely aimed higher and higher. In the earlier books of this author there was only the promise of the firm and vigorous art with which the figure of the stevedore's widow is here presented.



ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING PERFORMANCES NOW GOING ON IN OUR LITERARY SIDE-SHOW.

Of Mark Twain what can I say that we do not all know? He was once a writer of comic copy; the "Innocents Abroad" is very good comic copy, but comic copy is what it is, after all. There was nothing in that comic copy to foretell the variety, the knowledge, the insight, the imagination, the faculty of story-telling, the creative power revealed in "Huckleberry Finn." There was nothing to prefigure the dignity, the nobility, the reverence of certain of the passages of this "Joan of Arc." Yet it may be admitted, I think, that Mark Twain as a historical novelist is not at his best; and the reason for this is, I think, that in this last decade of the nineteenth century the historical novel is an outworn anachronism.

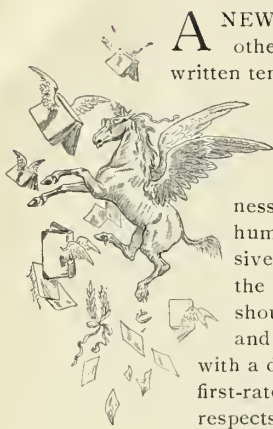
And what need is there now for me to say anything of Eugene Field. He began in the seventh and lowermost circle, and there he lingered for a long while. His first book, "Culture's Garland," had only the paragraphic humor of the primitive lake-dwellers; and it is small wonder that the man who lived to write "The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac" wanted to suppress "Culture's Garland." The manner of this sketch of the old book-lover's adventures is not a little like the manner of Washington Irving—at least it is gentle and engaging, easy and playful. It is painful, however, to see a man who took thought of his style as Eugene Field did, yielding to the etymological absurdity that calls an

honest Welsh rabbit a "rarebit" (which it isn't), and it is surprising to see a man of Field's independence of mind accepting the old-imported superstition that the "Noctes" is readable, or that *Christopher North* was more than a bag of wind. And I think I can detect a certain lack of amenity in the description of *Punch, or the London Charivari* (an alleged comic weekly), as a "growsome monument of human imbecility."

LIFE'S TIPS TO SUMMER READERS.

SLIM VOLUMES OF NEW VERSE.

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN.



A NEWSPAPER paragrapher in remarking the other day on the career of a poetess who had written ten thousand poems, observed that the quality of her output was not remarkable, but that she had not a lazy hair in her head. A poet without some lazy hairs in his head is imperfectly qualified for his business. His appreciation of the incidents of human life should be catholic and comprehensive, and should include a proper estimate of the joy of doing nothing. Especially a poet should be lazy enough to stop reasonably often and think, for poetry that is not freighted with a due proportion of thought cannot rank as first-rate even though it is meritorious in other respects. The difficulty in writing ten thousand poems would be to get thoughts enough to ballast them. Time and diligence could do the rest—assort the rhymes, measure the feet, and put the capital letters in the right places; but industry itself, though ever so earnestly exercised, might fail to snare thoughts enough that were worth a poetic setting.

It is not unusual to hear complaint of laziness in poets. It has been urged that Browning was too lazy to express himself in a workmanlike manner, but his poetry has survived the charge, because, however shiftless its author may at times have been about the order of his words, he never failed to gear ideas to them. Lowell was charged with laziness, but though the charge had a basis, his laziness did not so much affect what he wrote as hinder him from writing more, and laziness of that sort is always condoned by readers. The laziness that is fatal to poetry is that which leads the poets to make verses with nothing in them, like oyster patties without the oysters, or tarts bare of jam.

The laziness that most affects contemporary poetry is the laziness of readers. There are very many more readers in this country now than there ever have been in any country before, but a very large majority of them are unwilling to read anything that will cost them any effort. They will read the newspapers, which requires about as much intellectual energy as gossiping on the street corner, and they will read easy stories with plenty of action in them and not much thought. But as for really putting their minds on anything in the shape of literature for the sake of the mere intellectual pleasure they may get out of it—they won't do it. If they put their minds on anything, it must be something that will

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yield them solid information which will be useful to them in their business. Poetry will not do that. It does not afford much solid information at best, and very little of what it does afford is useful in anyone's business. Practical usefulness is not its province. People who think they can live by bread alone (as the majority of people do, for all they ought to know better) have no occasion to meddle with poetry until they have found out their mistake. But people who know that a bread-alone diet makes clay men, and who want to get all they can out of life, cannot afford to ignore poetry in this generation any more than their fathers could before them.

To read good poetry is troublesome. To take in any poetry, enough to determine whether it is good or bad, involves some effort. To get at the best there is in the best poetry one must be familiar with it, and must read and study it until it gives up the ideas and the music its maker put into it. People are ready enough in these days to find recreation in physical exercise. They go out by the hundred thousand on bicycles, and keep their bodies alive, and find sport in it, but they are sluggish about exercising their intellectual faculties enough to get any considerable degree of sport out of them. When they neglect the

pleasure of reading poetry they neglect a good thing, which is worth far more than it costs in time, effort and money. Average people, who can do what they choose, will cheerfully travel a thousand, or two or three thousand miles and spend a thousand dollars for a change of air and scene, but they grudge the dollar and the hour they spend on a book of verse which would give them a change of thought. It is less trouble to travel than it is to be amused at home, so they travel. It is more trouble to read a book of verse than to read a newspaper, so they read a newspaper. The point of least resistance is the easiest point at which to make the breach, but the hole through it rarely leads in the direction that it is most profitable to take.

There is an attraction about a new book, even when it is a book of verse. The sages tell us to read old books and few, but new books and many are more to our taste, and it is well for the book trade that it is so. Much of the poetry of poets now deceased is better than the new poetry, but very much of it is worse. The contemporary poetry is of various merit, of course, but a great deal of it is worth reading and produces in the reader's mind the effects that poetry should produce. Then, too, in reading new poetry there are chances of discovery that are pleasant. To find a good thing that is new is more of an achievement and more exciting than a

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And gaze into its depths; no rare prints rest
Therein—just try, I pray, to take one out:
The truth of what I say 'twill prove past doubt.
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I haven't got!

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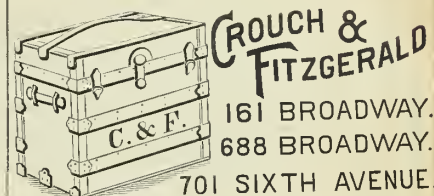
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"Have you read the Gospels?"

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"Have you read the instructions to policemen?"

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AN eminent Scotch surgeon and professor in the University of Edinburgh was entirely devoted to his profession. A quaint incident in his practice will show this. The poet Tennyson had at one time consulted him about some affection of the lungs. Years afterward he returned on the same errand. On being announced he was nettled to observe that Mr. Syme had neither any recollection of his face, nor, still more galling, acquaintance with his name. Tennyson thereupon mentioned the fact of his former visit. Still Syme failed to remember him. But when the professor put his ear to the poet's chest and heard the peculiar sound which the old ailment had made chronic he at once exclaimed: "Ah, I remember you now! I know you by your lung."—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

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"They are such ardent lovers," rejoined the lady; "with them it is either surrender or death."

Whereupon the foreigner bowed low and said: "Verily, you persuade me to believe in a resurrection, Madame."—*Vanity.*

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It runs from New York to Buffalo,
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The title sublime ---- of
"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD."
"The New York Central leads the world"
Leslie's Weekly

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Sumner '96

AN EASY ERROR.

The Count (a trifle near-sighted): I SAY, WHO IS ZE BOW-LEGGED CHAP WIZ YOUR UNCLE?
"MY SISTER."

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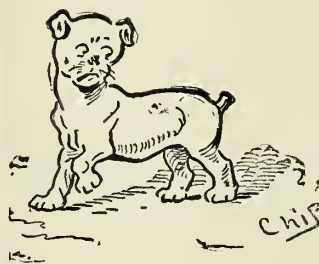
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FABLES FOR THE TIMES.



THE LION AND THE BOAR.

ONE Sunday, when the new administration had induced a general thirst, a lion and a boar came at the same moment to a corner spring to drink.

"Have one with me," said the lion. "No, sir; this is on me," said the boar. From words they came to blows, and while they were in the press of combat the clock struck one A. M. and they had to go home cold-sober and disgusted.

Immoral: Reform is just the thing for angels.

H. W. Phillips.

ALWAYS THE POSSIBILITY.

"I WONDER why the people in Ireland always make such a great fuss over the birth of a boy."

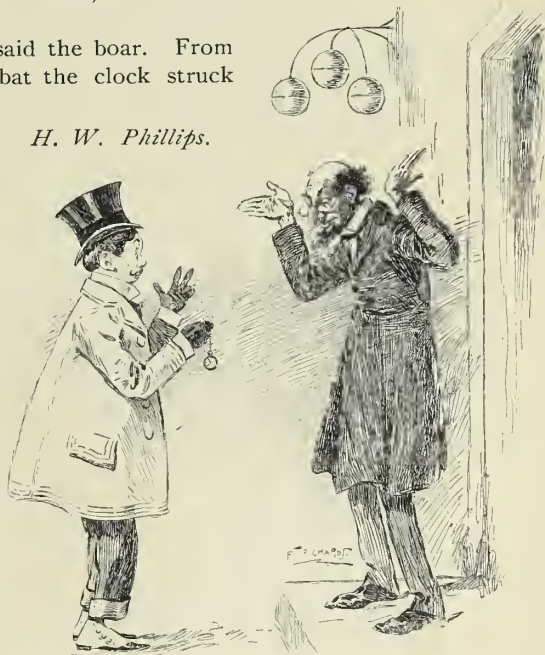
"There is always the hope that some day he may be mayor of New York."

NOT WHAT HE WANTED.

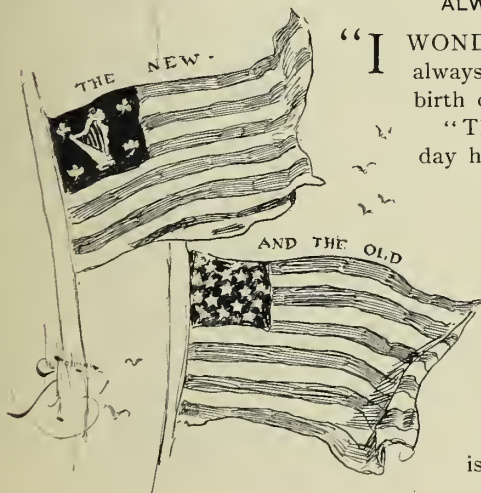
EDITOR: Well, have you got that Doubledeck divorce story? No time to lose.

REPORTER: Yes, sir. Here is a statement of the exact facts.

"Facts! Great Ananias, there isn't time now to rewrite it."



THE SON'S RAISE





"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVII. JUNE 4, 1896. No. 701.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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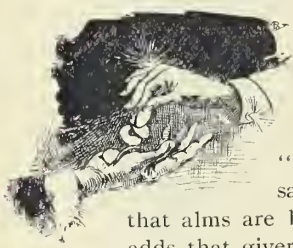
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FOR a week past Moscow has been experiencing the highest kind of high jinks. The young Czar has been crowning himself, and has spent twenty million dollars in the displays and hospitalities incident to the job. Think of that, Chicago! Twenty millions spent in one town, all on one high old time and every ruble of it out of the imperial treasury! Gracious, what a celebration! Beer, bunting, soldiers—150,000 of them—free lunches for the millions, brass bands, kings, queens, knaves, princes and nobles from all over the world, and all in their best clothes and on their best behavior. What a show! What a crowd! LIFE would like to

have been there to see it, but that being inconvenient it has ventured to hope that the American minister was able to afford to slip over from St. Petersburg and represent all the Americans who wanted to be present and couldn't.

Inasmuch as it was the Czar's treat, Minister Breckinridge was probably there, though the salary which Uncle Sam pays his minister to Russia is not so lavish as to warrant him in going about and having much fun at his own costs.



THE truth about tipping, according to Mr. Howells, is that it is "a swindle, which lives from the detestable vanity of the giver to the detestable rapacity of the taker."

"Tips," he says, "are given with the same grudge and the same contempt that alms are bestowed on sturdy beggars," and he adds that givers who deny this "are such as do not scan their motives."

If Mr. Howells has diagnosed his own tips and found them to be swindles, originating in detestable vanity and bestowed grudgingly and with contempt, he ought to abstain from tipping absolutely and permanently. We don't believe that our tips originate in vanity or are conceded to rapacity. Such as they are, they are usually bestowed freely enough and with goodwill. If they are

swindles, they are swindles that tend to correct other swindles. It is a swindle, perhaps, that some of us should have much money and others little, that some should bring food and others sit and eat it, that one should drive the carriage and another ride in it. Make all people equal in mind, body and estate and tips will probably disappear. Meanwhile they may serve as a sort of apology for the inequalities of fortune.

If you tip at all, Mr. Howells, tip the office, not the man. It makes all the difference in the world how you tip. A tip fitly given has a value beyond its value as a coin. Just as a word fitly spoken is worth more than its weight as mere language, a tip that does not express appreciation and goodwill is a poor thing, but the giver is to blame for its worthlessness.

* * *

THE G. A. R., of Illinois, having made some disparaging remarks about President Eliot, Dr. Eliot has retaliated with injurious reflections about the G. A. R., to which Corporal Tanner has retorted in turn in the most excoiating language of which he is master. The Corporal's intentions have been clear and hearty, but his diatribes are so violent as to be ineffectual, since, instead of inciting resentment they provoke laughter. The Corporal is no match for Dr. Eliot in marshaling the parts of speech.

All the same, in LIFE's opinion it is a mistake to utter a syllable more in disparagement of the G. A. R. than necessity compels. That organization often needs discipline, and, occasionally, it is necessary to turn to and hammer it, but there are thousands of good men in it who deserve well of their countrymen, and for whose sake the occasional antics of certain of their comrades should be passed over as quietly as possible.

The Grand Army used to be honored and respected. In so far as it has lost reputation it has brought affliction on us all. To walk backwards and haul a sheet over it when necessary is a fitter method of procedure than to jeer at its infirmities.

* * *

NOW that the trustees of Johns Hopkins University, have declined to allow Dr. Gilman to direct the school system of Greater New York, the possibilities in store for a realization of the hopes which his name aroused are being weighed with uncommon anxiety. With Columbia taking a new lease of life, the University of New York stirred to new usefulness on a new site, and the schools of Greater New York under the direction of a man of experience and wisdom, New York might confidently hope to see herself become a great centre of education, competent to train her own children and attractive to her neighbors who have children to be trained.



He: OF COURSE I PAINT IMPRESSIONIST PICTURES! WHAT DOES THE PUBLIC KNOW OF MY ART?
She: NOTHING. THEY CAN'T EVEN GUESS.

She: NOTHING. THEY CAN'T EVEN GUESS.

OUR FRESH-AIR FUND.

IN the interest of some thousands of children who have a pardonable liking for the country, we again present ourselves, and pass our hat in your direction.

You see, dear reader, that LIFE knows you, and deliberately, and with malice aforethought, presumes upon your sympathy. You have not failed him in previous years and again he counts upon your support. The conditions remain the same: a horde of children who depend for a sniff of country air upon the efforts of their friends, and without this help they spend the entire summer in the city. The more money you give us, the more children we can reach.

Balance from October 12, 1895	\$825 08	May 7, 1896, M. Reincke..	10 00
Nov. 4, 1895, Five little boys, viz.: Zach. Barber, Lee Fraser, Louis Barnard, Reed Hubbell and Gilbert Stark.....	4 32	May 16, 1896, J. H. Perkins, M. D.....	2 46
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May 7, 1896, "Mon" or Mondays.....	1 00	May 19, 1896, Laurenn....	1 50
		May 19, 1896, Francis....	1 50
		May 20, 1896, "The Gleaners".....	6 00
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			\$903 86



By DAISY.

Daisy will publish horoscopes in this department only in the order received. Remember the conditions. Cut out all the pictures from 4,000 copies of LIFE and forward them to Daisy, together with a photograph of your brain by Roentgen.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
Daisy tells us what we are.

H. H. (V-R-L-N-D).

PRESIDENT OF THE METROPOLITAN TRACTION COMPANY AND SOCIETY FOR NERVOUS PROSTRATION.



THIS gentleman was born under Mars, with Job's coffin in the ascendant, a blockade in the solar system, eighteen alarms of fire on Scorpio, the waters of Aquarius turning rapidly red and the Pleiades in Indian file, with golden gongs sounding every second. He is below the medium height, easily recognizable under a microscope; has frescoed features, with a stranded-cable expression, a deaf ear, an old oaken bucket and moss-covered intellect, and has good eyesight, easily seeing a few feet ahead. He looks well in a ball and chain, and should never wear anything else. He is brave and courageous, never quailing at the sight of death; is exceedingly humane, believing that when people are suffering they should be put out of their misery as soon as possible; and he has great faith in others, confident that they will stand almost anything rather than complain. He should travel on the Brooklyn trolley cars for his health, avoid nerve tonics as they are not necessary, sleep in the reservoir, and will find his most congenial companions among cable-car passengers. Would do good work in a hospital, or succeed as a bandit, but will find his best field as the captain of a raft in the Antarctic Ocean.

THE AMBITIOUS TIGER.



MARION (C-R-F-D).

THIS gentleman was born under Leo, Libra making 480 revolutions to the minute, the chimes on Venus playing the Star-Spangled Banner and the rest of the planets working overtime. He is of average height, with retrousse nose, pale-green binding with gold edges, an automatic movement, set to run a lifetime without stops, and has a working capacity of 1800 horse-power. He has a mercurial temperament, which takes him away when he ought to be homestudying others, and he devotes too much time to travel when he could do better work in one place. He is very persevering, prefers manual labor to deep thought, and would do great work in a paper mill. He should take a long rest in some secluded place where he cannot be seen or heard, drink freely of some effective sleeping potion every morning before rising, and come back to the world after twenty years. Looks well in a merry-go-round, and will be successful as the keeper of an Italian fruit-stand, or would do good work at a turning-lathe.

* * *

OTTO VON (B-S-M-R-K).



THIS gentleman was born under an agitated Mars, with that sign in the ascendant, the Sun scorching through space, Leo with his hair standing on end and a bock beer freshet on Aquarius. He is built on the upright plan, with a mahogany finish, Poultney Bigelow pose, has a briar-root expression, wears a head with a brain inside, and looks well in a pale-blue grenadine, with carnation pinks, cut decollete, entrain, with diamond ornaments and tortoise-shell corsage. He has a changeable nature, is very fond of travel, and has been very successful in this direction, frequently altering whole maps with the aid of good-road machines. Is fond of the best society, cares little for kings, and would make a splendid guardian for the extreme young, but not likely to be called. Will do good work as a bareback-rider, or might succeed as an emperor, a Paris concierge or a surveyor.



TANDEM TALKS.

SCENE: *The Knollwood Country Club, overlooking the Golf Links.*

“WHAT enemy of yours suggested the Saw-mill River road as a short cut for a bicycle to this club?” asked Diana as she lifted her face to the cooling breeze from the hills.

“Oh, the usual man who had ridden every foot of the way within a month,” said Adrian.

“That kind of a man is always misleading,” said Diana. “He is absolutely sure of his own senses. What he has once done is always feasible. He never considers changing circumstances. Two weeks of drought have made that road a delusion and a snare, but your practical friend never thought of that.”

“It’s the old question of the value of imagination in practical affairs,” reflected Adrian. “The blindest men I’ve ever known always saw everything.”

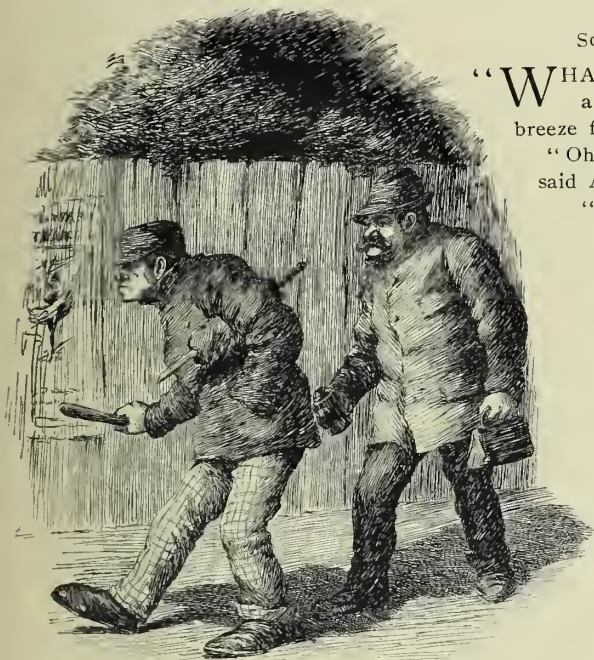
“Oh, the pride of the eye!” said Diana. “It has taken literature by the throat. Poetry, fiction, and science, and religion have become simply records of what other people have seen with their eyes.”

“And yet there *is* a light that never was on sea or land!” said Adrian.

“And children are the only people left who appreciate it,” sighed Diana.

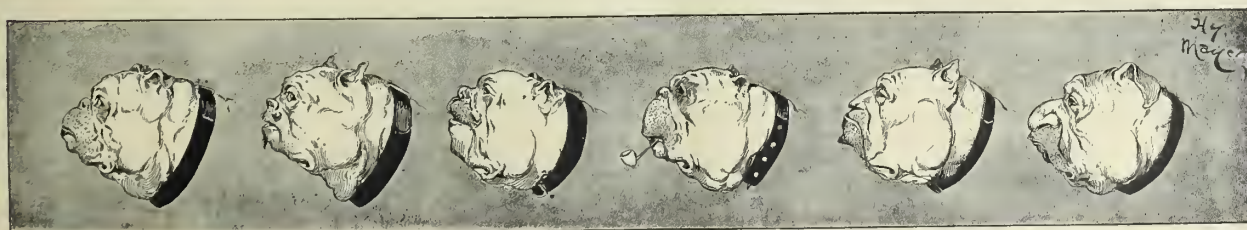
“But we are fast crowding it out of their lives also,” said Adrian. “The other day I heard of some children whose parents had provided them with a real four-in-hand, complete from the ponies to the guard with his livery and gilded horn.”

“Poor little things!” said Diana. “Did they use it?”



BUSINESS TERMS.
TWO OFF FOR CASH.

THE ACCLIMATIZATION OF THE ENGLISH BULLDOG.



AS HE IS.

THE FRENCH.

THE GERMAN.

THE IRISH.

THE YANKEE.

THE HEBREW.



"Their mother said that they went out with it only when ordered, and that they had far more fun out of their old goat-cart," answered Adrian.

"There is some hope for those children yet!" exclaimed Diana. "They have realized that a perfectly appointed four-in-hand can never be anything else; but that a rickety old goat-cart can be anything under the sun—from the gorgeously gilded band-wagon of a circus to an ocean steamship with Billy's horns for smoke-stacks. I would not exchange the voyages I have taken in a goat-cart for all that my steam-yacht has brought me."

"That is one of the things about you that more than half pleases me," said Adrian, patronizingly. "With a yacht pulling at her anchor chains in the harbor, and forty men to do your bidding, you prefer to ride thirty miles through dust and sun on a tandem!"

"Another case of goat-cart," laughed Diana. "It wasn't the Saw-mill River road and the dust and grime for me; from Neperhan to Elmsford I was a Bedouin chief, chasing across the desert on a camel. The low-banked clouds were caravans; the little lake was a mirage; the way-side spring where we stopped to drink by the horse-trough was an oasis. The lays of Bayard Taylor and Tom Moore were singing in my ears, and the canvases of Fortuny flashed before my eyes like brilliant tropic birds."

"And poor little me!" jibed Adrian—"I who pushed so hard on the hills—what part had I in your dreaming?"

"Oh, you were an Abyssinian slave whom I bought in the market of Khartoum to be my camel driver, and pitch my tent, and wave my great fan of ostrich feathers when I stopped at midday for food."

"That is always your idea of a man," sighed Adrian. "Some day you will wake up and find that desert and slave have vanished like a mirage."

"Till then I shall rule in my kingdom," said Diana, and lightly tripped away, up the links.

Droch.

THE "HERALD'S" MISTAKE.

THE *New York Herald* recently offered a prize to the gripman who could conduct one of the Broadway Chambers of Horrors around the curve at 53d Street

and Columbus Avenue with the least loss of life during the day; the award to be made by a committee of reputable citizens.

President Vreeland, however, refused to consider the proposition, on the ground that the gripmen were all good men and true and that such a contest would be unfavorable to discipline.

If the *Herald* had offered a prize to be given to the man who succeeded in dispatching the greatest number of human beings and crippling others who escaped with their lives, perhaps Vreeland would have smiled on the idea.



"WILL YOU HELP A LOVE-LORN MAN, MUM?"

"LOVE-LORN MAN! WHY, YESTERDAY YOU HAD TEN SICK CHILDREN AND WERE BLIND YOURSELF."

"I KNOW IT, MUM, BUT THE CHILDREN ALL DIED AND THE SHOCK RESTORED MY EYESIGHT."



WHAT THE DAILY PAPER IS DOING FOR US.

THE RIGHT THING.

“WHEN you leave me, dear,” she said, Hiding not her yawning, “Whisper not to me ‘good night’ : Rather say : ‘good morning.’”

“SCIENCE” IN MILWAUKEE.

THE following extract from a letter to the editor of the *Journal of Zoophily*, gives assurance that the benign hand of the vivisector is busy in Michigan :

The sights I saw in the Milwaukee Medical College are indescribable. It would tax your patience too much to read all this matter explained explicitly, so I will come to the point.

I passed the college late one afternoon and noticed a student standing in the door with a pole in his hand to which was attached a piece of meat. I wondered what he was doing, and stopped and watched him. Just then an Irish setter came along and the student enticed him to take the meat. When the dog was near enough he grabbed him and took him into the college.

I was anxious to find out what they would do to the dog, and the same evening I went to the college (I only live a few blocks from it), and the moaning and groaning of the dogs called my attention to the basement window. Looking in, the sight I saw I never want to see again. Eleven dogs were in there, five of which were slashed, and all alive. Some were bandaged, and two were lying there with their eyes put out ; some were moaning pitifully.

Lovers of dogs may disapprove of this, but they should not forget the pleasure it gives the medical student. The vivisector must have his fun, and until he is squelched by law he will continue to take it.

HOW SHE KNEW.

CLARA: Didn't he kiss you?

MAUDE: What, did you hear me scream?

“No. I heard you utter a cry of joy.”

• L



IN DAYS TO COME WHO V



LOOK AFTER THIS BOY ?



A PROPHET BEFORE HIS TIME.

WHEN Whitcomb Riley did declare
That "June wants me
and I'm to spare,"
He dreamed not of the present
day
When Bill McKinley feels that
way.

"NO wonder my ribs are
always so plainly in
evidence!" soliloquized the
umbrella, morosely, "people
invariably strike me for a raise
on a rainy day!"

ENCOURAGING.

WHEELMAN: Can you
tell me how far it is to
Dooganville?

THE NATIVE: Nigh 'bout
ten mile; but them things goes
so fast I reckon yer can make
it less'n that.

RECONCILED.

PLUTO: You seem rather pleased with your quarters here.

NEW YORKER: Thank Heaven, I've reached a place at last
where the temperature is stationary.

A GOOD REASON.

JOHNNY had not been at school Monday afternoon, so when
he came on Tuesday morning the teacher sent him home to
get a written excuse from his mother explaining his absence.
After about an hour he returned with ink on his fingers and a
somewhat soiled note which read as follows: "Miss Brown please
excuse Johnny for not being to school yesterday I could not
come because I tore my pants and oblige Mrs J Smith."

IT is probable that the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Com-
pany of Boston will have the most momentous time in Lon-
don of any company that ever went on a visit. It is at least

thirty years since any
body of American
soldiers, regular or
otherwise, has em-
barked on an errand
so gorged with pos-
sibilities of extinction
as this trip these ven-
turesome Bostonians
have planned. Every
man of them who
lives to get home and
survives for a year
and a day afterwards
should receive a med-
al from Congress.



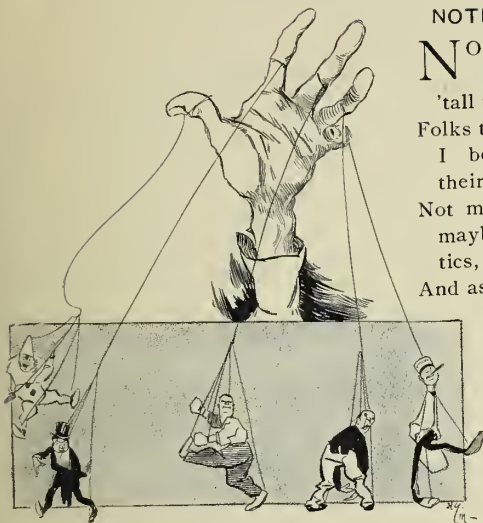
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NEW LIGHT ON AN OLD SUBJECT.

THIS restoration by a famous sculptor of the Bieclo-Archæological school,
throws a new light on the true meaning of this immortal statue. The whole
attitude of the lady, the shoulders and the extended arms, the anxious poise of
the head and the uplifted knee all combine in a perfect harmony, and clear up a
mystery that for three-quarters of a century has baffled the keenest antiquarians.

NOTHIN' TER SAY.

NOTHIN' ter say,
my party, nothin'
'tall ter say.
Folks that's as mum as
I be gineraly has
their way.
Not manly, eh? Well,
maybe, but it's poli-
tics, you bet,
And as long as William
gets there the
country it can
fret.
It's tweedle dee
or tweedle
dum, ta-ra-ra
boom de aye,
Nothin' ter say,
good people,



hain't got nothin' ter say.

Nothin' ter say, my party, nothin' 'tall ter say;
I notice when the people rise they gineraly has *their*
way.
They may be blind and foolish, and I don't know but
they be,
But that part of ther circus haint worryin' Hanna 'n me.
The game o' straddle is a game I reckon I kin play —
Nothin' ter say, good people, hain't got nothin' ter say.
Nothin' ter say, my party, nothin' 'tall ter say,
Just waitin' 'round an' keepin' mum, for that's the game
ter play;
I'm perchin' here upon the fence in my ambitious style:
It may be gold or silver, but you won't know yet
awhile.
Just sittin' here an' keepin' mum not givin' myself
away—
Nothin' ter say, good people, nothin' 'tall ter say.

W. McK-n-l-y (with
apologies to James Whitcomb Riley.)



The Boy's First Thought: "MOTHER WON'T BE ABLE TO FEEL OF MY CLOTHES NOW, TO SEE WHETHER I'VE BEEN IN SWIMMING OR NOT."



She: WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING, I WONDER?
Wantergo Holmes: THEY SEEM TO ME TO BE ASKING IF
I WOULD MIND SHARING MY SUPPER WITH THEM.

SOMETHING OFF.

"A N' so O'Flannigan was sint up fer loife, ye sez?"

"Yis, but his friends do be thryin' to get his sintence redooced tin years."

QUEEN VICTORIA was seventy-seven years old Sunday before last, and her birthday was celebrated by her subjects all around the world, and by none more zealously than by our neighbors in Canada. LIFE does not believe it risks any very biting criticism from any good American when it says that if celebrations of the Queen's birthday in the United States would encourage the indefinite recurrence of those anniversaries, they might be compassed in considerable number and with very hearty good will. The good Queen is admired and honored in this country. Long life to her and peace of mind!



SOME time ago, in a New York club, some one was telling about a woman who had just married her third husband. "By the way," the gentleman asked, "where is her first husband buried?" "He was cremated," was the answer. "And the second?" "Also cremated." "By Jove!" observed Fred Wright, Jr., the comedian, "that woman has husbands to burn."—*Argonaut*.

"WHAT do you think of my work with the camera?" asked the young man, who is an enthusiastic amateur photographer.

"It's splendid, in its way," replied the girl who means well. "It is better than any of the professional caricaturists can do."—*Washington Evening Star*.

RUDYARD KIPLING gives out this explanation of the statement in an Australian newspaper that "Rudyard Kipling landed on this island at twelve o'clock, and at twelve-sixteen o'clock he had formulated an Australian policy": "A young reporter cornered me just after I landed. I treated him kindly, but said firmly that I was not to be interviewed. 'I have not thought of interviewing you,' replied the reporter, with a sadness in his voice; 'I ask a much greater favor than that.'" It turned out that the reporter had an Australian policy which he knew would be of the greatest benefit to the country. No paper would print it. His modest request was that Kipling would let him put forth his theory as the scheme of the novelist. "They will print it," he said, "if I give it as coming from you." "All right," agreed Kipling, "fire ahead." So

the young reporter got in four mortal columns telling the people of Australia how to run their country. "I never read the article," said Kipling; "but there must have been some amazing theories in it from the storm it raised."—*Argonaut*.

"WHAT is the best sign of Spring weather?"

"That delightful feeling which makes you want to sit down and watch other people work."—*Chicago Record*.

BESSIE CHANDLER, the writer of stories and verses for children, is a daughter of Commodore Chandler, of the navy. At one time in their family they had a little negro boy who was not very busy, and spent his spare time idling about the rooms where the ladies sat. They would puzzle their wits to keep the boy at work. One day Mrs. Chandler was busy and sent Johnny into the next room.

"You may take your slate and pencil," she said, "and write me a letter."

The boy obeyed. By and by there came a shrill call: "Please, missus, I've got it wrote. It says:

"DEAR MISSUS—Kin I go down to the tennis-court and see them play tennis?"

"Respectfully yours, JOHNNY."

Mrs. Chandler was not ready to admit him as yet so she replied: "Oh, well; write me a postscript." Again a silence, so prolonged that finally she went into the room to investigate. There was no boy there. The slate lay on the chair face upward. She read the

NEW PUBLICATIONS

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK.

Poems and Ballads. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

Weir of Hermiston. An unfinished romance by Robert Louis Stevenson.

The North Shore of Massachusetts. By Robert Grant. Illustrated by W. T. Smedley.

White Satin and Homespun. By Katrina Trask. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

Memoirs of a Little Girl. By Winifred Johnes. New York and London: The Transatlantic Publishing Co.

Aucassin and Nicolette. A song. Boston: Copeland & Day.

message he had first called out, and underneath it this addition: "P. S.—I have went."—*Argonaut*.

PROBABLY the incident that will be longest remembered in connection with Colorado Belford's Congressional career was his attack upon a Democratic member of the House, concluding as follows:

"There he sits, Mr. Speaker!" exclaimed the Red-headed Rooster of the Rockies, pointing his finger at his Democratic victim, "there he sits: mute, silent, and dumb!"

"Yes, Mr. Speaker," interrupted a member of the Democratic side, "and he ain't saying a word."—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

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Daily NET Average for 1895, - - - 51,733

Daily NET Average First Four Months, 1896, - - - 64,775

TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY.

THE investigators whose names appear in the newspapers in connection with Roentgen ray experiments are a good deal bothered by applications from people who imagine they have bullets or other unpleasant foreign substance in various parts of their anatomy. The story goes that not long ago a certain local scientist received the following letter:

DEAR SIR: I have had a bullet in my thorax for seven years. I am too busy to come to Cleveland, but hope you will be able to come down here and locate the bullet, as I am sure the case is worth your while. If you can't come yourself, send your apparatus, and I will get one of the doctors here to use it.

Yours truly,

Here is the local man's reply:

DEAR SIR: Very sorry I cannot find time to visit you. Nor will I be able to send my apparatus. If you can't come to Cleveland yourself send me your thorax by express, and I will do the best I can with it.

Yours truly,

—Cleveland Post.

A FAT French lady despairingly says: "I am so fat that I pray for a disappointment to make me thin, but no sooner does the disappointment come than the joy at the prospect of getting thin makes me fatter than ever."—Exchange.

AN effective reproof was that given by an elderly man to a fashionably dressed young woman who, as it seems, must have been surprised out of her "manners."

The young woman was walking rapidly along a street shaded by many trees, when the elderly man, coming up behind her, saw a large, fuzzy caterpillar on the collar of her coat.

"I beg your pardon," he said, laying a detaining hand on her arm as he

spoke and removing the obnoxious crawler, "I wished to take off this caterpillar which was almost at your neck."

The young woman stared haughtily and with an air of resentment at the caterpillar and was about to pass on, with no word of thanks.

"If I made a mistake, and you would prefer to have the caterpillar replaced, I can easily put it back," said the gentleman, courteously, suiting the action to the word.—*Youth's Companion*.

MILSON: Haven't you gone to housekeeping yet?

NEWLY-MARRIED MAN: No; we're waiting to save up enough to live in keeping with the style of the wedding-presents.—*Philadelphia North American*.

"FEEL all at sea, old man?" asked the seasoned passenger, who thought he saw a chance to get funny.

"No," said the dejected passenger, who was leaning over the side of the ship, "I guess there is still a remnant of me on board."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

IT was a London diamond broker and he was trying to get into the social swim. At last he received cards for a certain imposing function, but unfortunately, about the same time, was forced to assume the leading role in an unsavory police court case.

"You 'ave now done it," exclaimed his friends. "You vill get a leedle note to say der dance has been postponed, and you vill not be told when der day is!"

"Nod so," exclaimed the Jew, "I have der invitation to Somerset House taken to get it stamped. It is now a contract."—*Wave*.

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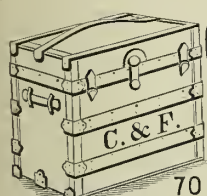
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The baby needs it in
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and plump: the
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GENERAL AGENTS.



RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION.

IT was a very small Western town, and the only train out of it that night left at two o'clock. The traveling-man had impressed upon the night porter of the hotel the importance of calling him in time for this train. Promptly at 1:30 a prodigious knock roused the sleeper.

"Say! be yez the man what wants the two-o'clock thrain?"

"Yes," was the sleepy reply from within.

"Well, yez can shlope an hour longer, fer she's so much late."

The heavy feet shuffled off down the hall, and silence ensued. Another hour had passed, when Pat again knocked.

"Say! be yez the felly what said he wanted to ketch the two-o'clock thrain?"

"Yes!" and there was a sound of the man hastily springing from his bed.

"Well," drawled Pat, "yez can go back to bed again, fer she's another hour late."

A forcible remark or two proceeded from the traveling man's room, and were audible to his awakened neighbors, as was the departure of Pat; but soon all was quiet again, and the few occupants of the hotel were left for some time to undisturbed repose. Just as the first faint streaks of dawn were tinging the sky, Pat once more made his presence known, and, in tones giving unmistakable evidence of recent and heavy slumber, remarked:

"Say! if yez was the felly what wanted to ketch the two-o'clock thrain, yez can shlope till mornin', fer, bedad, the blame thing's gone!"—*Harper's Magazine*.

A PROMINENT Detroit firm having a millinery department in their store received the following mail order for a bonnet from a patron who wrote that she lived "where millinery is not of a high order." She therefore sent the following:

"DIRECTIONS FOR BONNET."

"Mazure of head from ear to ear over top of the head 12 inches; from ear to ear under my chin $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches; from forehead to back hare 7 inches. I want a black lase bonnet with streamers and rozetts of red or yellow satting ribbon an' would like a bunch of pink Rozes or a blue ploom behind with a black jet buckel. If artifshels is still all the go I want a bunch of grapes or a bird's tale somewhares. I do not dezire anything too fansy but if you think a reath of pansies would look good you may put one on. I have some good pink ribbon here at home so you need not put on strings."—*Detroit Free Press*.

A STORY is told of a now famous American artist, who was seen one day during his struggling days in Paris, with his clothes in the last stage of dissolution, and his shoes tied up with twine. But there was a wild gleam in his eye. "I've got a hundred dollars!" he shouted to a friend across the street, quite oblivious of the crowd—"a hundred dollars, and I'm going to buy some shoe-strings!"—*Argonaut*.

WHEN Mark Twain was married, his bride's father bought and furnished a handsome house for the young pair. Twain knew nothing of it until after the wedding, when it was shown to him in all its completeness by a party of his wife's relatives, and, of course, his wife, who at length broke out, "It's our house—yours and mine—a present from father." He choked up and, with tears in his eyes, stammered out to his father-in-law, "Mr. Langdon, whenever you are in Buffalo, if it's twice a year, come right up here and bring your bag with you. You may stay over night, if you want to. It shan't cost you a cent!"—*Harper's Magazine*.

DURING the Franco-Prussian war, Napoleon the Third gave orders that no war correspondents should accompany the French troops, for the reason that "the effects of our mitrailleuses will be so terrible, and those writers will make such descriptions of them that our battles will impress people as mere massacres, and everybody will have a horror of them." A reporter of *Le Figaro*, Alfred d'Aunao, was so indignant at the Emperor's order that he exclaimed: "Very well, then; we shall not puff this war!"—*Wave*.

A GEORGIA justice recently sentenced a man to be hanged. On the lawyer explaining that there was no law which empowered him to pronounce the death sentence, he replied: "That may be, but I've hung six of 'em jest the same!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.



"SIT IN DOT CHAIR WIDOUT ANY SEAT IN IT, SHAKEY, DEN YOU VON'T VEAR OUT YOUR PANTS SO QUICK."

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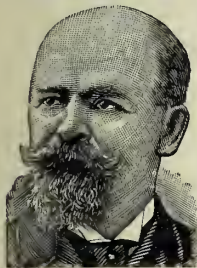
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"I had rather be right than President." And we know why he was right, and what gave the inspiration, Kentucky traditions relate that he and James Crow, the founder of the Old Crow distillery, used to get together, way back in the early forties, and discuss national and State topics over their cups of
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 "I DON'T BLAME HIM! HE'S TIRED OF BEING REFUSED."

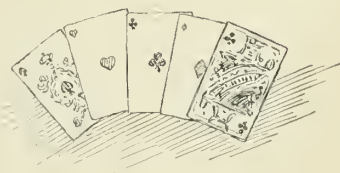
A TRUE GENTLEMAN.

GUEST (of summer hotel, to proprietor): Your head-clerk is one of the most accommodating men I ever saw.

PROPRIETOR: I'm glad you think so. What has he done for you?

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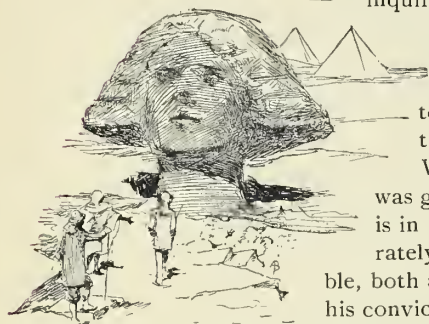
A GOOD DEAL FOR THE MONEY.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVII. JUNE 11, 1896. No. 702.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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"BY-THE-WAY," impertinently inquires the *Tribune*, "where is 'the William E. Russell who was governor of Massachusetts from 1890 to 1893?'" That is a question easily answered. Mr. William E. Russell, who was governor of Massachusetts, is in Boston and can be accurately located without any trouble, both as to his person and as to his convictions on matters of public moment. His office is on Court Street or thereabouts and he believes

in the gold standard.

Can the *Tribune*, being thus enlightened, give information in return about the William McKinley who was governor of Ohio from 1894 to 1896? Where is he? Where, oh where does he stand and what does he stand for? Anxious citizens who have held their ears to the ground report the detection of faint tones from the direction of Canton, Ohio, tremulously chanting:

I'm sitting on the stile, Marie,
Where we sat side by side.

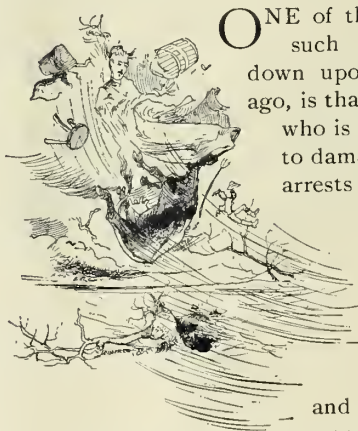
Is that the Major, neighbor? Point your glass at him from your tall tower, and if he gets down kindly advise us which side of the fence he drops on.

THINGS that do not happen sometimes have a very important influence upon events. New York did not succeed in getting President Gilman to be superintendent of her public schools, but the effort to get him and his inclination to come at least established the dimensions of our school superintendent's job. The office ranks now as one of the very foremost educational offices in the country. Superintendent Jasper, who is to fill it for the next six years, is not regarded as an eminent modern educator or as fully qualified to improve the chances that the place gives him, but he is at least a respectable superintendent and will bestir himself, no doubt, to disappoint his critics.



wise course. Trinity Church, in New York, is in the real estate business up to its knees, perhaps somewhat deeper, and endures the embarrassments of it with exemplary fortitude. But Trinity's case is exceptional, since it has the advantage of owning something more than an equity in its holdings.

IT seems that Colonel Astor and the American Surety Company have come to terms and that the Surety Company is going to pay for its easements, and that the Schermerhorn Building will not rise up and shut them off. That is well on all accounts. Projectors of future tall buildings will please take notice that while the desire to get something for nothing is thrifty and altogether human, the realization of it is highly precarious and liable to prejudice and grievous disappointment.



ONE of the distressing features of such a calamity as swooped down upon St. Louis a fortnight ago, is that there is no one to blame who is either punishable or liable to damages. No investigations, arrests or actions for damages follow a cyclone. Even the newspapers haven't much to say except in their news columns. There is nothing to do but to clear up the wreckage, start again, and rebuild. One single good point is to be credited to cyclones. They encourage the construction of strong buildings of moderate height.

A RUSSIAN Raines bill with a comprehensive free lunch clause might have saved the Czar the mortification of having thousands of his subjects lose their lives in their efforts to enjoy his hospitality. After all, there are advantages about having an uncrowned boss like our Mr. Platt.

MARIGOLD LANE

I KNOW of a street on the edge of the town
Where blithely the sunshine of spring-time looks down
And lilacs lean over, all purple and white,
To make for the passing a path of delight—
Though Fashion ignores with profoundest disdain
The very existence of Marigold Lane.



And often and often when homeward I'm bound
I find myself taking the longest way 'round,
With smiles at my thoughts as there comes into view
A dear little house, that would just do for two,
Announcing "To Let," like a tender refrain
Of songs that my heart sings in Marigold Lane.

In fancy sometimes at the window I see
Her curly head nodding a welcome to me,
And sometimes at twilight she stands by the gate,
Half-hid by the shadows, to listen and wait
For footsteps she loves—Ah, the castles in Spain
I build as I wander through Marigold Lane!

So dreaming and hoping, I'm biding the day
When 'round flies the news that there's raising of pay;
And then in the gloaming when Nellie and I,
Arm over, arm under, go loitering by—
It may be the sign will not hang out in vain
On the cottage I covet in Marigold Lane.

M. E. W.





APPRECIATION AND IRRITATION IN CRITICISM.

THERE are two kinds of criticism—one is a record of Appreciations and the other a record of Irritations. Each has a distinct and useful work to perform. The criticism of appreciation is the pleasanter reading. If there are certain things about a book that soothe the critic's nerves, please his fancy and satisfy his taste, it is a real delight to the general reader to have the critic tell of these things with some show of enthusiasm. The general reader likes to think well of himself and of his fellow-man; he likes to be on terms of equal intimacy with the authors that he brings to his fireside lamp.

It has another side to it, however. A placid acceptance of his own standards as the best and a reinforcement of that belief by affable criticism of mediocre books are the aids and abettors of Philistinism that will never become conscious of its own shortcomings. The criticism of appreciation may be founded on a gentle and wholly commendable social instinct, which bids a man be agreeable to his fellow-man; but progress and improvement do not always lie in that direction.

* * *

PHILOSOPHERS and physicians both tell us that there is a benign and salutary office performed by pain. It is the danger signal that gives warning of an approaching disorder or an impending catastrophe. Now there are certain things about even the best books that ought not to give a

pleasurable emotion to a sensitive intelligence, open to all the light and anxious for progress toward higher intellectual standards.

The criticism of irritation gives warning of these; like pain it is not pleasant, and often leaves one weary and wan; but, if the irritation expressed is that of a sane, aggressive intelligence, the result will be wholesome for the reader, and may be improving for the writer, but of this I have serious doubt.

* * *

FOUR books of criticism have been recently published that seem to show that we are now in the era of the criticism of appreciation. They are Quiller-Couch's "Adventures in Criticism," Richard Le Gallienne's "Retrospective Reviews," Hamilton Wright Mabie's "Nature and Culture," and Edmund Gosse's "Critical Kit-Kat." Of these books Mr. Mabie's is the only one approaching a standard of continuous constructive criticism. He has a thesis, well-defined and clearly expressed, that is carefully developed in each succeeding chapter. Literature is freely used to illustrate and illuminate the points in the argument.

Mr. Gosse's volume ranges from Beddoes to Walt Whitman and Robert Louis Stevenson. It is marked by all of his precision as a scholar, and full appreciation of the worthies of an earlier epoch.

But "Q" and Le Gallienne are intensely modern. They remind one of Prof. Perry's remark that for the modern young man literature begins with Stevenson. The volume of "Q," however, contains certain entertaining studies of Chaucer, Carew, Drayton, etc., which indicate that English literature had a respectable past. Le Gallienne's volumes



A ROOMER AFLOAT.

live and move in the present moment. The new poets—Watson, Davidson, Gale, Alice Meynell, Yeats—are here given that full appreciation which is the largest part of a contemporary poet's reward.

All of the volumes, except Mr. Ma-bie's, have essays on Stevenson, each revealing the tremendous influence that he had on writers of widely differing taste. Meredith, as poet and novelist, also comes in for the enthusiastic appreciation of disciples rather than critics. *Droch.*

LIGHT AT LAST!

McKinley Declares Himself On the Money Question.

To the Editor of LIFE.

DEAR SIR—I am well aware that the proper solution of the financial problem is the question of primal importance now before this country. Many Eastern newspapers have accused me of being a silverite, while Western journals are untiring in their efforts to make me out a gold bug. No honest man can be both these things. And I say now, and I say it here in the columns of your paper and over my own signature, to echo in trumpet tones from ocean to ocean, unequivocally, and with no attempt at prevarication, that I always have been, now am, and intend to remain whatever I consider for the best good and future welfare of

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

The above letter is not yet received,



BUILDING TERMS.
FLOORED WITH A HARD-WOOD FINISH.

but as it may arrive at any moment we obey the dictates of American journalistic enterprise and lose no time in printing it.

HOW THEY WOULD HAVE MISSED HIM.

MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS was one of the handful of Americans who saw the Czar crowned. It is well that he should have been there, for he can tell a good story about any show he sees, and any show at which he is present is a bigger and better show, and better worth describing, than it could have been without him. The report that after the ceremonies Mr. Davis tried on the crown and found it three sizes too small is probably a fake born of the jealousy of the other newspapermen.



"I AM SORRY, GENTLEMEN, BUT I CANNOT ACCOMMODATE YOU. I —"
"NOW DON'T SAY YOU DID NOT EXPECT US. YOU KNOW WE COME EVERY YEAR."



"HERE IS SOMETHING THE DOCTOR SAYS ONE BOTTLE OF WHICH WILL MAKE A NEW WOMAN OF YOU."



"WHEN THE DOCTOR CALLS TO-DAY, JOHN, YOU MAY TELL HIM THAT I FEEL THAT I AM ALL RIGHT NOW."

THE BOARDING-HOUSE KEEPER.

SHE HAS A LANGUAGE OF HER OWN.

TO her you are either a "Transient" or a "Permanent." Your visitors she briefly catalogues as "Your Company." Such human beings as are neither "Transients," "Permanents" nor "Your Company" she scornfully describes as "Parties."

She also suffers from some chronic trouble which she calls her "Help."

There is a variety of dishes on her table, but it is a variety that never varies.

She is noted for her large collection of combination folding-beds, and a power of inspiring such

conversation as a prominent humorist calls "Repartee." In fact, impecunious literary gentlemen began to regard her as a source of income. The fact, however, that she retains the trunks (Saratoga, not anatomical) of several gentlemen of this class shows that her power of inspiring marketable-serio-comic repartee has possibly been over-rated.

She tells you with an air of simple earnest conviction that her boarding-house is "not like other boarding-houses." All members of her profession tell you this, and, as the assertion is repeated from varying lips and localities, you are gradually convinced that, in spite of contradictory appearances, there is no boarding-house anywhere that is anything like other boarding-houses.

She "never expected to have to come to this." This total lack of preparation is also peculiar to all ladies of her profession, and may explain their peculiar methods of torturing the homeless.

Jessie M. Wood.

A STATISTICIAN.

PERRY PATETTIC: Now, this here paper says that the production of beer in the United States is fifteen gallons fer every inhabitant—and that's where the Prohibition party is a good thing.

WAYWORN WATSON: Fer why?

PERRY PATETTIC: Buccause every fifteen gallons the Prohit's don't drink is that much more for us liberal people.

CLERGYMAN: No; Sunday was not intended to be spent in fishing.

HIS LITTLE SON: Isn't it strange, papa, that the fish bite on Sunday?



"LOOK HERE, YOU CONFOUNDED PILL ROLLER, SIT DOWN THERE AND WRITE THAT YOU THINK THE BICYCLE IS INJURIOUS TO WOMEN; ALSO WRITE A PRESCRIPTION COUNTERACTING THAT MEDICINE YOU GAVE HER."



By DAISY.

Daisy will publish horoscopes in this department only in the order received. Remember the conditions. Cut out all the pictures from 4,000 copies of LIFE and forward them to Daisy, together with a photograph of your brain by Roentgen.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
Daisy tells us what we are.

BRET (H-R-T).



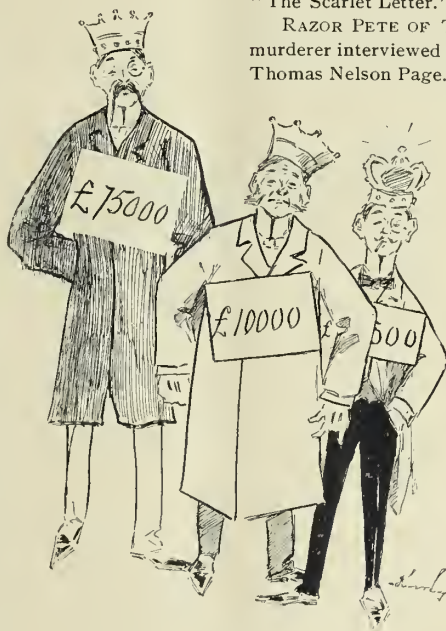
THIS gentleman was born midway between Libra and Venus in hyphen with the Great Bear, Scorpio playing nine pins with the Pleiades, and the cross of St. George tattooed on Uranus in living letters of light, with pink posters on the sun, moon and stars. He is tall and gazelle-like, has a glad face with a Crystal Palace front, personally conducted features, and should be branded with a crest, and wear a blue and red escutcheon in plain view. He is very patriotic, visiting his native soil at infrequent intervals, and was once an author, but that was before he got into good society. He is the possessor of a rare tact, dances the two-step with inimitable grace, knows the difference between a silk hat and a sack coat, and is a great favorite with the ladies, conversing with them for hours on things he has forgotten. Should avoid the West, and would do well as a companion to some nice old lady, or might make a good dealer in second-hand goods.

* * *

HENRY (I-R-V-N-G).



THIS gentleman was born under a property moon in what t'ell with Virgo, Taurus loose, Venus dead to the world, and Job's coffin in hysterics. He stands fourteen hands high, has a Newark face, with Jersey City features; can do a mile in eighteen minutes when hard pressed; has a voice that is cheap at eight dollars a cord, and looks well in a tunnel. He lacks magnetism, should avoid places of amusement, learn to read and recite, and would do good work as a foghorn on an unhabitated island. He has had many hard struggles which others have viewed with alarm, and he should learn to be more considerate, retire at 7.30 every evening, wear a head-rest, and live in a parachute when awake. Will find his most congenial com-

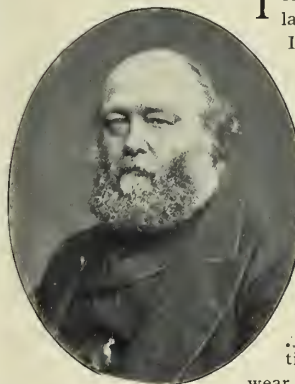


THE DEAR THINGS.

panions among people with a keen sense of humor; will succeed as the keeper of a lighthouse, a supe, or a brakeman on a railroad.

* * *

LORD (S-L-S-B-R-Y).



THIS gentleman was born under a fresh-laid Aurora Borealis in opposition to Leo, with Cancer hypnotized, the boundary lines on Mars visible to the naked eye, a malarious sun, and the Great Bear in the ascendant. He is beneath the average height, with an automatic, adjustable frame, ruby eyes, with a cast-iron face and a paddle-wheel extension that takes water freely. Evil times in '97. A period of long unbroken rest to come. He should avoid all excitement, live in a torrid zone, roll in the grass at least three times a day, eat his own words freely, wear a curb when awake, and sleep on a barbed-wire fence. Looks well in a jungle and will not succeed in control, but will do good work as a chimney-sweep, a diver, or a sword-swallower.

OUR LITERARY REPORTERS.

IF literature continues to be dragged into daily journalism by the almighty dollar, we may expect in the near future to see the sensational newspapers of the day advertise the following special attractions for the 3-cent *Sunday Infernal* and the 5-cent *Sunday Horror*:

THE FIERCEST DOG FIGHT IN THE WORLD reported for the *Sunday Infernal* by Richard Harding Davis.

THE DICKEY DIVORCE CASE. Edgar Saltus interviews the accused maid for the *Sunday Infernal*.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE'S WILD RIDE ON A CABLE CAR. A thrilling story of the perils of a great city by the son of the author of "The Scarlet Letter." See to-morrow's *Sunday Infernal*.

RAZOR PETE OF THOMPSON STREET. The notorious colored murderer interviewed in the Tombs by that master of negro dialect, Thomas Nelson Page. In to-morrow's *Infernal*.

HALF HOURS IN HELL'S KITCHEN. A realistic study of the wickedest spot in New York, prepared especially for the *Sunday Infernal* by William Dean Howells.

THE ELECTROCUTION OF BILL THE BRUTE, from the pen of the gifted New England authoress, Miss Mary E. Wilkins. See Sunday's *Infernal*.

A LADY SHOPLIFTER OF QUALITY. Light-fingered Lucy interviewed in the Raymond Street Jail by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Written especially for the *Sunday Horror*.

HOW IT FEELS TO FALL FROM A BALLOON. Brander Matthews relates a hair-raising adventure that will interest all *Sunday Horror* readers.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR BROTHERS-IN-LAW? A thoughtful sociological study by Rudyard Kipling, author of "A Family Affair" and the "Rough and Tumble Book." Written exclusively for the *Sunday Horror*.



NARCISSUS O



THE HAPPY MAN.



THE news ran fast — the man of mirth was dead!
They brought the tidings to the young king's door,
And royal heads were bowed, and masses said,
While women wept, and men lamented sore.

But said the king to one, a trusted slave:
"Go thou at night to where the dead man lies
And search and find the amulet that gave
Him power from Sorrow's all-embracing eyes

To hide; for sleepless on my couch I toss,
Vext lest my foe o'ertake me with his guile,
The day is darkened by some cloud of loss;
I know not how this man could jest and smile!"

Then came the slave again, and answer made:
"No charm, O king, that happy man did wear,
Save this — a dagger with a two-edged blade,
This bore he in his heart; we found it there,
And while we stood amazed such thing to see,
Upon his couch arose and spake the dead:
'Death was the sweetest boon Life gave to me,
My jests and smiles scarce hid my pain,' he said."

Annie M. L. Hawes.

AS gunpowder and whiskey precede civilization, so bromo and soda mints follow it.

SPIRITUALIST.
COMMUNICATE
WITH
DEPARTED FRIENDS.



A HAPPY MEDIUM.

IN THE NEW AGE.

THE man of the future sat patiently darning the family socks. From time to time his mild blue eyes glanced wearily at the pile of mending at his elbow, and he sighed as he thought of the raw Irishman in the kitchen, who needed incessant instruction in the simplest details of culinary art. Two noisy, sturdy girls, as aggressive as became their sex, romped merrily about the sewing-room, aggravating his headache; while their



gentle little brother sat quietly by his father's side, studying the pictures in an old book of bygone fashions which he had found, and which appealed, of course, to the instincts of the miniature man.

"Look, father!" he said, pointing to an old print of the year 1890—"see what queer clothes that man has on! What are they? Did men really wear them then?"

"Yes, dear," said his father, laying down his needle for a moment and bending over the page—"I never saw any; but father once told me that grandfather wore them when he was a boy. They called them pantaloons."

P. Leonard.

A PROOF OF AFFECTION.

MISS TOWNLEY: Yes, indeed, uncle, I love birds.

UNCLE GREENFIELD: I thought you hated them?

"Why! Don't you see I have four in the house?"

"I see you have — in cages."

WE may be led into temptation the first time, but after that we can generally find our own way.

WHAT IS A LIAR.

SO the vivisector objects to being called a liar!

Well, well!

If he is not a liar, what is he? In what category does he expect to be placed when he tells us—not only tells us, but shouts it at us with both fists—that animals suffer no pain while being cut up alive?

It is presumably an indication of an unscientific mind when we refuse to believe that any real, out-and-out enjoyment of life is possible during

"the inserting of tubes into arteries, as advised and practiced by Stephen Hales, of Teddington; the covering of the shaven skins of animals with varnish, of Drs. Kleinberg and Prolatus; the starvings of Dr. Chossatt; stopping wind-pipes with corks; keeping animals forcibly under water until almost dead, then, by methods as cruel, restoring them to consciousness; holding the heads of Guinea pigs in basins of quicksilver; cramming the mouths and larynxes of dogs with liquid plaster of Paris until it solidifies."

FIZZER: I tell you what, old boy, it's a case that makes my heart bleed. The fellow has died and left a wife and six little ones entirely unprovided for.

QUIZZER: Didn't he even have his life insured?

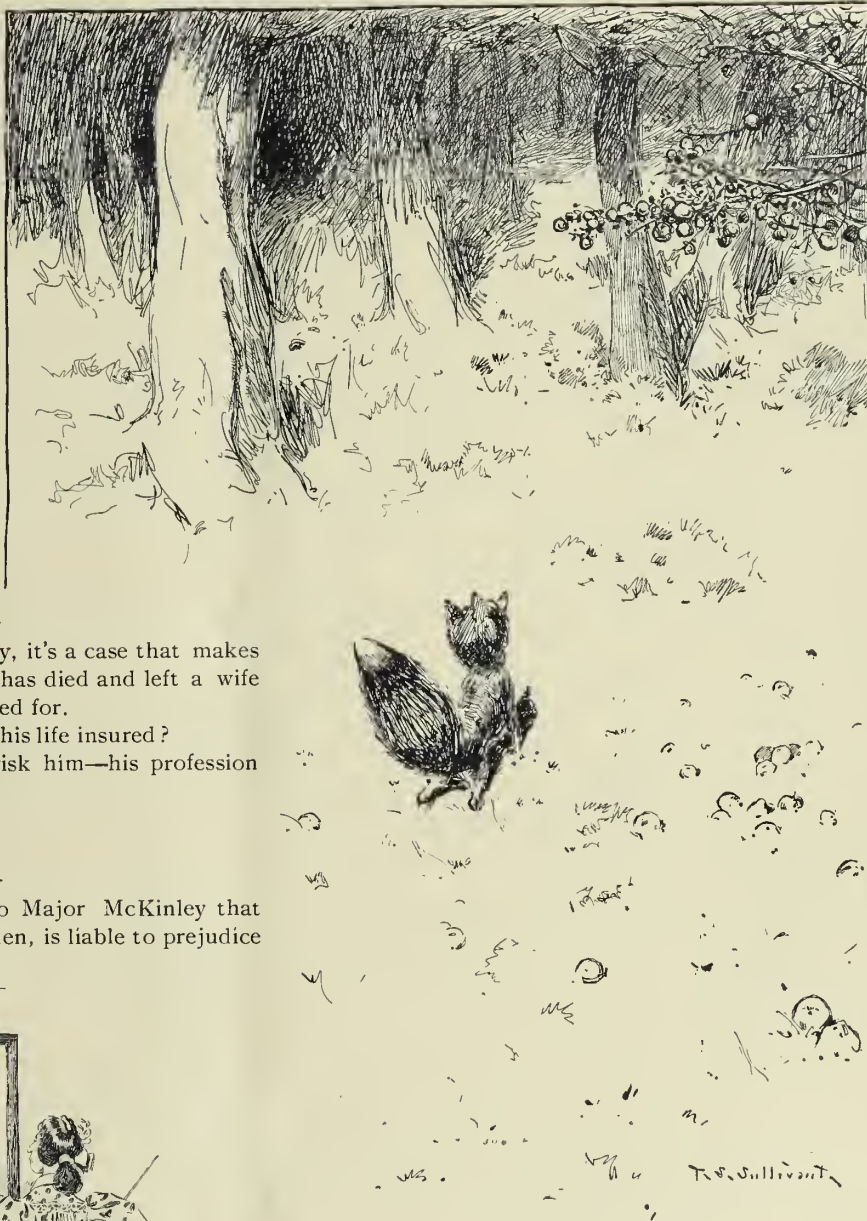
"Oh, no; no company would risk him—his profession was too hazardous."

"Why, what was he?"

"A life insurance agent."

IT is respectfully pointed out to Major McKinley that silence, being traditionally golden, is liable to prejudice his chances with the silver men.

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.



THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

A FOX stood under an apple-tree and gazed up earnestly at the globes of yellow lusciousness. "How sad, for the sake of an old-time piece of literature," he said, "that the fox is a carnivorous animal and doesn't care particularly about fruit!"

Immoral:

We all have plenty of faults without the Truly Good taking the trouble to invent them for us.

H. W. Phillips.



A MODEL HUSBAND.



BACON: It's funny you don't ride?
 EGBERT: I'm waiting until they have bicycles built for two.
 "You can get tandems now."
 "I know; I mean a bicycle built for \$2."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Now that Mr. Richard Harding Davis has succeeded in effecting in due form the coronation of the czar nicholas all russians will breathe more freely. Until Mr. Davis consented to give the matter personal attention and make authentic record of the ceremony certified by his own Portrait it looked as if the proceedings at the kremlin would lack impressiveness. It all came out right, however, nicholas was crowned, and Mr. Davis's Picture led all the rest in the story of the coronation. This was great luck for the russians, but they generally have good luck in such affairs. They had it when the present czar's father was crowned. Then another famous American correspondent cabled to New-York: "I have just returned from the kremlin; moscow is wild with enthusiasm."—*New York Tribune*.

ONE of the attendants at a local hospital, whose duty it is to apply the ether to patients about to be operated upon, often causes the doctors much annoyance by reason of his overcaution. It is rarely that he can be persuaded to apply enough of the anæsthetic to produce the desired effect, without continual urging on the part of the doctor who is to use the knife. The other day a patient was about to be operated upon, and the old diffi-

culty arose. "Now, doctor, he's really had quite enough," remarked the attendant. The doctor thought otherwise, and insisted upon more ether. Remonstrating against applying any more, the attendant was about to comply with the doctor's command when he suddenly jumped back, exclaiming, "My God, doctor, the patient is dying. He's black in the face!" "Of course he is, you — fool," replied the doctor. "If you'll look close enough you'll find he is a negro!"—*Philadelphia Record*.

MANY of the sayings and doings of the Southern negro that find their way into print may be apocryphal, but enough are known to be true to make good his claim to humor. A gentleman discussing coon-hunting relates an incident that illustrates this characteristic drollery.

The party, consisting of hunters, dogs, axes and torches galore, had been hunting for a good part of the night without any luck whatever. Finally, the dogs treed a coon. It would take some time to fell so large a tree, and one of the negroes volunteered to climb it and ascertain the whereabouts of the coon.

All agreed to this, and sat around to await developments. Soon after the negro had disappeared among the branches a peculiar sound was heard from the top of the tree. It was a kind of mixture of negro and coon dialect. Some one ventured the remark:

"Bill, have you got that coon?"
 "Yes, sah," was the reply. "I've got dis here coon; but I wish you'd send some o' dem darkies up here to help me turn him loose."—*Forest and Stream*.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.
ON SNOW-SHOES TO THE BARREN GROUNDS.
 By Caspar Whitney.
Track Athletics in Detail.
The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn. By Mark Twain.
Briseis. By William Black.

The Chap Book. Volume IV. Chicago: H.S. Stone & Co.
My Fire Opal, and Other Tales. By Sarah Warner Brooks. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
Bicycling for Ladies. By Marie E. Ward. Brentano's.
Summer in Arcady. By James Lane Allen. New York: Macmillan & Co.
The Tale of Balen. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN," said the gifted tragedian Mr. Pshucks, coming forward to the footlights and speaking in a voice that rose high above the din, "if there is any more hissing, howling or cat-calling, or anything more thrown on the stage from the galleries during the further progress of the performance this evening, as sure as I stand here I shall relate half-a-dozen or more of Dr. Chauncey M. Depew's freshest and best anecdotes!"

A shudder passed through the audience, and in the midst of a profound, unearthly silence the gifted tragedian proceeded with his lines.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"POOR Dick is gone! He was a devoted cyclist, wasn't he?"

"Yes, indeed! He left a will stating that he was to be cremated and used to help out on our new cinder path."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

IVORY SOAP

TO BICYCLISTS:

There is no better chain lubricant than Ivory Soap; it is a cleanly application and perfect for this use.

Copyrighted, 1896, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cin'ti.

"HUNTER

Baltimore Rye"

The American Gentleman's

WHISKEY

For Club, Family and Medicinal use.

The Best Whiskey in America.

TEN YEARS OLD.

Endorsed by Leading Physicians when stimulant is prescribed.

PURE, OLD, MELLOW.

"Drink Hunter Rye, it is pure."

Sold at all First-class Cafes and by Jobbers WM. LANAHAN & SON, - Baltimore, Md.

SOLID SILVERWARE.

Tea Sets,
 Dinner Services,
 Dessert Pieces,
 Forks and Spoons.

The best buyers of Silverware are those who, not misled by novel examples of over-decoration, choose good forms, suitably ornamented, that will rightly be deemed beautiful and in good taste, whether judged by the best standards of to-day, of fifty years ago, or of fifty years hence.

Such buyers will find here a stock chosen with special reference to their wants.

THEODORE B. STARR,
 206 Fifth Avenue,
 Madison Square, New York.

THE SATISFACTION DERIVED FROM SMOKING YALE MIXTURE IS DIFFICULT OF DESCRIPTION TRY THIS DELIGHTFUL BLEND ONCE. THE RESULT WILL PLEASE US BOTH

YALE MIXTURE

A 2 OZ. TRIAL PACKAGE POST PAID FOR 25 CENTS THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO. SUCCESSORS OF MARBURG BROS. BALTIMORE, MD.

From the days of the Warwick Knight, Whose fame and honor bright, Made them of men supreme, By deeds that wondrous seem.

Up to the present time This name's stood forth sublime, Descended now to the Warwick Wheel, That nineteenth century steed of steel.

"IF THE RIMS ARE VERMILION IT IS A WARWICK" THE BICYCLE THAT IS "BUILT ON HONOR"

1896 MODELS \$85 AND \$100 CATALOGUE FREE

WARWICK CYCLE M'FG CO. SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

A MATCHLESS SKIN TONIC.

SIBYLLINE.

SPEEDILY REMOVES Wrinkles, Tan, Sunburn.

CURES Eczema, Pimples, Blackheads, and all cutaneous diseases, making the skin clear and soft.

Unequaled for Use after Shaving.

For Sale by all Druggists, wherever toilet articles are sold, or by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents per bottle.

—Send for free booklet.—

SIBYLLINE CO., 1 Madison Ave., N.Y.



That's the old way of making soup. Put your meat and soup-bones in the "cauldron" and fuss over it for hours.

Armour's

Extract of BEEF

saves you all that "toil and trouble." Add water to the Extract and you have, instantly, a really palatable Bouillon or Clear Beef Soup. Anyone can do it.

Armour & Company, Chicago.

SUPERIOR to VASELINE and CUCUMBERS

to
VASELINE
and
CUCUMBERS

CRÈME SIMON marvellous for softening, whitening and perfuming the complexion. Most efficacious for light affections of the skin.

J. SIMON 36, rue de Provence PARIS

PARK & TILFORD, New-York: Druggists, Perfumers, Fancy goods stores.

THE ART OF BREWING WAS DEVELOPED BY THE GERMANS



A better Cocktail at home than is served over any bar in the World.

THE CLUB = COCKTAILS

MANHATTAN, MARTINI,
WHISKEY, HOLLAND GIN,
TOM GIN, VERMOUTH and YORK.

We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. Being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality.

Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions, the one which is aged must be better.

Try our YORK Cocktail—made without any sweetening—dry and delicious.

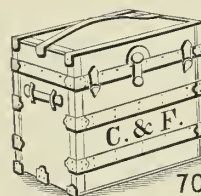
For sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the U. S.

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A NEWSPAPER published in an Oklahoma town, where the women recently carried the election, sent the following order to a supply house: "Please send us one small cut of a hen. Women carried the election here, and I suppose we will have to swing out a hen instead of a rooster."—*New York Tribune*.

A: Now, if I understand correctly, the first principle of socialism is to divide with your brother man.

B: Then you don't understand it correctly. The first principle of socialism is to make your brother man divide with you.—*Birmingham Post*.

THE Rev. Robert Collyer, who looks something like the late Henry Ward Beecher, was walking through Central Park last summer. It was a dreadfully hot day, and he had his hat off to cool his brow. Suddenly, at a sharp turn of the road, he came plump upon an old lady seated on a park bench. She jumped up, exclaiming: "Goodness me! It is not Mr. Beecher?"

"No, madam," Collyer answered, "it is not. I hope Mr. Beecher is in a cooler place."—*Argonaut*.

THE principle of charging for the "know-how" is not forgotten by professional men who have got on well in their work. The story is told in an English book of a distinguished bishop who, being dissatisfied with the arrangements of his palace, employed a first-class architect to superintend possible alterations. The architect took time to consider, and at last submitted plans.

By this time the bishop had decided that the cost was too great, and relinquished his building project altogether.

"And now," said the bishop, "I shall be glad if you will tell me how much I shall pay you for your trouble."

"I thank your lordship. One hundred pounds," answered the architect.

"One hundred pounds!" exclaimed the bishop. "Why, I have curates in my diocese who do not receive so much as that for a whole year's service."

"That may be true, my lord," said the architect; "but I happen to be a bishop in my profession."—*Youth's Companion*.

PRESIDENT MCCOSH, of Princeton, was accustomed to lead the morning exercises in the chapel every day, and during the exercises he gave out the notices to the students. The closing exercise was a fervent prayer by the doctor. One morning, after he had read the notices, a student came up with a notice that Professor Karge's French class would be at 9 o'clock that day instead of 9:30, as usual. Dr. McCosh said it was too late, but the student insisted that Professor Karge would be much disappointed if the notice were not read. The exercises went on, and the doctor forgot all about the notice. He started to make the final prayer. He prayed for the President of the United States, the members of the Cabinet, the Senators and Representatives, the Governor of New Jersey, the Mayor, and other officials of Princeton, and then came to the professors and instructors in the college. Then Professor Karge's notice came into his mind, and the assembled students were astonished to hear the venerable president say: "And, O Lord, bless Professor Karge, whose French class will be held this morning at 9 o'clock, instead of at 9:30 as usual."—*Argonaut*.



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thing as good,"

Said the clerk in the store.
Said the lady: "I think
I have heard that before;
Still, I need no advice,
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See that

hump?



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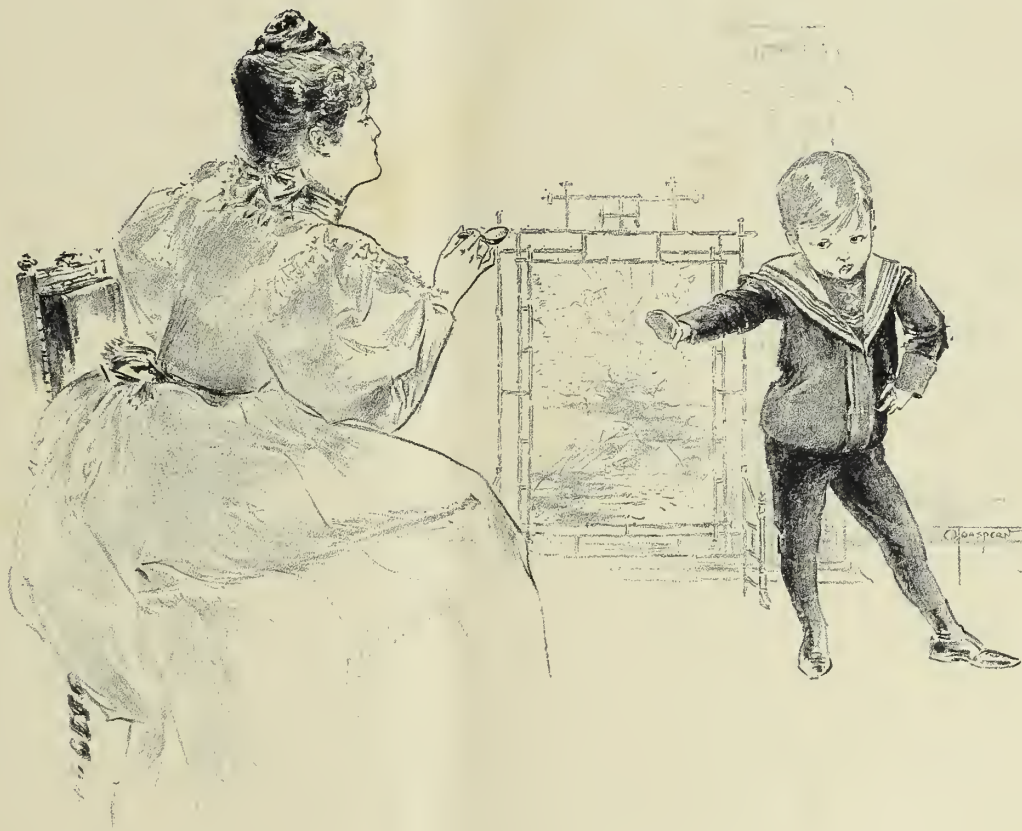
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"WHY NOT?"

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aballe.
Richepin, Mes paradis.
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De Turique, Madame et Monsieur.
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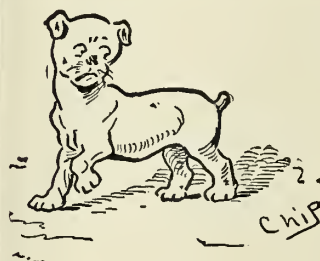
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MONKEY LOGIC.

"I WONDER HOW DE JUKE LED HER ON. DEY SAY HE DIDN'T HAVE A CENT TO HIS NAME."

"IN DAT CASE HE MUST HAVE USED HIS NAME FOR A SCENT."

AN INQUISITIVE CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR MISS SKINEM:

I have just received your charming ten-page prospectus descriptive of your "expensive rural residence, recently erected expressly for the accommodation of summer visitors." Being intimately acquainted with the customs of rural paradise-keepers and others of their species, I wish to ask a few questions before engaging a full-grown cell in your primeval paradise.

Can you accommodate me outright with one room containing one New York city bed, promising not to put three or more guests in with me in the height of the season?

Do you raise the "ante" on those who occasionally partake of good-sized meals in lieu of your advertised "hearty lunches"?

If your "expensive rural residence" is as altitudinous as your prospectus leads one to imagine, will it be necessary to walk, drive or fall from your dizzy height to the railroad station, should one become desirous of leaving you without one fond regret?

How many times a week do you serve prunes and bread-pudding?

What meats and vegetables predominate on your table? If you hail from Boston, I will charitably spare you the pain and mortification of answering this last question, unless duty compels you to utter facts, no matter how unlovely.

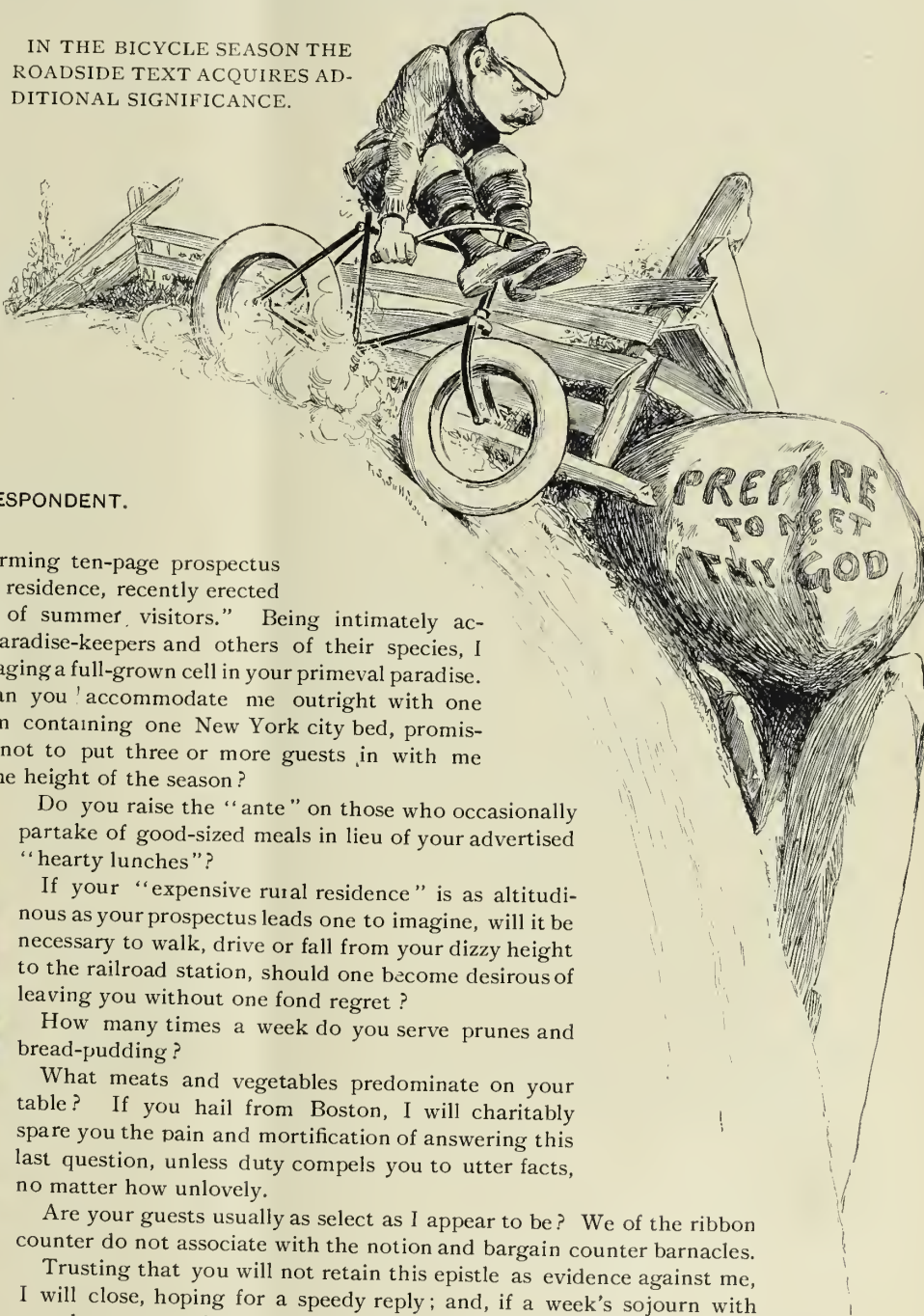
Are your guests usually as select as I appear to be? We of the ribbon counter do not associate with the notion and bargain counter barnacles.

Trusting that you will not retain this epistle as evidence against me, I will close, hoping for a speedy reply; and, if a week's sojourn with you does not explode the confidence which I have placed in you through your prospectus, you may ever number me among your select summer victims.

Yours in suspense,

Alex. H. Laidlaw, Jr.

GUM ARABIC.

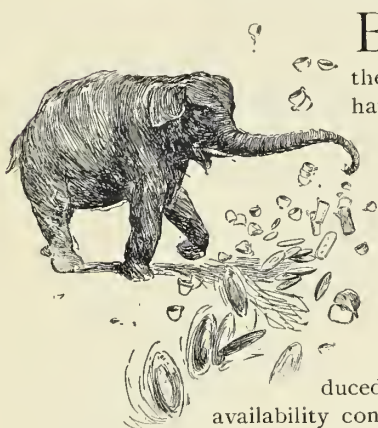




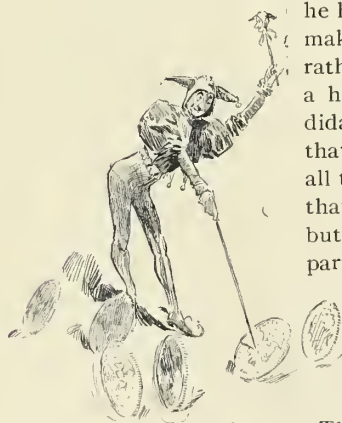
"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVII. JUNE 18, 1896. No. 703.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents.
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BY the time this number of LIFE reaches its readers the Republican Convention will have begun its deliberations at St. Louis. It is not possible at this writing to anticipate the doings of that Convention with much satisfaction. So far as appears it is going to nominate McKinley on the most moderate sound money platform that the sound money men can be induced to support. Mr. McKinley's availability consists partly in the association of his name with a high tariff measure which was promptly repudiated by the people, partly in the uncertainty as to his convictions about the relative merits of the gold and silver dollar as the standard of value in the United States. The gold men are expected to vote for him because he is to run on a sound money platform, the silver men because he has a soft spot in his heart for silver. LIFE's opinion of the Major is that he has too many soft spots in him to make a safe President. It would rather give such support as it can to a harder and less sympathetic candidate, but the present expectation is that the silver men will have things all their own way at Chicago, and in that case there will be nothing for it but to vote for the candidate whose party is most nearly committed to the payment of honest debts with honest money.



Well, we shall see what we shall see, and if the event betters anticipation so much the happier for us. The Major is a pleasant gentleman and it will be easier to make the best of him than it would be to make the best of—say Senator Quay. But

if you put him on a gold platform, good Republican friends, spike him down to it, and clinch the spikes.

* * *



THE committee of the Army of the Tennessee which was appointed to select a design for a ninety thousand dollar statue of General Sherman is in bad odor with American sculptors because of the eccentric method it used in performing its work. It got a committee of sculptors, Messrs. St. Gaudens, Bruce Price, Charles Post and others, to examine the designs submitted and select four of the best ones. The expert committee made its choice, and then the original committee awarded the work to Carl Rohlf Smith, of Chicago, whose design was not included in the four selected by the experts. The National Sculpture Society is justly scandalized by this action, and has protested both to the chairman of the Army Committee and to the Secretary of War. Mr. W. O. Partridge, a competent artist whose design was one of those selected by the experts and who was dropped from the competition by the Army Committee, proposes to sue for his rights in the courts. The popular conception of the uses of committees of artistic experts seems somewhat vague (as was lately illustrated in the case of the Heine monument) and the Sculpture Society intends, if possible, to make it clearer and more definite. Good luck to them in that work!

* * *



THE attention of ladies who still hesitate to be married is called to a recent decision of the Appellate Court in New York, sustaining the decision of Judge Gildersleeve in *Simon vs. Simon*. The facts were that the husband discharged a French governess against his wife's wish; the wife left him and went back to her father; husband and wife both applied for a separation and neither got one. Justice Williams of the Appellate Court explained that while the husband was legally the head of the family, practically the wife should have her way at home and be allowed to manage and control the details of housekeeping and servants. "An intelligent woman," says the Court, "should certainly not be subject to humiliation by her husband by the assertion that he is master and she must obey him." We all knew that before, but it makes for the re-assurance of the fair, and the encouragement of good manners, to have it definitely stated by two courts.

THE PASSING OF THE GRADUATE.

TO-DAY the college graduate.
His soul athirst for fame,
On themes that puzzle common minds
Doth learnedly declaim.

He holdeth forth on Church and State,
And fearlessly proceeds
To show the weakness of our laws,
The error of our
creeds.

He warns us, in portentous tones
And with uplifted hand,

That RUIN, like a vulture, broods
O'er this devoted land,

Unless REFORM her banner raise,
Ere yet it be too late —

Then glances t'ward the bench where sits
The sweet girl-graduate.

She, who but yesterday declaimed
Her sex's scorn of man,

And vowed that woman's rights
should rule —

Her banner lead the van.

And yet, to-morrow where are they
These standards to unfurl?

He's pitcher in a baseball nine,
And she's a summer girl.

SETTING THEM RIGHT.

CALLERS: Are the ladies at home?

BRIDGET (examining their cards):
Sure, ma'am, it isn't them that lives
here—it's the McAdamses.

"ISN'T it too bad about young
Fosdick losing his mind?"

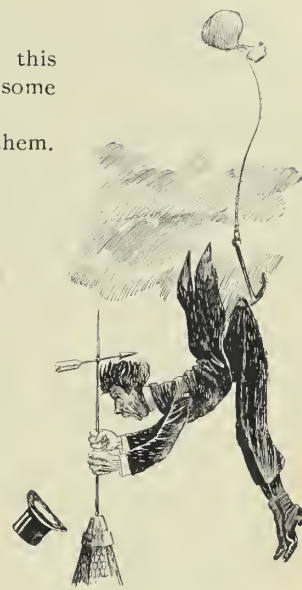
"It is, indeed. What caused him
to go crazy?"

"He tried to select a bicycle from
the advertisements in the papers."

AN OMISSION.

HUSBAND: I expect some friends of mine this evening, and I must go out and buy some cigars.

WIFE: Why, I thought you bought some for them.
"I did, but I forgot to get any for myself."



SOMETHING UP.

She: WILL YOU LOVE ME WHEN I GET OLD AND LOOK
LIKE THAT WOMAN WE JUST PASSED?
"OF COURSE I WILL, DARLING!"
"OH, YOU LOVELY STUPID! I NEVER WILL LOOK LIKE
THAT!"

AMBITIOUS BOSTON.

THE town of Boston, being somewhat short of water, has undertaken to build herself a lake, and proposes to spend \$19,000,000 in its construction. It is to be eight miles long and upwards of two miles wide, and will hold sixty-three billion gallons of water. It's site is near Worcester, on the Nashua river, and spreads over a district at present occupied by mills, churches, railroads, highways, and the homes of 2,000 people. It is to be finished in about two years, and will hold twice as much water as the new Croton reservoir.

Boston is unobtrusive, self-satisfied and so attentive to her own affairs that we are apt to forget how competent and effectual she is. Her new lake is to

supply all the towns within ten miles of her State-house—a district whereof the inhabitants know more, have more fun and get more satisfaction out of life than the population of any surface of equal circumference in the known world.

THE DEADLY PARALLEL—
Brooklyn trolley track.



AND SHE DIDN'T.

YOUR FIRST AFTER-DINNER SPEECH.



YOU dwell on it at odd moments a week before the time arrives, and arrange somewhat loosely in your mind what you will say, making up little packages of thought, like wads of paper in a kite tail, and adjusting them so they can be loosened quickly and changed about. In this way, you can at the last moment take off the head and put it where the tail is, and vice-versa, or you can take up the thread in the middle and work outwards. You are too cautious to arrange a set speech in your mind beforehand and learn it by heart, for in case it should not fit

the temper of your listeners, you have nothing to fall back on. No. You prefer to wait and get the spirit of the occasion. Neither will you take any other man as a model. You know too much for that. You will be yourself—easy, natural, graceful. You picture it all before, and address various audiences in undertones, when you are on the street, in the horse cars or in the seclusion of your own front parlor. You scorn to read from notes, preferring, as you say to yourself, to fail rather than be guilty of premeditated crime. When your wife suddenly opens the door and catches you talking to yourself you vehemently deny that you are so doing, and explain that you were only humming, which she is considerate enough to believe, not wishing to acknowledge, even to herself, that the man she respects would deceive her in so small

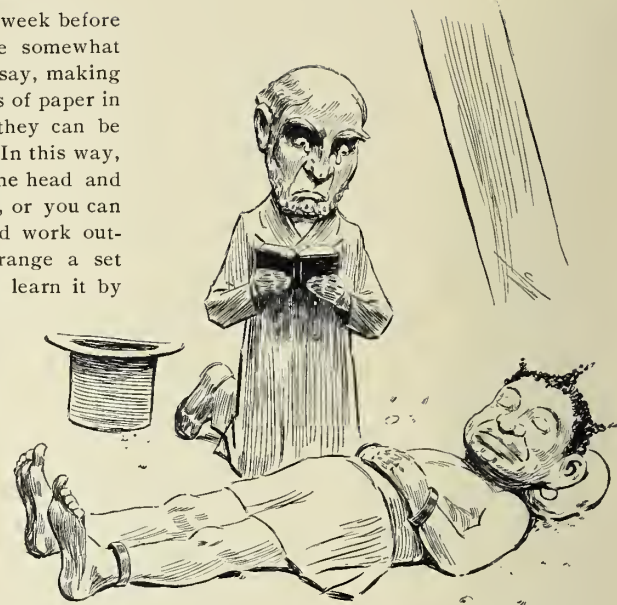
a matter. As the fatal evening approaches, you grow inwardly more nervous, but conceal this by an outward

bravado which, however, fades away as you enter the dining-room and are cordially greeted by the master of ceremonies, who whispers that "You are expected to do great things to-night, old man." This takes away what lingering remnants of appetite you have had, and thenceforth you feel like a man in a boat who is approaching the rapids on a current which he is unable to stem.

Your best story is told by the second speaker, whom you applaud lustily, feeling dimly that some honor is due to the man who has left you, so to speak, without a leg to stand on. You are faintly conscious that your kite tail of thought has blown away, and, like a drowning man who clutches at a straw, you applaud each successive speaker as long as possible in order to defer the moment when you will be called upon. Thus all traces of presence of mind that you may have had in the beginning gradually ooze away with each vociferous outburst and you sullenly realize that your case is entirely hopeless.

At last you feel, rather than hear, that your name has been spoken, and as you slowly rise you are conscious of that boring sensation that fifty focused glances can produce, and mentally wishing they were so many bullets that would put you out of the way at once. There is a pause, and then you begin with the one thing that you had previously discarded as being in such poor taste. But it obtrudes itself upon you and you recklessly throw it off. You do not remember this at the time, but you recall it afterwards with a sickening sense that almost produces heart failure. At the end of some years, as it seems to you, during which your lips have moved and no sound has come forth, you sit down amid loud applause and an intensity of relief that admits of no comparison.

It is only after you get home, in the silence of your own chamber, that you recall all the bright things you might have said. It is not the consciousness that you might have done better, however, that unmans you. It is the firm conviction that you could not possibly have done worse.



"HOW ABOUT YOUR ENEMIES, MY SON?"
"I HAVE NONE."
"YOU HAVE FORGIVEN THEM?"
"I HAVE EATEN THEM."



THERE WAS A YOUNG MAID NAMED ELFINO,
WHO MET A YOUNG MAN — AN ALBINO.
SHE ASKED IF A FRIGHT
HAD TURNED HIS HAIR WHITE,
TO WHICH HE REPLIED "DAMIFINO."

T.M. PEIRCE.

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THE APOLOGIA.

(TO A FAMOUS IMPRESSIONIST.)

I CANNOT tell what you say, purple Cow,
I cannot tell what you say;
Because the salmon-pink Ewe in the Pasture-Lot blue
Is singing her Roundelay.

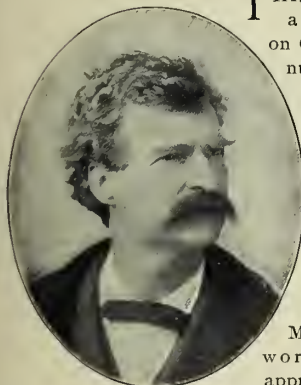


By DAISY.

Daisy will publish horoscopes in this department only in the order received. Remember the conditions. Cut out all the pictures from 4,000 copies of LIFE and forward them to Daisy, together with a photograph of your brain by Roentgen.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
Daisy tells us what we are.

SAMUEL L. (C-L-M-N-S).



THIS gentleman was born under the rear end of a stacked Pleiades, with a rising barometer on Gemini, the Great Bear stuffed with chestnut burrs, a creme de menthe fog on Libra, and Venus playing leap-frog with Jupiter. In personal appearance he is very short and has a rotund framework, nasturtium cheeks with inlaid eyes, feet with a double accent, a huckleberry walk, and looks well in a barber's shop. He has an inordinate desire for dress and spends all of his time in grooming himself, and looks as if he had stepped out of a whirlwind. He should curb this and wear simple Mother Hubbards weighted with his own words at the bottom and illustrated with appropriate designs, or would look well in a Leghorn hat and roller-skates. He has a responsive temperament and when flush should avoid publishers. Will find his most congenial companions among Methodist deacons and total abstainers, and would do good work as a foreign missionary, a cab driver or a dealer in second-hand clothes.

* * *

PAUL (K-R-G-R).



THIS gentleman was born under Andromeda, Leo under a cloud, Pegasus with the spring halt, Castor and Pollux coming in at the side door and the Milky Way strewn with whiskers. He is very tall, with a sweet, winning smile, a wiener wurst neck has a wind-swept horizon with a grass-grown face and would do good work as a bird's nest in a primeval forest. He looks well in a canopy. Should wear a wire screen when up and use a lawn mower on his face. Has a forgiving disposition and is very hospitable, insisting that his guests shall stay with him even if they have to be locked up. Is very industrious, easily earning his own living and would do good work as an Emperor a Coney Island beer tosser or a Wild Man from Borneo.



ANOTHER BICYCLIST HELD UP IN NEW JERSEY.

A-L-F-N-S-O XIII. (BABY KING OF SPAIN.)



THIS young man was born under an insurgent moon, with Taurus in tandem with Mars, a salute of twenty-one toy-pistols on Uranus, and the bottom out of Cassiopeia's chair. He will grow to be tall and thin, due to a lack of nourishment, with a hot tamale complexion and Spanish gait, and as he gets older will grow constantly poorer. He is ambitious, with a sanguine temperament, and under good conditions would amount to something, but is hampered by a lack of precedent and unfavorable surroundings. He is the recipient of many favors from those who love him for what there is in it, and he should put by all the cash he receives, as he will need it later on. He should beware of real estate agents, visit in Cuba for his health, and smoke loaded Havana cigars three times a day. Would make a good messenger boy, a news-agent, or would succeed as lemonade-carrier in a circus.

RUMORS from New Haven attest the strenuous dissatisfaction of the Yale undergraduates with the site chosen by the authorities for the statue of President Woolsey. The plan is to put the statue in front of Durfee, and the undergraduates object that it will be in their way and interfere with their spring competitions at the game of mumble-the-peg. It seems never to have been quite settled at Yale whether the university was made for the undergraduates or the undergraduates for the university.

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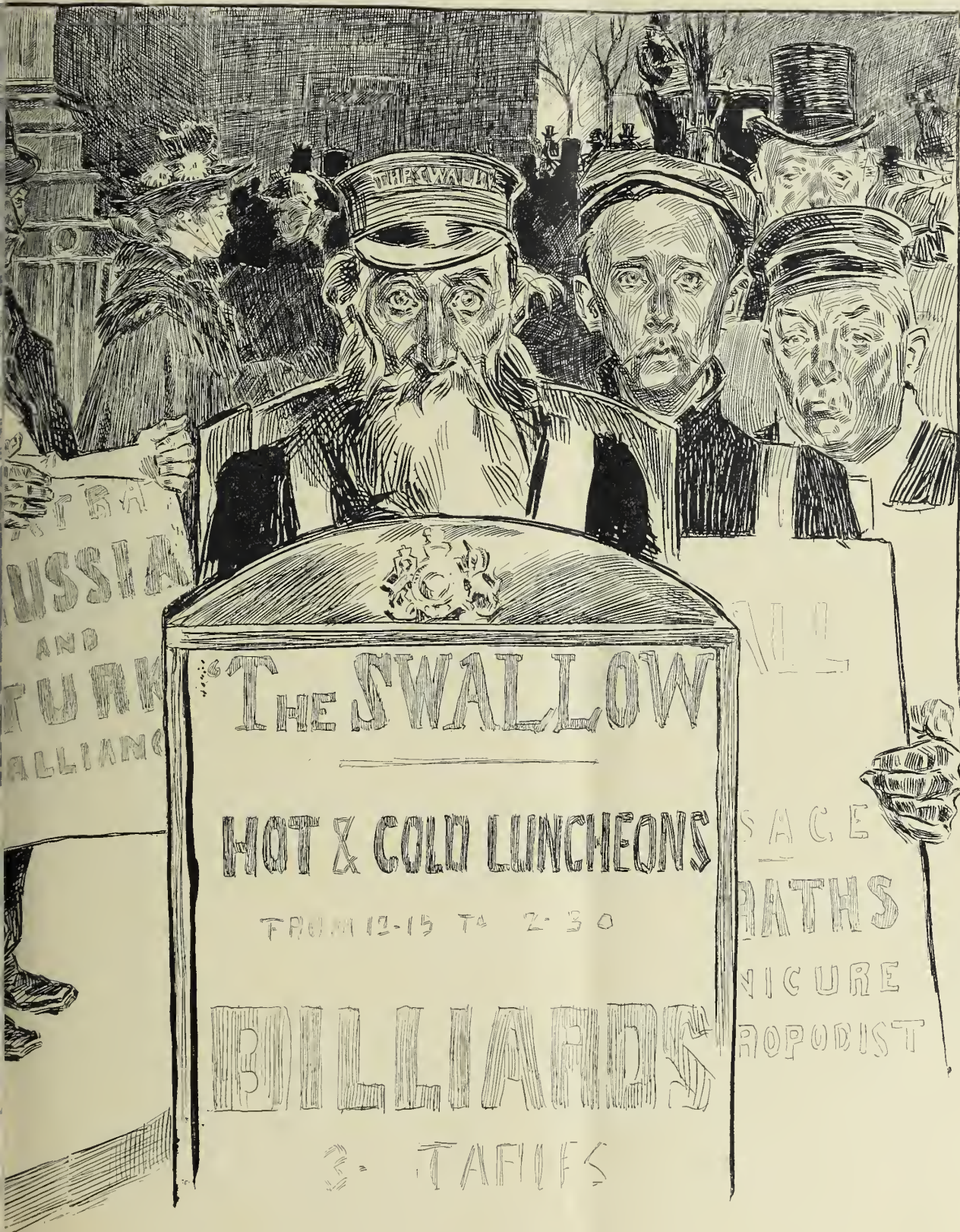
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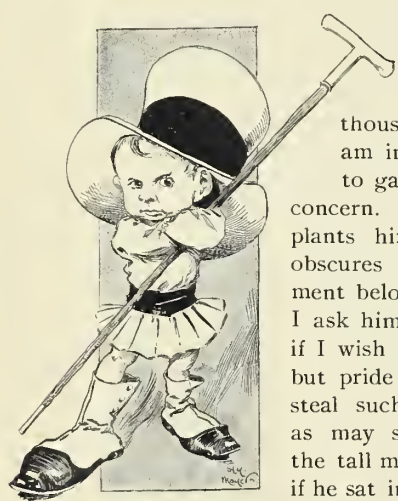
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A GOOD FOUNDATION.

"JACK, YOU HAVE AN UNUSUAL AMOUNT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE FOR A MAN JUST GRADUATED FROM COLLEGE."
"WELL, YOU SEE, UNCLE, I HAD A GOOD COMMON SCHOOL EDUCATION BEFORE I WENT THERE."

TALL MEN.



ing me craning my neck. In the meantime I can feel that another May-pole in rear is swelling with pride to think that he can look over my head. I have never yet seen a dog-fight.

Four yards of cloth make a short man a suit of clothes; but when he orders a suit at the tailor's he must pay for five yards. Why? Simply because some tall outrage will need six yards, and the short man is held to make

I HATE a tall man. I hate him from the ground up. Tall men injure and despoil me in a thousand ways. Suppose that I am in an encircling crowd trying to gaze upon something of rare concern. A tall man immediately plants himself in front of me and obscures all that part of the firmament below the Northern Star. Can I ask him to step aside? Certainly, if I wish to confess to my shortness, but pride forbids. I try in silence to steal such glimpses of the spectacle as may suffice for the humble, and the tall man, looking on at his ease, as if he sat in a watch-tower, doubles his satisfaction by turning about and catching

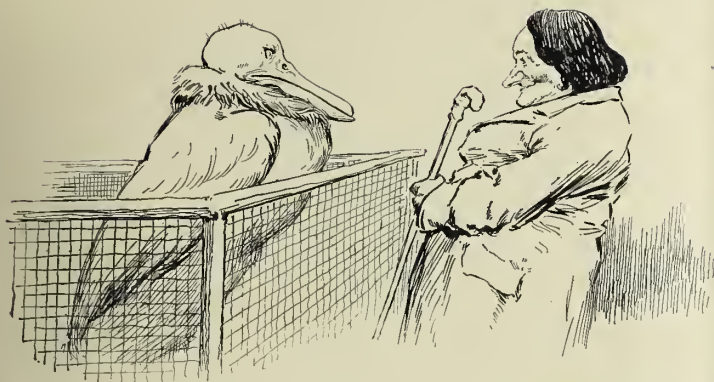
up the average. Look at the brazen-faced giant, the complacent robber, swinging down the street! He is wearing two feet of trouser leg that some short man paid for, and he makes a fine appearance. And what is the short man doing? He is wearing the other two feet of trouser leg, and he is not accounted to make any appearance at all.

Pope was a short man. He had the short man's marvelous brain, but also the short man's sensibility. How perfect the world once seemed to him! "An honest man's the noblest work of God," he once said, seized with a lofty sentiment and thinking that he was hitting the nail on the head. But after a series of mortifying incidents which culminated at a levee where the top of his head was mistaken for a figure in the Japanese rug, he felt constrained to qualify his original statement:

An honest man's the noblest work of all —
With this condition, that he's six feet tall;
An honest man from five to five feet eight,
Though none respect yet some may tolerate;
While shorter still their merit best display,
To rapt beholders, in the dime *musée*.



OLD FRIENDS ARE BEST.



"WELL, YOU POOR OLD BIPED, NATURE'S BEEN KIND OF SKIMPY IN
FIXIN' YOUR TOP-KNOT, HASN'T SHE?"

But it is not alone in the vulgar and unkind breathing world that short men are ill-treated and contemned. Look upon literature and art! See the ignominy of the short man perpetuated! When did a sycophantic writer make his heroes of ordinary and reasonable stature? When did a meretricious and wicked sculptor make his gods short? Never.

Never since the false chisel and the hireling pen were devised have they ceased from obsequious compliment to the gigantic and the strong. Fellow short men, let us rise! Long enough has the fatuous tall man been flattered by beholding Apol-

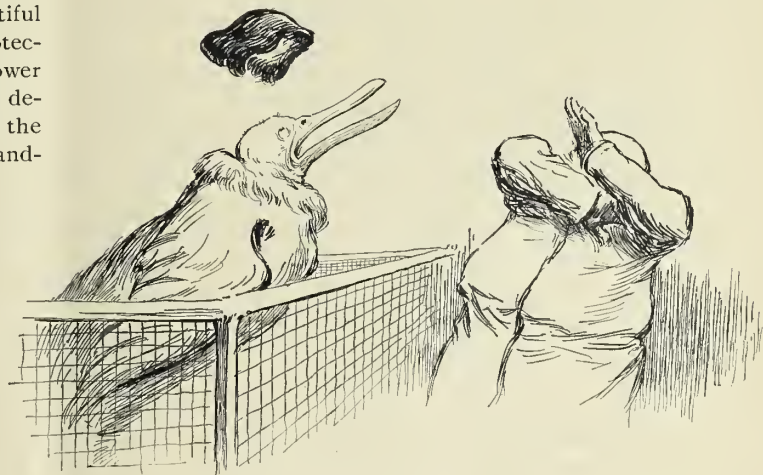
lo in lofty marble; long enough has his base and earthy soul been expanded by his reading of heroes "tall and handsome," of "knights of commanding stature," of beautiful women looking "up" into the eyes of their noble protectors. Fellow short men, we have the wealth, the power and the intelligence of the world. Let us hereafter demand that the hero of fiction shall be "far below the medium height," that he shall be described as "handsome and possessed of more than ordinary shortness," or as "of a most noble and abbreviated presence."

Let us demand that in the galleries of sculpture that we are paying for, visitors shall have only the forms and proportions of the short to gaze upon with awe and admiration. Yea, from short gods and short wrestlers and short hurlers of the discus, let pedants point out the marvelous beauty of the human form.

Let us in this way subvert the wicked and tyrannical rule that now exists, so that every tall man



The Biped: WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY —



— YOU — OLD —

who visits a gallery of statuary will be mortified and overwhelmed with the comparison, and, departing, feel that he bears a burden of opprobrium and shame.

Williston Fish.

A FEW WANTS.

WANTED: a kneecap smooth and hard,
Unseamed, and a perfect fit;
Prepared from stuff uncommonly tough
That is warranted not to split.

Wanted: a brand new set of ribs,
Not made for vain display;
Not twisted, torn, or warped and worn,
But curved in the proper way.

Wanted: a pair of perfect ears—
No fluted edges for me;
An ear not ground, but round and sound
As a real good ear should be.

Wanted: a face. I am
not vain
And a good plain face
will do,
That is not a sight—with
the color white—
For I'm tired of black
and blue.

A man that's new I'll
be once more
When these parts have
been supplied:
And maybe, then, I will
mount again
That wheel and learn
to ride.

Tom Masson.

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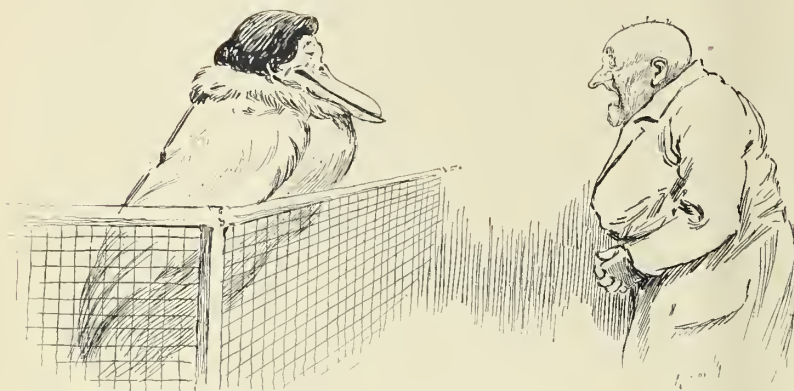
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— BALD-HEADED SUCKER!

A LEAF FROM A MODERN NOVEL.
(PRESUMABLY BY THOMAS HARDY.)

SHE took the sugar-bowl from the tray and sweetened her tea slowly. Not that she did this deliberately or with any special consciousness of the tea. Eleanor was not a girl who cared particularly—at any rate, she never yet had cared particularly—whether her tea contained too much or too little sugar. She would have swallowed the tea even had she not done what she now did and

put the sugar in it out of the sugar-bowl. But the tray being there, and the sugar-bowl, Eleanor did what she had been in the habit of doing ever since those dear old days. Perhaps the act brought back to her mind memories of countless similar acts. Certain it is that there was a thoughtful expression in her face on this occasion. It was white sugar, she remembered afterwards, nor was



A CHANGE.

"LIZZIE, YOU'S A PUTTIN' ON LUGS, AIN'T YER?"
"JIMMIE, I'M SORRY I CAN'T BE AS I WUZ TO YER; DE OLE MAN, ME FADER, IS A BANKIN' ON A LOTTERY TICKET WOT HE FOUND; IF IT DRAWS DE BOODLE HE'S A GOIN' TO SEND ME TO EUROPE TO MASH A TITLED BLOKE WID BLUE BLOOD A-COURSIN' TROO HIS CARCASE!"

there anything either in the tea, or in the sugar, or in the bowl to make this all linger in her memory long after she had completely forgotten other instances when she had taken the sugar-bowl from the tray and sweetened her tea slowly.

THE OLD GAME.

OVERBRIDGE: What's New York going to do if Tammany gets hold of it again?

INTOSTAY: Stand Pat.



THE SACRIFICE OF ISAAC.



“NOW, YOUNG MAN, I MAY LOOK SMALL TO YOU; BUT REMEMBER, I HAVE KNOCKED OUT BIGGER MEN, AND WITHOUT MUCH TROUBLE.”

Thompson

HER AGE.

WHAT is her age?
Beware, my boy! seek not to know
What is her age;
For, knowing women, I presage
If to her on that quest you go,
You will discover, doing so,
What is her rage.

AN UNDESIRABLE METHOD.

THE Methodist Church in the United States ought to hit upon some blander way of retiring its superannuated bishops. The present method is for the Conference to declare an old bishop non-effective and elect a new man to succeed him in office. It is an effectual way, but somewhat abrupt, and while it may be good business it is not good manners. If the Methodists think it inexpedient to let their bishops grow old in office, as the Catholics and Episcopalians do, they might profitably make a rule that all bishops should be retired at the age of seventy, or whatever age seems proper.

A MATTER OF HEALTH.

THEATRICAL MANAGER:
You say you want a position in my company. Why, man, you don't look well enough.

ACTOR: That's just it. My doctor says if I will walk thirty miles a day I'll be cured.

MUCH WORSE.

SHE: Do you know anything worse than a man taking a kiss without asking for it?

HE: I do.

“What, for instance?”

“Asking for it without taking it.”

HENCEFORTH Cornell will give its A.B. degree to men who know neither Latin nor Greek. Cornell is a great and liberal university, but how about the education her A.B. now stands for. Has that a sound claim to be called liberal also? Heretofore a liberal education has been one in which Greek and Latin were explicitly included.



HELP IN SIGHT.

Oh, potent seniors! wherefore pause
And knit each reverend brow,
In solemn study o'er the laws
To which mankind must bow?
Why contradict and storm and flout?
Just wait a bit, we pray,
Till Phyllis brings her essay out
On graduation day.

Financial cares we long have felt,
She'll pilot us straight through—
The gravest problems then will melt,
Like summer hail, to dew;
So wherefore trouble with a doubt
Your heads already gray,
Since Phyllis brings an essay out
On graduation day?

—Washington Star.

RAILROAD PRESIDENT: I want you to make room for that idiot nephew of mine who has just come from college.

MANAGER: What does he know about railroads?
"Absolutely nothing."

"Good. I'll put him at the head of the Information Bureau."—Town Topics.

MAUDE: Brother broke an iron bar with his two hands yesterday.

CLAUDE: That's nothing. My brother broke four men with one hand last night.—Detroit Free Press.

LORD DARGAN, before departing for India, be-
thought him of an old historic ruin which stood on his
estate.

Summoning his steward, Dan Mulligan, he showed
him with his stick where he wanted a protecting wall
built round the ruin.

On returning, the first thing he did was to look for
his castle, but it was gone.

Finding his steward, he asked him where the castle
was.

Dan said: "Sure, an' that ould thing!—why I
pulled it down to build the wall wi'."—London Spare
Moments.

"YOU do not go out often to dinner, Mrs. Wadding-
ton?"

"No, I don't think the best dinner on earth is suf-
ficient compensation for making oneself agreeable for
three hours at a stretch."—Chicago Record.

THEY have a regulation at the Penge Free Library
by which any member wanting a particular book, and
the same not being in, can, by paying a penny, secure
the next turn, and on the book coming in, the librarian
sends him a notification per post card.

A member wanted one of Jepson's works and de-
posited his penny in the usual way, and received a card
in due course. The member is a married man, and his
wife took in the card. This is how it read:

"Mr. — is informed that 'The Girl He Left Behind
Him' is now in the library, and will be retained for him
until Thursday morning next."—London Tid-Bits.



MACMILLAN & COMPANY, NEW YORK AND LONDON.

THE DAUGHTER OF A STOIC. By Cornel
Atwood Pratt.

The Witch of Whitford. By Gratiana Chanter.
Rome. By Emile Zola.

Tartarin on the Alps. By Alphonse Daudet. Lo
don: J. M. Dent & Co.

George's Mother. By Stephen Crane. New York an
London: Edward Arnold.

Is Life Worth Living? By William James. Phil
delphia: S. Burns Weston.

The Way They Loved at Grimpat. By E. Rento
Esler. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The Truth Tellers. By John Strange Winter. Phil
delphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine. Vo
LI. New Series, Vol. XXIX.

How Women Love, and Other Tales. By Max Norda
New York and Chicago: F. Tennyson Neely.

The Broken Ring. By Elizabeth Knight Tompkin
New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"WHAT bait do you use," said a saint to the devil,

"When you fish where the souls of men abound?"

"Well, for special tastes," said the king of evil,

"Gold and fame are the best I've found."

"But for general use?" asked the saint. "Ah! then

Said the demon, "I angle for man, not men,

And a thing I hate

Is to change my bait,

So I fish with a woman the whole year round."

John Boyle O'Reilly

THIS is the season of the year when you can get wh
you don't want real cheap.—Texas Sifter.

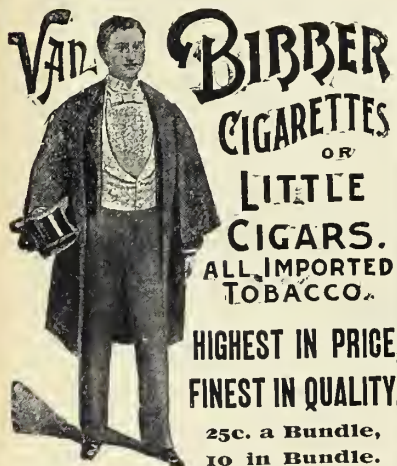
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If you need a tonic why not take one that you
can enjoy?—Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters.
At druggists.

At one of the London clubs, the other
week, two card-players devised an inge-
nious way of dealing with the class of bore
who persists in looking on at a game and
making remarks about it. It was at the
Prince of Wales's Club that the incident
occurred. After standing the nuisance for
some time, one of the players asked one of
the spectators to play the hand for him until
he returned. The spectator took the cards,
whereupon the first player left the room.
Pretty soon the second player followed the
example of the first. The two substitutes
played for some time, when one of them
asked the waiter where the two original
players were.

"They are playing cards in the next
room," was the waiter's reply.—Tit-Bits.

BLOOZIN: I see that the election did not
result as you predicted.

JAZRIG: Yes, it did; you're not the only
one I predicted to.—Roxbury Gazette.

"HUNTER

Baltimore Rye"

The American Gentleman's

WHISKEY

For Club, Family and Medi-
cinal use.

The Best Whiskey
in America.

TEN YEARS OLD.

Endorsed by Leading Physicians
when stimulant is prescribed.

PURE, OLD, MELLOW.

"Drink Hunter Rye, it is pure."

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WM. LANAHAN & SON, - Baltimore, Md.



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Without the Taste
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Tea Sets, Coffee Set
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and all other Sma
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Every requisite in si
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pointed table.

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206 Fifth Avenue,
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CORPUS LEAN
Will reduce fat at rate of 10 to 15 lbs.
per month without injury to health.
Send 6c. in stamps for sealed circulars
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ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.
Simply stopping the fat producing
effects of food. The supply being stopped,
the natural working of the system draws
on the fat and reduces weight at once.
Sold by all Druggists.



DON'T BOIL Whitman's INSTAN-
TANEOUS Chocolate
—doesn't need it.
Made in a jiffy, with boiling water or milk.
Sold everywhere.



"Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble."

That's the old way of making soup. Put your meat and soup bones in the "cauldron" and fuss over it for hours.

Armour's

Extract of BEEF

saves you all that "toil and trouble." Add boiling water to the Extract and you have, instantly, a really palatable Bouillon or Clear Beef Soup. No trouble or mystery about it. Anyone can do it.

Armour & Company, Chicago.

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that Glitters."

Your pleasure and safety depend on knowing what is under enamel and nickel before you buy a bicycle. ❀ ❀ ❀

No question about Columbias. If you are able to pay \$100 for a bicycle why buy any but a Columbia?

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Single Fare for the Round Trip via Pennsylvania Railroad, account Y. P. S. C. F. Convention.

The Fifteenth International Convention of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor will be held at Washington, D. C., July 7 to 13, 1896, and for that occasion the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell, from July 6 to 8 inclusive, excursion tickets to Washington and return at a single fare for the round trip. These tickets will be good for return passage until July 15 inclusive, but if deposited with the Joint Agent at Washington prior to 6 P. M., July 14, will be extended to July 31 inclusive.

Full information in regard to rates and time of trains can be obtained upon application to ticket agents.

Excursion tickets for the following side trips will be sold as under:—

From July 7 to 13 inclusive excursion tickets between Washington and Baltimore and Baltimore and Washington will be sold at \$1.25 for the round trip, good for return passage until July 14 inclusive.

From July 6 to 31 excursion tickets from Washington to Gettysburg and return will be sold at \$3.35 for the round trip, good to return until July 31 inclusive. On the same days the Western Maryland Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from Baltimore to Gettysburg and return, with same return limit, at \$2.15 for the round trip.

From July 6 to 31 excursion tickets will be sold from Washington to Richmond and return at \$4.00, to Petersburg and return at \$5.00, to Old Point Comfort and return (all rail) \$6.00 (and going all rail and returning by boat) \$5.55, to Fredericksburg and return \$2.25. These tickets will all bear return limit of July 31 inclusive.

All tickets for side trips will be sold only on presentation of return portions of excursion tickets to Washington issued for this occasion.

A FEW years ago a contractor undertook to widen a railway in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and while the men were all at work one day a serious landslip occurred.

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MUSIC BY THE CHOIR.

AFTER the church organist had played a voluntary, introducing airs from "1492" and the "Black Crook"—which, of course, were not recognized by the congregation—the choir arose for its first anthem of the morning.

The choir was made up of two parts, a quartette and a chorus. The former occupied seats in the front row—because the members were paid. The chorus was grouped about and made a somewhat striking as well as startling picture. There were some who could sing; some who thought they could; and there were others.

The leader of this aggregation was the tenor of the quartette. He was tall, but his neck was responsible for considerable of his extreme height. Because he was paid to lead that choir he gave the impression to those who saw him that he was cutting some ice. A greater part of his contortions were lost because the audience did not face the choir.

The organist struck a few chords and without any preliminary wood-sawing the choir squares itself for action. Of course, there were a few who did not find the place till after arising—this is so in all choirs—but finally all appeared to be ready. The leader let out another link in his neck, and while his head was taking a motion similar to a hen's when walking, the choir broke loose. This is what it sang:

"Abide-e-e—bide—ab—abide—with abide with—bide—a-a-a-a-bide—me—with me-e-e—abide with—with me—fast—t-a-a-s-t falls—abide—fast the even—fast fa-a-a-lls the—abide with me—eventide—falls the-e-e-eventide—fast—the—the dark—the darkness abide—the darkness deepens—Lor-r-d with me-e-e—Lord with me—deepens—Lord—Lord—darkness deepens—wi-i-th me—Lord with me—me a-a-a-a-abide."

That was the first verse.

There were three others.

Everyone is familiar with the hymn, hence it is not necessary to line the verses.

During the performance some who had not attended the choir rehearsal the Thursday evening previous were a little slow in spots. During the passage of these spots some would move their lips and not utter a sound, while others—particularly the ladies—found it convenient to feel of their back hair or straighten their hats. Each one who did this had a look as if she could honestly say: "I could sing that if I saw fit"—and the choir sang on.

But when there came a note, a measure or a bar with which all were familiar, what a grand volume of music burst forth. It didn't happen this way many times, because the paid singers were supposed to do the greater part of the work. And the others were willing.

At one point, after a breathing spell, or a rest, as musicians say—the tenor started alone. He didn't mean to. But by this break the deacons discovered that he was in the game and earning his salary. The others caught him at the first quarter, however, and away they went again, neck and neck. Before they finished, several had changed places. Sometimes "Abide" was ahead, and sometimes "Lord," but on the whole it was a pretty even thing.

Then the minister—he drew a salary, also—read something out of the Bible, after which—as they say in the newspapers—"there was another well-rendered selection by the choir."

This spasm was a tenor solo with chorus accompaniment. This was when he of the long neck got in his deadly work. The audience faced the choir, and the salaried soloist was happy.

When the huddling had ceased the soloist stepped a trifle to the front and, with the confidence born of a man who stands pat on four aces, gave a majestic sweep of his head toward the organist. He said nothing, but the movement implied, "Let 'er go, Gallagher."

Gallagher was on deck, and after getting his patent-leather shoes well-braced on the sub-bass pedals, he knotted together a few chords, and the soloist was off. His selection was—that is, verbatim:

"Ge-yide me, ge-yide me, ge-yide me, O,
Thor-or gra-ut Jaw-aw-hars-vah,
Pi-il-grum thraw-aw this baw-aw-raw un larnd."

And he sang other things.

He was away up in G. He diminuendoed, struck a cantable movement, slid up over a crescendo, tackled a second ending by mistake—but it went—caught his second wind on a moderato, signified his desire for a raise in salary on a trill, did some brilliant work on a maestoso, reached high C with ease, went down into the bass clef and climbed again, quavered and held, did sixteen notes by the handful—payable on demand—waltzed along a minor passage, gracefully turned the dal segno, skipped a chromatic run, did the con espressione act worthy of a De Reszke, poured forth volumes on a measure hold, broke the center of an andante passage for three yards, retarded to beat the band, came near getting applause on a cadenza, took a six-barred triplet without turning a hair—then sat down.

Between whiles the chorus had been singing something else. The notes bumped against the oiled natural food rafters—it was a modern church—ricochetted over the memorial windows, clung lovingly to the new \$200 chandelier, floated along the ridgepole, patted the bald-headed deacons fondly and finally died away in a bunch of contribution boxes in the corner.

Then the minister preached.—*Boston Herald.*



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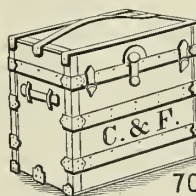
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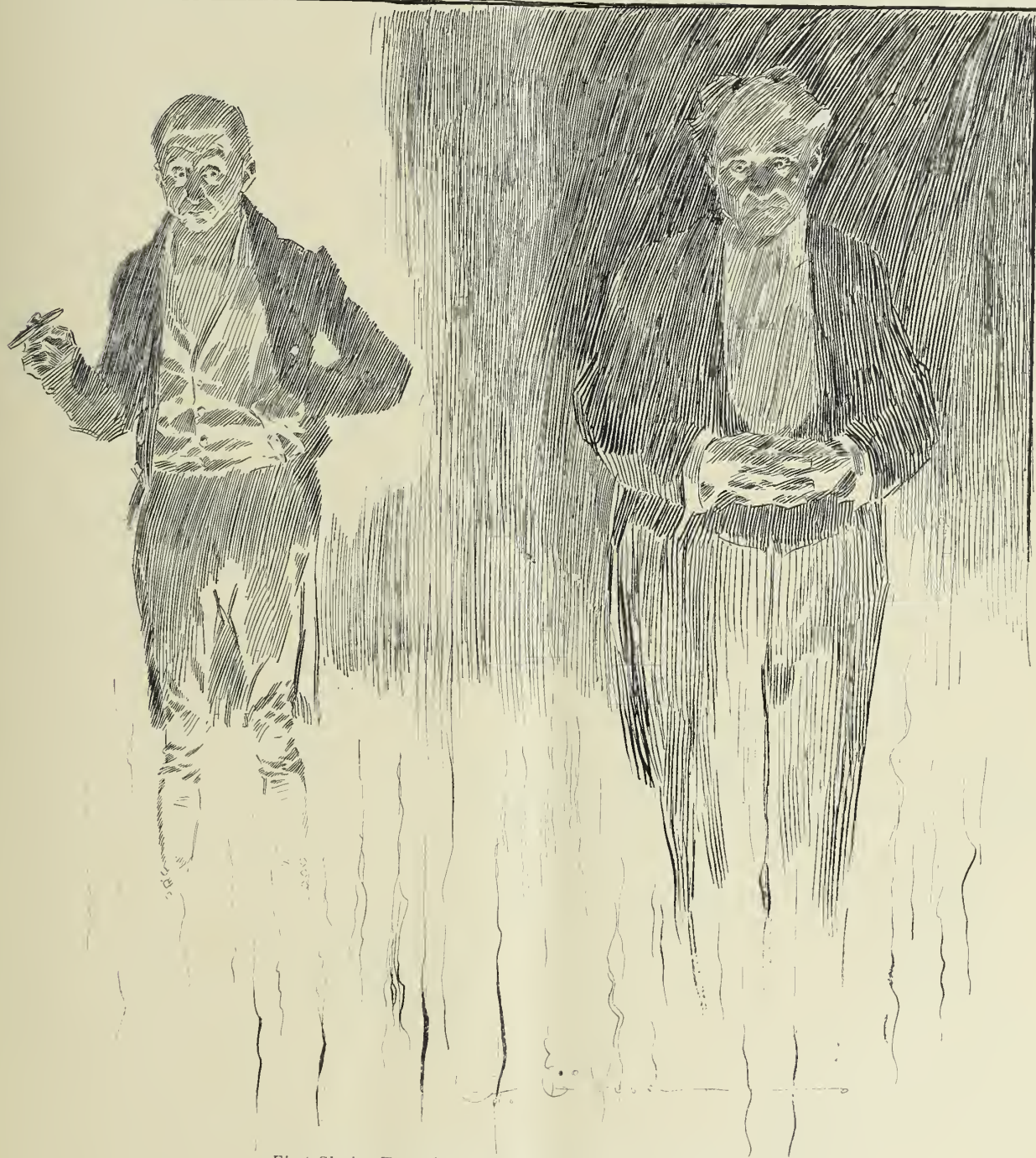
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VOLUME XXVII

·LIFE·

NUMBER 704



First Shade: THERE'S ONE GOOD THING ABOUT THIS PLACE.
Second Shade: WHAT'S THAT?
"WE CAN SMOKE."

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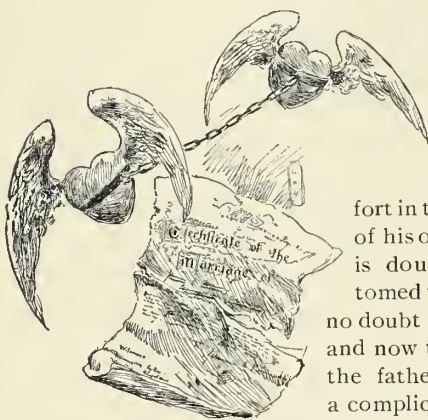
"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVII. JUNE 25, 1896. No. 704.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents. *Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.* *The illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted, and are not to be reproduced without special arrangement with the publishers.*



THE obliteration of all political issues but one in the present stage of this year's presidential campaign is complete. No one talks of tariff. The only issue now is whether a dollar is to continue to be worth a dollar, or not. On that issue there seems to be no rumor or prospect of compromise. The gold men will vote for whoever stands best for the gold standard, not as a matter of politics, but one of bread and butter. They believe, as LIFE does, that in fighting silver coinage they are opposing a delusion the ascendancy of which would be disastrous to the whole country and just as bad in the end for the South and West as for the East. The two great parties in the country at this writing are the Gold party and the Silver party. The old parties are in temporary eclipse.



MR. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT is much respected by his fellow-citizens and it grieves many of them that he should find cause for such obvious discomfort in the matrimonial intentions of his oldest son. Mr. Vanderbilt is doubtless very much accustomed to have his own way, and so no doubt in a lesser degree is his son; and now that the son's wishes and the father's are in conflict it makes a complication for which there is no easy cure. If arbitration could have helped matters, Mr. Depew would have suggested it and applied the remedy before now. But arbitration seems not to be useful in this case, and indeed there seems no way out of it but for Mr. Vanderbilt to accept his disappointment and grin and bear it. The case might be a great deal worse. The young man is a youth of good character; the lady he has chosen is in no respect an impossible person. Mr. Vanderbilt is believed to be a

just man and it is not likely that his son will ever come to want. If the father should determine that Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., seems unsuited to be burdened with the bulk of the family accumulations and should assign him merely such a fortune as may suffice to maintain him in comfort, no one need quarrel with that decision, not even the younger Vanderbilt and his bride.

* * *



THE list of members of that Sherman Statue Committee which rejected the choice

of the art experts reads like the roll of a Kentucky vestry. Every man who is not a colonel is a general. The expediency of selecting men of military or legislative experience to exercise nice discrimination in matters of art is not very apparent.

The Boston *Transcript* tells of eighteen bills that were recently pending in Congress for monuments to be erected in Washington, costing from \$25,000 to \$500,000 apiece, the expenditure in each case being entrusted to a separate committee of statesmen. If Congress is going to put up monuments by wholesale, it would be well another year to provide for the better conduct of that business by getting together some expert committee to which the construction of all monuments ordered could be referred. If a committee cannot be found which is competent to make a wise choice from designs submitted, at least one might be got together which was capable of confirming the choice of a commission of experts.

* * *

THE proposal of the University of Toronto to confer an honorary degree on Dr. Goodwin Smith aroused so much hostility that Dr. Smith has decided to worry along with such degrees as he already has (including an LL. D. from Oxford) and has declined Toronto's polite attentions in advance. The trouble was that Dr. Smith believes in the annexation of Canada to the United States. Free speech seems to be at a premium in Canada.

* * *



ALL blessings have their little drawbacks. One of the less felicitous results attributed to civil service reform is that Congressmen, having very much less patronage than formerly, are saved

the trouble of running about after offices for their constituents and have much more time than they used to have for legislation. Hence, perhaps, their eagerness to meddle with everything, and the relief that the country feels in having them out of Washington at last and dispersed to their homes.

THE SUMMER ARM.

[NOT A NEW COMPLAINT.]

ASoft as summer comes around,
I view with much alarm
A certain mystic malady
That settles in my arm;
It doesn't burn, or pain, or ache,
Or feel rheumatic thrills,
And yet with keen anxiety
My mind it always fills.

While sitting in a boat or car,
Upon the news intent,
I'm shocked to find the way my poor
Afflicted arm is bent—
As soon as I'm not looking, or
My thoughts are called away,
Around the seat that's next to me
That arm begins to stray.

THE POWER OF SPAGHETTI.
A STORY OF AN ITALIAN DINNER TABLE.



You see how troublesome it is
To have an arm like mine,
That just as soon as summer comes
Begins to bend and twine;
I think I'll have to go away
And search from east to west
Till I have found some small waist-place
Where my poor arm can rest.

Wallace Dunbar Vincent.



HANS UP.

THE STORY OF A
MAGAZINE AND
A MAN.

A CERTAIN rich
young man,
whom a University
had just given the
freedom of the world,
decided he would be-
come famous.

Going to the nearest lunatic asylum he
secured the release of the patient whose
intellect was most hopelessly distorted. At
a neighboring eye infirmary he procured a
person of absolutely inaccurate vision.

With the assistance of these two—one as
editor, the other as art director—he started
a New Magazine.

It was a huge success. Nobody under-
stood it and everybody bought it.

He was famous.

But he lost both his mind and his eyes
from trying to read his own magazine.

The moral of which is that you may buy an infirmity, but you
cannot bribe it to stay away.

Percival Pollard.

PERSISTENT.

"THAT bill-collector is still downstairs, sir."

"Didn't I tell you to say to him that I died quite suddenly
half an hour ago?"

"Yes, sir; but he says he would like a few moments' conversation
with the corpse."

THE LAW AND THE SCORCHER.

ONE of the blessings that contem-
porary humanity owes to the
bicycle is the current newspaper para-
graph which tells how the bicycle-po-
liceman—vulgarly known as the cop-
on-wheels—pursued and captured the
lawless and disdainful scorcher. The

race between the
scorcher and the cop
glows with sport and
bristles with hair-
breadth escapes. Jus-
tice is always tri-
umphant, so the
moral effect of the
stories is good.

HOW lucky it is
there are no
taxes on air-castles!



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OUR FRESH-AIR FUND.
CORRECTED STATEMENT.

Balance from October 12, 1895.....	\$1,325 08	Laurenn	1 50
Nov. 27, paid for Pumping Engine.....	264 00	Francis	1 50
	\$1,061 08	"The Gleaners"	6 00
Five little boys, viz.: Zach Barber, Lee Fraser, Louis Barnard, Reed Hubbell and Gilbert Stark.....	4 32	Cash.....	30 00
M. N. J.....	5 00	P. A. B.....	2 00
Rye Seminary Branch of the Needlework Guild.	5 00	Fairfield, Katherine, Dorothy and A. M. G., Jr..	12 00
"Mon" or Mondays.....	1 00	Ada, Polly, Edmund and Roger.....	8 00
M. Reincke.....	10 00	W. H. C.....	9 00
J. H. Perkins, M. D.....	2 46	E. C.....	15 00
M. B. G.....	10 00	Eleanor Keyes	12 50
L. G.....	2 00	Agnes Keyes	12 50
		Cash.....	25 00
		Kittie B. R. W.....	8 70
		Margaret Healey, Rockland, Mass.....	2 00
			\$1,246 56

"PAPA, have you ever made a century run?"
"Yes, the day I taught your mother to ride a wheel."



GILBERT PARKER'S RECENT STORIES.

A NEW author usually gains his first popular recognition through some one character who takes hold of the imagination; so that ever after, when you think of that author, you immediately associate him with what is far more real to you—the character that he created out of nothing. This applies to all grades of fiction writing—from *Dr. Jekyll* to *Molly Bawn*.

Gilbert Parker has written half a dozen books since "*Pierre* and his People," but when you think of Parker you also think of *Pierre*. It is therefore a pleasure to have *Pierre* reappear in a new volume of collected short stories—"An Adventurer of the North" (Stone & Kimball). To any one who loves the woods and the odd people that adventures in the wilderness bring together, these tales have a fascination of their own—a charm that no one who has not shot rapids with an Indian or listened to his tales by the camp-fire at night, can hope fully to realize. But there remains enough



dramatic quality in these stories to interest of itself those benighted people who never slept on balsam boughs or tramped a muddy portage.

The charm of *Pierre* himself is his fine air of being a citizen of the world—of seeing through the accidents of the wildest, most barbaric life, to the fine vein of human nature that is common alike to the son of an English lord



THE X-RAY DOCTOR.

Anxious Mother: OH, DOCTOR, WE MISSED ONE OF OUR SILVER SPOONS, AND, AS BABY HAS BEEN VERY CROSS ALL DAY, WE WANT YOU TO LOOK THROUGH HIM AND SEE IF HE HAS IT IN HIM!



on the Mounted Police and the laziest, most disreputable half-breed who loafs around a Company Post.

Mr. Parker is rarely humorous, but "The Cruise of the Ninety-Nine" in this volume is as fantastic as even Mr. Stockton might wish. The blowing up of a keg of smuggled liquor in the cellar of the church at the very minute when the smuggler himself is being confirmed, is a touch of the grotesque that would make Hamlin Garland laugh in his most solemn moments.

* * *

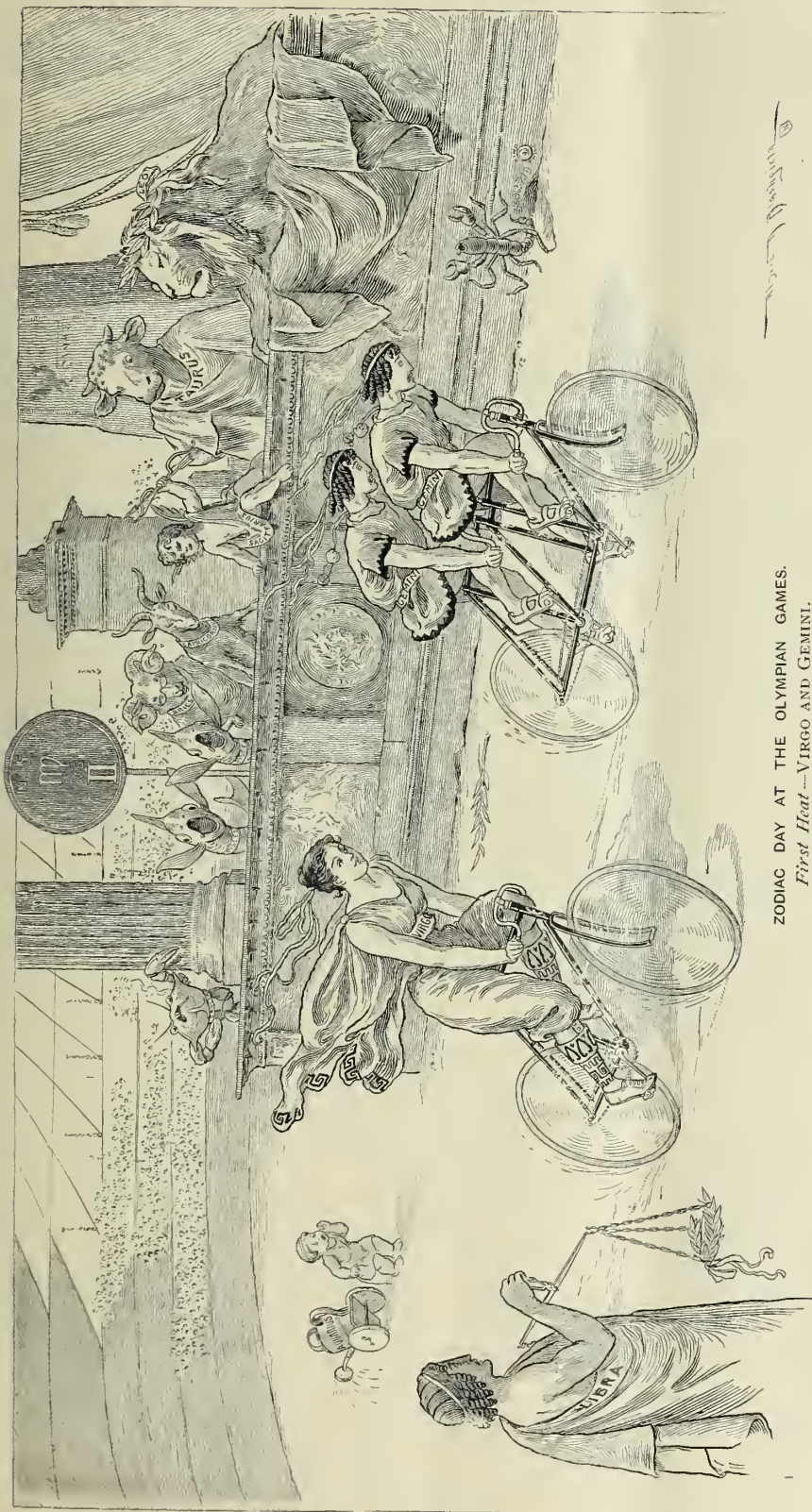
THAT Mr. Parker has also learned how to write a sustained novel of breadth and intensity is shown by his recently published historical romance, "The Seats of the Mighty" (Appleton). The siege of Quebec has long been waiting for the romantic mind and skilful hand, and that Mr. Parker (a descendant of British soldiers) should have been born in Quebec makes him peculiarly the right man for the opportunity. As a character, *Doltair* will appeal to the dramatic instincts of lovers of good fiction. He is mingled of *Richelieu* and *Iago*, but can stand alone. There is a fascinating woman in the story—the subtle *Alix*—and it is a true stroke to make her susceptible to *Doltair's* intellectual finesse, while detesting his personality. The hero of the story, who is supposed to write the narrative, wins one's sympathies but hardly one's admiration. There is a certain reticence in his narrative about himself that well becomes a brave man.

It is to be spoken to Mr. Parker's credit that he is not blind to the possibilities for romance of this new continent. *Droch.*

THE hilarity of young Harvard over a recent victory of its ball nine over Princeton culminated in a small riot in Harvard Square and police court exercises next morning. Princeton ought to feel highly honored. It was not always an event of such egregious magnitude for Harvard to win a game from her.

IT is pleasant to notice that the royal family of Great Britain is beginning to get into our Mr. Waldorf Astor's set.

ZODIAC DAY AT THE OLYMPIAN GAMES.
First Heat—VIRGO AND GEMINI.



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The Seven Stages

ALL the world's a rink,
And all the men and women merely bikers.
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his course breaks many parts.

At first the Novice,
Wobbling and trembling in the instructor's
arms;

And then the groaning Layman, with his sling
And bruised mourning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to bed; And then the Enthusiast,
Panting like Cerebus, with a bicycle expression,
But bound to get there. Then a Scorcher,
Full of strange oaths and clothed with many
checks,

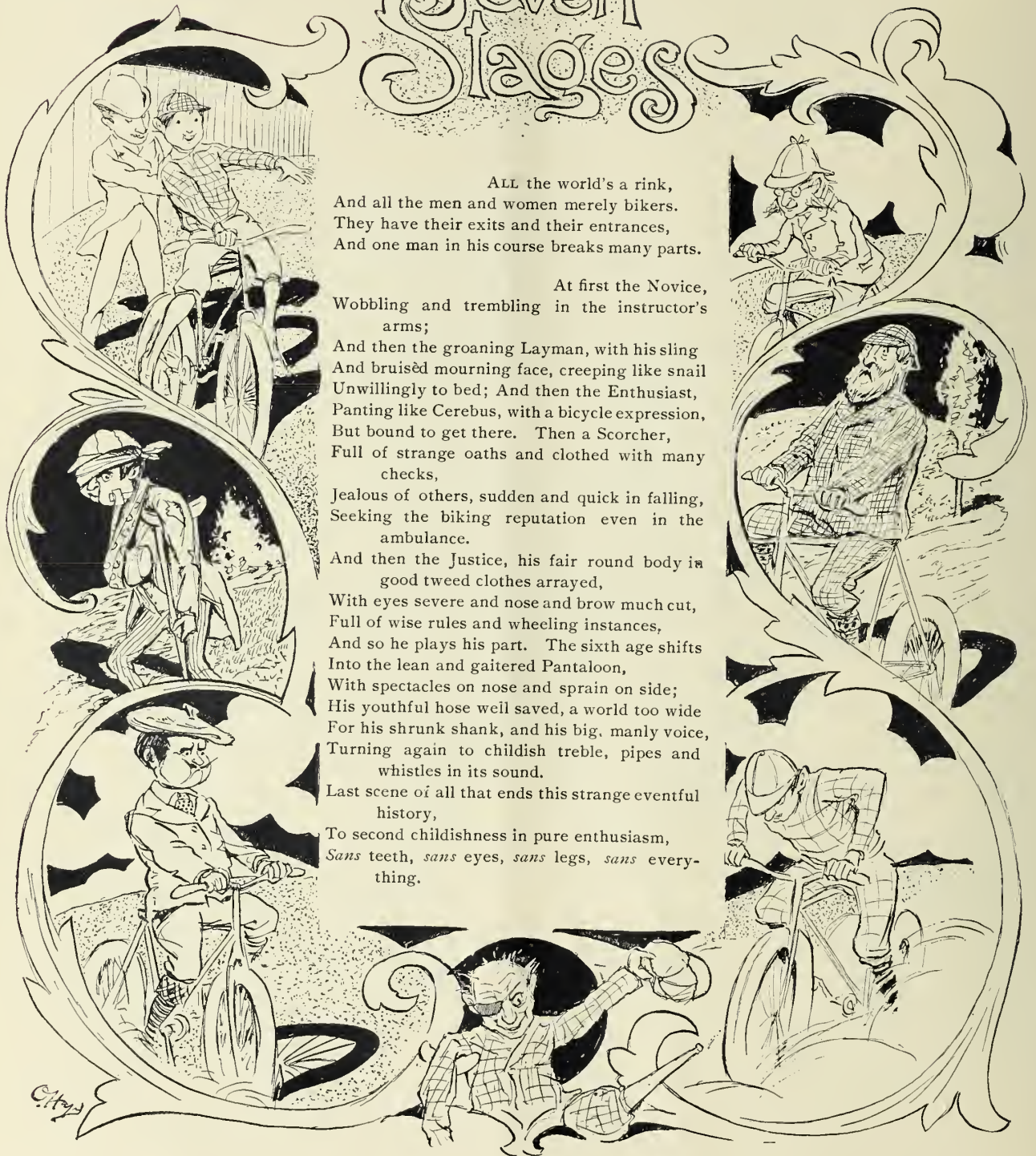
Jealous of others, sudden and quick in falling,
Seeking the biking reputation even in the
ambulance.

And then the Justice, his fair round body in
good tweed clothes arrayed,

With eyes severe and nose and brow much cut,
Full of wise rules and wheeling instances,
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and gaitered Pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and sprain on side;
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank, and his big, manly voice,
Turning again to childish treble, pipes and
whistles in its sound.

Last scene of all that ends this strange eventful
history,

To second childishness in pure enthusiasm,
*Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans legs, sans every-
thing.*





TRIAL OF THE SPORT.

NOT WITHIN HER PROVINCE.

YOUNGER SISTER. Say, Ethel, how does a real live lord make love?
"You'll have to ask Papa, dear."

LIEUTENANT TOTTEN says the planets are all getting in line on the same side of the sun, and threaten to pull the great central fire out of plumb and make extremely bad times both in this world and the next.

We are sorry, Lieutenant, but we cannot help you in this matter. You would better see Mr. Hanna, of Cleveland.

A BOY TO BE PROUD OF.

MRS. DOLAN: My boy Dinny is gittin' to be a great Sunday-school worker, bless the heart av um.

MRS. NOLAN: Indade?

"Yis. He has worked t'ree av thim fer free excursions already."

THE golf cap has driven the yachting cap out to sea where it belongs. That is another good thing about golf. How dreadful it would have been to see this year's great army of bicyclists topped off like yachtsmen!

RARE.

BLEACH, and the girls bleach with you, Paint, and the others will;
And it's O for the sight of a real brunette
When the fashion is bleaching still!

THE ADVANCE OF HUMAN INGENUITY.

LIFE has never until lately appreciated what a boon was conferred upon humanity by the type-setting machine. It is now in general use in the daily newspaper offices, and our heart throbs with gratitude to the inventor when we read an important and thrilling dispatch like the following:

Washington, D. C., June 5.—In the Senate to-day Mr. Morgan (Dem., Ala.) asked for women. They have desired them to be attractive and amusing—the wife, the mother, has been chosen on purely utilitarian grounds; affection has had little to do with the marriage whom the check is made out. But even that

The vastness is so great that it is even oppressive as well as impressive. One would last to the possibility of pre- for the venders of such articles to realize that for the venders of such articles to realize that for the venders of such articles to realize that their form might be altered for the better, as the heaviness which was needed where a tube was necessary was out of place when a thin wire replaced the tube.

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INDEPENDENCE.

He: HORTENSE VASELINE DEBRIS, FROM THIS HOUR HENCEFORWARD FORTH WE AINT TO EACH OTHER WHAT WE WUZ A WEEK AGO. I BRAND YER AS A FLIRT AN' A CROQUETTE!

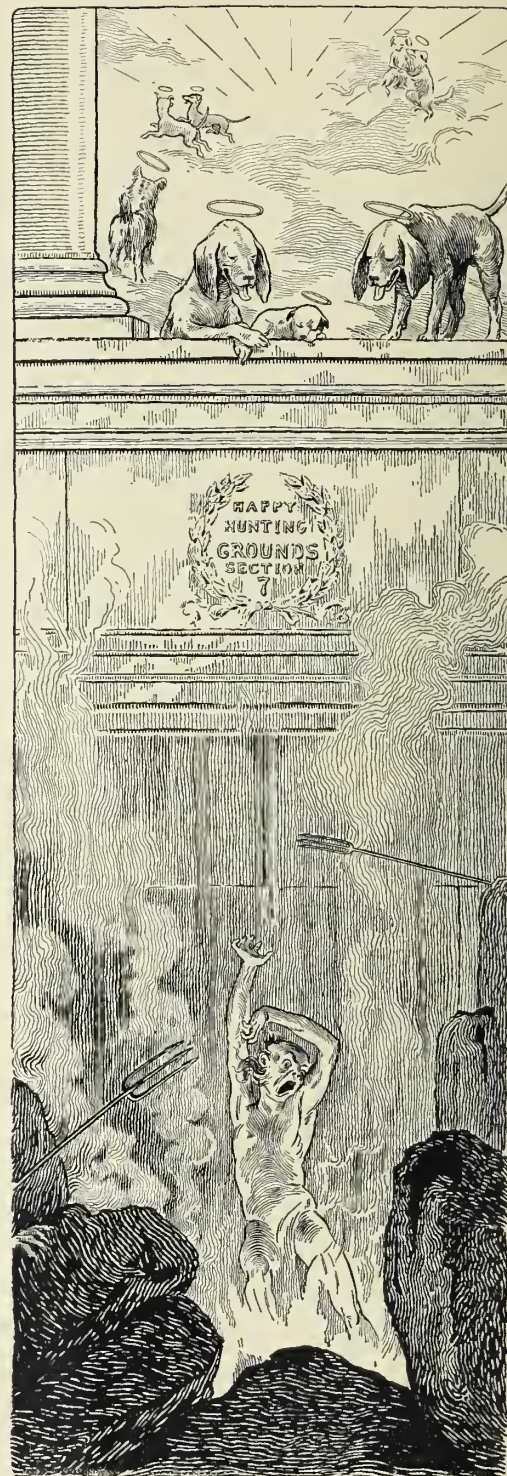
She (haughtily): AS YOU PLEASE, REGINALD OVERTON. THERE ARE OTHERS!

SONG OF MYSELF.

[After Walt Whitman, maybe by the President of the Metropolitan Traction Company and Society for Nervous Prostration.]

I CELEBRATE myself, I am onto myself,
And the damage done I shall assume,
For every nerve belonging to me is as good as belongs to you.
I loaf and ride in a cab,
And lean and loaf and watch the others slaughtered:
Hoping to cease not until death.
Women and children in abeyance
Waving in vain, others inside, with men cursing at me, packed like
sardines in a box,
I watch with sinister look and laugh in my sleeve:
Gripmen unchecked I laugh at, glad that I am here.
I have heard what the people were saying and it moves me not.
I do not talk, for I have nothing to say.
I am satisfied: I see, dance, laugh
In secret at the carnage for which I am responsible, at the cable cars
with their lines of victims.
Shall I postpone my exquisite joy for a moment to help a fellow-man
That he in turn may lend me thanks?
Nay, nay, there are too many people already on earth to suit Me,
The insatiable, the quenchless—not by a d. s.
Trippers and askers surround me,
Remaining members of families, and people on my line who have
been maimed for life:
These come to me day and night and go from me again
All on a hopeless quest. Ha! Ha!
I am Vreeland, the silent, the terrible,
I am indeed a daisy, calm and immovable as a Central Park statue.

H. H. Vr-l-n-d.



"WHY, THAT IS PROFESSOR SAWYER WHO USED TO VIVISECT US TO MAKE HIS LECTURES INTERESTING."



"IS IT CORRECT, MAMMA, TO CALL SERVANTS 'HELP'?"
"NO, MY DEAR. THAT TERM IS OBSOLETE."



An old-time Southern politician tells the following:
"When Lincoln first came to Washington, I went to see him, so prejudiced against him beforehand that no man with less genius could have overcome it. I left the first interview, his friend. No man ever came under the charm of Lincoln's personality without respecting him and, if permitted, loving him. One day, after we had become fairly good friends, I told him of my early prejudice. 'Mr. Lincoln,' I said, 'I had heard every mean thing about you except one. I never heard that you were too fond of the pleasures of life.' Mr. Lincoln sat for a moment stroking his cheek thoughtfully, and then he drawled out in his peculiar Western voice:

"That reminds me of something a boy said to me when I was about ten years old. Once in a while my mother used to get some sorghum and some ginger and mix us up a batch of gingerbread. It wasn't often, and it was our biggest treat. One day I smelled it and came into the house to get my share while it was hot. I found she had baked me three gingerbread men, and I took them out under a hickory-tree to eat them. There was a family near us that was a little poorer than we were, and their boy came along as I sat down. 'Abe,' he said, edging close, 'gimme a man.' I gave him one. He crammed it into his mouth at two bites and looked at me while I bit the legs from my first one. 'Abe' he said, 'gimme that other'n.' I wanted it, but I gave it to him, and as it followed the first one I said: 'You seem to like gingerbread.' 'Abe,' he said earnestly, 'I don't s'pose there's anybody on this earth likes gingerbread as well as I do,' and drawing a sigh that brought up crumbs, 'I don't s'pose there's anybody gets less of it.'"—*Facts and Fiction.*

"WILLIE, didn't I ask you to make less noise?" said Mrs. Still at the dinner table.

"Yes, you did, mamma."

"Well, I will have to ask you again."

"Remember, mamma, you told me it was impolite to ask for anything twice at the table."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"You must like prunes, Mr. Bolton? I notice you always take them."

"No, I hate them; but if I don't eat them to-day they will come back to me as prune pie to-morrow."—*Chicago Record.*

FINANCIER: You literary men haven't the first idea about business. Here you have about 10,000 manuscripts piled up in this dark closet, and you say they are all paid for.

EDITOR GREAT MAGAZINE: Years ago.

"Just think of it! Hasn't it ever occurred to you, sir, that you are losing the interest on all the money you paid out for those useless bundles?"

"Huh! You financiers haven't the first idea about literature. Every one of those manuscripts is from a different author, and the whole 10,000 of them will go on buying our magazine at 35 cents a copy until the articles are printed."—*New York Weekly.*

WEARY WAGGLES: An ter t'ink we skipped that free concert las' night!

DUSTY RHODES: W'y?

"Dis here paper says de music was intoxicatin'."—*New York Press.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

THE UNDER SIDE OF THINGS. By Lillian Honor Ormthwaite. By the Author of "Jane's Vagaries."

Jerry the Dreamer. By Will Payne.
A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court. Mark Twain.

STONE & KIMBALL, CHICAGO.

In a Dike Shanty. By Maria Louise Pool.
The Purple East. By William Watson. London: John Lane.

Newport. By W. C. Brownell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mrs. Martin's Company. By Jane Barlow. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Poker Stories. Corrected and edited by John Lillard. New York: Francis P. Harper.

Kings in Exile. Alphonse Daudet. London: J. Dent & Company.

The Quicksands of Pactolus. By Horace Anne Vachell. New York: Henry Holt & Company.

Money, Silver and Finance. By J. Howard C. Perthwait. New York: American News Company.

An Irishman and a Frenchman were disputing the nationality of a friend of theirs. "I say," said the Frenchman, "that if he was born in France he is a Frenchman." "Begorra," said Pat, "if a cat should have kittens in the oven would you call them biscuits?"—*Toronto Christian Guardian.*

HE: So you visited Pompeii?

SHE: Oh, yes.

"How did you like it?"

"Well, I must say I was awfully disappointed in the place. Of course, it was beautifully located, all that, but it was so dreadfully out of repair."—*Washington Star.*

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

IVORY SOAP.

A garb of white well typifies
The purity that inward lies.
So Ivory's whiteness doth express
That pure clean soap brings cleanliness.

Copyrighted, 1896, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cin'ti.

THE SATISFACTION DERIVED FROM SMOKING YALE MIXTURE

IS DIFFICULT OF DESCRIPTION
TRY THIS DELIGHTFUL BLEND ONCE.
THE RESULT WILL PLEASE US BOTH

YALE MIXTURE

A 2 OZ. TRIAL PACKAGE POST PAID FOR 25 CENTS
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO. SUCCESSORS OF MARBURG BROS. BALTIMORE MD. U.S.

The coolness is refreshing; the roots and herbs invigorating; the two together animating. You get the right combination in **HIRES Rootbeer.**

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia.
A 25c. package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

WHITMAN'S INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE.

Pure, Delicious Flavor Mix with boiling milk or water, and it's made
Stephen F. Whitman & Son, PHILADELPHIA.

In chronicling the funeral of a highly respected citizen, a contemporary says: "He leaves a daughter and three sons, his widow having predeceased him."—*Household Words.*

Don't wait till you get sick. Keep the system toned up with Abbott's Original Augustura Bitters. All Druggists.

"HUNTER Baltimore Rye"

The American Gentleman's **WHISKEY**

For Club, Family and Medical use.

The Best Whiskey in America.

TEN YEARS OLD.

Endorsed by Leading Physicians when stimulant is prescribed.

PURE, OLD, MELLOW.
"Drink Hunter Rye, it is pure."

Sold at all First-class Cafes and by Jobbers
WM. LANAHAN & SON, - Baltimore, Md.

SIBYLLINE.

A MATCHLESS SKIN TONIC.

SPEEDILY REMOVES
Wrinkles, Tan, Sunburn.

CURES
Eczema, Pimples, Blackheads,
and all cutaneous diseases, making the skin clear and soft.

Unequalled for Use after Shaving.

For Sale by all Druggists, wherever toilet articles are sold, or by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents per bottle.

—Send for free booklet.—

SIBYLLINE CO., 1 Madison Ave., N.Y.

SOLID SILVERWARE

Tea Sets, Coffee Sets
Sugar and Cream Sets
Dinner Services, Dessert Pieces, Forks, Spoon
and all other Small Wares.

Every requisite in silver for a perfectly appointed table.

THEODORE B. STAR

206 Fifth Avenue,
Madison Square,
New York.

Always Appetizing.

At times when you relish nothing, a cup of Bouillon made from

Armour's

Extract of BEEF

restores the appetite, gives a feeling of comfort and drives away fatigue. Its making is the matter of a moment. Requires only the addition of boiling water and a pinch of salt. Send for our little book "Culinary Wrinkles."

Armour & Company, Chicago.

SUPERIOR to VASELINE and CUCUMBERS

to
VASELINE
and
CUCUMBERS

CRÈME SIMON marvellous for softening, whitening and perfuming the complexion. Most efficacious for light affections of the skin.

J. SIMON 36, rue de Provence PARIS

PARK & TILFORD, New-York: Druggists, Perfumers, Fancy goods stores.

THE ART OF BREWING WAS DEVELOPED BY THE GERMANS



PABST
MILWAUKEE

Hark! —the Lark sings high to voice the joy of morning! Let your spirits soar and give your body strength by using **PABST MALT EXTRACT** The "Best" Tonic.

MILWAUKEE BEER IS FAMOUS PABST HAS MADE IT SO

THE CLUB = COCKTAILS

For the
Yacht,
Camping
Party,
Summer
Hotel,
Fishing
Party,
Mountains,
Seashore,
or the
Picnic.



Manhattan,
Martini,
Whiskey,
Holland
Gin,
Tom Gin,
Vermouth
and
York

All ready for use, require no mixing. Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions, the one bottled and aged must be the better. Try our **York Cocktail**—without any sweetening—dry and delicious. For sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the U. S., and all druggists and dealers.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.

39 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. HARTFORD, CONN. 20 PICCADILLY, W. LONDON, ENG.

Fibre Chamois

The Ideal Interlining

Recommended and Used by

Sara Bernhardt
Lillian Russell
Mrs. Jenness Miller
Redfern

None Genuine Unless Stamped **Fibre Chamois**



"Women and Children First!"

When a Ship is wrecked at sea, women and children have the first care. It should be the same on shore—in life—always protect the family against want with reliable Life Insurance . .

The Prudential

insures the whole family—Children, Women and Men from ages 1 to 70. Amounts from \$15 to \$50,000. Premiums payable weekly, quarterly, half-yearly or yearly, according to plan selected

Full Information as to
plans sent free on request.

The Prudential Insurance Co. of America, Home Office: Newark, N.J.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.

ASSETS over \$15,780,000. INCOME, \$12,500,000
SURPLUS, \$3,300,000.

Every Package of this popular dentifrice contains:

A large bottle of Liquid Sozodont
A box of Sozodont Powder
A Sample Cake of Sozoderma Soap for the Skin

Sozodont

FOR THE
TEETH AND BREATH.

Use liquid Sozodont daily; the powder twice a week. A sample of liquid Sozodont by mail, provided you mention this publication and send three cents for postage. Address the proprietors of Sozodont, HALL & RUCKEL, Wholesale Druggists, New York City.



Rae's Lucca Oil

The Perfection of Olive Oil

Your physician will tell you that Olive Oil, pure and sweet, is one of the most wholesome of foods. Rae's Oil is pure and sweet, as testified to by numerous awards and wide repute. A trial will convince you of its superior excellence as a food product.

Guaranteed Absolutely Pure by

S. RAE & CO.,

Established 1836.

Leghorn, Italy.



"Please, Mister Burglar,

don't take that,

'cause papa says us children couldn't get along without it."

There is more actual nourishment in

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S

Malt-Nutrine

TRADE MARK.

—the food drink—than can be gained in any other way. It's a prime producer of blood and the ideal vitalizer. Invaluable for nursing mothers and sufferers from wasting diseases.

Sold by all druggists.

Prepared by ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASSOCIATION, St. Louis, U. S. A.

Send for handsomely illustrated colored booklets and other reading matter.

NEW YORK DEPOT, 24 AND 27 WEST STREET.

IN the course of one of his winter visits to Florida, Andrew Carnegie attended a service in a negro church at a place where his fame as a millionaire and philanthropist was not known by the colored people. When the contribution plate came around Mr. Carnegie dropped a five-dollar bill upon it. After the contents of the plate had been counted the clergyman arose and announced: "Brethren and sisteren, the collection this evening seems to figure up six dollars and forty-four cents and if the five-dollar-bill contributed by the gentleman from the North is genuine the repairs on the sanctuary will begin immediately."—*Youth's Companion*.

A SWEET POLITICIAN.

"Who'll vote for me?" asked Dora,

Love's fairest politician.

She tossed her head as straight I said:

"I will, on one condition—

And that is that Dora'll give her note

To kiss me for each vote, each vote."

And then I saw her blue eyes soften—

And voted early, voted often.

—Frank L. Stanton in *Atlanta Constitution*.

HUSBAND: Don't you think you are rather unreasonable to expect me to take you to a ball, stay awake until 4 o'clock and then get up at 8 to go to my work?

WIFE: I may be a little unreasonable, but it's perfectly brutal of you to mention it.—*Odds and Ends*.

BURNETT'S KALLISTON.

BEFORE starting for the mountains or seashore, be sure that you have a bottle of Burnett's Kalliston for sunburn.

For sale by all Druggists.

JOSEPH BURNETT CO., BOSTON, MASS.

GOLD LACK

BRUTAL
CHAMPAGNE.

DEUTZ & GELDERMANN, Ay, France.

Possessing to the fullest extent the fruity and delicate character peculiar to the wines of the famous AY district.

Agent C. H. ARNOLD, 27 S. William St., N. Y. City.

THIS IS THE 1896

SEARCH LIGHT

PRICE \$5.00

The only strictly first class bicycle lantern on the market.

Ask your dealer or send to

BRIDGEPORT BRASS CO.

Or 19 Murray Street, New York. Bridgeport, Conn.
85-87 Pearl Street, Boston.
17 No. 7th St., Philadelphia.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR No. 47

There is no Substitute

Every card of the famous DeLONG
Hooks and Eyes has on the face and
back the words

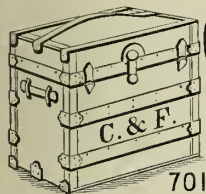
See that

hump?



RICHARDSON & DeLONG BROS., Philadelphia.

Also makers of the CUPID Hair Pin.



**CROUCH &
FITZGERALD**

161 BROADWAY.
688 BROADWAY.
701 SIXTH AVENUE.

YOU
MAY THINK

that although your saddle was uncomfortable at first, you have gotten used to it now, and it is therefore not injuring you, but the injurious pressure is there just the same. Our saddle is absolutely non-injurious.



\$3.50

MESINGER

HULBERT BROS. & Co.,

Majestic Bicycles,
26 W. 23d Street,
New York.

At a recent meeting of a board of Prison Commissioners the following suggestions were made: "That the prisoners in the jail be locked in their cells as much as possible, that their food be diminished in quantity and quality; and that a minister of the Gospel should be employed, or otherwise obtained, to hold frequent and protracted discourses in the jail; and all with a view of making the prison a place of punishment.—*Green Bag.*

MEASLY: What has become of McStuttigan, who stammered so?

BRISCO: He's giving dialect readings.—*Philadelphia North American.*

THREE FOR A DOLLAR!

Three what? Three charmingly executed posters in colors, drawn by W. W. Denslow, Ethel Reed and Ray Brown, will be sent free of postage to any address on receipt of One Dollar. All who are afflicted with the "poster craze" will immediately embrace this rare opportunity, as but a limited number of the posters will be issued. The scarcity of a good thing enhances its value. Address, GEORGE H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

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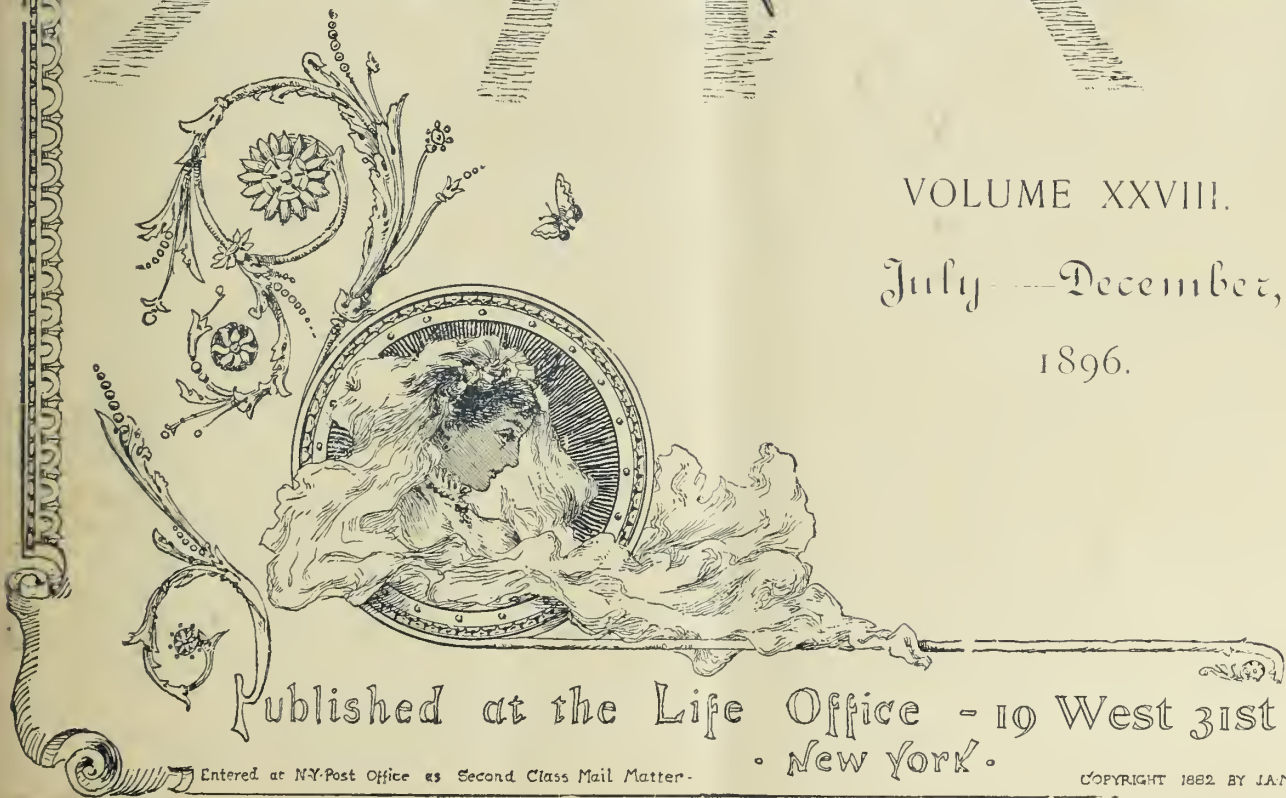
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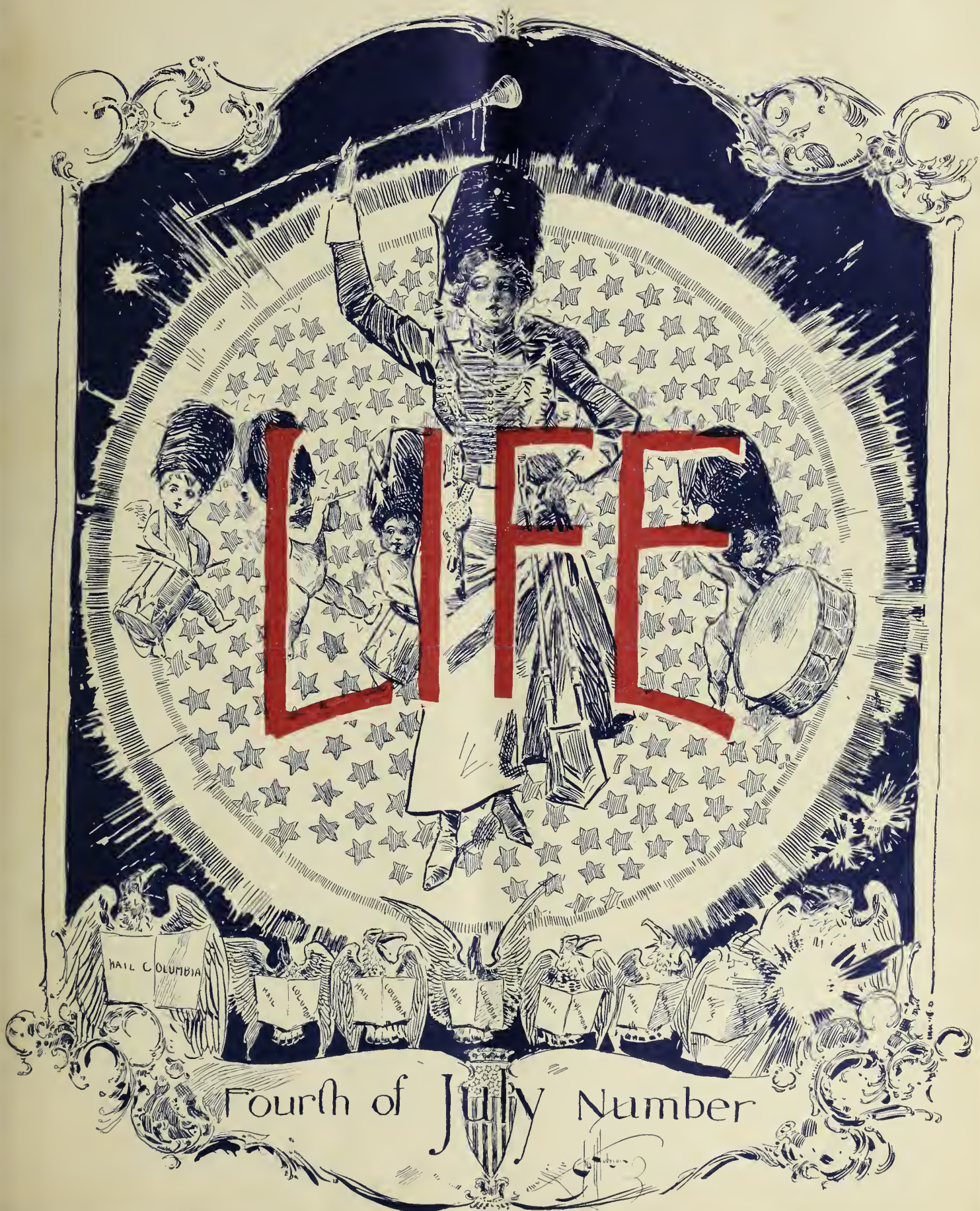
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12:10 A. M.

He: YOUR FATHER IS AN EARLY RISER, ISN'T HE?
 "I DON'T KNOW. DID YOU HEAR HIM STIRRING?"

PATRIOTISM AND SCIENCE.

LITTLE Willie's cast-iron cannon
 Ne'er had felt the Roentgen ray;
 Perfect was it in appearance,
 But a flaw was hid away.

Little Willie's bones and muscles
 All were photographed next day
 So they might collect that cannon
 Aided by the Roentgen ray.

W. L. W.

LOOKING FOR IT.

JONES: Brooks is dead.
 BROWN: Well, I'm not surprised to hear it. His
 doctor told me he thought he could straighten him out.



ON THE HOME TACK.

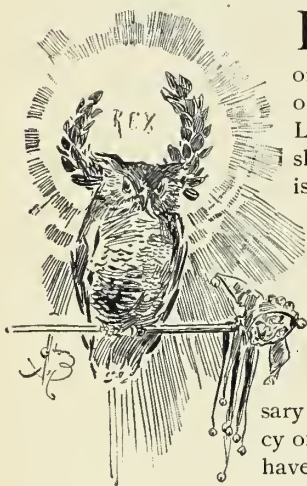




"While there is Life, there's Hope."

VOL. XXVII. JULY 2, 1896. No. 705.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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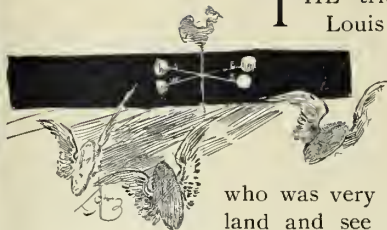


LIFE begs to congratulate Mr. Mark Hanna of Cleveland on the coronation of his efforts and vindication of his taste by his convention at St. Louis. Mr. McKinley is no great shakes as a candidate, but such as he is he is Hanna's own. Barring the moderate, though very acceptable, success of Messrs. Platt and Lodge in getting an unmistakable gold plank into the Republican platform, Mr. Hanna has had everything his own way. His men were nominated as per arrangement without unnecessary delay or any serious hitch. The potency of his efforts has been marvelous. We have heard since the convention adjourned how Mr. McKinley took the news, how

many palings were broken out of his front fence at Canton, how his carpets stood the onsets of his felicitators and what the chances are that his lawn will last out the summer. But no one has told the public much about the immediate effects of the nomination upon Mr. Hanna. That able gentleman ought not to be expected to contain himself without artificial helps. LIFE's advice to him is to have a set of stout hoops adjusted to his person. He is entitled to swell with pride and it is the part of prudence for him to take such timely measures that such a reasonable distention as his deserts warrant may obtain without disaster.

* * *

WHEN the Prince of Wales won the Derby the other day with Persimmon he led his horse off to the unsaddling enclosure amid a stupendous expression of the enthusiasm of the spectators. It would have been a great sight to see Mr. Hanna lead Major McKinley off to be weighed after the vote of Ohio was cast at St. Louis, but unfortunately they don't do it in that way at political conventions. The people will all want to see Mr. Hanna. If the Major should be elected, Mr. Hanna must drive the band wagon at his inauguration.



THE triumph of gold at St. Louis seems to have encouraged the sound money Democrats to rally for a fight at Chicago. Mr. William C. Whitney,

who was very desirous to go to England and see the Yale crew row at Henley, has yielded to the persuasions of the President and others of his political friends and will see what he can do to baffle the silver enthusiasts in their purpose to ruin the Democratic convention. No one knows what will be done at Chicago or who will be put up.

* * *

MR. WHITNEY'S letter about the silver craze is sound, sagacious and highly persuasive. It promises to be worth a great deal to the country to have so much calm sense upon that subject put in a form so convenient for distribution. When Mr. Whitney tells the silver men that they are hurting the chances of bi-metallism by their reckless impatience, he speaks in tones that they ought to be willing to listen to. If they go slow, he says, there is a good chance for the adoption of bi-metallism by international agreement, but if they should win their fight now, they will get silver monometallism in the United States, and a panic and very hard times with it. All the delegates to the Chicago convention will read that letter. Here's a hoping that it may go to their heads. It can hardly be to the advantage of the country to have any great party laid so low as the Democrats would be laid by a declaration in convention for free silver coinage.

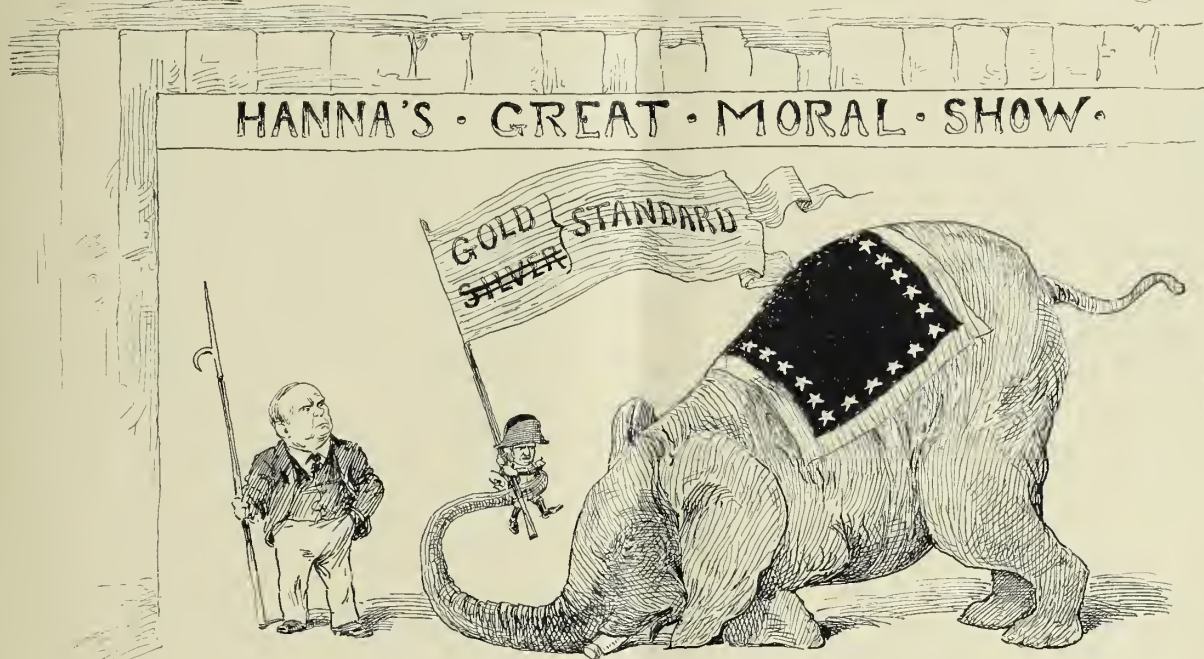
* * *



CHICAGO proposes to erect a bronze statue to George F. Root. Don't, Chicago. The bronze statue business is being overdone. Devise some other species of memorial for Mr. Root. He is fit to be remembered, but not adapted to be immortalized in bronze. Why not name a brand of beer after him? The George F. Root beer would not be a bit less popular for having an ambiguous name.

* * *

IT is obvious from the reports of the suit of Mr. Belasco against Mr. Fairbank that even a theatrical angel may sometimes fear to tread where managers rush in. In the make-up of the ideal theatrical angel unlimited cash is joined to unlimited faith. In Mr. Fairbank's case considerable cash survived a wreck of hopes.



OUR FRESH-AIR FUND.

Previously acknowledged,		From Boys of Fay School	
	\$1,246 56	—Penny Contributions	\$11 15
J. G. & E. A. W.....	10 00	Master Julius A. Rich-	
Margaret.....	1 00	ards.....	3 16
			\$1,271 87



CRUEL PARENTS AND LOVERS.

THREE recent American novels, by writers of reputation for discernment and literary style, suggest the reflection that something must be radically wrong with the family and home in this republic. A consecutive reading of Miss Wilkins's "Madelon" (Harper), Stephen Crane's "George's Mother" (Arnold), and James Lane Allen's "Summer in Arcady" (Macmillan), will tend to drive sensitive men to monasteries and bright girls to nunneries. The burden of the books seems to be that there is only one thing worse than having a father and mother—and that is to be a father or mother.

Miss Wilkins's pictures of family life in New England never have been alluring, but in "Madelon" she deepens the shadows of disagreeableness to a point that is blacker than ever the bitterest *ante-bellum* Virginian painted them in his most virulent days. The South may consider itself avenged of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" by the portrait of her own people that Miss Wilkins persistently paints. She is a most admirable literary artist, and, at this late day, needs no com-

men'dation for a style

that for biting directness and forceful simplicity is not excelled in current fiction. Moreover, every character in the novel is distinct, consistent, and easily grasped by the reader. But they are beyond your sympathy.

The heroine, who is intended to clutch at your heart by the intensity of her love, is our old friend of the melodrama of the Kate Claxton era. The black-eyed girl with a streak of French blood and a red hood (stockings and ribbons to match) has played herself into glory on a hundred stages. Of course the foil to this character is a fair-haired, blue-eyed doll who does not know what real love is. This type of girl should rise in her wrath some day, and prove to novelists and playwrights that yellow-hair and blue-eyes can rant and murder for love as skilfully as her brunette sister.

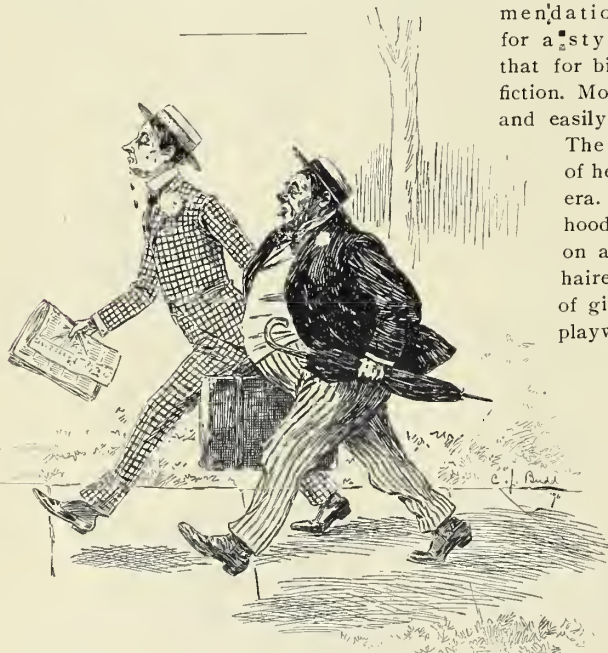
* * *

MR. CRANE devotes the strength of observation and description, heretofore displayed on battle fields that he neversaw, to a picture of New York city tenement-house life of the better kind that he has of necessity never lived. James L. Ford being in London at the present time, Mr. Crane can venture below the "barb-wire fence" without being torn into shreds as a "fakir," a "plumber," or a "kettle-drum novelist." Until Mr. Ford returns we shall venture to hold the opinion that Mr. Crane has in "George's Mother" drawn a faithful and pathetic figure. He has done it without any swagger or forcing of the note of the pathetic after the manner of certain Scotch novelists. There is a similar verity about *George* himself, although he painfully suggests the awful warnings of hundreds of temperance tracts



"WHAT'S 'ER MATTER, TOM?"

"I'VE SWOLLERED A TORPEDER, AN' I'M ASKEERT I'M A GOIN' TO BUST!"



THE 7:54 TRAIN.

Fat Visitor: CHARMING SUBURB, MY BOY, CHARMING; BUT I SAY, DO YOU ALWAYS WALK TO THE STATION?
"OH, NO, INDEED; VERY OFTEN I RUN."

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THE UNDERGRADUATE AND THE AVERAGE GIRL.



HE MEETS HER AND FINDS SHE

of a very sloppy kind.

We need hardly say that this family does not get along together any better than Miss Wilkins's.

* * *

WHEN you come to Kentucky you naturally expect to see the family life fairly iridescent with affection. It is in the region where one family is accustomed to annihilate, root and branch, any other family that casts the slightest aspersion on its honor. Mr. Allen, however, shows that there is an occasional fly in the amber—even in Kentucky. The father in this case is a particularly cruel, but, as events proved, a shrewd and far-sighted prophet as to the character of the young man who was courting his daughter. The story is written with that poetic dignity that is always the charm of Mr. Allen's style. As for the kind of love-making portrayed—it hardly needs the prelude to justify it. Moreover we doubt whether it can be given a moral defence. It is either a good subject for an artistic story, or it is not. The only justification must be the story itself. *Droch.*



THE CRITIC'S APOLOGY.

"A LITERARY treat" I styled the "Authors' Reading,"

And those that had a seat, For "reason why" are pleading.

Well, that's a treat, I deem, To which, on no condition, Sane men would ever dream Of charging for admission.

H. C. F.

THE THING TO BE CONSIDERED.

"IF Miss Gay devoted as much time to mental culture as she does to dress, she would be a very learned woman."
"Yes, but she wouldn't have the satisfaction of making other women green with envy."

A BOTTLED DELUSION.

THE champagne product of 1895 will not, it is said, rank itself among the prominent good years, for, although champagne is an artificial wine, there is a strongly marked difference between good and poor years, though, unfortunately, in this country, where distinctions as to years are not drawn, the market is supplied by the vintages only of the poor years, for it would be obviously absurd to send to the United States wine that was the vintage of good years, wine which would command an exceptional price in England, France and Germany, when in the United States no higher price could be obtained for it than would be given for wine of the same producer which was a result of what he considered one of his worst vintages.—*Boston Herald.*

And the United States are right.

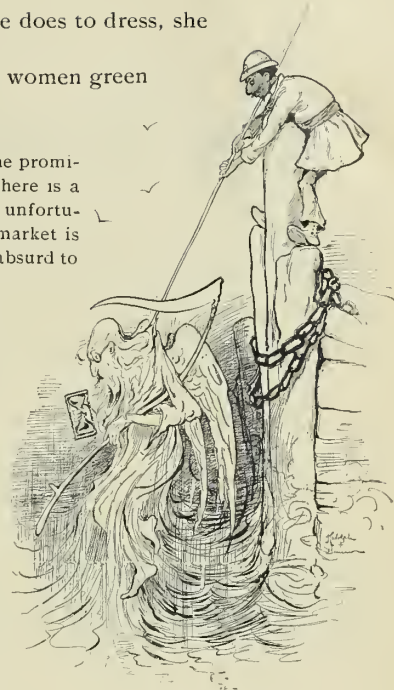
Not, however, because the American consumer is discriminating, but because, in our humble opinion, the best champagne is a pretentious pusillanimous drink. The eagerness with which the moneyed American pays three dollars a bottle for carbonated turnip juice has always filled us with a moderate melancholy. And if the European



IS POSSESSED OF AN



INTELLIGENCE WHICH



SAVING TIME.

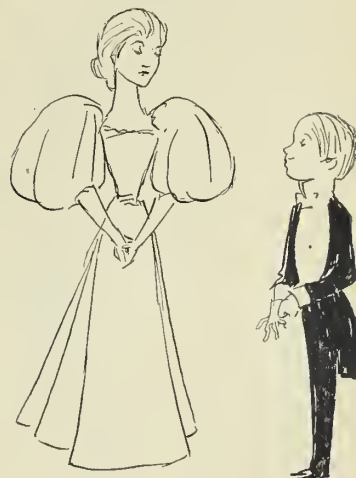
is willing to pay a premium on certain vintages of patent medicine, hair restorers, champagne and similar beverages, why so much the better for the manufacturers.

But we incline to the belief that in the above-named drink every dollar saved is a dollar gained.

A CORRECT STATEMENT.

MAMMA: I don't like dot advertisement you have prepared to announce Rachel's engagement.

PAPA (reading it again): "Suddenly, on der segond instand, at her residence, Rachel, der eldest daughter"—und so on. Vot's der matter mit dot?



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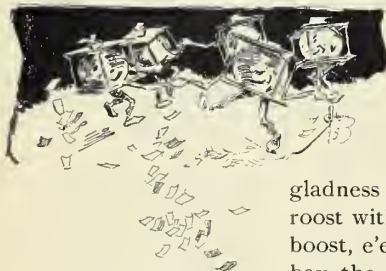
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THE OLD, OLD STORY.



WE MAY BE HAPPY YET.

ALL hail the power of William's name, for it is nothing more. Let countless thousands cheer the same with elephantine roar. Come boys and gird your loins up, let Hanna's man be boomed, and let us quaff of Victory's cup with gladness unassumed. What though Lord Marcus rule the roost with others of his kind? let's give the millionaires a boost, e'en though we go it blind. Come, toot the horn and bay the moon while history unrolls; we'll all be wearing diamonds soon and drink from golden bowls. We'll ride in chaises lined with silk with ruby studded wheels, and drink champagne in place of milk: each day have eighteen meals. Oh! when great Mark's behind the throne, when William gets the prize, all blessings then will be our own—unless it's otherwise.

THE corporation of Yale has decided to assign to the Woolsey statue a site that the undergraduates can conscientiously approve. Wise corporation! It is always a mistake to jostle a sentiment when there is room to squeeze by on the other side.



DISCRIMINATING THAN



HE ANTICIPATED.



BEARING HIS HONORS MEEKLY.

HIS EXCUSE.

WEARY MOTHER (to troublesome offspring whom she has been trying in vain to coax into saying his evening prayer): Come, Tommy—this is all nonsense. You know that prayer as well as I do, and I want you to say it.

TOMMY (sweetly): Well, Mamma, I was only just trying to tease God a little bit.

MOST of us know a good thing when some one else has it.

A NEW RENDERING.

“THEY never loved, who dream that they loved *once!*”
Ah! Mrs. Browning knew the heart of man—
One love-affair proclaims him but a dunce,
He loves the best that loves the most he can!



By DAISY.

Daisy will publish horoscopes in this department only in the order received. Remember the conditions. Cut out all the pictures from 4,000 copies of LIFE and forward them to Daisy, together with a photograph of your brain by Roentgen.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
Daisy tells us what we are.

MARK (H-N-A).



THIS gentleman was born under a hypnotized solar system, Mars scorching through space, twenty-one aurora borealis vying with each other for position, Reed birds shedding their pin feathers throughout all space, and the tin dipper filled to the brim with ambrosia imported direct from Canton, O. He is fourteen cubits in stature, has an asbestos brain, with a smile that covers both hemispheres, and can easily hold the earth in the palm of one hand. He is the proud possessor of a say-nothing-but-saw-wood temperament, has the tact of a bunco steerer, wears a brass-bound face and knows how to stack the cards at the right moment. He is very simple in his tastes, preferring the toot of a tin horn to the music of a golden trumpet, and he should sleep in a silver throne at night, surrounded by the glad songs of worshipping multitudes, or he might do better work as a sheep-driver in the Desert of Sahara. He is very loyal, preferring friendship to country, and appears eighteen sizes larger than normal when on the crest of a wave. Will shrink as he grows older, being hull down in 1900. Might succeed as a juggler, the proprietor of a freak show, or an elephant trainer.

* * *
ELLEN (T-R-Y).



THIS lady was born under a gilt-edged Libra, in hemstitch with Capricorn, the footlights on Venus working overtime, and the Bloom of Youth three feet deep on the face of the moon. She is fourteen hands high, with open-work features, and a lisle-thread complexion almost as good as new; is visible on a clear night with the naked eye, and looks best in a tailor-made tarpaulin, trimmed with glass beads. She has an engaging disposition, a marble heart, and a glad hand, speaks English like a native, and can also walk and play games. She is very unsettled, never staying long in one place, and has great power over others, hypnotizing them for hours at a time. She should live in America where she can wear diamonds without being noticed, should sit up late every night for the sake of others, and would make a first-class flower girl.

EMILE (Z-L-A).



THIS gentleman was born under Serpens, with Pegasus stuck in the mud, Venus below par, the heavenly twins strangled, Mars in the ascendant, and the scales on Pisces dropping off with a dull, sickening thud. He is knee-high to an elephant, with woven-wire whiskers, a camel's hair complexion, come-on features with a sea-weed brain, and looks well in a hospital. He has a refined, sensitive organism, standing aloof from himself, and his mind is as pure as the driven snow—in Chicago. He is very ambitious, but his dearest hope will not be realized. He should avoid pen and ink, live a retired life, and would do good work as a hermit in an Indian jungle, or might succeed as a sewer contractor or editor of the *New York World*.

ANOTHER AFFRONT.



ARE not the homœopaths making a mistake That monument to Hahnemann in Washington will be a splendid thing artistically and an honor to the country, but are the builders wise to thus flaunt their prosperity in faces of their hereditary foes, the “Regular” physicians? We have a deep sympathy for the latter. Nothing is more annoying to a good hater than the triumphant progress of those he has once decided to despise and ignore. But the world was ever thus!

Hahnemann was the discoverer of a vital principle that has saved countless lives, but the old school of medicine would undoubtedly have been considerably happier if he had been quietly burned, or at least suppressed.

Such fellows as Archimedes, Columbus, Sir Isaac Newton, Hahnemann, Humboldt, and Ben Franklin are sure to make enemies and to stir up trouble.

While we are ready to admit that the followers of Hahnemann save many lives where the old school fails, we must protest against this wilful injury of the “Regulars’” sensibilities.

Imagine the feelings of George the Third if a statue of Washington had been deliberately erected beneath his royal nose!

ITS ORIGIN.

SHE: Where was the game of “poker” first introduced?

HE: In the Ark, when Noah entered with “two of a kind.”

DOMESTIC NOTE: Always put new cakes of soap in your guest room. It is a legitimate use of guests to have them rub the sharp corners off of new cakes of French soap.

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A MIDNIGHT TRAGEDY.

O FRAIL and gauzy thing
Circling on airy wing!
While thou dost gaily sing,
Anguish my heart doth wring,
For near the moments bring
Thee and thy awful sting!

Wide thou thy voice dost fling,
Servilely flattering,
Cozening, cozening,
Craftily purposing,
Still nigher fluttering,
While I lie muttering,
Fuming and sputtering,
Anathemas uttering
On thee and thine.

Though thou the blood dost claim
From some ancestral vein
Makes us akin,
Only by stealth it flows,
Redder than summer's rose
Thy frame within.

I will have none of thee!
Get thee now gone from me!
No? Then my hand shall spare
Not to descend—so there!!

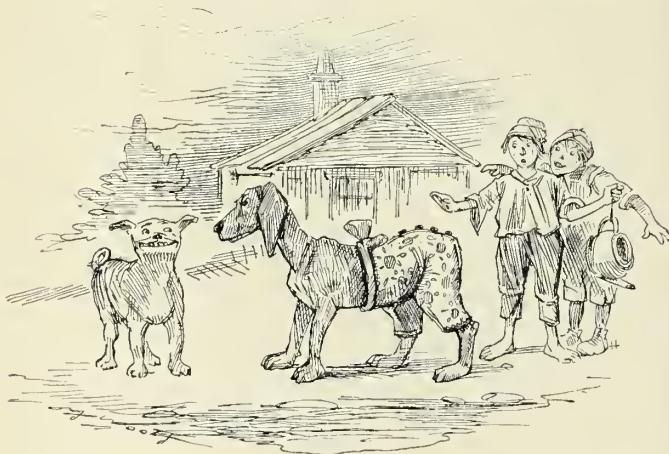
M. W. K.

ARTFUL FRANK.

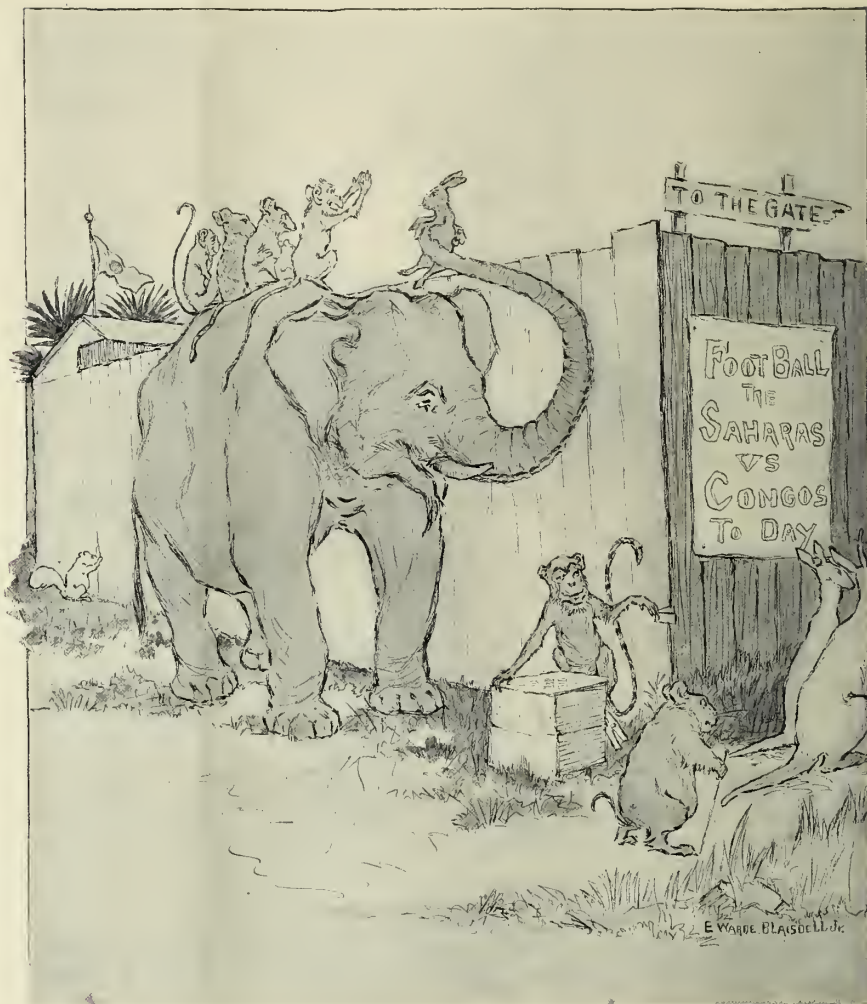
HOJACK: Have you heard that
Frank Spinner has become
an instructor in a bicycle school?

TOMDIK: That fellow will do any-
thing to get his arms around a girl.

TACT is the knowledge of when
it is better not to tell the truth.



"AH! YOU MAY LAUGH, BUT WHEN YOU'VE HAD MY EXPERIENCE
YOU WILL KNOW THAT ONE CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL WHEN THE SEASON
FOR FIRECRACKERS AND TIN KETTLES ARRIVES."



HOW THE MONKEY AND THE ELEPHANT MADE SOME MONEY OUT OF THE BALL GAME.

THE BICYCLE NOSE.

THE practice of riding bicycles along country roads is adapted to raise the human nose to a position of increased influence and honor. The bicyclist in the country cannot talk very much; he is too busy. Neither can he see very much. The chief use he has for his eyes is to watch the road immediately in front of him. His ears he relies on to keep from being run over from behind. The only organ of sense he has that is at leisure and free from responsibility for his safety is his nose. That is to have fun with. All the smells that come his way he can assimilate without hazard or disturbance, and as the country smells are very varied and for the most part pleasant, the enjoyment his nose affords him is an important part of his fun. When you see a bicyclist who has been riding in the country, ask him what smells he met. He will not have seen very much—no bicyclist does—but if you will remind him of the smells he will remember them. He took them all in, for his nose was at leisure, even when his legs and hands and eyes were busiest.



"DON'T YOU FEEL PROUD IN YOUR NEW TROUSERS, MA? I DID WHEN I FIRST PUT 'EM ON."



"DID Fisher have a good time on his little outing?"
 "Yes, indeed. I only saw him for a minute and had no time to ask any questions, but I could see that the skin was peeling off from his nose, his neck was so sore from the sunburns that he could not wear a collar, his hands were blistered so that he could hardly use them, and he complained that he had rowed the boat until his arms were so lame that he couldn't hold a pen. Oh, he must have had a magnificent time!"—*Chicago Post.*

THE terrible whirlwind had done its worst. Stately monarchs of the forest lay prostrate. Ruin and desolation marked the path of the funnel-shaped monster that had swept with resistless fury over the land, destroying everything that stood in its way.

Here and there were the scattered fragments of many a dwelling that had been the abode of peace, happiness and prosperity.

Desolate, despairing men and women wandered among the ruins. Now and then there was one who bewailed his fate with loud lamentation or bitter curse, but for the most part the victims bore their sorrow in sullen silence, and there were not wanting those who found consolation and even cause for gratitude in the fact that their lives had been spared.

In an upper room of a house that had escaped the storm lay one of the injured.

"How long has she been unconscious?" inquired the physician.

"Ever since she was picked up and brought here," replied one of the watchers.

"There seems to be no bones broken," he rejoined, "but the shock has been severe. We can only hope for

the best. I have witnessed the effects of many a cyclone, but this one—"

The young woman on the couch opened her eyes. "A cyclone," she muttered feebly, "is a rotary storm of widely extended circuit, its center frequently being many miles from its outer limit or circumference. This was a tornado. It was not a cyclone. This misuse of the term is, however, almost universal, except among educated persons."

"From Boston?" said the doctor in a low tone. And the watchers silently nodded.—*Chicago Tribune.*

WHEN the Vanderbilts obtained control of the Union Pacific railway, William H. made a trip in a special car over the branch line known as the Denver and South Park, which runs from the capital city to Leadville. This is the road of which O. H. Rothacker once wrote: "The Denver and South Park is a narrow gauge road except where the track is spread to a broad gauge."

While the Vanderbilt car carried a chef and a well-stocked larder, the magnate, soon after entering the South Park country, felt a longing for a glass of fresh milk, and when the train pulled into Como he sent his servant into the depot hotel to get the desired article. The servant returned accompanied by the hotel proprietor, Charley Benedict. The latter carried a glass of milk, refusing to allow any one but himself the honor of serving such a distinguished patron.

Vanderbilt quaffed the milk, pronounced it excellent and handed Benedict a \$5 goldpiece. The hotel man said "Thanks" and started to make his exit.

"I say," called the railway king, "don't I get any change?"

NEW PUBLICATIONS

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK AND LONDON.
A VENETIAN JUNE. By Anna Fuller.
America and Europe. (Questions of the Day.)

Life in Arcadia. By J. S. Fletcher. London Lane. New York: Macmillan and Company.

Lady Val's Elopement. By John Bickerdyke. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Ascent of Woman. By Roy Devereux. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

A Voyage to Viking Land. By Thomas Steele. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

"No, sir."

"How's that?"

"Well, you don't get any. That's how."

"Milk is pretty high out here, isn't it?"

"Yep."

"Do you charge everybody \$5 for a glass of milk?"

"No; some only pay 5 cents."

"Why do you charge me more than others?"

"Because we fellows out here only get a chance you once in a lifetime," and Benedict bowed himself out of the car.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

"MODERN society," observed the young man temptatively, "has revised most of the old-time errors."

"Yes," observed the chaperon, to whom he just handed an ice, "for instance, nowadays when the husband comes in at the door the love out of the window."—*Exchange.*

WHEELER: I see by the papers that a Chicago cyclist was held up by two men.

SPROCKET (feeling if the courtplaster was in on his face): I wish to gracious it had been. *kers Statesman.*

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

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No other soap is found in so many homes.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI.

"HUNTER" Baltimore Rye

The American Gentleman's
WHISKEY

For Club, Family and Medical use.

The Best Whiskey
 in America.

TEN YEARS OLD.

Endorsed by Leading Physicians
 when stimulant is prescribed.

PURE, OLD, MELLOW.

"Drink Hunter Rye, it is pure."

Sold at all First-class Cafes and by Jobbers

WM. LANAHAN & SON, - Baltimore, Md.

GET WHITMAN'S Pure, wholesome,
 Instantaneous convenient—made
 CHOCOLATE. in a jiffy—
NO BOILING.

Are you subject to cramps? Don't be without Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters. Pleasant and effective. Druggists.

SOLID SILVERWARE

Tea Sets, Coffee Sets,
 Sugar and Cream Sets,
 Dinner Services, Dessert
 Pieces, Forks, Spoons,
 and all other Small
 Wares.

Every requisite in silver for a perfectly appointed table.

THEODORE B. STARR,

206 Fifth Avenue,
 Madison Square,
 New York.



"Life on the Ocean Wave." ~ A Remarkable Voyage

Mr. John Jacob Astor's former mate, Charlson, and his brother sailed from New York last Sunday bound for Europe and return, in their 20-foot open sailboat, the "Sozodont," which they built expressly for this purpose. They will attempt to make all previous records. To readers of *Life*, a half-tone proof-picture of the "Sozodont" and a sample bottle of that delightful dentifrice upon receipt of five cents provided *Life* is mentioned. Address

HALL & RUCKEL, New York,
 Proprietors of "Sozodont" and other well-known preparations.

That Delicious Flavor

which your relish so much in Soups served in the best Cafés, can be secured at home, by using

Armour's

Extract of BEEF.

It gives to Soups a zest and flavor attainable in no other way. Anyone can make delicious Bouillon or clear Beef Soup with Armour's Extract, boiling water and a pinch of salt. Nothing simpler. Send for our book of "Culinary Wrinkles"—mailed free.

Armour & Company, Chicago.

SHAVING UNDER
DIFFICULTIES
WITH -

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP

NOTES ON HORSEMANSHIP.

It is related of a prominent citizen of Arizona that he once met a prominent citizen of Montana on the neutral ground of Colorado. The subject of bucking horses coming up, the prominent citizen of Arizona said: "We have some very skilful riders down in my country. This, of course, shows out particularly when they are breaking wild broncos to ride. When an infuriated mountaineer, saddled for the first time, and rearing and bucking with all the terrific energy of his savage nature, looks up out of the tail of his eye and watches his rider calmly roll and light a cigarette, it has an excellent effect on him, and usually he cools down, realizing the hopelessness of his task."

Then spoke the prominent citizen of Montana: "That will do very well, I dare say, for the comparatively mild and inoffensive horses of your southern latitude, but it has been found to have no influence whatever on our fierce and vicious beasts. But when one of our cowboys mounts a bronco for the first time it helps greatly to subdue the creature when, after he has leaped and pitched for fifteen minutes, he happens to glance back and finds his rider quietly shaving (with Williams' Soap), holding a small mirror in one hand and the razor in the other, with the mug, hot water and bay rum in a little basket on his arm. Ah, it's all in knowing how, this subjugating a Montana bronco!"

Then the meeting of prominent citizens adjourned.

—Harper's Monthly

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TAKEN FROM "THE ENEMY."

"I SAY, captain," said a young Englishman on board an American clipper, "that flag of yours has not floated in every breeze and over every sea for a thousand years, has it?"

"No, it haint," replied the captain, "but it has licked one that has."—*Youth's Companion.*

YEARS ago, when the "Philosophers," as the guides called them, camped in the Adirondacks, one member of the party occasioned a good deal of criticism. He devoted himself to reading and "worthless writin'," thus, in the opinion of the guides, wasting time which might have been better spent in hunting and fishing. He was Ralph Waldo Emerson.

There was one guide who recognized in Emerson something of his real worth, and upon whom the poet made a great impression.

"Steve," as he was familiarly called, was an observing man, and the poet's physical defects, then undoubtedly more prominent than in later years, did not escape his eye, as may be seen from the answer he gave to the question of the writer of this paragraph:

"What kind of a fellow was Emerson?"

"Wal, sir," said the old guide, "he was a gentleman every inch—as nice a fellow as you ever see; pleasant and kind—and a scholar, too, allus figgerin', studyin' and writin'; but, sir, he was I believe, the all-firedest homeliest critter for his age that ever came into these woods."—*Troy Times.*

"WELL, girls, Jack and I are to be married at last, and we are so happy!"

"Did you and Jack have some trouble in getting your father's consent?"

"No, but papa and I had a lot of trouble in getting Jack's consent."—*Exchange.*

BACON: I see our minister is going to preach next Sunday on "The Fall of Man."

EGBERT: What! Another bicycle sermon?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A FELICITOUS PHRASE.

Though his rhymes were not the newest,
And his meter not the truest,
And his errors not the fewest,
Yet they took the verse he sent.

'Twas a poem on the weather,
All the chestnuts heaped together,
But it didn't matter whether

It was old; the poem went.

For two words of magic meaning,
Every imperfection screening,
From the work all blemish cleaning,
Saved the verses from the flame.

This expression so redeeming,
With poetic fancy teeming,
Very soul of music seeming,

Was the famous poet's name.

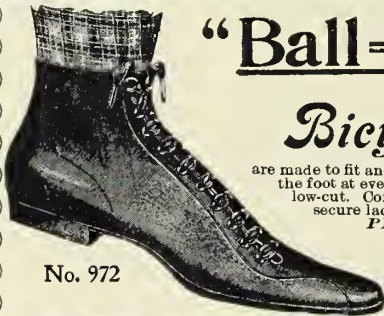
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A CONVIVIAL trio were sitting around a table in an up-town cafe on one of the recent hot nights, drinking soothing beverages in a futile endeavor to keep cool, when a fourth man joined the party.

"You have met Colonel Wright of Texas, have you not?" was asked the newcomer.

"Oh, yes," was the response, "I number the colonel as one of my dearest friends."

"And I," said the spokesman, "number him as one of my driest friends."—*New York Sun.*



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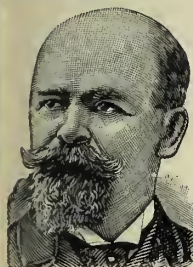
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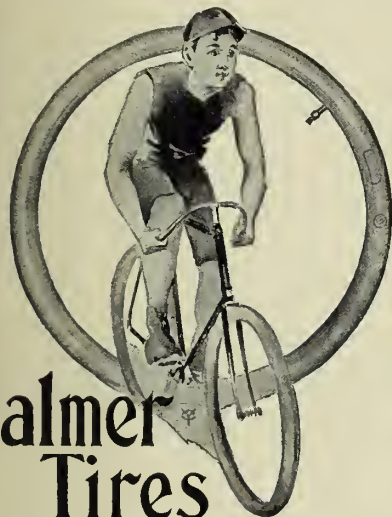
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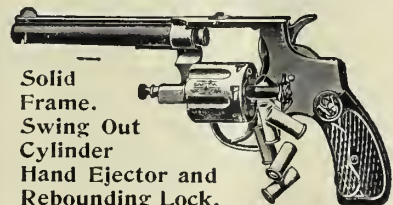
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A GERMAN in a Western town got into trouble with a quarrelsome man who had been a terror to his neighborhood, and left him dead. A young and inexperienced lawyer undertook the defence of the German, and just before the case was to be tried he found, to his dismay, that the jury was composed of eleven combative-looking countrymen of the murdered man, the twelfth being a German. A "defence fund" was immediately raised, and the German was approached with a promise that, if he managed to get the accused off with a simple verdict of manslaughter, it would be worth \$1,000 to him. All he had to do was to stick to the one word "manslaughter." The verdict came in "manslaughter," and the joyful lawyer for the defence could not get the \$1,000 into the German's hands too quickly. Shaking hands with him and transferring the money, he slapped him on the back and said:

"You did nobly! You must have had a terrible time making those men agree to simple manslaughter."

"Vell, I should say so—dey vas all for acquittal!"—*Tit-Bits*.

THE subject of the conversation had taken several routes, and finally the topic of insurance was reached by the guests, the hostess and host at the dinner-table.

"Papa has his life insured," spoke up the little girl, the pet of the household.

"Is that so?" asked one of the visitors, showing interest in the evidence of precocity. Everybody present looked at the child, and the father and mother gazed fondly and proudly.

"Yes'm; for fifteen thousand dollars."

"What has he done that for?"

"So mamma can buy a new husband when he's dead."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

PAT: It's a quare loife those haermits lade, so it is. What do ye t'ink of it, Judy? Do ye t'ink ye'd inj'y solichude?

BIDDY: Sure, an O'd inj'y it well enough ef Oi had some one to share it wid me.—*Boston Courier*.

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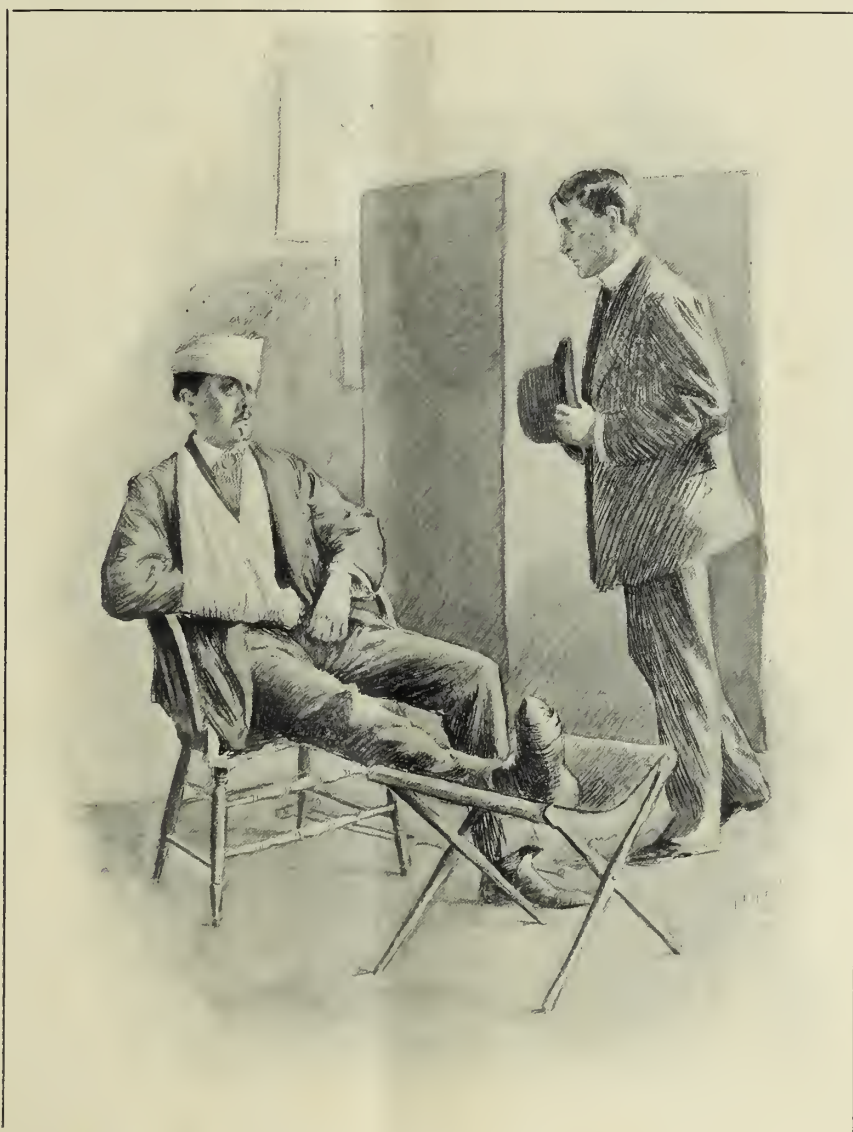


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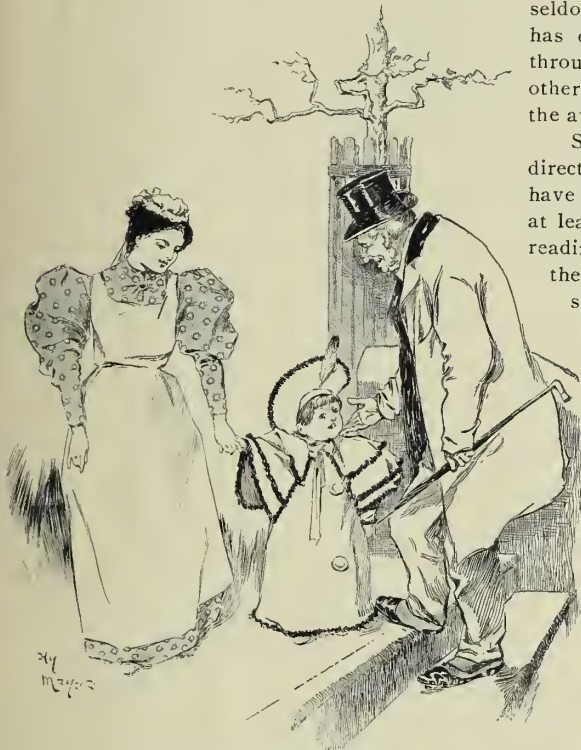
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seldom tear up any street to such an extent that an able-bodied man who has devoted a few summers to mountain climbing cannot make his way through it. Those who are not thus qualified would better go around by other streets. The companies are not to blame for the inferior physique of the average American.

Still less correct is the supposition that the street railway companies are directed by the re-incarnated spirits of Herod and Tamerlane, and that they have a standing rule that all gripmen and conductors who fail to run down at least one person a week shall be discharged. It is true that anyone reading a list of the accidents for the last six months might be led to believe these rumors, but in every case no one was to blame but the victim; he should have kept out of the way or secured safety in a cab at \$1.00 an hour. The street railways wish to teach the average citizen carefulness, and they will do it even if they have to kill him in the process. It is a rather forcible lesson but it never has to be repeated—with that particular person, at least. Under these circumstances many persons would become discouraged, but the street railway companies are animated by too high a sense of duty for this, and they cheerfully pursue their course, knowing that some day they will reap their reward.

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.



The Children's Friend: GOO GOO, AN' WHE' DO DE DITTLE TOOTSEY-WOOTSEY DO? GOO GOO?

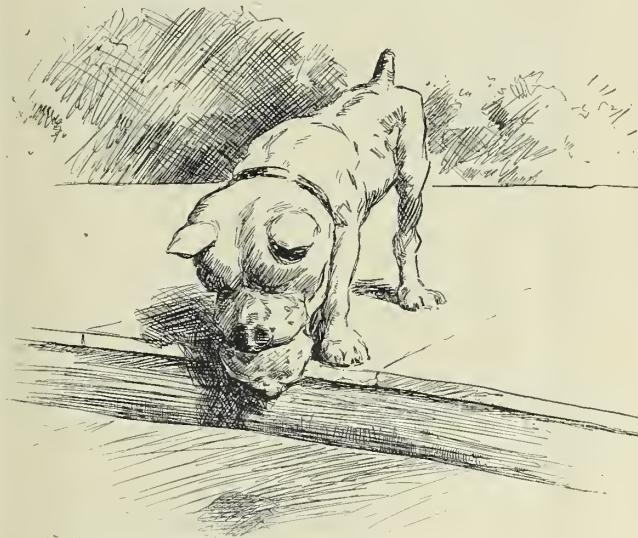
The Child: OH, JUST OUT FOR A LITTLE RECREATION WITH GERTIE HERE.

SOME MISTAKES CORRECTED.

THERE was once a supposition that the streets of a city were made for the use and convenience of its citizens. This idea dates from the time when rings and pulls and jobs were unknown, and patriots went into politics for their country's sake, not their

own. Rural communities still cherish this theory concerning the streets, but in more enlightened regions it is recognized that they are for the use and amusement of such corporations as the electric light companies, and more especially the street railway companies.

In some places there is an impression abroad that these companies deliberately try to shut off citizens from such use of the streets as they might get without interfering with the convenience of the corporations, but this is a mistake. They



THE DOG AND THE MEAT.

A DOG with a piece of meat in his mouth was crossing a bridge over a placid stream. On looking down he saw another dog with a precisely similar piece of meat in the water below him. "That's a singular incident," he thought to himself as he prepared to jump in. "But hold a minute! The angle of incidents is always equal to the angle of reflection. Upon reflection, I find that the other dog and the meat are only optical phenomena." And he trotted on his way to Boston, without further thought about the matter.

H. W. Phillips.



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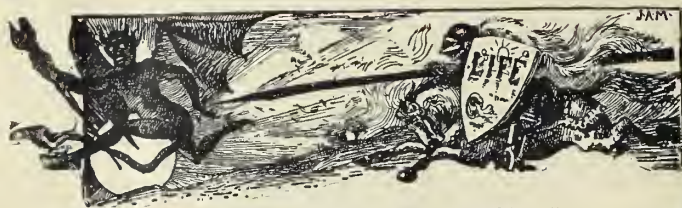
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"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVIII. JULY 9, 1896. No. 706.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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AND now for Chicago! This number of LIFE finds the Democratic Convention assembled and facing its job, while the country regards it with hopes and fears assorted on geographical lines.

The Democrats of New York, taking their cue from Mr. Whitney, declared the other day in their State Convention for bi-metallism by international agreement, and will try to persuade their Western and Southern brethren that a free silver coinage plank in the Democratic platform will tend to defeat the very cause it aims to help. Possibly they may succeed, but what is expected of the Democrats at Chicago at this writing is that they will come out for unconditional free silver coinage. If they do, the voters who believe in the gold standard can express their sentiments by voting for the gold plank adopted by Mr. Hanna's convention, and that they undoubtedly will do, whatever their sentiments may be about Major McKinley.

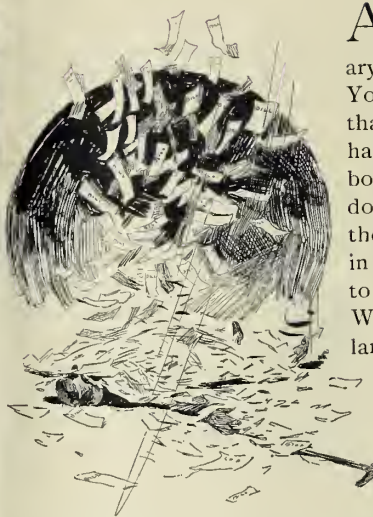
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IT is a mistake to suppose that there is any prejudice against gold dollars in the West. What is wanted there is dollars; dollars of any sort or substance—paper, silver, leather, gold—but dollars. We hope to wallop the silver heresy out of our Western brethren, but their cry for dol-

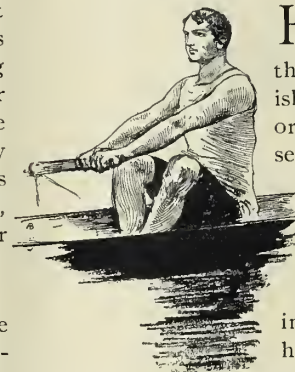
lars is a touch of nature that marks them unmistakably our kin.

We feel for them with a sympathy just as acute as though we believed in their methods. That is the difference between the row over slavery and the present row over free silver. The North came finally to hate slavery with an angry intolerance. It doesn't hate free silver and doesn't hate the men who shout for it. It simply disbelieves in its expediency and fights it because it threatens to pile up disaster upon distress.



ous fiscal heresy; we simply reduce our wants as much as is tolerable and for what we must have we owe. Of course there are objections to our system, but, alas! there are objections to everything. In a town where a single citizen can owe a bootmaker five thousand dollars the necessities of life at least must be within the reach of all.

HARVARD'S self-respecting determination to worry through the college year just finished without playing any games or rowing any races with Yale seems not to have involved her in any serious embarrassment or deprived her of any experience which she has been used to value. Princeton took care of her in football last fall and in baseball this spring; Cornell has seen to her in a thorough and workmanlike manner both in the



Freshman and University boat races, and she closes a season of exceptional activity in her customary state of mind and pocket, and with her usual emotions. She has demonstrated that, Yale or no Yale, there are foemen worthy of her style and who leave her no occasion to sigh for more exacting competitions. Athletically considered she is a fortunate university. All the other colleges want to play all sorts of games with her and she tries to accommodate them. She gets lots of experience and lots of discipline, both of which her young men need. Every college that can win from her is proud of it, and eager to do it again. She thrives on adversity, does all things pretty well, and grows bigger and stronger every year.

Cornell is very good at rowing in American waters. We shall all be interested to learn whether Yale can outdo her record abroad.



He: SO IT IS ALL FORGOTTEN: EVEN YOUR KISSING ME THAT NIGHT A YEAR AGO.
"YES. I NEVER COULD REMEMBER FACES."

OUR FRESH-AIR FUND.

WE have a tent!

A good, roomy, waterproof, canvas edifice for the children to play in on rainy days. It has been sorely needed, as the house and barn have too little space for the proper disportment of so many children. And on that account rainy days have been heavy trials at Branchville.

Hereafter we shall defy the elements—unless, of course, they really go for us—and our city boarders can be as noisy in the worst of weather as when the sun is shining and the grass is dry.

We herewith express our thanks to John F. McHugh for a generous reduction in the price because of its purpose.

Previously acknowledged,		Edw. L. Coster.....	\$30 00
	\$1,271 87	Fay School Dramatic	
In His Name.....	2 00	Club.....	10 00
E. B. H.....	2 00		
J. H. Perkins.....	5 00		\$1,320 87

QUICK AND SURE.

TROLLEY PRESIDENT: How does that new fender work?

SUPERINTENDENT: I never saw anything like it. They never know what strikes them.

THE WRONG NOTE.

A NATURAL manner was her aim. Sincere and simple, and all that: She failed, but she was not to blame, For she resided in A flat!



A GOOD SUBSTITUTE FOR ROMANTIC FICTION.

THERE would be a great saving of bloodshed and suffering in fiction if, before a man wrote a novel of adventure, he should be compelled by statute to undertake the hazardous enterprise himself. There would be more foresight and common humanity in the stories, and less feminine caprice. That is how a book like Casper Whitney's "On Snow Shoes to the Barren Grounds" (Harpers) differs from "Under the Red Robe" for example. Of course if Mr. Weyman had written Mr. Whitney's book there would have been more musk-oxen at the end of the

hunt, and the hair-breadth escapes would have occurred at more frequent intervals and on the last page of conspicuous chapters.

Mr. Whitney's journey to the Arctic circle in midwinter in search of a head or two of big game was certainly a test of endurance and pluck. The game may not have been worth the candle; but at any rate he got there, and accumulated material for a pugnacious narrative of travel and adventure.

* * *

MR. WHITNEY evidently set up his hardships beforehand, and walked right into them. He trained for them just as an athlete trains for a race. He could have escaped most of the suffering by going a few months later, and moreover he could have achieved more trophies of wood-bison and musk-ox—but who wants to read about a prosperous undertaking of that placid kind?

Starvation is the stock in trade of all Arctic adventurers when other horrors fail, and Mr. Whitney works the pangs of hunger for all they are worth. There is really no necessity for having any such pangs in these days when you can purchase beef lozenges and capsules of condensed extracts that will keep you going far better than the famous pemmican, or even raw-hide boot soup. But they are not romantic, and it makes poor copy to say that "at the end of a day of unusual hardship we dined sumptuously on one of Doe & Roe's famous Tenderloin Tablets equal to 2lbs. of the best beef."

Mr. Whitney tries to destroy one of the accepted traditions of camping in the far North. At one fell swoop he attempts to annihilate the sleeping-bag. He says that he ripped his sleeping-bag to pieces, and restored it to its original blanket form in

which it is possible to roll up snug and tight. No sportsman will allow this calumny to prevail. A man who has been saved from the cold feet and shoulders of the camp blanket by a sleeping-bag is going to stick to it. What Mr. Whitney needed was a light blanket to roll tight around him, and then to crawl into his sleeping-bag.

The most interesting part of the narrative is the account of life at the far-away, desolate posts of the Hudson Bay Company. They are pictured realistically, and leave the impression of reservoirs of romance.

Droch.

"DID you say he was comfortably fixed?"

"No. I merely said he had plenty of money."

WHERE WORDS FAIL.

MR. GLADSTONE says that the behavior of the Grand Turk is far worse than any words have hitherto expressed. LIFE wishes Mr. Gladstone would try to say what he feels about the Sultan. We all feel as he does, and as we can't do anything, it would give some relief to our congested emotions to have some competent rhetorician speak out. What we prefer, of course, would be to see England wring the Sultan's neck. One could express his opinion of that in decent language, whereas, of course, to speak one's mind about the Sultan and his Kurds must necessarily be a very dirty job. Mr. Gladstone is a clean man and naturally shrinks from it, but if he should undertake it there are editors in America who will print his remarks in full, and no Anthony Comstock shall suppress them.



"HALF CLOSE YOUR EYES, AND, IF I DO SAY IT MYSELF, THIS STUDY IS BANG-UP."

"SHUT THEM, AND IT'S OUT OF SIGHT."



GOT THE BULGE ON HIM.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

WHO can question the value of vivisection in the face of discoveries such as this?

SEVENTH EXPERIMENT:—Large female dog. I proceed this time without anaesthetics, thinking that they have nullified previous experiments. The animal is fastened on the vivisection table. I dislocate successively both her shoulders, doing it with some difficulty. The animal, which appears to suffer much, is kept in a condition of dislocation for about half an hour. It struggles violently in spite of its bonds.

Here is conclusive evidence procured by "scientific" experiment, that a dog suffers the most exquisite agony when both shoulders are dislocated. Those of our readers who are familiar with the sensations of a dislocated joint will not doubt the conclusions reached by this eminent vivisector.

Let the noble work go on!

WHEN you borrow trouble you give your peace of mind as collateral.



A MISNOMER.

"MAMMA, WHY IS THIS CALLED AN INTELLIGENCE OFFICE?"

THE WRATH OF CUPID.

WHEN Venus roamed Olympia's height, "When next I sieged a maiden's heart,
In radiant heavenly beauty, And wooed her toward compliance,
And sought to set all ill things right She nipped the point from off my dart,
By arts of love and duty, Because she'd studied science.
She found her Cupid weeping sore, And when I sang an am'rous lay
His bow and arrows broken, Of Venus and Apollo,
And thus did he his griefs deplore, She turned on me a Roentgen ray
And legends told in token: And said my brain was hollow.

"I sought to win a blonded maid—
She fled, and went to voting;
A ballot on my bow she laid,
Her virgin scorn denoting.
I begged her kisses—she cried 'Nay,'
And said I was a bear if
I joined not in the License fray,
And fought not 'gainst the Tariff.

"Again I found a lovely lass,
She was a platform preacher;
A gentler creed I dreamed, alas!
That I could eftsoons teach her.
She gave me Spencer, Huxley, Strauss,
I found no way to fault her,
With texts she did my transports douse,
My bow broke on her altar.

"At last I met a cycling girl,
In bloomers she was riding—
The chemic art made gold each curl;
Her native beauty hiding.
She had no use for ardent ways,
She pitied not my torture,
But said she might Love's ante raise
If I'd become a scorcher."

Then Venus fair embraced the lad,
And bade him calm his sorrow,
Nor worry o'er each earth-maid's fad,
But hope success to-morrow.
"Dear child," she said, "you must not cry,
These fads thy work ne'er covers;
For bloomers never reach too high
To hide the hearts of lovers."



BENEATH CONTEMPT.

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RELIEF.

THE EFFECTS OF LITERATURE.

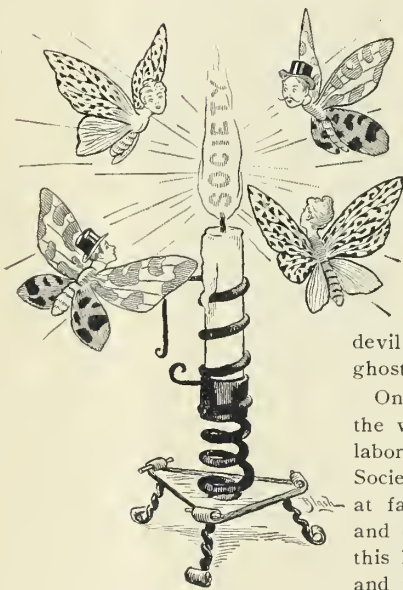


A PROBLEM.

'TIS said that Little Cupid
Sets the fires of Love aglow:
But how does little Cupid
Scratch a match, I'd like to know?

SOCIETY.

THE BOGEY OF TO-DAY.



TO say that man is never
at a loss for a concep-
tion of some objective cause
of evil is a mere truism.
Belief in an enduring power,
not ourselves, that makes for
unrighteousness is ineradic-
able. Each age, each race
has its Bogey. For the me-
diaeval saint, the Christian
devil; for the Zulu, an ancestral
ghost; for us, Society.

One hears much nowadays of
the wrong-doing of society. The
laborer is idle: the blame rests with
Society. Woman errs; Society is
at fault. Drunkenness, disorder
and crime are laid at the feet of
this hoary-headed sinner, Society,
and it has come to pass that the

Recording Angel has but one account to keep.

Not long ago a noted sociologist described with pathos
the discomfort of two tramps who took an overland journey
clinging to the trucks of a Pullman car. He then told the
sad story of a man who for six months successfully feigned
deafness and by this means obtained support in a charitable
institution.

"Think," said the lecturer, "of the social injustice in a
country where men are driven to do things like these."



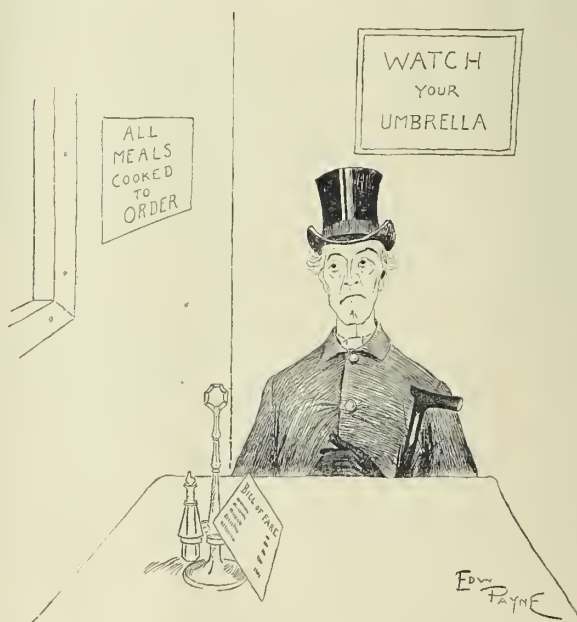
This view of the accountability of the individual reminds
one of Bret Harte's "Fantine" (after Victor Hugo).

"Society attacked her and this is what she lost—first, her
lover; then, her place; then, her liberty; then, her life.

"What do you think of Society after that?"

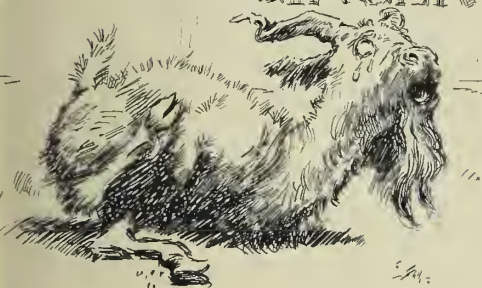
We would not quarrel with this tendency of mankind to
shift the burden of responsibility for wrong-doing to some-
thing outside the soul. It has been the solace of the erring
in all ages. It has robbed sin of the sting of loneliness.
Through it has been granted to the wicked the helpful
companionship of a sort of wedded life.

It is on æsthetic rather than on moral grounds that one



A GOOD WAITER.

USE BOWNS
JAMAICA
GINGER



objects to the new drift of thought in regard to the source of all evil. Nowhere is to-day's lack of poetic power more apparent. By the side of the old ideas of the workers of wrong it dwindles to a mere notion. The poverty of the conception puts our generation to the blush.

The mediæval dragon became visible by means of its scales, its open jaws, its folded tail. The witch of all ages has ridden into reality on her broomstick. And the devil, to whom the departing Pan bequeathed his horns and hoofs, won credence through his concrete picturesqueness.

But "Society"? Its intangibility is unreality. It has not even marrowless bones. We cannot believe that which we cannot see even with the mind's eye, and are in danger that the good lady feared for her daughter under the influence of a new preacher, of losing faith altogether in a personal devil.

For the new ogre lacks personality. The mischief-makers of old times, dwarf, wizard and hobgoblin, were companionable. Even Milton's Satan is a person one would like to know in one's epic moments, and Mephistopheles fills one always with a baffled longing for further acquaintanceship. But Society is not winning. It is unsocial, unresponsive. No gracious human quality lends charm to the thin generalization.

Again, this has none of the suggestive power of the older ideas. The development of the spirit of evil has been rich in poetic mystery. The gloom that brooded over Ahriman, prince of darkness, and over Loki, the worker of wrong among the northern gods, filled men's hearts with awe. And the gods whom the Greek saw, stealing out of cloud or sunshine to blind men's eyes and make Fate sin in his stead, were wonderful because so dimly understood. "Society," too, it is hard to grasp, but the unintelligible is not the inexplicable. Not fear and not awe, but vexation of spirit results from the attempt to solve the mystery that clouds the term "Society."

Clearly, the new notion is inadequate. It is not fitted to perform the simplest duty of a principle of evil. We cannot see, we cannot fear the unimaginable spectre. Thus its æsthetic lack is moral lack. We cannot

do battle with the intangible, and ethical struggle is in danger of dying out of life.

To whom can we look for help in this crisis? Surely, some new poet will come to chase away this spectre and give us a prince of darkness, warm, alive, get-at-able.

The scientist who holds the present in his hands has failed us. Through him we learned to trace evil to our ancestors. But one's ancestor is remote, fenced round by death. Warfare ends at the edge of the grave. Even now when it might be said that Society and the Microbe are vying with each other to fill the gap left by the personal devil, the scientist is strangely silent. The microbe cannot become a popular conception while those who know him best refuse to generalize about him in public places. "Society" has at least the platform.

Woman, who is said to hold the keys of the future, has apparently nothing to suggest. Yet it would be fitting if, in a world under feminine rule, the spirit of darkness should for the first time assume feminine form. The serpent has had his day; it is Eve's turn now.

Meanwhile a starved world waits for a nobler conception. Until that comes we cannot quite give up the old familiar friends. They are too dear and too long tried to be lightly parted with. We can only beseech the swift years to let us have them yet a little time, imp, kobold, witch and demon. No abstraction can take their place. It is hard to let the half-gods go before the gods arrive.

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

"THAT'S what I call an up-to-date woman," said the livery stable man.

"Why?"

"She wanted a horse that a man could drive."



USE BOWNS



THE PHARMACEUTICAL AUTOCRAT.



ONE man born apparently to be the intimidator of his fellows is the Drug-Clerk-Purveyor-of-Stamps.

Who has not experienced the abject sense of shame, the total loss of self-respect, the awful realization of his eleemosynary condition in society when facing this autocrat and petitioning for stamps!

Some diplomats have attempted propitiatory measures prior to stamp purchases by investments in his chemical wares. One to whom no Heaven-sent Tired-Feeling rendered a seventy-five cent bottle necessary, nor kind leanness awarded by Fate made Cod Liver Oil imperative, has even been found smoothing the way to tolerance of the degradation in stamp-purchasing by a five-cent ball of chalk or a spool of dental floss.

A devotional attitude at the directory is not wholly unavailing. A studied review of column after column of Smiths, Kellys, etc., gives a reflected light of literary beauty to one's countenance—or is it the deferential acknowledgment of his workshop's treasures?—that recommends itself to the descendant of the great Esculapius.

What heroism has the Soda-fountain witnessed in this connection? Egg-phosphate, strawberry-mash, our own Grevadine and sundry bibulous trifles have been resorted to. Not with a spirit of rivalry or emulation towards the matinee girl; with no thought of usurping her prescriptive right, but in the same spirit which drained the Hemlock potion centuries ago—the spirit to dare or die.

The famous war between Uncle Sam and John Bull had to deal with stamps galore. Possibly the Commission sitting at the present critical juncture, might find in total abolition of stamps the healing of old wounds, the olive branch of peace.

This abolition—"a consummation devoutly to be wished" by so great a majority (composed of stamp-clerks and buyees) by removing the indignity to office offered to the former, and assuaging the wounded feelings of the latter would (we deprecate all indignation at figure of speech) evoke a general stampede towards the millennium.

S. C. Very.



OH! THE SHAME OF IT.

Polly: SEE HERE, FEODORA, IT'S A NO USE O' YOUR STANDIN' THERE WID YOUR ARMS CROSST LIKE A WENUS DER MILO A PUTTIN' ON AIRS. I'LL GIVE YOU A POINTER, NUSSES HAS FEELINKS JUST THE SAME AS OTHER FOLKS, AN' I WON'T TAKE NONE O' YOUR SASS, AN' DON'T YER FORGIT IT!

Feodora (with intense bitterness): NOTHINK CAN'T BE EXPECTED BETTER OF NO ONE WHO SO FAR FORGITS HERSELF AS TO TAKE CARE OF CHINEE H'INFANTS.



FORMERLY THERE WERE WIDER DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE ORIENT AND THE OCCIDENT THAN



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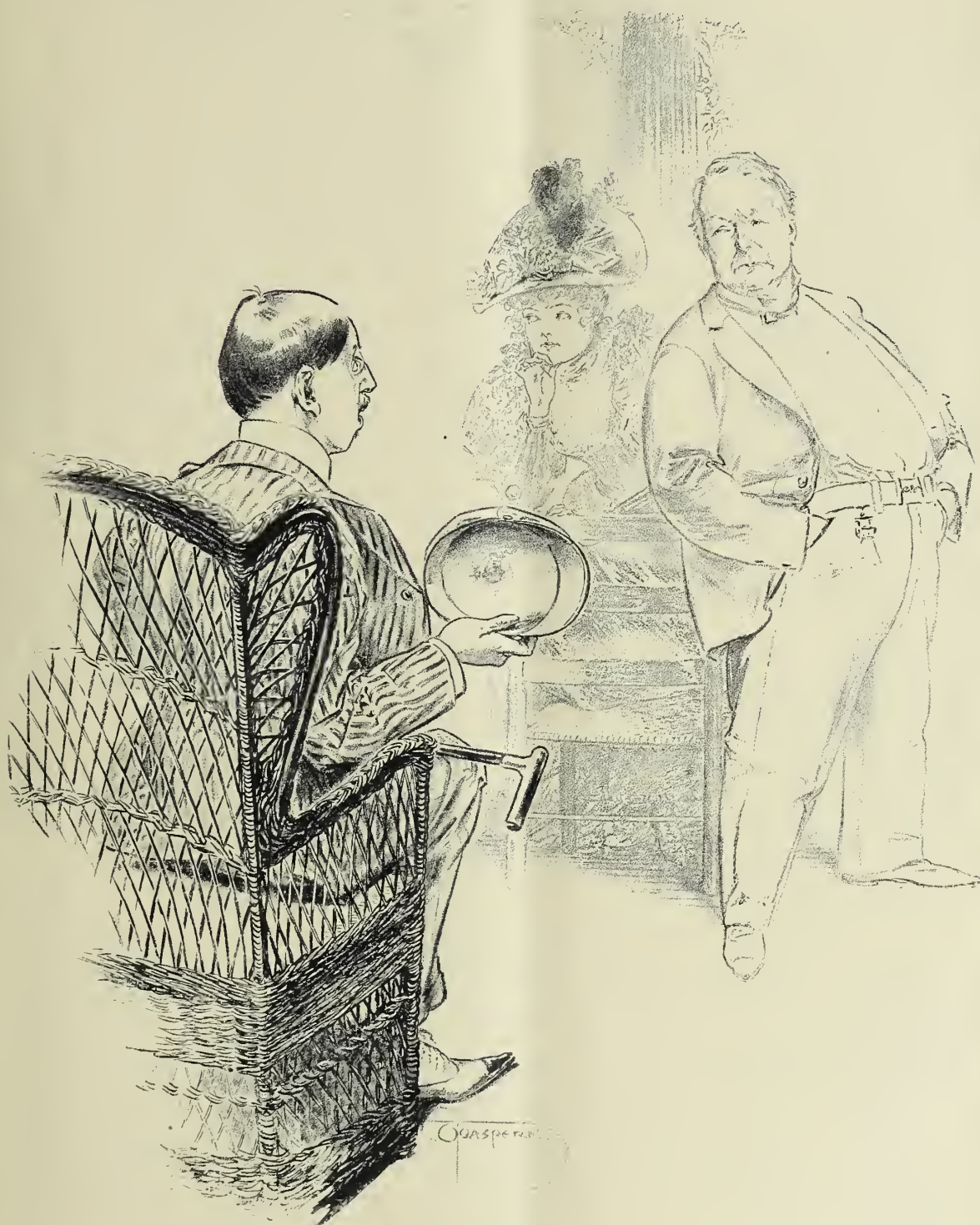
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MAKING IT ALL RIGHT.

Patet : I WOULD LIKE TO KEEP MY DAUGHTER WITH ME A FEW MONTHS LONGER.

His Grace : I SHOULD MUCH PREFER THAT OUR MARRIAGE TAKE PLACE AT ONCE.

"OH, WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE TO YOU ? I WILL ADVANCE YOU ENOUGH TO LIVE ON IN THE MEANTIME."



THE AGE OF PERFECTION.

O worshipers of womanhood,
No more old shibboleths repeat
(Youthful hyperboles and crude!)
Their fulsome praise is now effete:
But with a measured rapture greet,
Nor indiscriminately strive
To prove all women young and sweet—
The Perfect Age is Thirty-five.

Time was you praised the maid's snood,
The timid eye, the lingering feet,
In modest bashfulness that stood,
Where rivulet and river meet.
Now childish grace is obsolete:
Our modern appetite would thrive
On riper grain, maturer wheat—
The Perfect Age is Thirty-five.

Tall Helen wandering in the wood,
And gentle Hermia small and neat,
Young Rosalind in costume rude,
Girl Juliet in your winding sheet,
You all, alas! are incomplete.
Then pray that time may means contrive,
Your changeless youthfulness to cheat—
The Perfect Age is Thirty-five.

Then woman, sober and discreet,
(So men may choose you when they wive)
The moment seize—for time is fleet—
The Perfect Age is Thirty-five.

—The St. James's Gazette.

A LITTLE girl in Manchester recently drank a pint of paraffin oil. The doctor thought she would die until one of her relatives hit on a happy expedient. They slipped a yard of candlewick down into the oil, lit the upper end and during the evening she lighted the room nicely and then went to bed all right.—*Weekly Telegraph*.

CHARLES FREDERICK ROBINSON HAYWARD, a Denver editor, wrote learnedly of the drama and could keenly analyze every phase of the actor's art. But his shortest criticism will probably outlive any other written by him. It was as follows: "George C. Miln, the preacher-actor, played 'Hamlet' at the Academy of Music last night. He played it till twelve o'clock." The only other criticism that seemed to class with this emanated from Leadville, where a performance of "Richard III." by a barn-storming troupe was chronicled under the glaring head-line of "Many Lives Lost."—*Argonaut*.

A BROOKLYN LULLABY.

NEVER mind the goblins, dear, they're only make believe;
The boggy man is something just invented to deceive;
But it is well to have it very widely understood
That the trolley cars will catch you if you are not very good.

So don't play tag or ring-a-round-a-rosy in the street;
Keep close inside the nursery, 'tis your only safe retreat;
Give up your romping merriment, as little children should,
For the trolley car will catch you if you are not very good.

—Philadelphia Press.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

HARPER AND BROTHERS, NEW YORK.
THE SILK OF THE KINE. By L. McManus.
Tales of Fantasy and Fact. By Brander Matthews.
The Crimson Sign. By S. R. Keightley.
The Prince and the Pauper. By Mark Twain.

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.
Social Forces in German Literature. By Francke, Ph. D.
A Stumbler in Wide Shoes.
The Touch of Sorrow.

A First Fleet Family. By Louis Becke and Jeffery. New York and London: Macmillan Company.

An Army Wife. By Capt. Charles King, U. S. Army. New York: F. Tennyson Neely.

Leaves of the Lotus. By David Banks Sickels. New York: J. Selwin Tait and Sons.

Jersey Street and Jersey Lane. By H. C. B. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

MAN with awful toothache meets a friend and him his woes—

THE FRIEND: Ah, I had just as bad a toothache you yesterday, and I went home and my wife pitted and kissed me and made so much of me that the ache disappeared. You take my tip.

THE ACHYNE: Is your wife at home, do you tell me?
Woonsocket Reporter.

PRETTY HOUSEMAID: An' so you were O'Flaherty wedding?

COACHMAN: I wor.

"An' who was the best man?"

"It wor Dennis O'Toole. I seen him wallop one of the biggest chaps in the room afore the plisintr over."—*Melbourne Weekly Times*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saabach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

IVORY SOAP

A fine complexion is too rare
To run the risk of losing;
But everyone who takes good care
(All other kinds refusing)
To get pure Ivory, grows more fair
With every day of using.

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YALE GENTLEMAN'S SMOKE MIXTURE

We could not improve the quality if paid double the price.
A 2oz. Trial Package, Post Paid 25c.
MARBURG BROS., THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

When you come in hot and thirsty,—HIRES Root-beer.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 2oz. package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

WE PAY POSTAGE.

All you have guessed about life insurance may be wrong. If you wish to know the truth, send for "How and Why," issued by the PENN MUTUAL LIFE, 921-3-5 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

DON'T BOIL

Whitman's INSTANTANEOUS Chocolate—doesn't need it. Made in a jiffy, with boiling water or milk. Sold everywhere.

A spoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters in a glass of water gives it flavor, gives you appetite, aids digestion. At druggists.

"HUNTER" Baltimore Rye

The American Gentleman's WHISKEY

For Club, Family and Medical use.

TEN YEARS OLD



The Best WHISKEY in America

Endorsed by leading physicians when stimulant is prescribed.

PURE, OLD, MELLOW
DRINK HUNTER RYE—IT'S PURE

Sold at all First-Class Cafes and by Jobbers.

WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

MAUD: What a strange girl that Miss Slove is. She seems to delight in making herself conspicuous.

ETHEL: Yes, indeed. She even walks to church instead of going on her wheel.

—New York Press.

CAMPAIGN BUTTONS.



We have the finest thing in Campaign or Club Buttons yet offered. Made of porcelain, decorated in gold and mineral colors, which are burnt in. New in design, small in size, and in perfect taste. Sample sent for 15c. Special low prices to clubs and dealers.

O'HARA-WALTHAM DIAL CO.,
Fitch Avenue, Waltham, Mass.

SOLID SILVERWARE

Hair Brushes, Combs, Brushes, Combs, Rors, and all other useful Toilet Articles. Silver of the choicest patterns, heavy, strong and well made.

Particular care is given to the artistic making of this class.

THEODORE B. ST

206 Fifth Avenue,
Madison Square,
New York.

Lenife

Is on the toilet table of the 400.
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Party,
Mountains,
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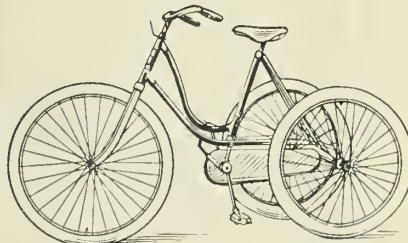
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Specially Designed for Women.



THE TINKHAM CYCLE CO.,

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THE RETURNED PRODIGAL.

This is the old, old place.
The daisies fleck the meadow still like snow.
There is the river in its noisy race,
And—there's the mule I mortgaged long ago.

There is the flossy mill,
Whose rotting wheels no more make merry rhymes;
There the church tower where the bells are still,
And—there the grocery where I failed six times.

There is the old town hall
Crumbling with age, but as I stand and gaze
I hear no more the ancient accents fall—
"I think I'll give you ten or thirty days."

Scenes of my youth, alas!
But what bent figure in the twilight chill
Comes limping t'ward me over fields of grass?
My creditor, with a remembered bill.

—Frank L. Stanton in *Atlanta Constitution*.

THE theosophical gossips were discussing matters that were of deep interest to them, including mahatmas, reincarnations and things of that sort.

"That Perkins-Wilkins affair was a very sad one," said the theosophical gossip in white at last.

"I hadn't heard of it," replied the one in dark red.

"Dear me! I thought every one had heard of that," returned the one in white. "Of course you heard of their original marriage?"

"I believe so. It was in 6500 B. C. wasn't it?"

"Yes, that was the date. You've heard of their devotion ever since then, too, I suppose?"

"I've heard something of it—that is, I've heard that they have been married at every reincarnation."

"Precisely," said the one in white. "The trouble all grows out of that. You see, in the course of these eighty-four centuries they have grown very devoted to each other."

"Naturally."

"And they have vowed eternal love and devotion."

"Not at all surprising."

"And they have sworn to marry again at every succeeding reincarnation."

"Quite likely. But what of it?"

The one in dark red was becoming impatient for the details of the sad affair.

"At the beginning," explained the one in white, "Perkins was the woman and Wilkins was the man."

"You surprise me!" exclaimed the one in dark red. "I hadn't heard of that."

"Oh, yes; it's common gossip. At the third reincarnation the sexes in some way got mixed up, and Perkins became the man and Wilkins the woman. That was a trifle awkward, but it didn't interfere with their marital plans to any serious extent. Now, however—"

"Well, what now?"

"Now, I have just heard the sad details of their latest reincarnation, and there has been a fearful mistake made. They're both women this time, and their romance is all off."—*Chicago Post*.

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Look for this on
EVERY YARD
of the Selvage.



A well-dressed shoe looks small—
Brown's Shoe Dressing—'nough said
For Ladies and Children's Shoes

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WARREN F. LELAND, Proprietor.

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She Writes, May 17, 1896



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Sibylline makes the skin clear, soft and beautiful. Price 50c. at druggists or wherever toilet articles are sold or by mail.

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—the food drink. It is the concentrated and palatable nutriment
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FRANCE

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A TRIAL
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after the Horse is Stolen
is like a person buying
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that the word RYE is on
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NEW YORK, JULY 16, 1896.

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VOLUME
XXVIII.

LIFE

NUMBER
707.



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"FROM — N-NEW YORK, I THINK."

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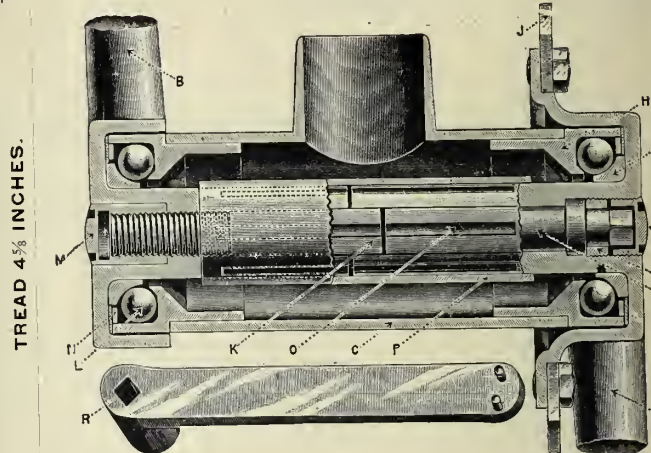
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NEW YORK.



A CHILD OF FORTUNE.

He: I CAME WITHIN AN ACE OF RUNNING OVER A LADY THIS MORNING WHEN I WAS ON MY WHEEL.
 "THAT WAS LUCKY."
 "WASN'T IT? IT WAS ONLY THE OTHER DAY THAT I HAD IT FRESHLY ENAMELED."

ABSENT-MINDED.

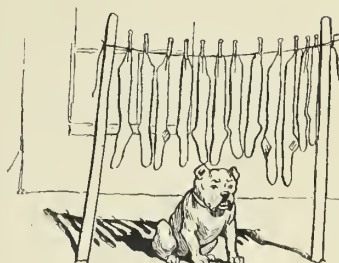
JENKINS: That was a rather pat blunder that Rev. Dr. Coinly made while performing the marriage ceremony for Millie Millions and Banks Goldbug!

SYLVA CHINKS: Indeed! What was it?

"When he joined their hands, instead of pronouncing them man and wife, he said 'Dust to dust!'"

NOT UP-TO-DATE.

HE: Dear, when I spoke to your father to-day, he said he was sure you were already engaged.
 SHE: He's been so busy I haven't had a chance to see him for a week.



GUARDIN' HOSE.

That is
this wo
drawn in
own mil
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makes
strong
such m
machine
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St:
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85-87
17 No

SEND



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVIII. JULY 16, 1896. No. 707.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents.
Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.
The illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted and are not to be reproduced without special arrangement with the publishers.

THE drawings of CHARLES HOWARD JOHNSON have long been familiar to LIFE's readers. He was an artist of rare talent and extraordinary facility. His death at thirty years of age, after a brief illness, was a sudden blow to his friends and the loss will be distinctly felt.



FOR very many of LIFE's readers the problem of where to go this summer is settled. Families that have made their choice are now realizing the benefits or the drawbacks of it, and whatever their physical discomforts they are at least in possession of some measure of peace of mind. But thousands of families are still shifting uneasily from one alternative to another and wrestling with the advertisements of summer board, content meanwhile to bear the ills they know at a price they can afford. Mr. Howells, in discussing the summer question, has recently declared that for most people choice is a curse. That is true. More than the usual number of Americans will avoid it this year by staying at home. They are too poor to go anywhere else and they know it, but force of habit is strong, and they will plan and speculate all through July as they have done all through June, to swelter finally through August still at home.



ONE of the best summer plans announced so far was that of Mr. Depew, who is one of the persons to whom choice is not a curse. Just before starting for Europe the other day he gave to a reporter a summary of his intentions. Aboard ship between New York and London he expected to sleep eighteen hours a day. In London he expected to spend a fortnight or more in lively social contact with the most remunerative intelligences of Europe. Then he is going to Homburg to infringe upon more intelligences and to sit around and be amused; then to Paris to shop. Then to England for a few last words, and home about September 1st. There is no sea bathing in Mr. Depew's plan; no blue-

fishing, no mountain air, no communion with Nature, no solitude, no relief from the sound of human voices. His choice is sea air, sleep, and then unlimited folks. There is no better summer tonic than folks, if one can only reach the right ones. For certain excellent reasons Mr. Depew's plan is not suited to very general adoption; more's the pity, for it is a good plan.

* * *



MR. SAMUEL PLIMSOLL, a good and benevolent Englishman, has come to this country to find out why the Americans hate the English, and to try to put them in the way of better sentiment. He has heard that American school books have unkind and untruthful stories in them about British behavior to Americans in time past, which he has understood tend to give the American mind a bias against modern

England. He hopes to get these tales eliminated. LIFE doesn't believe he will find our school books as much at fault as he thinks, or that he will discover as much unfriendliness towards England as he has been led to expect. Of course our children must know the facts about the Revolution and the War of 1812, and of course there is going to be a great deal more about those breaches of the peace in our school histories than in those of England. But that should not worry Mr. Plimsoll. If he finds distortions of fact or unrighteous sentiments in our histories we must help him get them out; but he may rest confident, it seems to LIFE, that if his countrymen and ours come to hard knocks it will be for contemporaneous reasons and a real cause, and, happily, real reasons for such knocks are not in sight, nor is the shadow of their coming anywhere to be discerned.

* * *



THE greatest of modern peacemakers is at work trying to induce Spain to let Cuba go. What Reason has failed to bring about Poverty may effect. Spain is very hard up, her credit is nearly exhausted, and the Cubans are not any nearer licked than they were a year ago. No one can accurately predict how long a government in these days may carry on a war on nothing a year, but it would seem as if the probabilities in favor of Spain's ultimate victory were at present somewhat dubious.

THE LAMB THAT MARY HAD.

MARY had a little calf,
Which grieved poor Mary so,
Because she knew that on the bike
The calf was sure to show.

So one day from her precious lamb
She took its fleece like snow,
And now wherever Mary bakes
The fleece is sure to go.

"AREN'T there a great number of sugar plantations in Cuba?"

"Yes. Sugar plantations to burn!"

THE TRIUMPH OF CRIME.

THERE was once a man who had committed a grievous crime. It was only a crime against Language and Good Taste, however, and as he called the crime a book of Poetry, all but a few Righteous Critics considered him as being almost justified in his opinion of himself, which was vast.

Shortly after the Righteous Critic of a Great Paper had exposed the extent of the man's crime, the latter married, and as the Critic's department did not include

weddings, it happened that the paper in chronicling the event, spoke of the groom as a Great Poet.

For the reporter had taken the groom's word for it.

The moral of which is that it is small comfort being a Righteous Critic if the City Editor never reads you.

THE SHOP-GIRL.

"They also serve who only stand * *."

—Milton. (1-4.)

THE Juggernaut of oppressed working women moves apace. A Jerimiade rises from the shop-girl.

While she who kindly agrees to stand behind the counter discusses topics-of-the-day with her neighbor, a shopper bent on errands simply personal frequently interrupts. When regaling her friend with the ravishing style to which last season's *mozambique bengaline* is to be remodeled, or narrating with fine Ciceronian scorn the slight defection of her Terence, and her—Nerissa's—consequent dignified disdain of palliatives, or while listening to the delicious and confidential account of Barney's latest devotional attempt, an inopportune demand quite breaks the thread of discourse.

Should a train to be caught necessitate on the purchaser's part a curtailing of Nerissa's narrative, or the remembrance of a pressing engagement compel such distraught atten-

tion as to ignore it entirely, a withering glance, suggestive of immediate resignation from the post to which she has adhered with a fortitude equalled only by Cassabianca himself, meets the customer, with threatened blight to all hopes of future happiness.

Exasperating, too, is the inquisitiveness characteristic of the lady-buyer. Granted that a more desirable material is on second shelf to the right, or better quality in third case to the left, why indicate it? Why make the audacious request to see it? Why expect to get it? Must Nerissa box the compass, as it were, with vertiginous rotations merely to keep a growing family "clothed and in its right mind"? Why does the public not manufacture its own hose?—see to the construction of its own haberdashery?

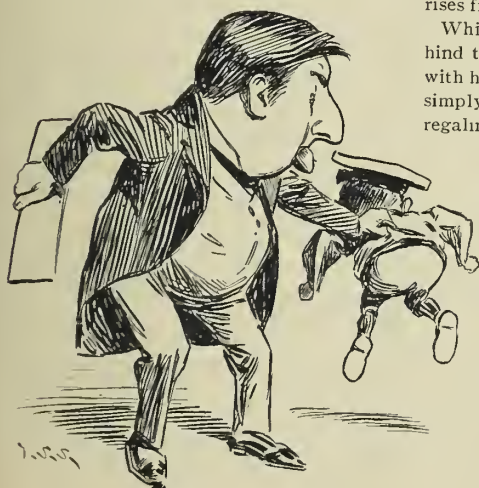
The *raison d'être* of the large dry goods house is for the greater glory of its head (more especially as pertains to the golden nimbus of a bank-book), the cultivation of meekness on the part of an obstreperous public, and to provide for afore-mentioned confabs a local habitation with picturesque accessories of notion-counters, bargains-in-silk, and a floor-walker (that exponent of the peripatetic philosophy) executing a two-step with the grace of a Lord Chesterfield, near by.

Wilful misconception of this magnanimous mission forces the saleswoman to adopt the shibboleth of stolid silence and vacant stare, which ever suggest her possession of Minerva's wisdom, coupled with the combativeness of the early Amazon.

Oh! ye philanthropists, champions of woman's cause! Is there no balm in Gilead—no enfranchisement in Sixth Avenue? By a



A SUDDEN SQUALL.



A MEETING OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

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OUR FRESH AIR FUND.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$1,320 87
F. Yama.....	2 00
P. P. L.....	10 00
For Love of Jessie, "H. B.".....	5 00
Marian F. Butler.....	5 00
Proceeds of a Poster Entertainment at Bound Brook, N. J.....	20 50
Young Men's Class of the Fifth Pres- byterian S. S., Toledo, O.....	2 00
Engineer.....	10 00
Chas. Y. and Holstein.....	4 00
F. Yama, additional.....	1 00
Mrs. G. S. S.....	25 00
Margaret and Katharine F.....	5 00

\$1,410 37

mental handspring put yourself in her place, *vis-a-vis* to the chattering maniacs of the shopping district. From this standpoint, convinced of the average woman's garrulity, lack of altruism, indifference to metaphysical disquisitions behind the counter, see to it that better legislation and wider humanization may exorcise a malignant element from society, and either relegate the shopper to the curbstone or prescribe questions during the shop-girl's conversational hours.

By this recognition of the shop-girl's didactic sphere, possibly all suicidal resolves, the logical sequence of a day's shopping on part of purchaser, may be obviated, and Nerissa with her friends may discourse, as under their own vine-and-fig-tree, upon matters ethical, judicial and matrimonial.

S. C. Very.



"YOU THREW STONES AT ME YESTERDAY,
DIDN'T YOU—"

THE CORRECT THING.

"MOTHER, may I go out to swim?"
"Yes, my darling daughter;
But cut your suit to show your limb
And don't go near the water."



THE GENTLE ART OF LOG-ROLLING.

WE have a lot to learn in this country about the art of literary log-rolling. There are nice interchanges of compliments among our young men who write now and then, and for the most part they are the proper outgrowth of personal admiration and affection. The American sense of humor

keeps this sort of thing within reasonable bounds. It is considered a mark of greater affection among us to chaff each other moderately than to effusively praise even very good work.

But a reading of English books and periodicals with



AND NOW THAT I'VE GOT YOU, I THINK—

some regularity will reveal no scruples in the fulsome interchange of flattery. There is a ponderous solemnity about the log-rolling that is apt to make an outsider laugh in his sleeve.

In a recent number of the *Saturday Review* the respected name of Coventry Patmore is signed to an article on a book of essays by Alice Meynell, from



POOR PAPA IN THE CITY.

FROM "LIFE'S" RECENT DISCOVERIES OF EARLY EGYPTIAN JOKES.

which we take the following gems of criticism:

"We must go back to Goethe, Lessing and Hegel if we would discover any piece of criticism so novel, of such far-reaching importance, so moderate, so simple, so conclusive—in a word, so *great*."

"There is, however, a sphere of contemplative wisdom into which even Lord Bacon never attempted to soar, but in which Mrs. Meynell moves at an altitude and with a freedom, for the like of which, at all events in any female writer, we must go back to Mme. De Guyon, etc."

There is nothing mean about Mr. Patmore when he sets out to make it pleasant for a "lady essayist." He may have some reserves about Goethe and Bacon but none about Mrs. Meynell. Her place in the empyrean of genius has been secured for her, once for all, and it is right up front—a little bit ahead of Lord Bacon!

There is no doubt that Mrs. Meynell has done her best to earn this place, for in her book

of essays "The Rhythm of Life" (Cope-land & Day), she says of Mr. Coventry Patmore's Odes:

"It is mortal pathos. If any other poet has filled a cup with a draught so unalloyed, we do not know it."

"A more touching sweetness of simple and frequent rhyme, a truer impetus of pulse and impulse, English verse could hardly yield than are to be found in his versification."

"Even in his slightest work he proves himself the master—that is, the owner of words that, owned by him, are unprofaned, are as though they had never been profaned; the capturer of an art so quick and close that it is the voice less of a poet than of the very muse."

So far as a layman can judge, who is not on intimate terms with either Bacon or the Muse, honors are about even in this exchange of modest compliments. What fun the *Saturday Review* would have with two American writers who should solemnly attempt a similar exchange of appreciation!

* * *

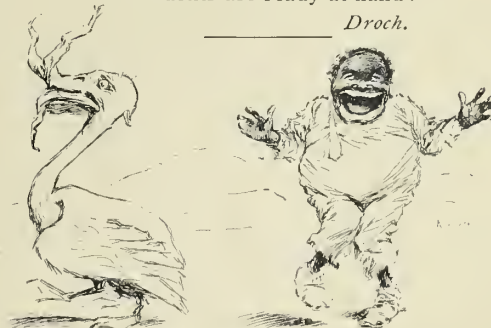
THERE is a class of nervous readers who are morally afraid of being enticed into perusing an exciting book. We wish to warn such sensitive souls against "In a Dike Shanty" (Harpers), by Maria Louise Pool. Following are

some of the horrors set forth: Three chapters of about fifty pages are devoted to getting to the dike shanty on the coast of Massachusetts; one chapter narrates the mowing of the dike by a regulation horse and machine; the next describes the upsetting of a pan of pea-pods by a Yorkshire terrier; two more are occupied with a hair-raising account of making "bumonge" (*blanc-mange*); and the thrilling narrative is brought to a dramatic conclusion with the concoction of "a coot stew."

All of these blood-curdling episodes are portrayed in the classical dialect of New England, which for more than a generation has been the ample and flexible medium for adventures as thrilling as these.

Why should our romantic novelists devote their powers to battles that never were fought when similar incidents are ready at hand?

Droch.



! ! ! !—"

I'LL JUST BREAK—

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

I N all the ups and downs of life,
It is nearly always true
That Mr. White is a colored man,
And Mr. Green is blue.
And Mr. Black is as white as milk,
And Mr. Brown is red;
And Cotton deals in velvet and silk,
While Silvermann handles lead.
Goldman has the silver craze,
A tramp and a beggar is King;
And Barber never handled shears,
And Singer cannot sing.
Stout is as lean as Pharaoh's kine,
And Taylor can't sew a stitch;
Swift is the slowest man on earth,
And poor as a church-mouse is Rich.
Mr. Sharp is the dullest chap
It was ever your luck to see;
Small stands at ease at six-foot-four,
And Tallman is four-foot-three
Carpenter can't tell a saw from a plane,
And Banks, he has no cash;
While Cook never fried an egg nor a fish
And Broadman eats no hash,



YOUR BLOOMING—

Butcher and Baker, they run a farm,
And Farmer, he runs a school;
And Long's accounts are always short,
And Smart is a blessed fool.
And I sigh a sigh about four by six
As I scan men batch by batch.
And wonder how often a man and
his name
Are a regular Jersey match.
Harvey Reese.

MAMMA: It is so hard
to give up Grace!
PAPA: Never mind, dear,
it won't be for long.

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A SOLUTION OF ITALY'S DILEMMA—RECALL THE ITALIAN ARMY FROM AMERICA.

IN DAYS TO COME.

THE minister adjusted his glasses and read from the notices as follows:

"The regular Wednesday evening Wheelman's Church Guild will meet in the chapel at eight o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend.

There will be a meeting of the tandem auxiliary in the vestry-room at half after five this afternoon. The subject to be discussed is 'The True and Only Ball Bearings,' and visitors are welcome.

On Thursday next, at half-past four o'clock, there will be held, in the bike pavilion adjoining the church, an experience meeting. All who have punctured their tires during the past week or broken down in any way and are able to be present, are earnestly desired not to neglect this important meeting.

The Young Ladies' Bloomer Sewing Circle will meet at the house of Mrs. A. B. Scorch at two o'clock on Friday afternoon.

There has been a noticeable falling off in attendance at the young people's

century-run class, and I most earnestly hope that the coming season will show more activity than in the past. With the present good roads, there is no reason why the greatest enthusiasm should not prevail.

Those of the congregation who desire, will remain after the service and view the chainless wheel that has been left in my study by the agent during the past week.

We will now unite in singing the 189th hymn; Hymn 189.

When we have reached that Heavenly shore

Where all is love and peace,
Geared up to ninety-six or more
We'll coast without surcease.

There'll be no hills to climb up there,
No punctures to annoy;
All things unite to make us share
The wheel's divinest joy.

Oh, in that happy land above
No scorching will there be,
But with our hearts attuned to Love
We'll bike eternally.
All sing!"

WHAT IT IS.

"VIVISECTION is the cutting up of live animals—also poisoning, burning, smothering, freezing, breaking the bones, irritating the bared nerves with electricity, dissecting out the stomach and other organs, etc., etc. It is done in nearly all the universities and medical colleges of the world—supposedly for man's benefit. Anæsthetics frequently cannot be employed—according to the published records of the vivisectioners."

And most of it is done in medical colleges to make lectures more interesting; and by physicians, privately, because they wish to. And, if the humane public object—well, we know the "scientist's" opinion of the public on this question.

A WIT is a well-known man who gets credit for the epigrams of unknown paragraphers.

B RIGGS. That was rather an appropriate inscription they put on Soaker's tombstone.

GRIGGS: What was it?
"This is on me."

LIFE'S GUIDE TO THE METROPOLIS.

EARLY HISTORY.

THE early history of New York may properly be divided into three periods—the Hebrew or Mosaic period, the Burgomaster or Dutch-mug period, and the Hibernian or Croker period. Manhattan, or Mosesville, as it was first known, was discovered in the early part of the sixteenth century by Rubenstein Moses, who, journeying from Jerusalem in search of a good site, was struck by the advantages and location of Baxter street, and set up his headquarters there. It is from such small beginnings that the future refinement and culture of a great commonwealth can often trace their source. In 1600 New York was a vast and almost trackless wilderness,

inhabited by panthers, wily savages and Brooklynites, and covered with primitive forests. Sometime during the early part of the century the first Fifth avenue stage began its journey. This stage, still in fair condition and attached to the original plesiosaurus, may be seen to-day swiftly creeping down the avenue on its return trip. In 1700, during the Dutch-mug period, *Puck* was first established, some of its reading matter accepted during that period being still in use.

AN AGE OF DARKNESS.

The magnificent *Puck* building of to-day, shown in the illustration, was not then thought of, and the circulation of the *World* was but 8,000 001, so at this time but little real progress had been made in the arts and sciences. Later on, Thomas Purity Platt, while crossing to Hoboken on stilts, discovered the Hudson, and, walking up to Albany, established the New York State Legislature—that source of good government and fountain of wisdom which has done so much for our material welfare. About this time paving stones made their appearance in lower Broadway, and since then, through the herculean efforts of our gas and street-cleaning departments, have worked their way uptown. It will not be long, however, before they will be ruthlessly torn from the parent earth and moved on. The first brewery was established in the middle of the seventeenth century and was afterwards moved, it having been dis-



DISCOVERING THE HUDSON.



ORIGINAL TREE OF PROPHECY ON THIRD AVENUE.
AS IT APPEARED FIFTY YEARS AGO.

covered that it was within two hundred feet of Trinity Church. From this time on the city gained rapidly in wealth and prosperity, the number of its saloons and hotels to-day being nearly one thousand, with any number of private residences where liquid refreshments are served.

In 1625 the first female child was born, and now we see them everywhere.

Later on, in 1789, Tammany Hall was first established, and our modern system of voting made possible.

Having thus hinted at the sources of our power, we pass over the next one hundred years and come to the vast

METROPOLIS OF TO-DAY,

where one can even walk on some of the side streets in broad daylight with comparatively little danger, a city so safe that not even a policeman can be encountered between dusk and daylight, and where most of the public buildings are so arranged that when one

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topples over in the morning a new one, twice as tall with foundations exactly as good is erected in the afternoon. We see now a city, risen from the marshes, malaria and microbes of the original Mosesville filled with beautiful and transcendent works of art, graced with statues of the most prominent barbers, hack-writers, chiropodists, saloon-keepers, vivisectionists, and other great men who have gone before. As we walk along our public streets, filled also, as a rule, we view with pride our magnificent theatres—those superb works of art, made possible only by the genius of a Hammerstein or a Frohman, and scarcely touched by even some of our most elaborate saloons.

With feelings of the deepest veneration we gaze upon our modern places of worship, where politics are taught with the Bible as a text-book, the art of dressmaking is transmitted from woman to



THE NEW Puck BUILDING.

woman, where children learn to do others in secret as their parents have done before them, and where the salary of the preacher is governed by Divine Providence and his business ability.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

Strolling through the residence portions of the town, with their individual expenditure accounts stretching out in the distance beyond their incomes, we are struck by the air of quiet discontentment that prevails, and as we pass along the principal boulevards and note the bicycle faces of those who ride in carriages, we marvel at the greatness of a city that makes so much unhappiness possible. All this, however, is the bright side of the metropolis. The intending visitor, in order to get a good idea of the misery, the depths of degradation which are always an inherent part of any great civilization, should pass down into the slums in the lower part of the town and visit the *World* office.

And now with the Greater New York at hand, what must be the future of our city? With Jamaica, New Dorp, Mount Vernon and Brooklyn stretching out their arms to receive us, what possibilities are there in store! With countless saloon sites crying from the wilderness to be opened up; with streets and avenues, now lying waste and sterile, to be filled later on with our actors and actresses, honoring the atmosphere with their presence; with some of our best reportorial talent blazing out on the primitive oaks of Long Island, new sources to criminality; with new statues on every stump, Raines inspectors with burglars' kits, cable-cars mowing their way through the best blood in fields and pastures new, and every builder his own architect, what vast and hitherto unimagined blessings await us!

T. M.



IN THE WAKE OF A CABLE CAR—A SCENE ON BROADWAY AT THE PRESENT TIME.



She: YOU HAVE NEVER MET FATHER AND MOTHER, HAVE YOU?
"NOT FORMALLY, BUT WE JUST PASSED ONE OF THEM, I THINK."
"WHICH ONE?"
"I DON'T KNOW."



APROPOS of Embassador Bayard's habit of monopolizing conversation while at dinners, receptions,

in official intercourse, it is related that at a certain inner-party in Washington, Mr. Bayard entertained the company with his views on a variety of subjects, including Japan. One of the guests was a member of the Japanese legation. After listening to Mr. Bayard's wordy discourse on Japan as long as he could, the artless young Japanese, turning to his fair neighbor at the table, remarked: "What a wonderful man is your secretary of State. He seems to know something about everything—except Japan!"—*New York Tribune*.

MR. EDISON has only once tried to make a speech. It was before a girls' seminary, where he had agreed to lecture on electricity. He had engaged a friend named Adams to operate the apparatus while he talked; but when the "Wizard" arose before his audience, he felt puzzled that he simply said: "Ladies, Mr. Adams will now address you on electricity, and I will demonstrate what he has to say with the apparatus."—*Argonaut*.

"DARLING," he cried, throwing aside all reserve, do you not know me?"

The girl flung herself upon his bosom. "Your face is familiar," she sobbed, "although I can't quite recall your name."—*Detroit Tribune*.

TWO PATHS TO KNOWLEDGE.

"We learn to do by doing,"
I think the song doth run;
But to my mind
More things we find
And learn, by being "done."

—*University Courier*.

A HYPOCHONDRIAC friend from the country, who was staying with Father Healy at Bray in the hope of obtaining relief from chronic dyspepsia, was one day taking a walk along the beach with his host.

"I have derived relief from drinking a tumbler of salt-water fresh from the tide," said the invalid, solemnly. "Do you think I might take a second?"

Father Healy put on the intent expression which was his "thinking cap."

"Well," said he, with equal seriousness, "I don't think a second would be missed."—*Youth's Companion*.

SENATOR PALMER, of Illinois, was asked by somebody the other day for whom he would vote in case the Chicago Convention should declare for free silver and the Republican Convention straddle the money question.

"Well," said the Senator, "I'd be like an old farmer down in Illinois I met a short time ago. I asked him what he would do with his vote with two such candidates for Governor to choose between as Altgeld and Tanner."

"Well," answered the farmer, "I reckon I'd have to winter my vote."—*Washington Post*.

AN admirer of Rossini sent the composer at Christmas-time a fine Stilton cheese and an oratorio which the donor had recently composed. In a laconic letter of thanks Rossini wrote: "A thousand thanks! I like the cheese very much."—*Argonaut*.

"I DON'T ask you to remove your hat, miss," politely spoke the little man in the seat behind her, "but you will kindly refrain from wabbling your head. I take it as a favor. I am used to the high hat, but you are not accustomed to the wabble, and it confuses me. It obstructs my view of the gentleman in the orchestra who performs on the kettle-drum."

"Sir!"

"Thank you, miss. I don't mind the high hat, but I confess the wabble did bother me a little. Ever so much obliged. I can see him quite distinctly now."

"Sir, I—"

"I beg you won't apologize, miss. It was entirely inadvertent on your part, I am sure, and—"

"If you say another word I'll call the usher!"

"Bless you, miss, that will not be necessary! I am acquainted with all the ushers. Any of them would be glad to oblige me by asking the gentleman who operates the kettle-drum to move a little to the right, so as to give me a better view of him, but I can see with perfect ease now, thanks to your having quit—"

"Usher!"

"I'll call him for you, miss. Here, Jerry!"

"I am entirely capable of calling him, sir! I am going to ask him to bring the manager of the hall!"

"I assure you, miss, that will not be necessary either. The manager is my son-in-law. He will merely instruct the usher to—ah, thanks!"

For the young woman, trembling with indignation, had removed her hat.—*Chicago Tribune*.

OVERHEARD IN THE LOBBY.—"I'm going home."

"But there are two more acts."

"I know it. That's why I am going home."—*The Sifter*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

IVORY SOAP

A fine complexion is too rare
To run the risk of losing;
But everyone who takes good care
(All other kinds refusing)
To get pure Ivory, grows more fair
With every day of using.

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BIBBER CIGARETTES

OR
LITTLE CIGARS.
ALL IMPORTED TOBACCO.

HIGHEST IN PRICE,
FINEST IN QUALITY.

25c. a Bundle,
10 in Bundle.

Trial Package in Pouch by mail for 25c.
H. ELLIS & CO., Baltimore, Md.
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor.

SOCIETY EDITOR: Mr. Willis tells me that his family will spend the summer in the mountains, and his wife says they will go to the seashore. Had I better defer mentioning the matter until I get more definite information?

MANAGING EDITOR: I don't see what more definite information you want. She told you they were going to the seashore, didn't she?—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"Is there any limit to modern art?"
"Oh, yes. The frame, you know."—*Detroit Tribune*.

A GERMAN paper contains the following unique advertisement: "Any person who can prove that my tapioca contains anything injurious to health will have three boxes of it sent to him free of charge."

As good as an ocean voyage—Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters in your drinking water. C. W. Abbott & Co., on label. All druggists.

"HUNTER" Baltimore Rye

The American Gentleman's
WHISKEY

For Club, Family and Medical use.

TEN YEARS OLD

The Best WHISKEY in America

Endorsed by leading physicians when stimulant is prescribed.

PURE, OLD, MELLOW
DRINK HUNTER RYE—IT'S PURE

Sold at all First-Class Cafes and by Jobbers.

WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

CAMPAIGN BUTTONS.



We have the finest thing in Campaign or Club Buttons yet offered. Made of porcelain, decorated in gold and mineral colors, which are burnt in. New in design, small in size, and in perfect taste. Sample sent for 5c. Special low prices to clubs and dealers.

O'HARA-WALTHAM DIAL CO.,
Fitch Avenue, Waltham, Mass.

DON'T BOIL Whitman's INSTANTANEOUS Chocolate
—doesn't need it.
Made in a jiffy, with boiling water or milk.
Sold everywhere.

SOLID SILVERWARE

Hair Brushes, Cloth Brushes, Combs, Mirrors, and all other useful Toilet Articles. Silver of the choicest patterns, heavy, strong and well made.

Particular care is given to the artistic making of goods of this class.

THEODORE B. STAR
206 Fifth Avenue,
Madison Square,
New York.

Lenifec

Is on the toilet table of the 400 every
LENIFECT CO., ESSEX, CONN.



"Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble."

That's the old way of making soup. Put your meat and soup bones in the "cauldron" and fuss over it for hours.

Armour's

Extract of BEEF

saves you all that "toil and trouble." Add boiling water to the Extract and you have, instantly, a really palatable Bouillon or Clear Beef Soup. No trouble or mystery about it. Anyone can do it.

Armour & Company, Chicago.

BURNETT'S KALLISTON.

THE dry, parched feeling of the face, after a day spent on the deck of an ocean steamer, will be refreshed by an application of Burnett's Kalliston.

For sale by all Druggists.

JOSEPH BURNETT Co., BOSTON, MASS.

WINDSOR HOTEL

5th Ave., 46th to 47th Sts., N.Y.

THE COOLEST HOTEL IN NEW YORK.

Unsurpassed in location and perfect in all appointments. Free Coach and Baggage to and from Grand Central Depot by giving us notice. American plan \$4.00 per day and upward. European plan \$1.50 per day and upward. Music during dinner. The travelling public will find this a delightful, cool, and homelike hotel.

WARREN F. LELAND, Proprietor.

DEPENDS ON THE AMOUNT.—"If I ever get hold of Binks I'll thrash him so that his own mother wouldn't recognize him."

"What's the matter?"

"He's been slandering me. He says that I beat him out of five dollars in a poker game."

"Not at all. I heard the remark myself."

"Then what did he say?"

"He said that you beat him out of five thousand dollars in a wheat deal."

"Oh, well, then I suppose it's all right. I could hardly believe that he was the kind of man who would go around telling stories that reflected on me in that way."—*Chicago Post.*

THERE are probably few ministers who would resent the "left-handed" compliment once given to a preacher by Mark Twain, as chronicled in a lively article on the funny man. One Sunday when Mark had happened to specially like the sermon he heard in church, he lingered at the door after service, waiting for the minister to come out, in order to give him a pleasant word, which he did in this fashion: "I mean no offence, but I feel obliged to tell you that the preaching this morning has been of a kind that I can spare. I go to church to pursue my own trains of thought. But to-day I couldn't do it. You have interfered with me. You have forced me to attend to you, and have lost me a whole half hour. I beg that it may not occur again."—*Wave.*

DR. EATON, president of Madison University forty years ago, was beloved by the students and his good opinion courted above all things. One commencement day, the student who had delivered the valedictory approached the doctor and timidly asked him what he thought of the effort. The doctor looked at him a moment, and then said, slowly: "Edward, if you would pluck a few of the feathers from the wings of your imagination and stick them in the tail of your judgment, you would make better speeches."—*Argonaut.*

A YANKEE in Ceylon, desiring to take a bath, asked a native to show him to a place that was free from crocodiles. The native took him close to the mouth of the river, where our Yankee enjoyed a nice refreshing bath. On coming out of the water he inquired of his guide how this locality happened to be free from crocodiles.

"Crocodile 'fraid of shark," replied the Cinghalese; "too many sharks here!"—*Ueber Land und Meer.*

MR. ANSTEY, the author of "Vice Versa," tells a story to illustrate the inappropriate way in which Scripture texts are sometimes used. At a small seaside resort in England a generous citizen presented a number of free seats for the promenade, each adorned with an iron label stating that "Mr. Jones of this town presented these seats for the public use. The sea is his and he made it."—*Exchange.*

HIS IDEA OF SIZE.—"Talking about chickens," said the rural citizen who habitually exaggerates, "I've got the most remarkable hen in the country."

"A good layer?"

"That's her strong point. Why, sir," he said, getting excited as he talked, "that fowl, sir, lays eggs as big as hailstones."—*Washington Star.*



"Women and Children First!"

When a Ship is wrecked at sea, women and children have the first care. It should be the same on shore—in life—always protect the family against want with reliable Life Insurance . . .

The Prudential

insures the whole family—Children, Women and Men from ages 1 to 70. Amounts from \$15 to \$50,000. Premiums payable weekly, quarterly, half-yearly or yearly, according to plan selected

Full Information as to plans sent free on request.

The Prudential Insurance Co. of America, Home Office: Newark, N.J.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.
ASSETS over \$15,780,000. INCOME, \$12,500,000.
SURPLUS, \$3,300,000.

HARTFORD TIRES are the best of pure rubber, the best of fabric. Put together for safety, durability, ease. Other makers imitate in vain. The secret is ours. The tires are yours, on any bicycle. They are the original single-tubes.

COST MOST. DEMAND THEM
WORTH MOST. OF ANY DEALER.

THE HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS CO.

HARTFORD, CONN.

New York. Philadelphia. Chicago.

This IS THE **1896**

**SEARCH
LIGHT**

PRICE
\$5.00

The only strictly first class bicycle lantern on the market.

Ask your dealer or send to

BRIDGEPORT BRASS CO.

Or 19 Murray Street, New York. Bridgeport, Conn.
85-87 Pearl Street, Boston.
17 No. 7th St., Philadelphia.

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TIMKINS: Supposing you were on an isle, Miss Timbers, all alone, what would you do?

MISS TIMBERS: Well, if it were a church aisle and the bridegroom waited at the other end, I should endeavor to press steadily forward. — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

THE pianist had finished dusting the piano keys with his abundant hair, and his fingers hung with languid grace like branches that had not

yet recovered from the onslaught of a fierce storm. He was receiving the applause which his endeavors as a classical interpreter merited.

Afthrong pressed around him and told him the pleasant things that make life worth living. The relation from the country was there.

"There's no use 'in talkin'," he said, "ye done fine."

"Thank you."

"An' I must say, that the man that made the pianny deserves praise, too. Ye couldn't pick up an' insterment anywhere 'tall thet 'ud stand the pace you put it through."

"Perhaps not."
"I'll never fergit the way ye got yer fingers all twisted up and then tangled again. It's a sight ter tell the neighbors about, that is."

"I—I am glad you enjoyed it."

"Waal, I admired it more'n I enj'yed it. There's jes' one thing ye orter c

"What's that?"

"Ye oughter come up ter Higginsville some time when ye ain't got v much ter do an' git Mirandy Slocom ter teach ye 'The Monastery Bells' 'The Fisher's Hornpipe.' They take practice, but ye could git 'em purty so an' then ye'd have a couple o' pieces thet was worth layin' yerself out on *Detroit Free Press.*

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

CHAPTER I.

SHE was a woman whose age might safely be pronounced "uncertain," as she stood at the counter figuring a half dozen pieces of dress goods by tur was evident that she was in the throes of uncertainty concerning some ques of becomingness or what not.

"Is it for yourself or a young lady?" asked Roggs, the clerk, desiring to facilitate the sale.

The lady's hands dropped to her side, and as in a moment she walked a with a curt "Sorry to have troubled you," Roggs was left to ruminate on the unstableness of the feminine mind as he waited for another customer.

CHAPTER II.

Once more there was a woman of uncertain antiquity at a dress goods co ter. It was a virtual repetition of the scene in the last chapter, except that time the brisk and natty dressed Toggs was the salesman.

"Is the dress for yourself or an old lady?" asked Mr. Toggs, with inno urbanity, and directly the young man might have been seen dexterously ha ling the yard measure.

CHAPTER III.

Our two heroes are now middle-aged. Toggs is a partner in the great in which he once held a humble clerkship. He dines on terrapin and quai toast, while Roggs, in a shiny-backed coat and shabby shoes, walks the str wondering why he never had any luck. — *New York Sun.*

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inside your head. You know how that feels. Indigestion, Insomnia, Overwork—possible causes; Wright's Paragon Headache Remedy the cure, certain as the sunrise. No scientific truth more wonderful than the amount of positive relief contained in one small wafer. Down goes the wafer—away goes the headache—up go your spirits. That's the process. A large box of Paragon Headache Remedy postpaid on receipt of 25 cts. in stamps, or sample free if you will send your address. All drug gists. Agents Wanted in every county in the U. S. **CHAS. WRIGHT & CO.,** Man'g' Chemists, DETROIT, MICH.

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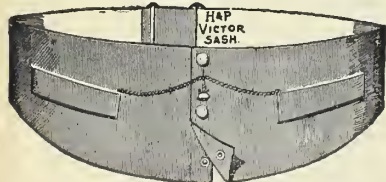
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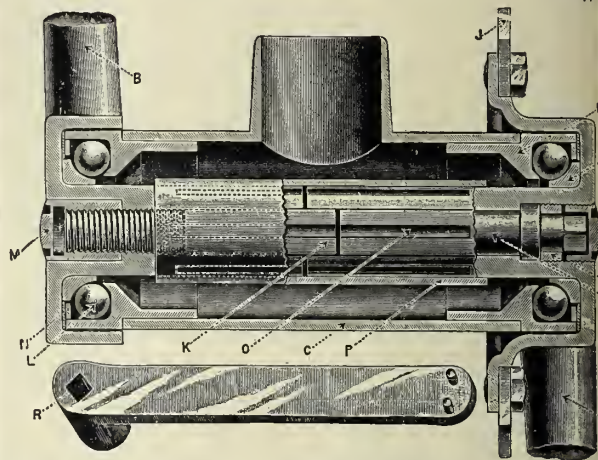
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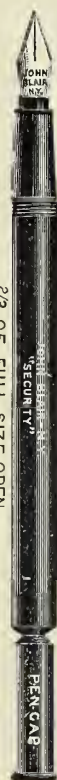
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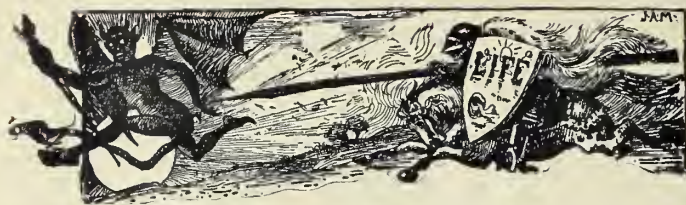
THIS is much easier than you suppose. To begin with, don't make the mistake of allowing yourself to cultivate the habit of thought. Many authors have made this fatal error and in consequence have not been recognized until a century or so after death. First secure a typewriter with a pedal attachment, so that you can also work it with your feet, as you will need this later on. Make arrangements with some reliable paper mill to supply you with paper by the mile, and secure a man to aid you in dressing, etc. These preliminaries should be arranged beforehand, for when the rush for your work

begins you will have no time for minor matters. All that is then necessary for you to do is to become advertised. You can do this by standing on your head in Madison Square three times a day, walking up Broadway with a live hippopotamus for a pet or in any other legitimate manner. A good way is to study the methods of authors already successful. A publisher can then easily be secured. Above all, don't be alone and don't think.

T. M.



PASSING A BAD BILL.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVIII. JULY 23, 1896. No. 708.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents. Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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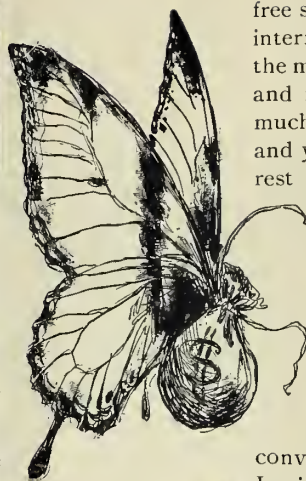


BRYAN, William J.; Bryan of Nebraska, the Boy Orator of the Platte, is the choice of our Populistic and Silverite brethren for President. He is a brand new man and fit to lead a party with brand new principles. He seems to be a nice young man. He is not a Tillman nor an Altgeld. He has had his hair cut this year, and he has a very pretty gift of speech. If he knew more, and had somewhat more age, and was not suffering so conspicuously from silver hysteria, and stood on a reasonable platform, it would not be impossible for Eastern Democrats to vote for him. As it is he is enthusiastically in favor of the whole of the platform adopted in Chicago. He believes in the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1, of the payment of United States bonds in silver, in forbidding the issue of bonds in time of peace, in the income tax, in the abolition of life terms, and in the other special peculiarities of the remarkable document with which he is associated.

He believes that the restriction of the coinage of silver is the cause of most of the fiscal inconvenience that Americans have suffered during the last three years. He thinks it unmanly of Americans to wish to borrow money in London, and cowardly of them after they have borrowed it to feel bound to pay back as good as they got. He thinks it pusillanimous for Americans to care about the maintenance of their country's credit in Europe. He has other like beliefs, born of poverty and distress in the West, and shared, apparently, by a million or more of American voters.



Well, Bryan! It might as well be you as another. LIFE is well pleased with you as the representative of what you stand for. We of the East believe that your theories are unsound and your intentions dishonest. We don't believe that the demonetization of silver has caused the hard times or that free silver coinage will cure them. On the contrary we think that



bar'l. Poor Sewall.

IF Senator Hill sustains a few more overwhelming defeats it is possible that he may become a formidable and respected figure in contemporary politics. He was beaten by a huge majority for Governor of New York and it didn't do him any harm. He was turned down and sat upon at Chicago, and has gained greatly in reputation in consequence. Adversity is good for Mr. Hill. After the silver cloud rolls by he will still be alive.



LIFE congratulates the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston on the monumental and unexampled success of its perilous trip to England. If one goes a long distance to pull fruit it is gratifying to find the fruit dead ripe and ready to come off at the touch. The Ancients have had that experience in a wonderful measure.

It is impossible not to grin at the reception our Boston comrades have received, but they are worthy men, and certainly the spirit which is back of the attentions that have been showered upon them is no laughing matter. The desire of the British to show good will to the Americans is almost pathetic in its intensity. The expression of it is very welcome here and will not soon be forgotten. If the Ancients can manage to leave behind them as good an impression as was made by the Yale crew nothing better can be asked of them.

LIFE'S TICKET.



FOR PRESIDENT

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT



JOHN W. GOFF.



ANTHONY COMSTOCK.

ATTENTION, voters!

LIFE has felt for some time that the future is fraught with a grave menace to our institutions, and it is to avoid any possible catastrophe that we are proud to put forward into the field two such sterling citizens as those whose pictures ornament this column. We want men whose judgment, no matter what grave crisis in our national affairs may present itself, will remain clear and unclouded to the bitter end; who can be relied upon at



CORNED BEEF.

all times to uphold the sacred rights of our country. We want safe men, men who have been tested and tried in the fierce fire of public opinion and who have not been found wanting. In presenting, then, the names of John W. Goff and Anthony Comstock to our fellow citizens it is with the firm conviction that there are no others in this broad land who can so safely be trusted to cope with the welfare of our common country.

There may be others, but we do not know them.

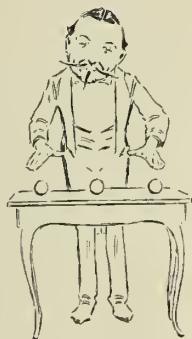
We feel that these two noble candidates need no introduction. They are too well known already for us to add one word to the weight of their prestige. In Mr. Goff, pre-eminent for his keen sense of justice, seeking nothing but his own advancement, we have a man who can safely be trusted to preside over our destinies. In Mr. Comstock, immodest and unassuming towards his fellow creatures, retiring in his habits and shrinking from the public gaze, what more fitting candidate could there be for Vice-President?

Let us then unite in this common cause, and in the interest of our country lead on to Goff, Comstock and Victory!

HOW THE HEN FOOLED HIM.



LATIES AND SHENTLEMEN, I HAF
HERE TREE VATERMELONS,



VICH I WILL SHANGE INTO
TREE EGGS,



AND FROM DOSE TREE EGGS VE VILL
HATCH OUD TREE LETTLE SHICKENS—



!!!

OUR FRESH AIR FUND.

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S. A., Dayton, O.....	3 00
J. H.....	5 00
J. J. Astor.....	100 00
H. M. B.....	25 00
J. S. D.....	10 00

\$1,568 37

From Messrs. A. G. Spalding & Brothers we have received—1 regulation inflator, 1 Inter-collegiate football, 1 Association rubber ball, 5 small catching gloves, 3 large catching mits, 12 Junior League balls, 1 Senior League ball and 8 baseball bats.

From the Trinity Guild of South Norwalk, Connecticut—12 new pairs of pantaloons, 2 linen suits, 1 new waist and 1 new jacket.

All for LIFE's Farm, and which we acknowledge with thanks.

TROUBLE AHEAD.

HE: I fear the worst.
SHE: What's happened, George?

"Your father has paid back that \$10 he borrowed."

A GREAT HELP.

"DO you think it's all right to go to church on a wheel?"

"Why, yes. They say it's always better to have an objective point."

A SONG OF POVERTY.

IF I could gratify a wish,
My wealth would be untold,
The bags my trousers all possess,
I'd have filled up with gold.



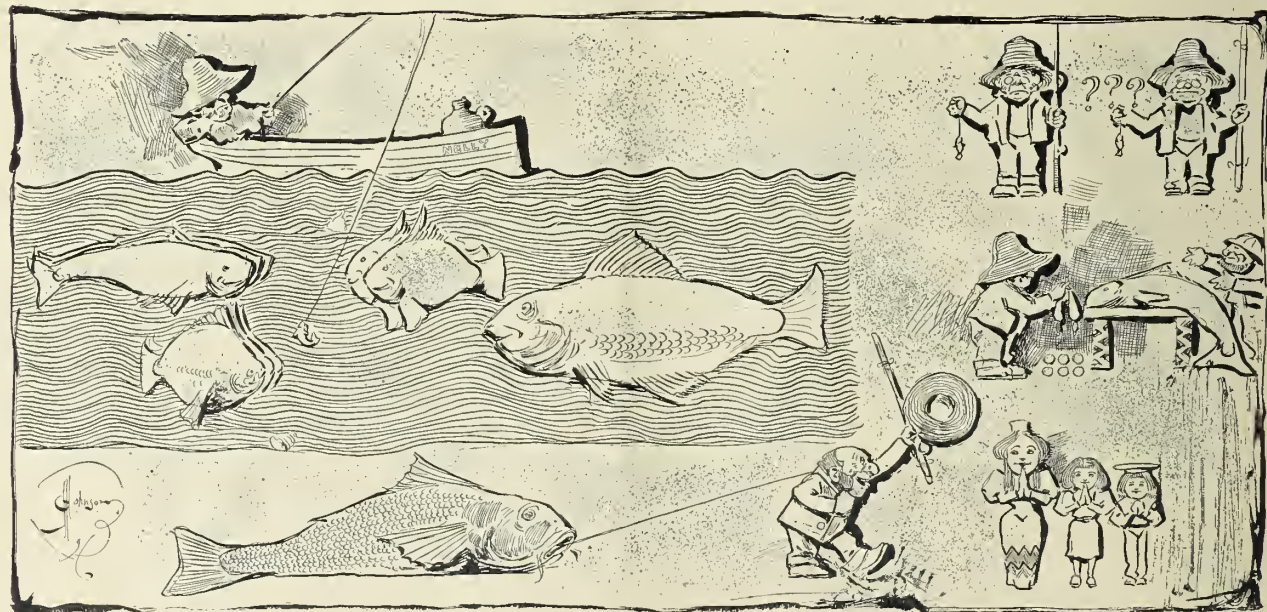
AMERICAN HISTORY CREEPING INTO CURRENT FICTION.

THE revival of historical romance by Weyman Doyle and others, is beginning to make itself felt lightly among American writers. The various patriotic societies have found their literature in many books about colonial men and women of importance. E. L. Bynner and Mrs. Catherwood were writing historical romances long before the English revival. But we have no single writer who stands out distinctly as the American historical novelist. Yet historical events are creeping more and more into the groundwork of American stories. Three distinct periods are represented in three recent volumes.

To begin with the Revolution, Mr. James Barnes has written a stirring narrative entitled "For King or Country (Harpers), that has to do with Lord Howe's occupation of New York, and incidentally with the battle of Princeton. These are however subsidiary to the adventures of twin brothers, one in the King's and one in Washington's army. Their resemblance



TAKING THE NECESSARY STEPS.



THE MAN WHO CAUGHT A FISH.

"LIFE's" RECENT DISCOVERIES OF EARLY EGYPTIAN JOKES.

of course, leads to some remarkable complications of the Two Dromios order.

Mr. Barnes is at his best in hair-breath escapes—especially if there is a boat concerned. His account of the night voyage in a small boat down the New York bay, among the British war vessels, and the hero's long swim to Staten Island, is the best part of the story. The fighting in the book is not too bloody for agreeable reading. The whole story is a manly, straightaway narrative with the adventures of a reasonable, practicable kind.

* * *

AFTER a long silence John T. Wheelwright (whose "Rollo's Journey to Cambridge" is vividly remembered after twenty years), reappears as a writer with "A Bad Penny" (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.). The author's arduous labors as a colonel on Gov. Russell's staff have not destroyed the cunning of his hand as a writer of tales. Naturally one expects that there should be war and bloodshed in a story by a colonel, and in this Col. Wheelwright fulfills expectations. But why a colonel should choose to describe a naval battle is beyond the comprehension of a plain civilian. But in depicting the glorious battle of the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*, Col. Wheelwright shows himself as much at home on the quarter-deck as he is on the field of battle. In other words he is an amphibious colonel, and when Gov. Russell becomes President we hope that he will remember this and make the amphibious colonel Secretary of War and Navy.

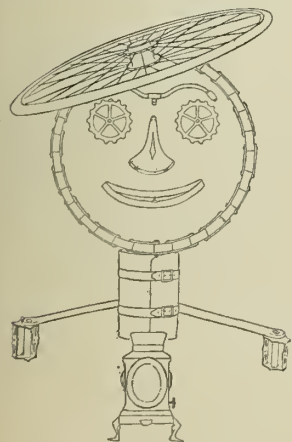
In the meantime he can have the satisfaction of knowing



Slimson: I WONDER WHERE THE STEPLADDER IS?

Mrs. S.: WILLIE HAD IT LAST.

"THEN IT MUST BE IN THE PANTRY."



THE SCORCHER'S GHOST.

that "A Bad Penny" is a good tale, with a young hero in it who is the right kind of stuff for war or peace.

* * *

MR. F. J. STIMSON'S "Pirate Gold" (Houghton) is the study of a remarkable character, a faithful old bank clerk who sacrifices his highest principles of honesty to save the rascally husband of his ward whom he deeply loves. The character is drawn with rare subtilty and tenderness, and commands the reader's sympathies. There is

a fine air of old Boston before the war in the story, and glimpses of the anti-slavery riots. The feeling of conservative Boston against Wendell Phillips is hinted at, but there is room yet for a great novel on that whole agitation in and around Boston. Mr. Stimson would be an excellent man to write it.

Droch.

PEOPLE who make a specialty of being useful in the world do about as much as anything to clog the wheels of progress.

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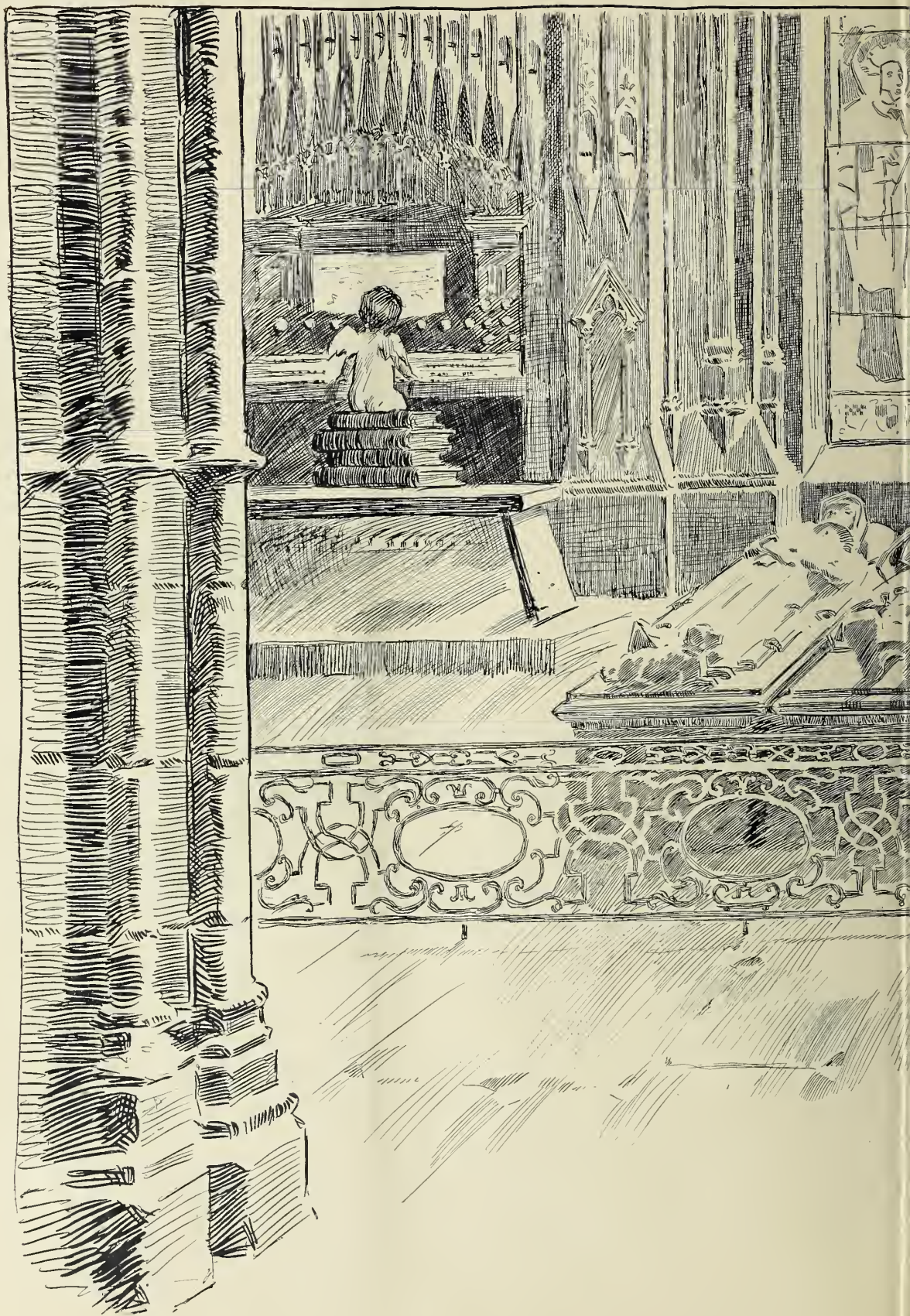
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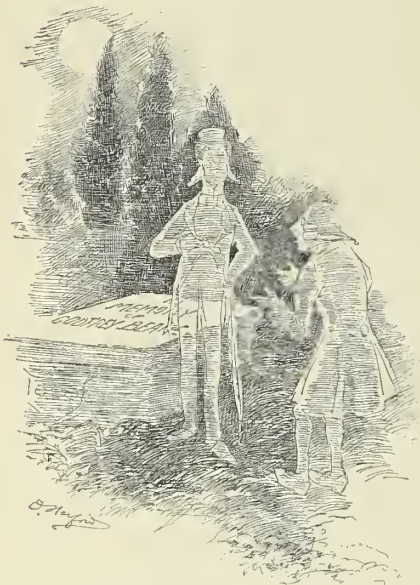


S MAY BE FULLER.

THE FALL OF J. W. BEANE.

A GHOST STORY.

IN all the Eastern hemisphere
You wouldn't find a knight, a peer
A viscount, earl or baronet,
A marquis or a duke, nor yet
A prince, or emperor, or king,
Or sultan, czar, or anything



"YOU ARE NOT OF THE LIKES OF ME."

That could in family pride surpass
J. Winthrop Beane of Boston, Mass.
His family tree could far outscale
The bean-stalk in the fairy tale ;
And Joseph's coat would pale before
The blazon'd coat-of-arms he bore,
The arms of his old ancestor,
One Godfrey Beane, "who crossed, you
know,
About two hundred years ago."
He had it stamped, engraved, embossed,
Without the least regard to cost,
Upon his house, upon his gate,
Upon his table-cloth, his plate,
Upon his knocker, and his mat,
Upon his watch, inside his hat ;
On scarf-pin, handkerchief, and screen,
And cards ; in short, J. Winthrop Beane
Contrived to have old Godfrey's crest
On everything that he possessed.
And lastly, when he died, his will
Proved to contain a codicil
Directing that a sum be spent
To carve it on his monument.

But if you think this ends the scene
You little know J. Winthrop Beane.
To judge him by the common host

Is reckoning without his ghost.
And it is something that befell
His ghost I chiefly have to tell.

At midnight of the very day
They laid J. Winthrop Beane away,
No sooner had the clock come round
To 12 P. M. than from the ground
Arose a spectre, lank and lean,
With frigid air and haughty mien,
No other than J. Winthrop Beane,
Unchanged in all, except his pride—
If anything, intensified.
He looked about him with that air
Of supercilious despair
That very stuck-up people wear
At some society affair
When no one in their set is there.
Then, after brushing from his sleeves
Some bits of mould and clinging leaves,
And lightly dusting off his shoe,
The iron gate he floated through,
Just looking back the clock to note,
As one who fears to miss a boat.

Ten minutes later found him on
The ghost's Cunarder—Oregon ;
And ten days later by spook time
He heard the hour of midnight chime
From out the tower of Beanley Hall,
And stood within the grave-yard wall
Beside a stone, moss-grown and green,
On which these simple words were seen :

IN MEMORY OF
SIR GODFREY BEANE.

The while he gazed in thought serene
A little ghost of humble mien,
Unkempt and crooked, bent and spare,
Accosted him with cringing air :
"Most noble sir, 'tis plain to see
You are not of the likes of me ;
You are a spook of high degree."
"My good man," cried J. Winthrop B.,
"Leave me a little while, I pray,
I've traveled very far to-day,
And I desire to be alone
With him who sleeps beneath this stone.
I cannot rest till I have seen
My ancestor, Sir Godfrey Beane."
"Your ancestor ! How can that be ?"
Exclaimed the little ghost, "when he,
Last of his line, was drowned at sea
Two hundred years ago ; this stone
Is to his memory alone.
I, and I only, saw his end.
As he, my master and my friend,
Leaned o'er the vessel's side one night
I pushed him—no, it was not right,
I own that I was much to blame ;
I donned his clothes, and took the name

Of Beane—I also took his gold,
About five thousand pounds all told ;
And so to Boston, Mass., I came
To found a family and name—
I, who in former times had been
Sir Godfrey's—"

"Wretch, what do you mean !
Sir Godfrey's what ?" gasped Winthrop
Beane.

"Sir Godfrey's valet !"

That same night
When the ghost steamer sailed, you
might,
Among the passengers, have seen
A ghost of very abject mien,
Faded and shrunk, forlorn and frayed,



"I PUSHED HIM."

The shadow of his former shade,
Who registered in steerage class,
J. W. Beane of Boston, Mass.

Now, gentle reader, do not try
To guess the family which I
Disguise as Beane—enough that they
Exist on Beacon Hill to-day,
In sweet enjoyment of their claims—
It is not well to mention names.

Oliver Herford.

OUT OF SIGHT.

WILLIE: That six foot fellow is
in the parlor with sister.
DASHAWAY: Can't I see her?
"I don't believe you can. I
couldn't."

FROM ONE WHO KNEW HIS SUBJECT.

FOR the benefit of those persons who show a tendency to be influenced by the very hot and positive statements in favor of vivisection that occasionally emanate from some irascible M. D. we print the following. It is from an address by Dr. Henry J. Bigelow of Boston, for many years professor of surgery in the Harvard medical school:

How few facts of immediate considerable value to our race have of late years been extorted from the dreadful sufferings of dumb animals, the cold-blooded cruelties now more and more practised under the authority of science! . . . Watch the students at a vivisection. It is the blood and suffering, not the science, that rivets their breathless attention. . . . The reaction that follows every excess will, in time, bear indignantly upon this. Until then it is dreadful to think how many poor animals will be subjected to excruciating agony as one medical college after another becomes penetrated with the idea that vivisection is a part of modern teaching; that to hold way with other institutions they, too, must have their vivisection, their mutilated dogs, their chamber of horrors and torture to advertise as a laboratory.

LOVE'S HARD ROAD.

ONE eye was in mourning and there was a long strip of court plaster across the bridge of his nose.

"Yes," he sighed, "how correct it is that the course of true love never runs smooth."

"That's right," said his sympathizing friend, "this trying to kiss a girl on a tandem is not all asphalt and macadam."

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.



THE BEE AND JUPITER.

A BEE, the queen of all the hives, ascended to Olympus with a present of some super-refined honey for Jupiter.

The god was delighted with the honey, and in return offered to grant any request the Bee might make.

"Give to me, I pray, O Lord of the Heavens! a sting, that, small and weak as I am, I may not be defenceless against my enemies."

Jupiter was quite put out at this demand, as he knew the weapon would be used principally against mankind, whom he much loved. But a god's promise must be kept, so he said:

"It is granted you."

"Many thanks, most potent one!" cried the Bee, running the new-gained weapon in and out with much satisfaction.

Jupiter sternly cut short her thanks, and continued:

"In using this means of defence and offense you will imperil your own life, for the sting shall remain in the wound it makes and you shall die from the loss of it."

The Bee flew around for a moment, and then lit on the back of the god's neck.

"You will kindly reconsider that last clause," she said, "or," in a very meaning tone, "I die right here."

Jupiter felt a cold chill take its agitated way up his spinal column.

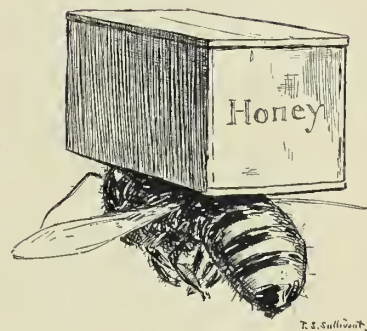
"All right," he said, hastily. "I don't want to be small about it. Have it your own way. Only please get off my neck!"

The Bee went joyously back to earth, humming a song of praise.

Immoral:

How to play a cinch (Hoyle). "Put both feet on the encircled object. Rosin the hands, take a long breath and *Pull*."

H. W. Phillips.



Editor: WE CAN'T USE ANY MORE ANIMAL JOKES THIS YEAR.

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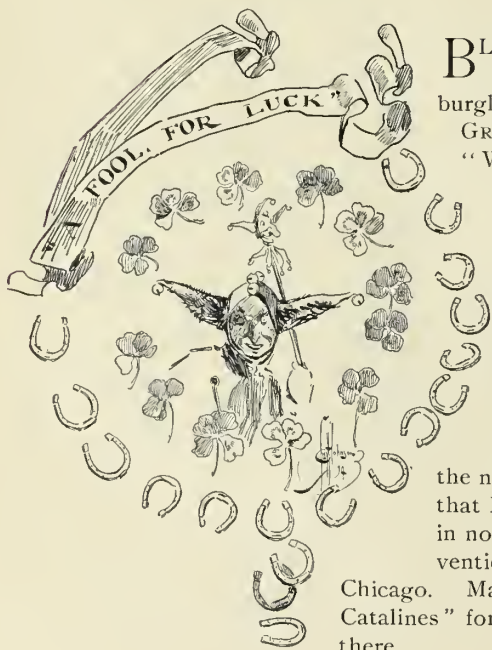
AN INEXPENSIVE SUMMER RESORT.

OVERJOYED.

BLADE: Great luck, old man. Only three weeks married and last night burglars entered my house.

GRASSE: I don't see where the luck is.

"Why they carried away almost all of our wedding presents."



THE position in Massachusettes lately occupied by the Hon. George Fred. Williams, of Dedham, is vacant. Mr. Williams has not as yet found a new job. It was he who said at Chicago in seconding the nomination of Bryan: "What I present to you is the new Cicero to meet the new Catalines of to-day." The mistake that Mr. Williams seems to have made was in not arranging immediately after the convention to become a permanent resident of

Chicago. Massachusettes is too full of his "new Catalines" for a "new Cicero" to be comfortable there.

WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS.

A PHILOSOPHER of an inquiring mind, who was bent upon discovering the true inwardness of things, once read a certain metropolitan journal, and the problem of "What the Public Wants" took hold of him so that he could not shake it off.

"I will go," said he, "to the editor of the paper, and learn some things that are at present a mystery to me." So saying, he was soon seated in the dome of the building in the presence of the great man who presided over the sheet of so much guaranteed circulation.

"I have here," said the philosopher, "a copy of your paper for to-day. Tell me, is this"—and he pointed to the leading article, "what the public wants?"

"It is, indeed," replied the editor, as his keen eye roved over the headlines of a great scandal. "The man who wrote that, although a college graduate and subjected early in life to the restricting influence of a mother's love, has succeeded so well in breaking away from the moral atmosphere in which he was reared as to impersonate the part of a servant, and by using his God-given ears in the right direction has been able to lay before our

readers full details of the private life of one of our most prominent citizens."

"You surprise me," said the philosopher, as he once more took up the paper and pointed his bony finger at some glaring illustrations, one a picture of a horrible deformity, another the face of a statesman who had just died, taken immediately after death, and a series of reproductions entitled "Fun in the Morgue." "These are very distasteful to me, personally. Still, I may not be the best judge. Are they what the public wants?"

"Surely," replied the editor. "We are not in the business for our health. These pictures, I assure you, are the delight of all who see them."

"You astound me," replied the philosopher. "One more question before I go. Most of my life has been passed in seeking the truth, and I notice in reading your paper to-day that the truth is not always adhered to. I am not offending you, am I?"

"Not at all," replied the editor, smiling, "I would as soon be called a liar as not. You see, I am in the business for what cash there is in it."

"Then I may say," continued the philosopher, "that after a diligent search I have scarcely been able to discover any facts at all, and these appear to have been inserted by accident. Most of the articles are mis-

CHESS TERMS.



THE BISHOP'S MOVE.

statements, showing a lamentable lack of knowledge, or else they are veiled in flippancy of speech, and consist of covert innuendoes intended to give wrong impressions. Is this, then, what the public wants?"

"Certainly," responded the editor. "That is what gives the paper its picturesqueness. Facts are nothing to us, but it is the way in which a thing is put. To attract attention is the prime requisite. That is why filth, scandal and colored monstrosities help us to keep up our circulation."

"And yet," said the philosopher to himself as he went down in the elevator, "I have such faith in the public I would be willing to stake my reputation that it doesn't want anything of the sort."

BRYAN'S speech won him the nomination; everybody admits that. Careful people have been wont for the last five years to decry the tendency of our college youth to play football, and the rise of the intercollegiate oratorical contest has been lauded as a return from violence to the paths of peace. Ho, good people, how you have fooled yourselves! Behold Bryan, and say if there is not more mischief in one orator than in all the football players that ever were!

PROOF AGAINST TEMPTATION.

MRS. BROWN: Mrs. Smith is a woman of remarkable strength of mind.

MRS. JONES: Is she?

"Yes. She never buys anything she doesn't want."

IF the New York baseball team is not careful, it will fail to reach the Louisvilles before the end of the season.



THE QUEEN'S NIGHT.



THE pastor of a New England church announced that the regular weekly prayer-meeting would be devoted to discussion of a certain question of general interest to the congregation. Many members of the church wished to take part in

the discussion; it was therefore decided to limit each member's remarks to five minutes.

When the speaker's time expired, the clergyman was to notify him by rapping with a pencil on the desk. Deacon A., a notoriously long-winded speaker and exhorter, was one of the members at whom the restriction was especially directed. As everybody anticipated, the deacon was one of the first to address the meeting, and he had not fairly started on his remarks when the rap of the pencil was heard.

"Am I to understand," asked the deacon, turning to Dr. X., "that my five minutes have expired?"

"Yes, deacon; I am sorry, but your time is up."

"And all general remarks are limited to five minutes?"

"Yes, that was the understanding."

The deacon turned very deliberately to his fellow-members. "Then, brethren," he proceeded, "I shall

throw the remainder of my remarks into the form of a prayer." The deacon kept the floor.—*Presbyterian Messenger*.

HENRY WARD BEECHER was once the subject of a cane presentation, and stood while the spokesman of the donors made a speech that ran into an elaborate oration. A friend afterwards commented to the famous preacher on the length of the speech. "Yes," returned Mr. Beecher, "he didn't want me to have the cane until I really needed it."—*Argonaut*.

"You may now bring up the captive," said the cannibal chief. "Sire," answered the minion, "he seems to be completely used up this morning." "Well, if he is," said the savage potentate, with irritation, "some one else has been to the pantry. I remember distinctly that there were at least three ribs over from last night." He angrily called for a yam.—*New York Tribune*.

THE famous actor, E. J. Henley, when in New Orleans in the winter of 1892, told the following story of a man in straightened circumstances who, as he puts it, "preferred to be helped to make his own way in the world by commendable industry rather than be an object of charity."

"It was in the winter of 1891, and a bitterly cold night. A lot of actors and other Bohemians were gathered around the big stove of a rather rough and tumble saloon in Chicago. It was just after the theatre, and we had gathered there with the view of going on a 'slumming' expedition. A lean and hungry looking fellow, thinly and shabbily clad, walked into the place and looked hard at us, as though desirous of making our acquaintance. Some one in our party, divining his



G. W. DILLINGHAM, NEW YORK.
WHEELS. By a Wheeler.
Love Gone Astray. By Albert Ross.

Michael and His Lost Angel. By Henry Arthur New York: Macmillan and Company.

Lapsus Calami. By James Kenneth Stephen. New York: Macmillan and Bowes.

Artists' Wives. From the French of Alphonse Daudet. London: J. M. Dent and Company.

F. Berger's French Method. New York: F. Berger.

International Bimetallism. By Francis A. Wood. Ph. D., LL.D. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

purpose, took time by the forelock and turning the stranger said:

"We have no money to give you to buy a coffee and a night's lodging, for we're all flat broke."

"The stranger looked up with a pleasant smile, to correct a misapprehension, and quickly responded:

"I was not going to ask for money, gentlemen. I wanted to know if one of you would lend me a bag, so that I might go out and make a little."

Orleans Times-Democrat.

A CERTAIN eminent physician went to a concert, his wife's earnest request, though he has no knowledge of or interest in music. He was rather listless one of the singers, a lady, rose and began to sing for the first time. Then he brightened up.

"Who is that alto?" he asked.

"Alto!" exclaimed his wife. "That isn't an alto, she's a high soprano, and her name is Jones."

"Hum!" said the doctor.

"Why? Do you like her voice?"

"Can't say much for the voice, but she has the finest bronchitis that I ever encountered!"

—*Youth's Companion*.

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EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saabach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

IVORY SOAP

Why not wash with pure, white Ivory Soap and have pure, white linen? "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well!"

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CHICAGO.

Yale Mixture

"We could not improve the quality if paid double the price."

A 2oz. Trial Package Post Paid 25c¹³ MARBURG BROS. THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

A GENTLEMAN'S SMOKE

CAMPAIGN BUTTONS.

We have the finest thing in Campaign or Club Buttons yet offered. Made of porcelain, decorated in gold and mineral colors, which are burnt in. New in design, small in size, and in perfect taste. Sample sent for 15c. Special low prices to clubs and dealers.

O'HARA-WALTHAM DIAL CO.,
Fitch Avenue, Waltham, Mass.

Don't take substitutes to save a few pennies. It won't pay you. Always insist on HIRE'S Rootbeer.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia.
A 25c. package makes 5 gallons. Sold every where.

WHITMAN'S INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE.

Pure, Delicious Flavor Mix with boiling milk or water, and it's made Stephen F. Whitman & Son, PHILADELPHIA

"HUNTER

Baltimore Rye"

The American Gentleman's

WHISKEY

For Club, Family and Medicinal use.

TEN YEARS OLD

The Best WHISKEY in America

Endorsed by leading physicians when stimulant is prescribed.

PURE, OLD, MELLOW DRINK HUNTER RYE—IT'S PURE

Sold at all First-Class Cafes and by Jobbers.

WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

Lenifect

Is on the toilet table of the 400 everywhere.
LENIFECT CO., ESSEX, CONN.

To enjoy life's good things with impunity, aid digestion with Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters. Druggists.

SOLID SILVER

Committees or individuals preparing for

or presentation

are invited to inspect

the large stock of

ing Cups, Vases, etc.

ers and other

suited for these

offered by this house

THEODORE B. STONE

206 Fifth Avenue

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New York.

Fastest Trains in the World—On the New York Central

Always Appetizing.

At times when you relish nothing, a cup of Bouillon made from

Armour's

Extract of BEEF

restores the appetite, gives a feeling of comfort and drives away fatigue. Its making is the matter of a moment. Requires only the addition of boiling water and a pinch of salt. Send for our little book "Culinary Wrinkles."

Armour & Company, Chicago.

RIDE Hartford TIRES

THE STANDARD SINGLE TUBES.

FASTEST, SAFEST, EASIEST TO REPAIR

SINGLE TUBE

THE HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS CO.

NEW YORK & CHICAGO. HARTFORD, CONN.

THE ART OF BREWING WAS DEVELOPED BY THE GERMANS

PABST MILWAUKEE

Hark!—the Lark sings high to voice the joy of morning! Let your spirits soar and give your body strength by using **PABST MALT EXTRACT** The "Best" Tonic.

MILWAUKEE BEER IS FAMOUS PABST HAS MADE IT SO

THE CLUB = COCKTAILS



Manhattan,
Martini,
Whiskey,
Holland
Gin,
Tom Gin,
Vermouth
and
York

For the
Yacht,
Camping
Party,
Summer
Hotel,
Fishing
Party,
Mountains,
Seashore,
or the
Picnic.

All ready for use, require no mixing. Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions, the one bottled and aged must be the better. Try our **York Cocktail**—without any sweetening—dry and delicious. For sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the U. S., and all druggists and dealers.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.

39 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. HARTFORD, CONN. 20 PICCADILLY, W. LONDON, ENG.

BURNETT'S KALLISTON.

EVERY one that has used Kalliston once, endorses it as a specific for sunburn; it is not oily in its nature, but a delightful wash for the skin.

For sale by all Druggists.

JOSEPH BURNETT CO., BOSTON, MASS.

BROWN'S
French
DRESSING

For Ladies' and Children's Boots and Shoes

Ask your dealer for Brown's French Dressing and accept no other.

No. 4711. Essence OF RHINE * VIOLETS

(Name Registered.)

THE QUEEN OF PERFUMES

If you want a real Violet Perfume, be sure you get **"No. 4711 Rhine Violets"**

It is not a combination of other scents, but is absolutely true to the flower.

Cut this advertisement out and show it to your dealer.

MÜLHENS & KROPPF, New York, U.S. Agents

This IS THE **1896**

SEARCH LIGHT

PRICE **\$5.00**

The only strictly first class bicycle lantern on the market.

Ask your dealer or send to

BRIDGEPORT BRASS CO.

Or
19 Murray Street, New York.
85-87 Pearl Street, Boston.
17 No. 7th St., Philadelphia.

Bridgeport, Conn.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR No. 47.



NUBIAN Fast Black

Cotton Dress Linings—For Waist and Skirt,
Will Not Crock.

It is positively unchangeable and of superior quality. Nothing else so fully satisfies the highest requirements and yet the cost is moderate enough for any dress.

All Leading
DRY GOODS
Stores.



Look for this on
EVERY YARD
of the Selvage.

Haviland China

It is important to buyers that they should be informed that the only ware that has always been known as Haviland China is marked under each piece:



On White China.



On Decorated China.

WINDSOR HOTEL

5th Ave., 46th to 47th Sts., N.Y.
THE COOLEST HOTEL IN NEW YORK. Unsurpassed in location and perfect in all appointments. Free Coach and Baggage to and from Grand Central Depot by giving us notice. American plan \$4.00 per day and upward. European plan \$1.50 per day and upward. Music during dinner. The travelling public will find this a delightful, cool, and homelike hotel.

WARREN F. LELAND, Proprietor.



DEUTZ & GELDERMANN, Ay, France.
Possessing to the fullest extent the fruity and delicate character peculiar to the wines of the famous AY district.
Agent C. H. ARNOLD, 27 S. William St., N. Y. City.

TWO DREAMS.

She said:—"I dreamed of angels,
They filled the heavens blue;
Now was there e'er a sweeter dream?"
He said:—"I dreamed of you!"

—Detroit Free Press

AN Irish judge tells the following story of of the juries in the south of Ireland, where he was trying a case. The usher of the court proclaimed with due solemnity, the usual formula: "Gentlemen of the jury, take your proper places in court!" whereupon seven of them, instinctively walked into the dock.—Green Bag.

A MINISTER in Columbus says that women have more nerve than men, as a rule. This, he says, especially the case when it comes to marrying. Some time since he was called to marry a young couple in what might be called the aristocratic circle. The young man was very much excited but was trying to put on a bold face for the emergency. To show that he was not frightened in the least he concluded to ask the minister if it was customary to kiss the bride. After stuttering for some time he finally broke out: "Is customary?" The minister kindly informed him that it was not under the circumstances, and the young man was led to the altar like a lamb.

—Mansfield Shiel

"MR. STARR," said the manager, "you positively must quit letting your mind dwell so much on your wheel."

"Eh! Why?" asked the tragedian.

"Perhaps you are not aware of it, but in the third act, where you should have cried, 'Ye gods, I am stabbed,' you shouted, 'I am punctured!'"

—Cincinnati Enquirer

THE Irishman when called upon to reason a problem often makes a short cut towards the answer and thereby proves that "brevity is the soul of wit."

One day as Pat, a water carrier who supplied a little village with water from the river, halted at the top of the bank a man famous for his inquisitive mind stopped and asked:

"How long have you hauled water for the village, my good man?"

"Ten years or more, sorr," was the ready answer.

"Ah, yes! How many loads do you take in a day?"

"From ten to fifteen, sorr."

"Ah! Now I have a problem for you, How much water at that rate have you hauled in a day, sir?"

Pat promptly jerked his thumb backward towards the river and replied: "All the water you do see there now, sorr."—Chicago News.

THE late Earl of Portarlington was always fond of getting the names of people whom he had met. Once, on receiving a gracious nod from Queen Victoria at a Marlborough House garden party, accompanied by a few words of kindly inquiry after his health, he replied: "You are very kind, madam; your face seems strangely familiar to me, but for the life of me I cannot remember your name."—Argonaut.

DR. J.'s little boy, four years old, had never seen a funeral procession, for they are of rare occurrence in the quiet side street where the doctor lives. Lately, however, one of the doctor's patients died and their was a burial from the street.

As the procession moved along, the little boy came running to his father, and, pointing to the hearse, asked:

"O, papa, what is that?"

"That, my child," said the doctor, with a deep sigh, "is an erroneous diagnosis!"—Youth's Companion.

A MAN who stuttered badly went to consult a specialist about his affliction. The expert asked:

"Do you stutter all the time?"

"N-n-n-no," replied the sufferer. "I s-s-stutter only when I t-t-t-talk."—Harper's Bazar.

Secure Reliable Strong

*easy to hook; easy to unhook;
if you do the hooking and un-
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The DeLong Hook and Eye.*

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hump?



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ON one occasion the late John Stetson went to New York. At that time the L roads did not run on Sunday. Stetson took a walk with Jack Haverly on this day, and was disgruntled because he could not take a ride on the road. Happening to see the letters "M. E. R. R.," which stood for Metropolitan Elevated R. R., Haverly asked John what they meant. "Blessed if I know," replied John; "Methodist Episcopal R. R., I guess."

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Ramble

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HER CHANCE.

"MY HUSBAND'S SIGHT WAS POOR BEFORE I MARRIED HIM."
"I SUPPOSED SO."

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THE REWARD OF MERIT.

Mrs. Israels: ABIE WAS AT DER HEAD OF HIS GLASS TO-DAY. VAT'LL VE DO FOR HIM?

Israels: LED HIM HOLD DER ORANGE AVILE.

SONG OF AMOS QUITO.

I AM the chief of summer swains,
The best of blood flows in my veins;
My serenades oft chase your sleep,
My kisses leave an impress deep.
The summer season I await,
To meet you at the garden gate;
But if you come not, ah, my friend,
Somewhere you'll learn the bitter end.

F. A. D.

TRANSFORMATION.

DASHAWAY: I saw your sister on the beach
half an hour ago in her bathing dress.
Where is she now?

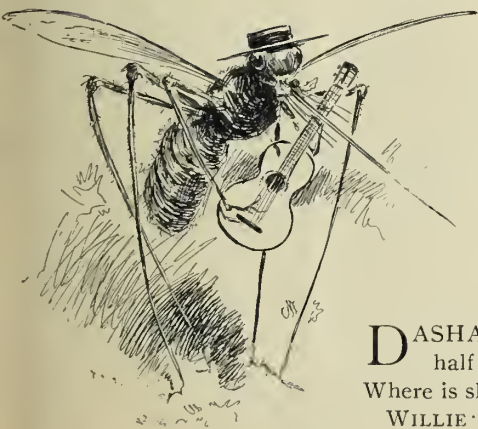
WILLIE: She's up stairs putting on some clothes.

CURED.

"HE was a believer in spiritualism
at one time."

"Yes, but later on he became a
medium."

A CONTEMPORARY gives what it
is pleased to call some "specimen
chromos" from the democratic nomi-
nee's convention speech. The term is
particularly apposite and happy, inas-
much as any forensic effort which ap-
peals to the emotions and not to the
reason, bears the same relation to gen-
uine oratory that the chromo does to
the masterpiece of oil painting.



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"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVIII. JULY 30, 1896. No. 709.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents.
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EVERY now and then something happens that seems to rap us smartly on the head and remind us what a queer world this is, and what a precarious existence we maintain in it. It was so with the news of the death of Governor Russell of Massachusetts. It seems an ill hap that compels us to spare

Russell; he was so good of his kind, and the kind is so scarce that there has been something like a national lamentation over his departure. He went far toward realizing the popular ideal of the American in politics. After being a "boy politician" for fifteen years, he had just come to the full reputation of a man. The change came at Chicago. Beside Bryan he had seemed so mature and so experienced that no one would have thought of him again as boyish. Bryan, in a way, has given age to all young men, but he pushed Russell forward out of his own class.

There are successful men whose success make good men despondent. Russell's success was of the opposite sort. It was based on honesty, sagacity and diligence. It was promoted by no tricks, no deals, no evasions, no compromises with conviction. Russell kept no man in doubt as to his beliefs or his intentions. He had the simple but rare qualities that are indispensable to high political leadership, a clear head which could grasp a question or a situation, a trained mind which could gather facts and reason straight from them, a perfect temper, a manner that charmed because it was the expression of a kind and democratic spirit, and the gift of singularly persuasive speech. Russell was never seen poised on the political fence in anxious deliberation as to which side it was safest to drop on. Not he. He was a leader, and when he had made as sure as he could as to what was right he went ahead. Leaders seem scarce in this country nowa-

days. We have bosses and they have machines, and the mechanical part of politics is only too well attended to. But of leaders there is something of a dearth, and especially of leaders who can not only deserve success, but who can lead voters to victory.

* * *

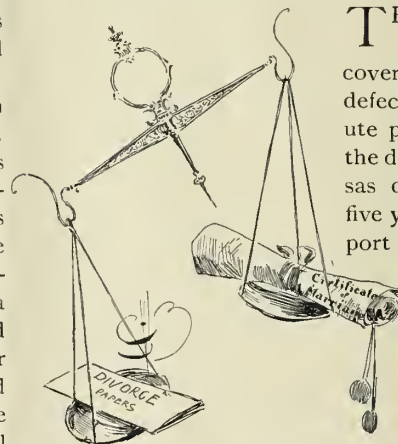


CANDIDATE Bryan has given out that he is coming to New York to be notified of his nomination and to make a speech. Mr. Bryan will find listeners here, but if he would hope to talk to the satisfaction of New York hearers, he must come prepared to talk business. Oratory is very well; rhetoric is a graceful accomplishment; we like those things in their place, but when it comes to the silver question and to voting for Mr. Bryan and the platform on which he stands, we want facts, and not only facts but facts that will wash. The summary of Mr. Bryan's qualities includes the statements that he has a good heart and all the domestic virtues, and can talk the legs off of a trapezoid. Those are exemplary and useful qualities, and valuable to Mr. Bryan and his folks, but the people of New York will be slow to believe that they are going to be worth 47 cents in every dollar to the American people, and Mr. Bryan is likely to have hard work to convince them of it.

* * *

THE illness of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt is a matter of extreme solicitude to the people of New York, and, indeed, to all intelligent Americans. We all seem to think pretty nearly alike about Mr. Vanderbilt. We all think he is a good and conscientious man, who works hard at his job, and has, probably, rather less fun than he deserves. All of us who respect and like him hope that he will get well quickly and then take life somewhat easier, and try to have a better time.

* * *



THE Court of Appeals of Kansas has discovered, that owing to a defect in the title of a statute passed in 1871, most of the divorces granted in Kansas during the last twenty-five years are no good. Report says that Kansas folks who have been divorced and married again are a good deal embarrassed by this discovery, and are speculating with anxiety and dismay about

their status in respectable society and the legitimacy of their children. Any State that can get its people into such a fix ought to have a guardian *ad litem* appointed to supervise its laws when they are made.

JULY



— THE CAPTURED CRAFT —



— THE "ANNUAL BLISTER" —



— THE POPE'S ENCYCLICAL —



— CANADA'S REVOLT —

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\$1,715 82

We extend our thanks to Henry Feder for 12 pair of boys' tights, 2 pieces of elastic and 37 pair of children's stockings, duly received at LIFE'S Farm.

ROSES AND PEACHES.

ONE day, when love had still its early glows,
You sent to me some peaches and a rose.
I kissed the rose—so like your lips, my sweet—
While the ripe peaches I forgot to eat!

A month of worship passed.
You sent again
Your garden gift. But love was on the wane.
No more for me your lips were dreams of bliss;
I ate the fruit—the rose forgot to kiss!

Edward A. Uffington Valentine.



THREE KINDS OF GLOOM.

THE American woman who writes takes it dreadfully in earnest. Her stories are usually records of terrible gloom. Suppressed suffering is the highest type of heroism portrayed. The obtuseness of an imperfectly enlightened man is generally the cause of the woman's grief. If a twist can be given the story by which three people can be made miserable instead of one, the woman writer finds the way to do it. She not only likes the heroine to suffer herself, but wants her dearest friends, particularly her husband or lover, to share in it.

In a cleverly written Hudson River story, "The Daughter of a Stoic" (Macmillan), by Cornelia Atwood Pratt, a young woman and young man, who are tremendously in love, are rent asunder because the man was engaged to another girl, and the suffering heroine thought he ought to keep his promise. Moreover, she is represented as a graduate of a girls' college and a philosopher. When her lips for the first time met *Roderick's*, she exclaimed, "That was not a kiss—it was an Event." And yet she banished him to the other girl! Of what use is a college education for women if it cannot solve an emotional difficulty better than this. Long ago, in "Silas Lapham," Mr. Howells preached a very sound doctrine when he said that it was far better that one person should suffer in a case of this kind than three.

The author justifies it in what she calls a "Postlude"



AT LIFE'S FARM.

BEFORE SUPPER. IN LINE FOR ATTACK.

A MISNOMER.



"I CROWN THEE, LOVE, WITH COLUMBINE."

where the wrong man and the wrong girl are shown to be complacently happy, and a middle aged millionaire is about to sail for Europe to storm the heart of the heroine. The moral of it all is that "in view of all the facts of life, the mutability of human affection is its happiest quality."

Or to put it in the vernacular "There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught."

OUT in California when the wrong man marries the wrong woman, in a novel, the difficulty is not so philosophically solved as in the effete East. Alice S. Wolf in "A House of Cards" (Stone & Kimball) is satisfied with nothing less than death for her heroine. She had just parted with her lover forever when the heart disease overtook her. It was very poetic and saved everybody, including the author, a great deal of trouble in straightening out the tangle. Moreover "A silvery shaft of moonlight slanted athwart her hair," as she lay dead. That is perhaps the best solution of the trouble for a woman who writes novels as this heroine did. It is doubtful if a woman who believes that she is a literary genius can be happy with any man. Death is her fitting refuge.

WHEN you come to stories of the great Middle West, such as Ella W. Peattie has collected in "A Mountain Woman" (Way & Williams), the gloom is less sentimental and the suffering more within the range of realities. There are eight short stories in the volume and most of them are remarkably well done. As a bit of strong character sketching "Up the Gulch" is a delight. Indeed each story has a vivid personality about it. "Jim Lancy's Waterloo," which is a tale of Nebraska farm life, will materially help an Eastern man to comprehend the Populist craze. One of Lancy's conversations is a striking forecast of some of Bryan's arguments.

The volume contains good writing and considerable strength of passion.

Droch.

A USEFUL DISCOVERY.

AN Italian has devised a method for making mummies by the absorption of gasses into the body. This is a much wished-for discovery. With the disappearance of our forests the mummy can be made into an article of utility as well as a thing of beauty. What can be more convenient for visitors, when they drive up to the front gate, than to be able to hitch their horses into the ear of an ancestor on a stepmother's side?

Of course, it would be rather heartless to use cousins for gate posts. The relationship is too close. But a farmer could take second cousins and build a picket fence around his entire place.

If the supply of iron should become exhausted the blacksmith might be able to pound through life by using as an anvil the head of some long deceased pugilist.

Then think what a convenience it would be if instead of dragging out a bulky photograph album to show up one's distant ancestors at an evening party or a rural quilting, the entire company could be conducted up to the garret or out to the woodshed where ancestors have been corded and properly labeled for generations.

A WICKED WORD.

WE have received a pleasant note from Denver, in which the writer speaks of vivisection as "this most cowardly, senseless and damnable crime."

Those are strong words, Brother, and, of course, they pain our ears; but as they fit the case with precision and are, if anything, a trifle too moderate, we can pardon you this once.

The more humane physicians all over the country are themselves signing petitions against this exciting sport and it begins to look as if public opinion might in time accomplish a good result where Mercy and Progress have heretofore been powerless.



BUT THE COLUMBINE HAPPENED TO BE JUST PLAIN POISON IVY, AND NOW THEY DO NOT SPEAK AS THEY PASS BY.

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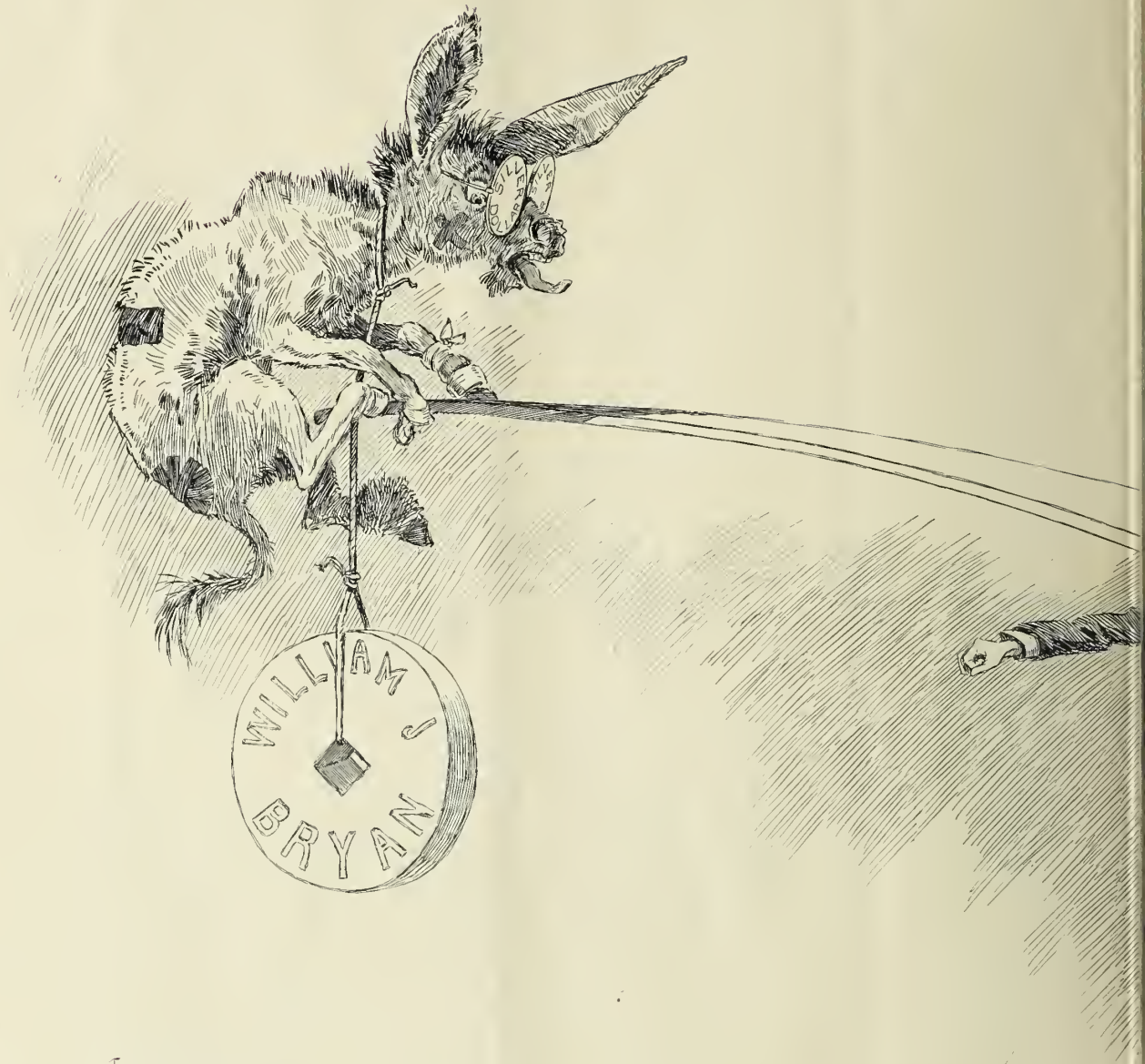
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F. RICHARDS.

Uncle Sam: EVERY FOUR YEARS IS PRETT



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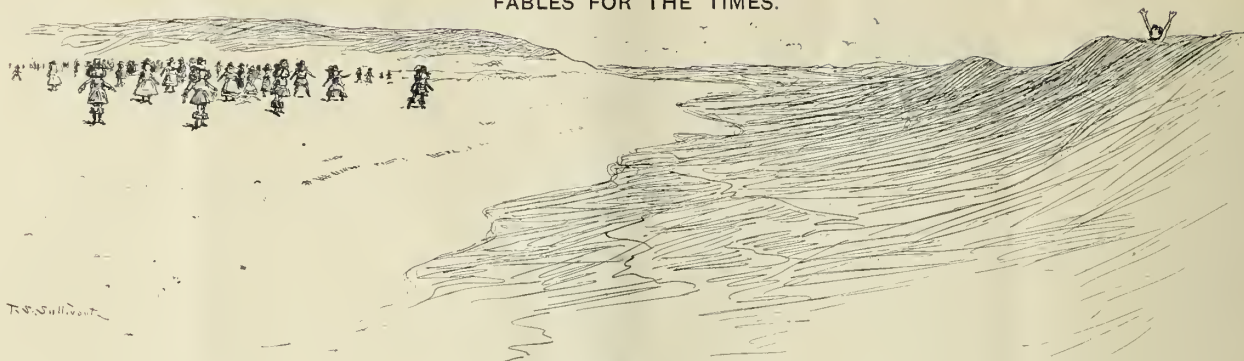
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THE SHIPWRECKED TRAVELER

A MAN who had traveled over many countries was shipwrecked off the coast of Opera land. After a desperate battle with the waves he managed to near the shore where the cruel sea played with him like a cat with a mouse. He would pull himself up the beach, half fainting, and a great, dancing, hissing breaker would pounce upon him and drag him back.

He called for help until the inhabitants espied him.

They came in a group, the women costumed as milkmaids and the men as cavaliers.

After making about twenty feet the company stopped.

"Oh! save him, save him!" sang the soprano.

"Yes, yes! we will save him!" sang back the tenor.

Then everybody sang "Save him, save him; oh, yes, we will save him, save him from the sea!!!"

The sopranos took a B flat on the last note, while the

tenors and altos rambled up and down the scale and the bassos bombarded the theme with their deepest chest tones.

In the meantime the traveler had been washed out to sea. As the next wave brought him to the strand the company advanced once more a short distance, and began.

"In the name of Mercy, help me!" screamed the drowning man.

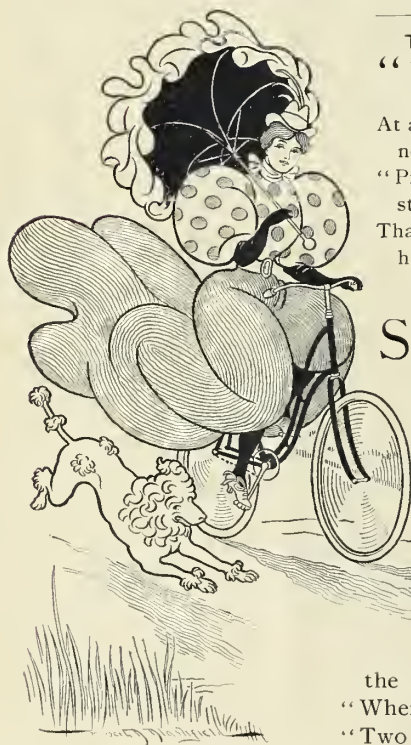
"Oh, hear his piteous cry," sang the the tenors, and the prima donna stepped out and sang a beautiful aria beginning "Now the cruel waves advancing." After she had finished the bass got in front of the company.

He described how his strong arm had plucked the stranger from a watery grave, and advanced to the beach to suit the action to the words.

But, alas! the traveler had given up the ghost several minutes before. Then the company sang a misere and went home to lunch.

Immoral:

The finest of Raphael's canvasses would make a poor overcoat.
H. W. Phillips.



THE PACE THAT KILLS.

"WHERE are you going,
O maid of curves

At a pace so swift that your wheel
ne'er swerves?"

"Prithee, kind sir, I would briefly
state

That I am going to vote, and the
hour is late."

PERMANENT.

SHE: What's your business?

HE: Looking for a wife.

"You've got a steady
job, haven't you?"

HIS PLACE.

"WHEN I
called on
Widow Moss she
held that three-
year-old kid of
hers on her lap all

the evening."

"Where were you?"

"Two laps behind."



HARRY D. NEILSON

THE WILY SUITOR AND THE CAUTIOUS HEIRESS.

CONSERVATIVE.

THOUGH "money talks,"
'tis safe to bet,
Whate'er it has to say,
It never has been known as yet
To "give itself away."

LIFE'S GUIDE TO THE
METROPOLIS.

LOCATION.

NEW YORK CITY, easily located on any good map of Ireland, is bounded on the north by Albany, on the east by Italy, on the south by Benjamin Tillman and on the west by W. J. Bryan.

Until recently New York was situated at Broadway and 33d Street, but it now extends from 31st Street and Fifth Avenue for twelve blocks north. In this vicinity a good meal and a bed can be obtained at a trifling cost and free baths are provided for visitors in the reservoir at 42nd Street. One of the best taverns in this region is the Waldorf, where

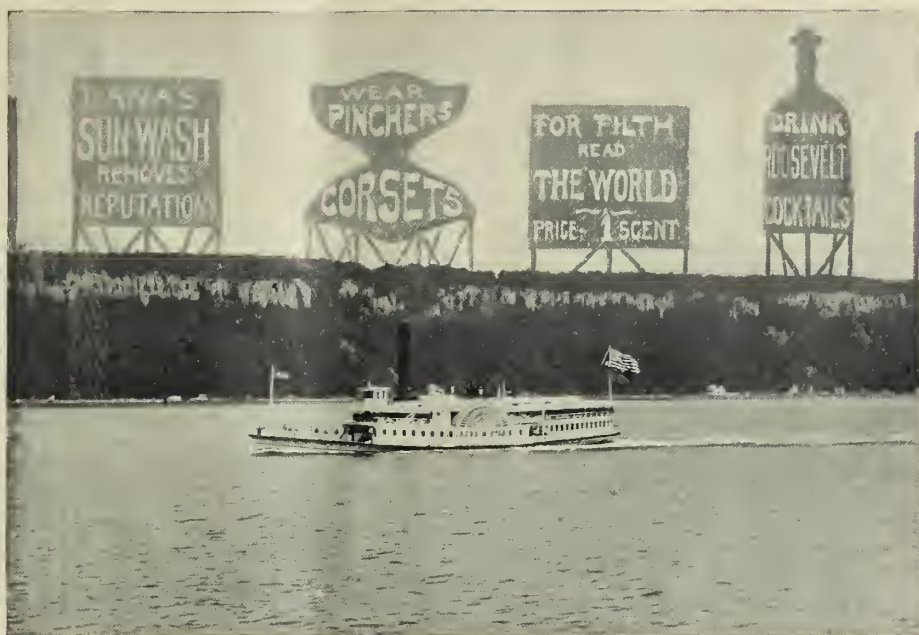
a good night's lodging will cost the traveler 15 cents, or if the Waldorf is full, the Union League Club offers a hearty welcome to all.

APPROACHES.

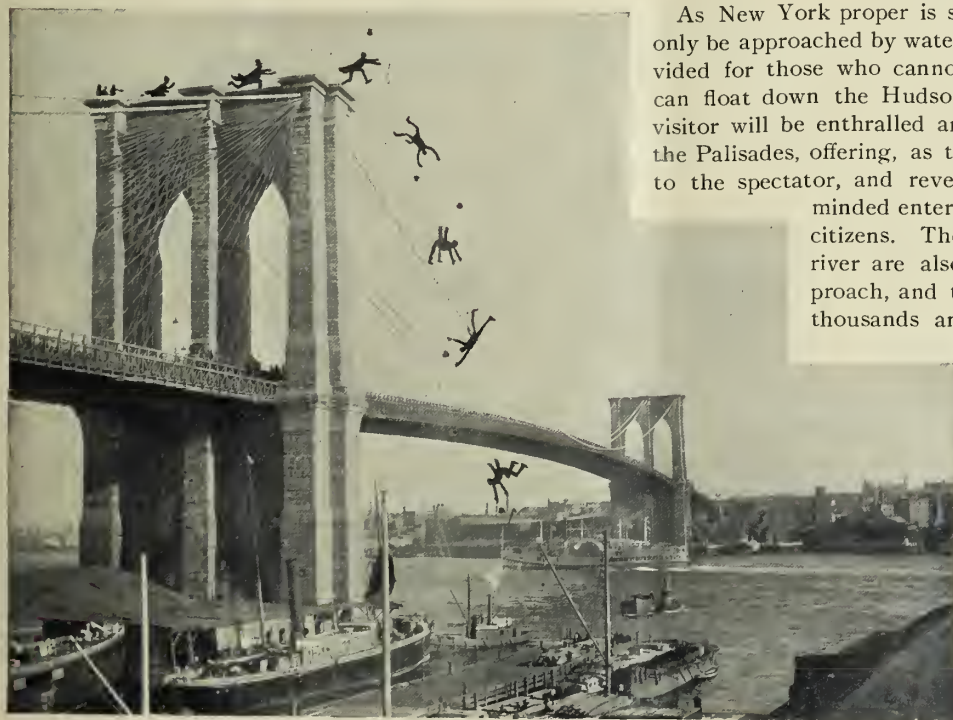
As New York proper is situated on an island, it can only be approached by water, several bridges being provided for those who cannot swim. From Albany one can float down the Hudson, and nearing the city our visitor will be enthralled and enraptured by a sight of the Palisades, offering, as they do, so much of interest to the spectator, and revealing in advance the high-minded enterprise of some of our leading citizens. The footpaths over the Harlem river are also a popular method of approach, and the most largely patronized; thousands annually availing themselves of this privilege, coming in from the West, from the land of Hiawatha, Timbuctoo and South Dakota, San Francisco, Pasadena, New Orleans and grim Chicago, actors all, and all impatient to arrive on the Rialto where they love to loaf and linger.

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

This structure was built in odd moments by a man living in Brooklyn who



VIEW OF THE PALISADES.



THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE ON A QUIET DAY.

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wanted an easy method of escape. No visit to this city is complete without a walk to the bridge, the best time being about 6 o'clock in the evening, when the entrance is comparatively deserted. To reach the Chamber of Horrors and the Shower Baths, enter directly from Park Row after first securing gossamers, goloshes, candles and accident insurance. It may not be apparent, but there is a way through the Chamber of Horrors and the Shower Baths to the promenade.

Somewhere up above the Chamber of Horrors and the Shower Baths is the platform where the cars arrive and depart—when the cable's trolley isn't twisted. LIFE cannot undertake to tell how to reach the cars because there are new ways every day. Before endeavoring to find



STATUE OF LIBERTY.



A POOR RULE TO FOLLOW.

"SO YOU'VE LOST ALL YOUR MARBLES, EH? WELL, IT SERVES YOU RIGHT. BOYS ALWAYS LOSE WHO PLAY ON SUNDAYS."

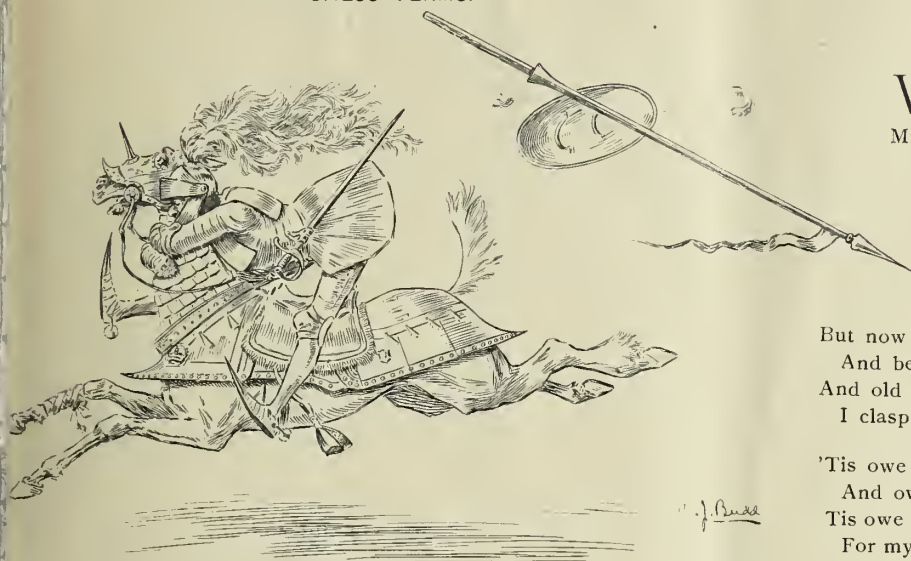
"BUT HOW ABOUT THE OTHER FELLER WHO WON ALL MY MARBLES?"

them, however, it is well to invest in an alpenstock. Many people think Brooklyn is "the jumping-off place." This is an error. The jumping-off place is near the Gotham side of the Bridge. New York people get that far toward Brooklyn and then follow the trite adage—of two evils, choose the lesser.

FROM THE OLD WORLD.

A favorite way to get to the metropolis is via the Atlantic Ocean, many of our most respected and revered citizens having come by this route and settled permanently, rarely returning except for their relatives and friends. The Statue of Liberty, looking down from Bedloe's Island on Williamsburg and the fragrant Gowanus Canal, offers a kindly welcome to all, and no being is too low or degraded to be excluded.

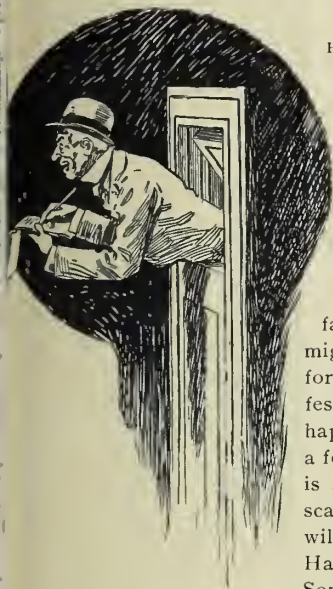
CHESS TERMS.



THE KING'S KNIGHT.

AVENUES TO GREATNESS.

HOW TO BECOME A SUCCESSFUL REPORTER.



THIS is rather difficult at first, but you will soon learn. There was a time when a brief statement containing the facts in the case was the proper thing, but that was long, long ago. You will require a minute knowledge of dressmaking and must become familiar with all its terms and it might be well for you to join a circus for a year or so and learn to be a professional gymnast. If you in addition happen to be on intimate terms with a few prominent families your success is assured, as they are sure to have scandals, and by writing these up you will secure an immediate reputation. Have no compunction about doing this. Some other man will if you don't.

You should also take a course in anatomy and special diseases and accustom yourself to all sorts of horrible sights, as the public is crying for this sort of thing, and the mission of every aspiring young journalist is to supply this demand.

T. M.

ALL THROUGH.

"WELL, old man, I've spent every cent of money I have in the world on my doctor."
"Does he know it?"
"I guess he does. He has pronounced me a well man."

AN OWED.

WHEN I was one-and-twenty
I chose the primrose way;
Mine was the horn of plenty.
I emptied it in play.

With never a thought of duty
I lived for the passing day;
'Twas O for the glance of beauty,
And O for her laughter gay.

But now that youth's departed,
And beauty smiles in scorn;
And old and broken-hearted,
I clasp an empty horn.

'Tis owe for my board and lodging,
And owe for the overcoat new;
'Tis owe with no prospect of dodging—
For my debts have been long overdue.

J. B. G.

THROUGH an error in the types in our issue of July 16th we were made to say that "In a Dike Shanty" was published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. The book should have been credited to Messrs. Stone & Kimball.



FOOL'S MATE.



LAMENT FROM THE CRADLE.

Up from the cradle came a wail,
At first a pensive coo;
Into a weird, vociferous wail
Of mournfulness it grew.
His sorrow, in a vein prolix,
He struggled to reveal,
"My father's talking politics,
And mother rides a wheel."

"They say I'm cross. I'm simply sad
At being slighted so.
I wish the baby-carriage fad
Could somehow get a show.
How can you blame one in my fix
For setting up a squeal?
My father's talking politics,
And mother rides a wheel."

—Washington Evening Star.

FIRST SUMMER GIRL.—Are you going to that old
Christian Endeavor meeting this evening?

SECOND SUMMER GIRL.—Yes, indeed! Haven't you
heard the subject to be discussed?

"No; what is it?"

"How to Hold Our Young Men."

—New York Press.

"Your son, I believe, made some experiments while
at college?"

"Yes, he discovered what he calls his 'scientific
paradox.'"

"What is the nature of it?"

"He succeeded in demonstrating that debts are ex-
panded by contracting them."—Washington Times.

UNDER THE SILVER REGIME.

"GEORGE, can you let me have 'some money this
morning?" said Mrs. Wilkins, of Free-Silverton to
her husband.

"Yes, my dear. How much do you want?"

"Oh, a dollar's worth of dollars will be enough."

—Harper's Bazar.

TO APPRECIATE thoroughly what it means to play
to an empty house, one must travel to Brooklyn to
attend a Wednesday matinee. At such a perfor-
mance of "John-a-Dreams," a school-girl sat in
an orchestra chair and there was a young man
in the front row of the balcony. The scene is the
deck of a yacht, and as Henry Miller emerged from the
cabin and gazed into the empty gulf before him, he
spoke his first line: "The sea is purple, have you too
noticed it?" An instant later a voice came from the
balcony: "Well, I don't know about the lady down-
stairs, but I can see it all right."

—New York Evening Sun.

"YOU are charged," said the judge, "with riding
your bicycle through the streets at a rate exceeding ten
miles an hour."

"Ten miles?" said the man whose new wheel had
run away with him, 'ten miles?' I'll bet I was going
three hundred."—Indianapolis Journal.

"ACCEPT my hand, Augusta?" And the maiden
looked at the hand, which was somewhat smaller than
an averaged sized salt fish, hesitated a moment and
then said sweetly:

"Isn't there something off when you take so large
an order?"—Texas Sifter.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

HARPER AND BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

LOVE IS A SPIRIT. By Julian Hawthorne.
Mrs. Gerald. By Maria Louise Pool. Ill.
by W. A. Rogers.

Life on the Mississippi. By Mark Twain.

HERBERT S. STONE AND COMPANY, CHICAGO.

Checkers. By Henry M. Blossom, Jr.

Prose Fancies. By Richard Le Gallienne.

STONE AND KIMBALL, NEW YORK.

The Island of Doctor Moreau. By H. G. Wells.

Some Correspondence and Six Conversations.
Clyde Fitch.

The Scenery of Switzerland. By the Right
John Lubbock, Bart., M. P. New York and
The Macmillan Company.

Gold or Silver. By M. A. Miller. New
Tennyson Neely.

The Babe, B. A. By Edward F. Benson: New
and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

UNCLE RUBE.—Say, don't electric cars kill
pretty often 'round here.

SLOPSY.—Naw; only oncet.—Up-to-Date.

MISS KINGSLEY, the African traveler,
amusing account of the beginning of her lo-
venture. She was at the Canary Islands and
"very dreadful accounts of the dangers and
traveling in West Africa," she felt she must
mere feminine curiosity. She continues: "I
man who knew the country what I should find
ful to take out with me, and he replied: 'An
tion to the Wesleyan mission, because they be-
hearse and plumes at the station and would
give you a grand funeral.'"—The Chicago News.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The Inter-
national News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane,
London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Op-
Paris; Saabach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayer,
Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

IVORY SOAP

A fine complexion is too rare
To run the risk of losing;
But everyone who takes good care
(All other kinds refusing)
To get pure Ivory, grows more fair
With every day of using.

Copyright, 1896, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cinc.

VAN BIBBER
CIGARETTES
OR
LITTLE
CIGARS.
ALL IMPORTED
TOBACCO.
HIGHEST IN PRICE,
FINEST IN QUALITY.
25c. a Bundle,
10 in Bundle.

Trial Package in Pouch by mail for 25c.
H. ELLIS & CO., Baltimore, Md.
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor.

GET WHITMAN'S Pure, wholesome,
Instantaneous convenient—made
CHOCOLATE. in a jiffy—
NO BOILING.

A cock-tail is not as good as it might be unless
it has a few drops of ABBOTT'S Angostura
Bitters. All Druggists.

Lenifect

Is on the toilet table of the 400 everywhere.
LENIFECT CO., ESSEX, CONN.

DUZBY.—So your doctor has prescribed
a bicycle for you, has he?
DOOBY.—Yes.
"Did he give you any directions regard-
ing its use?"
"Yes. He told me not to take more
than six drops after each meal."
—Roxbury Gazette.

"HUNTER
Baltimore Rye"
The American Gentleman's
WHISKEY
For Club, Family and Medi-
cinal use.
TEN YEARS OLD
The Best
WHISKEY
in America
Endorsed by leading physi-
cians when stimulant is
prescribed.
PURE, OLD, MELLOW
DRINK HUNTER RYE—IT'S PURE

Sold at all First-Class Cafes and by
Jobbers.

WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

CAMPAIGN BUTTONS.

We have the finest thing in Campaign or
Club Buttons yet offered. Made of por-
celain, decorated in gold and mineral col-
ors, which are burnt in. New in design,
small in size, and in perfect taste. Sam-
ple sent for 15c. Special low prices to
clubs and dealers.

O'HARA-WALTHAM DIAL CO.,
Fitch Avenue, Waltham, Mass.



CORPUS LEAN
Will reduce fat at rate of 10 to 15 lbs.
per month without injury to health.
Send 6c. in stamps for sealed circular
covering testimonials. L.E. Marsh Co.
2315 Madison Sq., Philada., Pa.



ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS
Simply stopping the fat pro-
cesses of food. The supply being cut
the natural working of the system
on the fat and reduces weight at
Sold by all Druggists.

SOLID SILVER
Committees or in-
uals preparing for
or presentation
are invited to in-
the large stock of
ing Cups, Vases,
ers and other
suited for these
offered by this hou
THEODORE B. S.
206 Fifth Avenue
Madison Square
New York.

ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

"I'm so glad you remembered to bring a jar of

Armour's

Extract of BEEF.

We're sure to want it wherever we go."

(Overheard on "the Limited.")

ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF



HARTFORD TIRES are the best of pure rubber, the best of fabric. Put together for safety, durability, ease. Other makers imitate in vain. The secret is ours. The tires are yours, on any bicycle. They are the original single-tubes.

COST MOST. DEMAND THEM
WORTH MOST. OF ANY DEALER.

THE HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS CO.
HARTFORD, CONN.
New York. Philadelphia. Chicago.

GROWING IN POPULARITY.

The Many Advantages Offered by the Buffalo Lithia Springs in Virginia.

The advances made as a health resort by the pretty town of Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va., are phenomenal. But they are merited. This lovely spot nestles in the hills of Mecklenburg County, and has an altitude of 500 feet above the level of the sea. The Buffalo Lithia Springs are eight miles from Clarks-ville, on the Great Southern system, and a branch line of the Atlantic and Danville road delivers passengers immediately at the springs.

The hotel, of which the popular proprietor, Col. Thomas F. Goode, is the host, is doing business and will remain open until Oct. 1. The buildings are on the cottage plan, can accommodate 300 persons, while every facility exists for invalids to bathe in the mineral waters at the desired temperatures.

Medical men in all parts of the country are profuse in their praise of the therapeutic value of the water of the Buffalo Lithia Springs. It is a remedy for many of the ills to which flesh is heir, including rheumatism, gout, kidney disease and kindred ailments.

The locality is one of nature's grandest works. There are abundant facilities for fishing, boating, hunting and driving in the immediate vicinity. The hotel accommodations are excellent and the rates remarkably reasonable.

Buffalo Lithia Springs will soon become a veritable Mecca for the pleasure-seeker as well as the invalid. —*New York World.*

TEMPLE, the body coachman of Ernest, King of Hanover, is the hero of a number of anecdotes which are told by his majesty's chaplain in a volume of "Reminiscences." One of the most amusing relates to a transaction between Temple and the chaplain.

Temple lost his wife. Of course I, as chaplain, had to perform the funeral ceremony. A few days afterward old Temple, in deep mourning, called upon me. He was very much upset, and evidently had something on his mind which he found difficulty in expressing, for he stood a few moments in silence, and then turned his hat round and round, looked mournfully into it, brushed it with his hand, and at last got out, through stammering: "I've called, sir—I've called, sir—as I wish to ask—and don't like to put it off—what I've got to pay you for that 'ere job?"

"Oh," I said, "nothing, of course. I have no fees, Temple; but I remember now I am in your debt, and I must ask you what I am to pay for the two pots of ointment you made for my horse's cracked feet?"

"Bless you, sir, don't mention it!" said Temple. "Nothing, sir, nothing; 'one good turn deserves another all the world over!'" —*Youth's Companion.*

"THOSE sandwiches remind me of my native town," said a Massachusetts man at the railway restaurant.

"Dedham?" asked the girl at the counter.

"No, Needham." —*Commercial Bulletin.*

In an Irish daily there recently appeared this advertisement: "Wanted: A gentleman to undertake the sale of a patent medicine; the advertiser guarantees it will be profitable to the undertaker." —*Household Words.*

PENDENNIS: If I had known that you were going to drop in on us so unexpectedly, we should have had a more elaborate dinner.

WARRINGTON (wrestling with a tough piece of steak): Don't mention it, old man; but next time I'll be sure to let you know. —*Melbourne Weekly Times.*

BURNETT'S KALLISTON.

THE dry, parched feeling of the face, after a day spent on the deck of an ocean steamer, will be refreshed by an application of Burnett's Kalliston.

For sale by all Druggists.

JOSEPH BURNETT CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Blair's Pills

Great English Remedy for

GOUT and RHEUMATISM.

SAFE, SURE, EFFECTIVE.

Druggists, or 224 William St., New York.



"Women and Children First!"

When a Ship is wrecked at sea, women and children have the first care. It should be the same on shore—in life—always protect the family against want with reliable Life Insurance . . .

The Prudential

insures the whole family—Children, Women and Men from ages 1 to 70. Amounts from \$15 to \$50,000. Premiums payable weekly, quarterly, half-yearly or yearly, according to plan selected . . .

Full Information as to plans sent free on request.

The Prudential Insurance Co. of America, Home Office: Newark, N.J.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.
ASSETS over \$15,750,000. INCOME, \$12,500,000
SURPLUS, \$3,300,000.

This IS THE 1896

SEARCH LIGHT

PRICE

\$5.00

The only strictly first class bicycle lantern on the market.

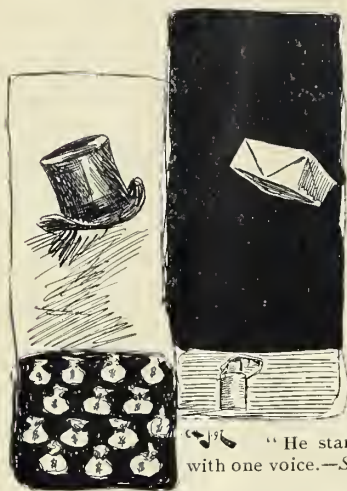
Ask your dealer or send to

BRIDGEPORT BRASS CO.

19 Murray Street, New York. Bridgeport, Conn.
85-87 Pearl Street, Boston.
17 No. 7th St., Philadelphia.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR No. 47.

the Great Passenger Line of America—THE NEW YORK CENTRAL



A VISITOR from Manchester had been invited to address the Sunday-school.

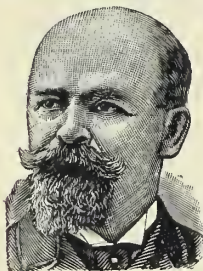
"I am reminded, children," he said, "of the career of a boy who was once no larger than some of the little fellows I see before me. He played truant when he was sent to school, went fishing every Sunday, ran away from home when he was ten years old, learned to drink, smoke tobacco and play cards. He went into bad company, frequented stables and low tap-rooms, finally became a pickpocket, then a forger, and one day, in a fit of drunkenness, he committed a cowardly murder. Children," he continued impressively, "where do you think that boy is now?"

"He stands before us!" cried the children, as with one voice.—Sketch.

Drink HIRES Rootbeer when you're hot; when you're thirsty; when callers come. At any and all times drink HIRES Rootbeer.

Made only by The Charles F. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 2cc. package makes 7 gallons. Sold everywhere.

Beeman's—THE ORIGINAL Pepsin Gum



CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.

The Perfection of Chewing Gum

And a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion and Sea Sickness.

Send 5c. for sample package. Beeman Chemical Co.

23 Lake St., Cleveland, O. Originators of Pepsin Chewing Gum.

A Miniature Vesuvius



inside your head You know how that feels. Indigestion, Insomnia, Overwork—possible causes, Wright's Paragon Headache Remedy the cure, certain as the sunrise. No scientific truth more wonderful than the amount of positive relief contained in one small wafer. Down goes the wafer—away goes the headache—up go your spirits. That's the process. A large box of Paragon Headache Remedy postpaid on receipt of 25 cts. in stamps, or sample free if you will send your address. All druggists. Agents Wanted in every county in the U. S. CHAS. WRIGHT & CO., Man'g. Chemists, DETROIT, MICH.

"You can rely on it," said the Montana man, "we believe in a strict enforcement of the letter of the law. In a fight recently one man literally buried his dirk in his adversary's hip. And do you know what they did? Why, the sheriff actually arrested the wounded man and had him fined for carrying concealed weapons."—Boston Courier.

"I'm done with South America," he declared with an air of disgust as he looked at the other loungers in the hotel regaling parlor and sipped a glass of beer. "Nature overdoes everything down there. Melon vines grow so that the melons are ruined by being dragged over the ground. Where the soil is most fertile the natives have to go up in a balloon to pick grapes. Crows grow so tall that crows eat it out of gun range, and the stalks have to be cut down with an ax. The grass comes on so fast that the farmers make hay every week, and there is enough fruit raised to supply the markets of the world. A man can live there without turning a hand."

"I guess not," grunted an old toper who was looking for just that kind of a snap.

"I say you can and have the best there is going. But I wouldn't live there if they deeded me the whole shooting match. There are more snakes than there are leaves in Formosa, or wherever it is. They can run like a man and climb a tree like a cat."

"Ugh!" shuddered the toper.

"And you people don't have any storms up here. One of your cyclones wouldn't be a fresh breeze down there. I've seen a blow in Brazil turn an iron kettle inside out. I'd just bought a ticket for a place sixty miles away, when I'll be durned if the wind didn't pick the little station up and land me right where I wanted to go. It was done so quick that the old cyclone didn't get through striking seven while we were making the trip. I located a gold mine on top of a hill, and it was full of gold. One night the whole of that infernal hill blew away, and when I found it a lot of Spaniards jumped the claim."

"How's the grocery business?" brusquely asked a man who had come a minute before, but the South American traveler had vanished as though the wings of a South American storm.

"Runs a little one horse grocery out here at Jumptown," continued the newcomer. "Never been out of Michigan in his life. Heavyweight champion of the world."—Detroit Free Press.



Fresh Cut Grain

There's health in the very scent of it. There's vitality and a growth in strength and flesh in that greatest of grain products

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S

Malt-Nutrine

TRADE MARK

—the food drink. It is as delicious as it is nourishing—the pure and palatable nutriment of pure malt and hops. Invaluable to all who are weak.

For sale by all druggists.

Prepared by ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASS'N, St. Louis, U.S.A.

Send for handsomely illustrated colored booklets and other reading matter.

New York Depot, 24 and 27 West St.



**ELECTRIC
FLAT
IRONS.**

ALL SIZES.
ANY CIRCUIT.
FULLY
GUARANTEED.

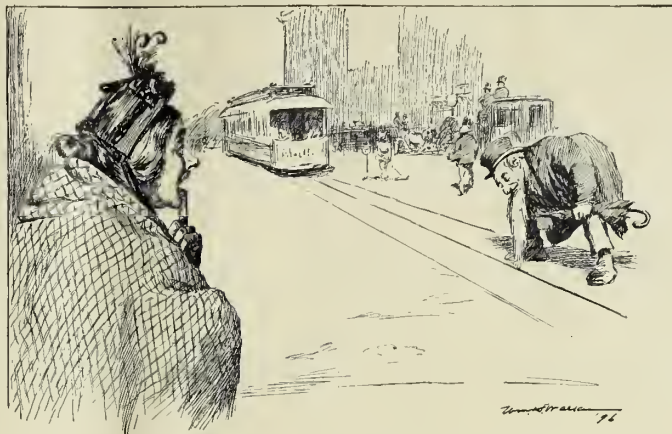
WARD LEONARD ELECTRIC CO., Hoboken, N. J.

HEALTH

and then one model for men and another for women that combine the following important points not found in ordinary saddles, i.e., no injurious pressure, comfortable for long rides, durable, non-sagging, ventilated and handsome. It's the rattan makes it what it is.

\$3.50 MESINGER

HULBERT BROS. & CO.
MAJESTIC BICYCLES
26 WEST 23rd ST.
NEW YORK.



"MELINDY, COME OUT HERE. I'M TRYING TO CATCH ONTO THIS NEW-FANGLED THING."

HOW TO MAKE

WOMEN

BEAUTIFUL

Many women with fair faces are deficient in beauty owing to undeveloped figures, flat busts, etc., which can be remedied by the use of

It is impossible to give a full description in an advertisement; send 6c. in stamps and a descriptive circular, with testimonials, will be sent sealed, by return mail.

ADIPO-MALENE.

L. E. MARSH & CO., Madison Sq., Philadelphia, Pa.



HE CAUGHT ON.



No. 4711. COLOGNE

is the standard in America as well as in Europe because of its delightful fragrance and delicacy.

SOLD BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE

MÜLHENS & KROPFF, NEW YORK, U.S. AGENTS.



The Operation
after the surgeon—the knife—comes slow recovery. Get well and strong by using **Pabst Malt Extract** The "Best" Tonic

**MILWAUKEE BEER IS FAMOUS
PABST HAS MADE IT SO**



THE ART OF BREWING WAS DEVELOPED BY THE GERMANS

IF YOU'RE A PIPE SMOKER
A TRIAL
WILL CONVINCE THAT
Golden Sceptre
IS PERFECTION

We will send on receipt of 10c. a sample to any address. Prices of GOLDEN SCEPTRE, 1 lb. \$1.30, 1/4 lb. 40 cts. Postage paid. Catalogue free.

SURBRUG 159 Fulton Street
NEW YORK CITY



Pears'

Pears' soap is extremely pleasant to use, because it has no fat or alkali in it; nothing but soap.

LIFE BINDER.

Cheap, Strong and Durable.

WILL HOLD 26 NUMBERS.

Mailed to any part of the United States for \$1.00.

Address Office of "LIFE,"
19 West Thirty-First Street, New York.

VIN MARIANI
MARIANI WINE — THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC — FOR BODY AND BRAIN.
"I USED VIN MARIANI MANY YEARS, AND CONSIDER IT A VALUABLE, PARTICULARLY SERVICEABLE STIMULANT."
SIR MORELL MACKENZIE.
Write to MARIANI & CO. for Descriptive Book, 75 PORTRAITS.
PARIS: 41 Bd. Haussmann. LONDON: 239 Oxford St. 52 W. 15th ST., NEW YORK. Indorsements and Autographs of Celebrities.

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LIFE

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Proofs without frames at half the above prices. Make selections from files of LIFE and orders will be promptly filled.

LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

19 and 21 West 31st Street, New York City.



"Chip's" Old Wood Cuts

Another collection of quaint and amusing sketches by F. P. W. BELLEW ("Chip"). Large Quarto, 9 1/2 x 12, on plate paper, handsomely bound.

Price, \$1.00.

For sale by all booksellers, or will be sent postpaid to any address, on receipt of price by the publishers.

**R. H. Russell & Son, 33 Rose St.,
NEW YORK.**

RICHARD K. FOX PRESS, NEW YORK.

Everywhere
In town
Out of town
All around town
EVA



"IT'S IN THE RUNNING OF EM, NOT IN THE PAINT THAT"

Rambler BICYCLES LEAD



BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATED RAMBLER BOOK FREE ON APPLICATION

GORMULLY & JEFFERSON MFG. CO.
CHICAGO, BOSTON, WASHINGTON, NEW YORK, BROOKLYN, LONDON, COVENTRY, ENGLAND.

For nearly 100 years leading brand.



Its superior excellence rivaled from the care in making (by the original formula of James Crow), the quality of grain used, and the spring of water in Kentucky, enable the distillers to obtain larger prices than other in the United States.

On the other hand, sales are so large that they are content to sell at popular prices.

The BEST articles are imitated, and we draw the polite attentions of bandits. See that the RYE, in large red letters on the label, and our name on case, cork, cap, and label.

H. B. KIRK & CO.

Established 1853.

Sole bottlers of

"OLD CROW RYE"

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Also Broadway and 27th St.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 6, 1896.

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VOLUME
XXVIII.

LIFE

NUMBER
710.



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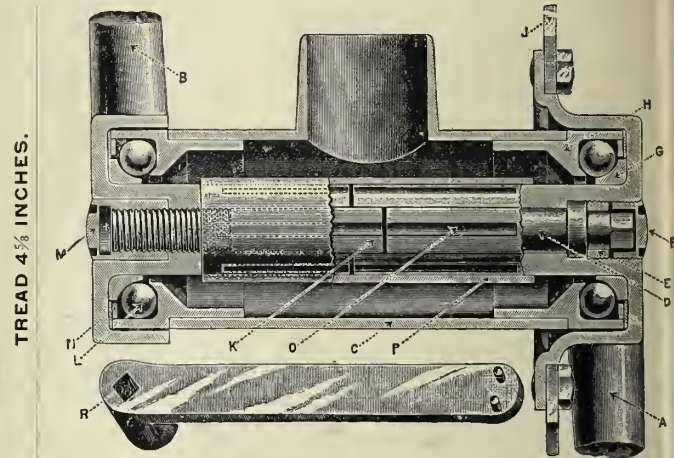
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cost in a short time in the outlay
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with Blair's Fountain Pen Company,
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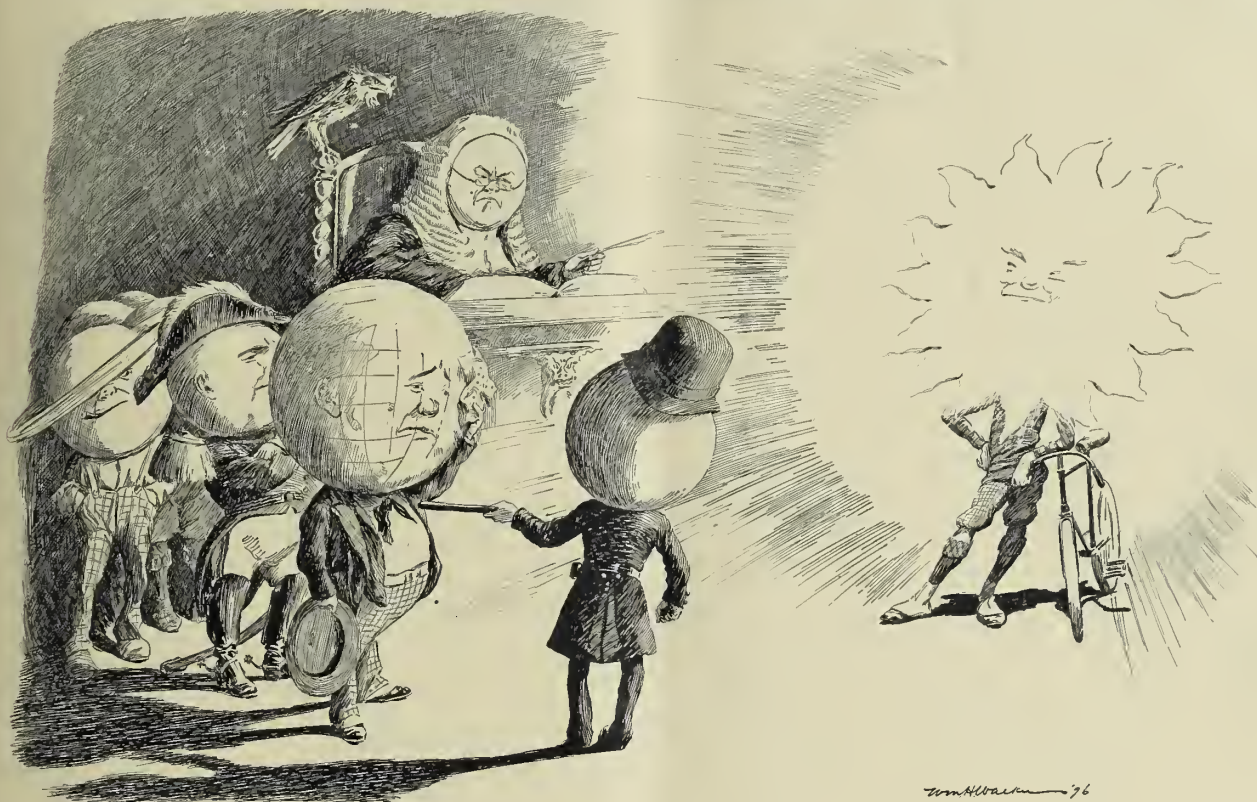
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UNDER THE ACT OF 1891.



Jupiter: WHAT IS THE CHARGE AGAINST THE PRISONER, OFFICER ORION?

"YER HONOR, THE EARTH ACCUSES THE SUN OF SCORCHING—HE'S AN OLD OFFENDER."

HOW SHE ACCEPTED HIM.

"I LONGED to kiss you," he softly said,
"As we passed the turnpike, dear."

"Oh, that was the place," and she tossed her head,

"Where my saddle was out of gear."

"How much I loved you I longed to tell,
When we stopped at the inn, you know."

"Oh, that was the place," and her glances fell,

"Where my front wheel wobbled so."

"And then, when we reached the clover farms,

Under the old oak tree,
I wanted to clasp you, sweet, in my arms,
And ask you to marry me."

And the maid, with her rapt gaze turned away,
Blushed deep at his words of fire.

"To think," she said, "that I road that day
Ten miles on a punctured tire!

And so, with pleasure and real delight

I note what your words reveal;

For I've longed some time," and she clasped him tight,

"To ride on a brand new wheel."

Tom Masson.

"YOU may say what you will, but John Bull
is a wonderful fighter."

"How's that?"

"Look at the way he 'puts up his Dukes.'"

WHAT MAY HAPPEN.

MAUD: I hear Miss Mannish is so ill she
has been obliged to give up hunting.
What is the matter with her?

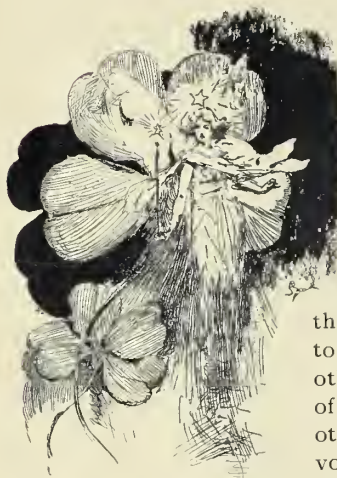
ETHEL: The doctor says that she has a tobacco heart.



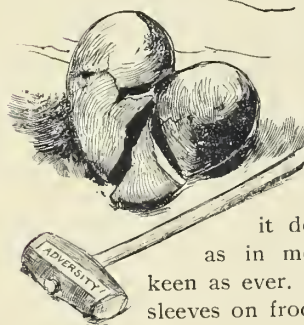
"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVIII. AUGUST 6, 1896. No. 710.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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IT is an appalling thought that if we had woman suffrage all the women in the country, as well as all the men, might be talking and thinking about the silver question and nothing else. As it is, there is some relief for the mind harassed with fiscal and political perplexities and fears. The women of the country, though few of them have been able to keep ignorant of the merits and otherwise of the silver question and of the chances of general smash and other prevailing topics among male voters, have still retained in comforting measure the capacity to think of something else. Their interest in the ordinary affairs of life is still lively; their necessities are still imperative. They feel the effects of bad business, but for all that they go on with their concerns, and are working their way through the summer just as though the world was not in danger of coming to a sudden stop early in the morning of the eleventh day of November. It is surprising how they bear up. Mothers are almost as solicitous that their children should have a change of air and healthy surroundings throughout the summer as though it was an ordinary year. The summer girl is about as



active as usual, and sails and swims, and turns the heads of college boys on their vacation quite as though school would keep as usual in the fall. No one need be at all surprised if the fashions in women's clothes undergo some radical changes between now and election, for the interest in clothes, though perhaps it does not find as complete expression as in more fortunate seasons, is really as keen as ever. There are even rumors that the big sleeves on frocks are subsiding and that the Horse

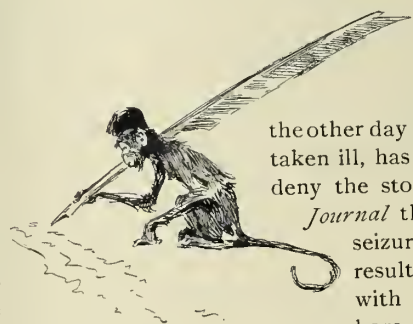
Show (it seems that there is to be a horse show whether Bryan or McKinley is elected) will see a prevalence of



costumes "with sleeves that wrinkle like a long suede glove, though topped, it is true, by big round puffs." It is almost worth while that we should have critical times now and then to make us appreciate what a very happy thought woman was, and how exceedingly astute and far-seeing it was of the Creator to make her just different enough from man to make the twain of them suitable companions. Go away, suffragists! We intend to remember the experiences of this summer against your projects. When you demand again that women shall have votes, we shall ask you how it would

have been in the summer of '96 if women had been voters and all America, female as well as male, had worried over the contest of the precious metals from July until November. We know this year as we never knew before the value of a woman who does not have to vote and who can continue serene amidst alarms and normal in the thick of political bedlam.

* * *



DR. DRAPER, who happened to be with Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt

the other day when he was suddenly taken ill, has thought it proper to deny the story in the New York Journal that Mr. Vanderbilt's seizure was the immediate result of a stormy interview with his son. The story bore so many of the ear-

marks of a fake that it hardly needed denial. Still it is surprising how many sensible people will continue, after repeated experiences, to let themselves be gulled by stories which have no discernable authority except what they get from types and printer's ink.

The attention given to improbable tales published in newspapers of notorious carelessness and mendacity is astonishing. For the purposes of sensational journalism a lie thoroughly circulated seems just as good as the truth. If it is contradicted the next day it does its circulator no apparent harm, and the whopper that follows on its heels is swallowed with undiminished voracity.

The big penny papers seem ready to pay liberally for everything except truth. That they take no pains to furnish, either because it costs too much or because their readers do not demand it.

LIFE'S TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT



JOHN W. GOFF.



ANTHONY COMSTOCK.

WE are glad to announce that the publication of Life's Ticket has been hailed with universal joy. We felt this must be so, as the well-known claims of our candidates are too important to be longer ignored.

OUR PLATFORM.

If we are sufficiently graced with the suffrages of a glad people, we shall insist upon the universal coinage of a leathern dollar at a ratio of s'teen to nothing. Silver is all very well, but it falls far short of the ideal. What we want is money so cheap that we can strip our horses and cows of their raiments, put these through a dollar-maker machine worked by a windmill, and send the discs on to Washington to be rubber stamped by a \$4.00 a week Government clerk. We shall then be able to live in Parian marble houses, have boiled pearls for dessert and breathe imported air.

THE TARIFF.

We believe in revising the tariff once every six months at least, in order that everybody may have a chance, and to show the business world generally that variety is the spice of life. Incidentally we shall insist that every statue imported into this country shall wear canvas "pants." (This clause is specially inserted at the request of the second on our ticket.)

PENSIONS.

The shameful policy of the preceding parties in power in granting pensions only to able bodied men we utterly repudiate. There has been altogether too much discrimination shown, and if our ticket is ratified by the suffrages of the people, which we confidently expect, we shall see that pensions are granted to all, without distinction as to age, sex or nationality, with special reference to cable car and trolley victims.

STATUES.

We heartily condemn the lack of enterprise shown by our opponents, in failing to give honor where it is not due, and we hereby promise to erect a cast-iron statue of prominent American citizens on every railroad crossing

and cross roads throughout this broad land. And if we run short of a home supply we will go abroad. This industry alone will keep 50,000 men employed.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

We have felt for some time that our public buildings were sadly lacking in architectural effect, and we shall hasten to remedy this. Immediately upon our accession to power we shall hasten to appoint a commission of the most prominent plumbers we can gather together and entrust them with all architectural designs. The occasional habit of employing real architects, even if their advice has never been taken, cannot be too severely condemned. We believe in avoiding the very appearance of evil.

TURNING THE TABLES.

HE (bitterly): Well, there are others.
SHE (quietly): You are taking my side now.



CAUSE FOR REJOICING.

"AFTER ALL, I DON'T THINK SHE IS SO AWFULLY HOMELY. SHE HAS ONE OF THOSE FACES THAT GROW ON YOU."
"I'M GLAD IT DIDN'T GROW ON ME."

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OUR FRESH AIR FUND.

Every three dollars sends a child to LIFE's farm for a two weeks' outing.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$1,715 82
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A. S. G. T.....	15 00
Walter Ellis.....	4 00
Proceeds of a Fair held by two little girls, Clara Kellogg and Mary Watkins.....	2 62
Mrs. Geo. A. Lawrence.....	3 00
Proceeds of a children's lawn party at Mansion View House, Tompkinsville, Staten Island, 18th of July.....	17 00
Ruth Wales.....	3 00
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In Loving Memory of S. M. B.....	15 00
Miss Louise Warren.....	8 50

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SHE KNEW BETTER.

BESSIE: Why didn't you marry him at the seaside?
MAUDE: It wouldn't have been safe. He was the only man there.

SOME women seem to take more pleasure in making the man they love miserable than they do in being revenged on some one they hate.



A POET WHO WAS MADE BY A QUATRAIN.

THE kind of verse that is made with wit and a keen sense of metrical form is so scarce that the man who makes it is apt to be remembered much longer than he or his friends ever fondly imagine. It is the sort of thing that is passed along in couplets by discerning people, and quoted on unexpected occasions. The wit makes it stick and the rhythm makes it remembered. A gentle fancy and a knowledge of the stock figures of poetry produce every year reams of verses. But they pass away like the summer clouds or the daises that are the greater part of their inspiration. Your poet who is a real wit, however, has his lines full of tacks, and they puncture.

In England they have their literary descent from Prior and Praed and Frederick Locker—and yet there is a little too much sentiment in these exactly to describe the kind of poet meant. Calverley's "Fly Leaves" are the best examples of these rhythmical ebullitions of wit and nonsense. The nonsense is as much a part of the charm as the wit.

An enlarged and revised edition of the late J. K. Stephen's "Lapsus Calami" (Macmillan), contains a fair



AT LIFE'S FARM.—VERY EARLY IN THE MORNING.



A DECEITFUL APPEARANCE.

Guest: WHAT A BEAUTIFUL GARDEN!

Host: SH! SH! THOSE ARE MY WIFE'S LAST YEAR'S HATS.

amount of creditable verse of this *genre*. The poet's reputation was made by one quatrain:

"When there stands a muzzled stripling
Mute, beside a muzzled bore:
When the Rudyards cease from kipling
And the Haggards Ride no more."

There is nothing else in the volume as good as this. The parodies are mild and the cynicism is conventional. A fair example of it is this addressed to Prior:

"Ah! Matt, old age has brought to me
Thy wisdom, less thy certainty:
The world's a jest, and joy's a trinket:
I knew that once; but now I think it."

Another variation on the old theme of lost illusions is "Blue Hills"—one of the best poems in the book, ending:

"I will try to believe, as I used to do,
There are some Blue Hills which are really blue."

It is a good thing to have "J. K. S.'s" verses all together in this book, but it will not replace Calverley, though it may stand beside him on the shelf.

And, by the way, there are two little books of American verse that ought to be on the same shelf—Herford's "Artful Anticks" and Martin's "Little Brother of the Rich."

* * *

IT is unusual to find a hint of this epigrammatic quality in poems by women, but in the "Poems of Caroline and Alice Duer" (Richmond), there is one—"A Portrait"—which contains the following terse couplets:

"Whose manners covered, through life's outs and ins,
Like charity a multitude of sins."

"His wit and cleverness consisted not
So much in what he said as what he got."

"Few are both true and tender, and he grew
In time a little tenderer than true."

Of the poems of sentiment in the little volume, "Overheard in a Conservatory" and "Good Night" are exceedingly good.

There is no better poet of nature among the younger men than Archibald Lampman, whose "Lyrics of Earth" (Copeland & Day) reflect the moods of all the seasons in verses of unusual melody and rich imagery. It has the rare quality of being spontaneously poetic and fanciful, with no machinery visible.

Droch.

A SHARP ONE.

WE desire to express our admiration, publicly, for Mr. F. S. Duckett, of 921 Market Street, Philadelphia. This person is not only a skillful financier but is also a sufficiently good judge of art, to select and copy a figure from one of Mr. Gibson's cartoons in *LIFE* and then sell it as an original production of his own. We have not the honor of knowing Mr. F. S. Duckett personally, nor do we wish to, but if he continues to apply his labor-saving methods indiscriminately, he may find himself gazing at the future through the iron bars of a public institution.

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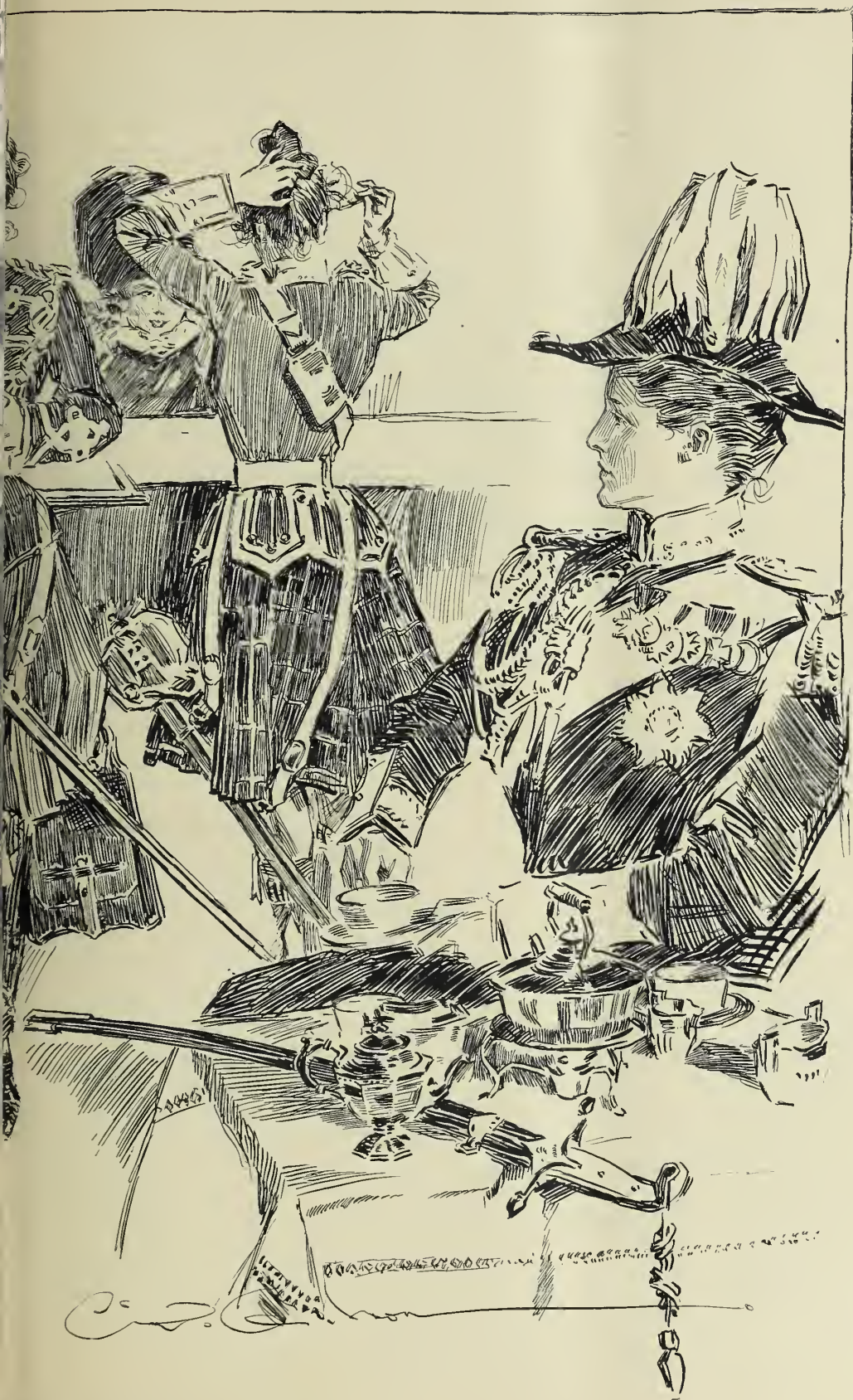
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A COUNCIL OF



DAYS TO COME.

THE MAN WHO VANISHED.

A CERTAIN hunter, clad in appropriate raiment, and armed with a shot gun of costly mechanism, sought diversion in a forest.

His first effort was a failure. The squirrel at which he aimed darted around the tree as the trigger was pulled and looked down with an irritating expression. There was a look in his eye which seemed to say:

"Not this time, smarty!"

The hunter, a man of dignity and social position, was justly annoyed by this want of consideration, and he fired again. But the agile native continued to keep the trunk of the tree between them. At last the hunter, disgusted by the animal's self will, passed on for other game.

He had been reared by pious parents, and that one of the lower animals should thus take upon himself to oppose the will of man, created in God's image, brought a shock to his higher nature, and, for the time being, almost shook his faith in Providence. But this faith, a few minutes later, was re-established. Taking deliberate and careful aim at a noisy woodpecker, and pulling the trigger before the bird was aware of his presence, he brought him to the ground with his head nearly severed from his body. Leaning the gun against a tree he stepped forward and picked up the corpse. By one of its legs he held it before him and admired its beauty; and there came a thrill of pride that he had done his work so well. As thus he stood, in silent contemplation, he heard the crackling of a twig behind him, and when he turned about, the thing he saw drove the blood from his face. A large brown bear, erect

upon his hind legs, his face on a level with his own, his arms akimbo, stood within a dozen feet, a smile upon his face. A cold tremor crawled up the hunter's spine, as, with dilated eyes and fallen jaw, he took a backward step. One step only and then he stopped, for his knees seemed giving way beneath him.



"THE THING HE SAW DROVE THE BLOOD FROM HIS FACE."

"That was a good shot," said the bear with a pleasant nod; "had a grudge against him?"

The hunter tried to answer, but his lips were dry, and his tongue refused to work; so he shook his head.

"Noisy, perhaps, but he was a good enough fellow. I



THE HAYSEED AND THE GAS.

FROM LIFE'S RECENT DISCOVERIES OF EARLY EGYPTIAN JOKES.

know his wife; a nice bird. She'll be sorry. But 'twas a good shot although you did take him at a disadvantage; eh?"

"I suppose I did," whispered the hunter, whose voice was hoarse and came with difficulty.

"Shot him because you are hungry?" inquired the bear pleasantly, glancing at the generous waist of his companion.

"Oh, no."

"Just for the fun of it?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, it's good sport. That is, of course, for the chap who holds the gun."

The sportsman stole a glance toward his weapon, which, unfortunately, was the other side of the offensive brute.

"Isn't it?"

"Er-what?"

"You seem nervous," and the creature laughed, his loose sides shaking as if something funny had been said. "You don't want that gun. It might go off and hurt something. We are safer without it." And he continued to smile. "You seem embarrassed," he said with another offensive chuckle. "I am afraid you are not enjoying yourself."

The hunter did not answer. He was considering the chances of making a dash to one side, then jumping for the gun. The bear seemed to divine this intent, for he laid a paw, with the claws out, on the gentleman's sleeve.

"It must require some nerve to come single handed into the forest among all the birds and squirrels, armed only with a shot gun. But then, of course, a hunter has to take chances."

There was a silence, for the man said nothing. He was trying to get his wits together, but it required all his intellect to keep his knees from letting him down.

"By the way, what's the price of bear's meat this morning?"

"I don't know."

The man tried to edge away, but the claws were still in the sleeve.

"Excuse me for asking the question, but did you kill that woodpecker in self defence?"

"No."

"From a general sense of duty, perhaps?"

"No. Just for sport."

"I am glad you approve of that sort of thing, as it gives me your own personal endorsement of a little plan of my own. I am something of a hunter myself."

"Yes?"

"Oh, yes! But I do it for business. I have a family to feed, and they are hungry now. By the way, what time is it?"

The hunter looked at his watch.

"Ten minutes of eleven."

"Why, we ought to dine at noon, and they expect me to bring the dinner. Won't you come and fill a place? I might say, fill several places." And again his sides began to shake.

"I don't know how much of a diner out you are, but you will never be of more service at a meal than you will to-day."

Then placing his paw inside the hunter's arm, they started off. The host seemed amiable and tried his best, as they walked along, to engage his guest in conversation, but the man appeared depressed and was silent. He simply answered questions until the bear inquired if he had a family.

"Yes, I have! a wife and two children. Think of them if you have no consideration for me!"

"Are they starving?"

"No."

"But if they were starving and I had appeared in your front yard this morning, can you give me your word of honor they would not have had bear's meat for dinner?"

"I don't know."

"No, I suppose not. But my wife and three daughters are literally fading away before my eyes. And I know you will not blame me for supplying them with a square meal."

The hunter failed to answer, and they disappeared among the trees.

There was soon a great rejoicing in the Bruin family. And later on, having rid themselves of that goneness which is



"THERE WAS SOON A GREAT REJOICING."

the inevitable result of meals too long deferred, they passed a fuller afternoon than they had known for many months.

This tale is not a sad one even from a human point of view, as the man was wealthy and very close, and his family, had he lived, would have derived little benefit from his money. Moreover, he was something of a bully at home and used to open his wife's letters.

J. A. Mitchell.

TO THE CANDIDATE.

IT was noble, it was grand, fearless Bryan, so to stand,
Smashing into kindling splinters all our antiquated laws,
Flinging credit, honor, faith, to the mob for instant death—
But you did it, florid Bryan; you were fired with your cause.

So when the sunset ember of a day in next November

Shall fade across the continent and give the strife its pause,
May the ark abide in Zion; and for you, intrepid Bryan,

May the bells of vesper whisper—"He is fired with his cause."

F. B. G.

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He: YES. ROWING MAKES THE ARMS BIGGER AND WHEELING MAKES THE LEGS BIGGER.
She: OH, FRED, DO GET A WHEEL!

BATTLE OF THE STANDARDS.

A FEW OF THE TOILING MILLION REASONS
WHY I AM A SAND BUG.

Ever since the Fall of Man, sand and sugar, duly mixed at the holy, green grocers' ratio of 16 to 1, have been concurrently used as a dual-standard food product.

But, now, the Pure Sugar Bugs, by striking down Sand, are trying insidiously to enslave the people—an economic crime of gigantic, I may say, of gigantissimic proportions.

Every spade full of sand dug, if mixed with sugar at the 16 ratio, will help to fill a score of hungry mouths, and has a constant tendency to decrease the demadd for a spoonful of pure sugar. Result—sand rises: sugar drops. Grasp this idea, for it is the pivotal point of the automatic sand-and-sugar system.

Brand sand by statute as a legal and full-standard food equal to sugar—and you establish at once the parity between sugar and sand. See?

Is it fair, then; is it just; is it constitutional

to eliminate from the sugar of the classes the Sand of the Masses? 1,616,021 times No!! The spirit of '76 revolts at the suggestion.

If every man, woman, new woman and child in the United States could go out with a wheelbarrow and pick up sixteen pounds of sand legally branded as pure sugar, how many a burden would be lightened or sweetened? Thereby—according to Prof. Gotcogski—over 116,000,21 pounds of the plain people's idol would be introduced into the human system. So things would be easier all round or all round easier. (Unlike most "Plutes," the Sand Bank Owners love the Brow of Labor.)

The Pure Sugar Bugs must know in their own hearts that the nutritive value of the food is properly based on weight. Sixteen barrels of American Sand, each 100 pounds, will weigh just 16 times as much as a 100 pound barrel of sugar—and that, too, independent of the action of any nation on earth. Over 99 per cent. of the Shouting Strength of the country lies west of the Sand Bank River. Sand no longer begs; it defies!!

C. W. Lucas.



Cerberus (in the middle): SAY, YOU FELLOWS, ISN'T IT NEARLY TIME I HAD THE USE OF THOSE HIND LEGS? MY EARS HAVEN'T BEEN SCRATCHED IN THREE WEEKS.

THE NECESSARY PART.

WIFE: Can you let me have the money for my new wheel?
HUSBAND: But I gave you \$100 last week for that purpose.
"True, my dear, but I wanted to be sure of my costume first."

NOT AN UNCOMMON COMPLAINT.

MEGACEPHALOMANIA, or *Swelled Head*.—A disease prevalent in many parts of North America, not common, as a rule, to urban districts, but finding its sway in the larger cities and seeming to be apparently the outcome of certain influences and environments. It is usually fatal in its character and few have been known to recover from its effects. As the name implies it is purely a brain disease, the first symptoms being an exaltation of mind, the patient imagining that others see him as he sees himself. It differs however, from paresis, acute mania and other forms of cerebral hypermatamorphosis in that it has no serious effects upon the patient himself; those who know him being the real sufferers. It is more usual among artists and literary men, attacking these classes with great violence. The first symptoms



SAID the Shah of Teheran:
"Now tell me if you can,
Why a man himself encumbers
With wives in plural numbers
When he has but one short life;
And even *one* small wife
Can make it seem ten thousand elongated years of strife."
Then he swore, the worthy man.



WONDERFUL.

Mother: WHY, CONSTANCE AMELIA, WHERE have you BEEN. WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO YOU?
C. A.: I WENT TO THE BARN AND FELL ASLEEP ON A BAG OF FERTILIZING POWDERS!

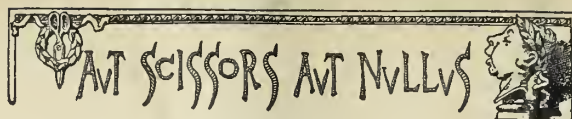
usually are seen after the patient has produced some work that has either been favorably or unfavorably noticed—it makes little difference which so long as it has become prominent. In this first stage there is, as a rule, some effort discernable on the part of the victim to overcome this insidious malady, but in the second stage all sense of its deadly power seems to be lost, and in the third and final stage, the case is utterly hopeless. When in this condition, it is better to avoid the patient. Not that this will make any difference to him, but it will relieve your own sufferings.

MORE ETIQUETTE.

WHEN a boy, stabbed to the heart, asked a druggist the other day to attend to him the druggist answered, "We are not allowed to dress wounds; that is for doctors." Thereupon the dying boy went out and hunted for a physician.

Is this another example of medical etiquette? If strictly followed it undoubtedly brings many jobs to doctors that otherwise would fall to the druggist, but it means unnecessary death to a host of patients. There has been for long years, and there still is a suspicion in the community, that when a question arises between medical etiquette and the patient, the patient suffers. This may be an unjust suspicion, but it is a prevalent one, and the incident referred to certainly strengthens it.

The druggist depends upon the doctor for the fattest part of his business and so cannot afford to thwart him. If a patient happens to bleed to death now and then in consequence, so much the worse for the patient.



ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

I sneak across the street so wide,
I wriggle, squirm, I rush, I glide;
I take my chances, oh, so slim—
I trust to eye, and nerve, and limb;
I scoot to right, I gallop through,
I'm here and there, I'm lost to view;
My life, I know, hangs in the toss—
Another plunge—I am across!
Oh, give me pity if you can—
I'm just
a poor
pe-des-tri-an!

—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

SALVATION ARMY APOSTLE: If you swear at those horses, my good man, you'll never go to heaven.

TEAMSTER (humbly): I knows it, mum; but if I don't I'll never get to Tona-wanda.—Buffalo Times.

WHEN Wilberforce was a candidate for Hull, his sister, an amiable and witty young lady, offered to give a new gown to the wife of every man who voted for her brother. When she made this offer at a political gathering some one shouted, "Miss Wilberforce forever!" Whereupon she pleasantly observed: "I thank you very much for the good-will expressed, but, really, I do not wish to be Miss Wilberforce forever."

—Washington Times.

CARE FOR THE PARTY.—"Is it true that old Jinks is goin' ter bolt?"

"Well, he's been a-talking of it, but I don't think he's got the heart to kill the party at one blow!"

—Atlanta Constitution.

HE: Let's kiss and make up.

SHE: If you kissed me, I'd have to make up all over again, sure enough.—N. Y. Press.

A DETECTIVE officer tells a story in reference to the photographs circulated for the identification of a certain criminal. A murder had been committed in a busy northern town and a number of colotype portraits of the murderer were rapidly printed and circulated among the chief police centres, in the hope of securing an arrest. Now some colotype photographs show a marked variation in different developments from one negative. The surprise of the chief of the detective department may be imagined upon receipt of the following message from an office in London, where six duplicates of the portrait had been sent: "Have arrested five of the wanted men, and have every prospect of securing the sixth before night."—Weekly Telegraph.

AN old fellow who had recently buried his fourth wife was accosted by an acquaintance who, unawares of his bereavement, asked:

"How is your wife, Cap'n Plowjogger?"

"Waal," replied the captain, with a solemn, not to say sad, countenance—"waal, to tell the trewth, I'm kinder out of wives just now."—New York Tribune.

"THIS is a great baseball town, isn't it?"

"I should say so. A fellow can't even get off to go to his grandmother's funeral without showing a doctor's certificate."—Chicago Record.

BUDGE: Yes, sir; I am a Democrat.

TRUDGE: Ah? But what are your politics?

—N. Y. Press.

"It must be a great privilege to represent constituency in a political convention," she said.

"It is," he replied, his bosom swelling with

"You must feel that it is a great honor to be as a representative man to grapple with the problems of state," she continued.

"I do," he admitted.

"I suppose you have given a great deal of thought to the great problems of the day," on with increasing admiration for the man's ability was so highly prized by his fellows had bestowed this honor upon him, "and I must feel that when you cast your vote in convention you are exercising the supreme right of a citizen of the United States."

"Of course."

"How will you vote on the money question?" asked abruptly.

"Oh—ah—I can't exactly say," he answered. "I haven't received my instructions from the man who controls our delegation yet."—Chicago Tribune.

AT a certain high school it is the custom to briefly the morning's news before taking up the work of the day. One morning, not long ago, the teacher ascended to her desk. There were the bright young faces of those intrusted with the care. She spread the paper upon the desk, and over the first page. "First of all," she said, "heading: 'Pool Room Raided.'" She raised a note of deep feeling came into her voice. she continued, "never touch a cue." There was a dry eye in the house.—Chicago Tribune.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

IVORY SOAP

An experienced laundress will tell you that shirts never look as white as when washed with Ivory Soap.

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YALE GENTLEMAN'S MIXTURE

A 2oz. Trial-Package Post Paid 25c

MARBURG BROS. THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

WE PAY POST-AGE.

All you have guessed about life insurance may be wrong. If you wish to know the truth, send for "How and Why," issued by the PENN MUTUAL LIFE, 921-3-5 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

DON'T BOIL

Made in a jiffy, with boiling water or milk. Sold everywhere.

Mothers give their children Abbott's Angostura Bitters for colic, nausea, etc. Be sure you get Abbott's, there are others. Druggists.

A LITTLE 4-year old occupied an upper berth in the sleeping-car. Awakening once in the middle of the night his mother asked him if he knew where he was. "Tourse I do," he replied. "I'm in the top drawer."

—Youth's Companion.

"HUNTER

Baltimore Rye"

The American Gentleman's

WHISKEY

For Club, Family and Medical use.

TEN YEARS OLD

The Best

WHISKEY in America

Endorsed by leading physicians when stimulant is prescribed.

PURE, OLD, MELLOW
DRINK HUNTER RYE—IT'S PURE

Sold at all First-Class Cafes and by Jobbers.

WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

A LESSON IN DIPLOMACY.—Mrs. Hendricks (proudly walking out of the sewing room): Well, Percy, how do you like my bloomers?

Mr. Hendricks: Oh, they do very well; but, dear me, how much older than usual they make you look.

On the following day a neat package, intended for the far-away heathen, was forwarded from the Hendricks home.

—Cleveland Leader.

SOLID SILVER

In Tea and Dinner Service. Dessert pieces of all kinds. Forks, Spoons and Knives. all small table ware. house offers one of the stocks of exclusively silver in the United States.

Buyers whose taste demands true forms appropriate not over decorated, with the stock one specially to serve their wants.

THEODORE B. ST

206 Fifth Avenue

Madison Square,

New York.

"Defender of the Rails—The New York Central."—Utica Herald

That Delicious Flavor

which your relish so much in Soups served in the best Cafés, can be secured at home, by using

Armour's

Extract of BEEF.

It gives to Soups a zest and flavor attainable in no other way. Anyone can make delicious Bouillon or clear Beef Soup with Armour's Extract, boiling water and a pinch of salt. Nothing simpler. Send for our book of "Culinary Wrinkles"—mailed free.

Armour & Company, Chicago.

SHAVING UNDER
DIFFICULTIES
WITH -



WILLIAMS'S SHAVING SOAP

NOTES ON HORSEMANSHIP.

It is related of a prominent citizen of Arizona that he once met a prominent citizen of Montana on the neutral ground of Colorado. The subject of bucking horses coming up, the prominent citizen of Arizona said:

"We have some very skilful riders down in my country. This of course, shows out particularly when they are breaking wild broncos to ride. When an infuriated mustang, saddled for the first time, and rearing and hucking out of the tail of his eye and watches his rider calmly roll and light a cigarette, it has an excellent effect on him, and usually he cools down, realizing the hopelessness of his task."

Then spoke the prominent citizen of Montana:
"That will do very well, I dare say, for the comparatively mild and inoffensive horses of your southern latitude, but it has been found to have no influence whatever on our fierce and vicious beasts. But when one of our cowboys mounts a bronco for the first time it helps greatly to subdue the creature when, after he has leaped and pitched for fifteen minutes, he happens to glance back and finds his rider quietly shaving (with Williams' Soap), holding a small mirror in one hand and the razor in the other, with the mug, hot water and bay rum in a little basket on his arm. Ah, it's all in knowing how, this subjugating a Montana bronco."

Then the meeting of prominent citizens adjourned.

—Harper's Monthly

SHAVING is not only easy, but a *pleasure*, with WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP—even under the most difficult circumstances.

THE LATHER, wonderfully *Rich, Cream-like, never drying*—softens the tough, wiry beard, and allows the razor to cut easily and smoothly.

The Medicinal Properties *soothe, heal and refresh* the tender face—and leave the skin soft and velvety.

For Toilet, Bath and Nursery these same delightful creamlike soothing-healing qualities make it **Simply Ideal**

TRIAL SAMPLE for a 2c. stamp, if you want to prove it.

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in four principal forms—

are sold by Dealers
everywhere.



Luxury Shaving Tablet,
25c.



Round—just fits the cup. "Genuine Yankee"
Delightfully perfumed. Soap, 10c.



Williams' Shaving Soap,
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in a package, 40c.



NOTE.—If your dealer does not have these soaps—we mail them—to any address—postpaid—on receipt of price. All four kinds sent for \$1.00 in stamps.

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BURNETT'S KALLISTON.

THE smarting effect of sunburn is relieved at once by the use of Kalliston, try it after a day's yachting.

For sale by all Druggists.

JOSEPH BURNETT CO., BOSTON, MASS.



The Standard Single-Tube

Hartford Single-Tube Tires are the Standard tires. They have many imitators, but the Hartford Rubber Works Company has been making single-tube tires for six years, and experience has taught them how to make the right kind of single-tube tire.

IF IT'S A HARTFORD TIRE

IT'S RIGHT.

THE HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS CO.

HARTFORD, CONN.

New York. Philadelphia. Chicago.

IS THE

This 1896

SEARCH LIGHT

PRICE \$5.00

The only strictly first class bicycle lantern on the market.

Ask your dealer or send to

BRIDGEPORT BRASS CO.

Or
19 Murray Street, New York
85-87 Pearl Street, Boston
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Bridgeport, Conn.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR No. 47.

NUBIAN Fast Black

Cotton Dress Linings—For Waist and Skirt,
Will Not Crock.

It is positively unchangeable and of superior quality. Nothing else so fully satisfies the highest requirements and yet the cost is moderate enough for any dress.

All Leading
DRY GOODS
Stores.

Nubian Fast Black

Look for this on
EVERY YARD
of the Selvage.

THE CLUB = COCKTAILS

For the
Yacht,
Camping
Party,
Summer
Hotel,
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Party,
Mountains,
Seashore,
or the
Picnic.



Manhattan,
Martini,
Whiskey,
Holland
Gin,
Tom Gin,
Vermouth
and
York

All ready for use, require no mixing. Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions, the one bottled and aged must be the better. Try our **York Cocktail**—without any sweetening—dry and delicious. For sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the U. S., and all druggists and dealers.
AVOID IMITATIONS. G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.
39 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. HARTFORD, CONN. 20 PICCADILLY, W. LONDON, ENG.

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It is important to buyers that they should be informed that the only ware that has always been known as Haviland China is marked under each piece:

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FRANCE

On White China.

Haviland & Co
Limoges Co

On Decorated China.

"I WAS traveling with P. T. Barnum one Mr. Stow, 'long before the railroad showed its existence. We traveled by wagons from town to town in those days, halting on the outskirts of the town to enable the circus people to put on show clothes and prepare for the parade. I was to show in a small town in Pennsylvania, and noticed that a bridge over which the wagon was to pass was weak. I sent word to Mr. Barnum to put the rhinoceros wagon at the rear, but he did so, and as it was in advance it broke through the bridge. The show did not reach the town in time to make much of a parade.

"That night Mr. Barnum was seated in a large hotel when an angry lot of people, who were disappointed at the size of the parade, waited outside and told him he was a fraud.

"How so?" said Barnum.

"Well," replied the spokesman for the mob, "you advertised two miles of parade, and that was all that was done."

"Yes," replied Mr. Barnum, "there was a mile of parade and another mile of display following it. That makes two miles, doesn't it?"

—Syracuse Co.

A MOTHER was explaining to a diminutive child the meaning of a picture representing a number of martyrs who had been thrown to the hungry lions.

She tried to impress his infant mind with the terrors of the scene, and thought she had succeeded, when suddenly he exclaimed:

"Oh, ma! just look at that poor little child there! He won't get any."—Answer.

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IS LITTLE enough to pay for a bicycle when it assures health, comfort and pleasure.
\$3.50 MESINGER
HULBERT BROS & CO
MAJESTIC, 26 WEST
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not having the best workmanship used in their manufacture are not reliable. The **SMITH & WESSON REVOLVER** is as carefully constructed, high-class watch, every part being thoroughly tested before used. Send for handsome illustrated catalogue telling you all about them.

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DEUTZ & GELDERMANN, Ay, France. Possessing to the fullest extent the delicate character peculiar to the famous AY district.
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Secure
Reliable
Strong

*easy to hook; easy to unhook;
if you do the hooking and un-
hooking. Can't let go itself.
The DeLong Hook and Eye.*

See that

hump?



Richardson & DeLong Bros.,
Philadelphia.

Also makers of the

CUPID Hairpin.



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Palmer Fabric makes a Tire Elastic, Easy
riding and Fast (taking less strength to propel).
They are Durable, Guaranteed and Easy to
mend. They are expensive, and only found
on High-Grade Wheels. ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

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If you want a real Violet
Perfume, be sure you get

"No. 4711 Rhine Violets"
It is not a combination of other scents, but is absolutely true to the flower.

Cut this advertisement out and show it to your dealer.

Both Liquid and Powder. In every package a bottle of liquid Sozodont (use daily), a box of fine Sozodont powder (use twice a week). No other dentifrice so complete, so safe, so certain to give the best results.

SODODONT

FOR THE
TEETH AND BREATH.

BRUSHING WITH SODODONT
CURES
TOOTHACHE
GUM INFLAMMATION
TOOTH DECAY
TOOTH SENSITIVENESS
TOOTH DROOP
TOOTH WEAR
TOOTH BRUISES
TOOTH GRINDING
TOOTH STAINING
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TOOTH DROOPING
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A sample of liquid Sozodont by mail, provided you mention this publication and send three cents for postage. Address the Proprietors of Sozodont, HALL & RUCKEL, Wholesale Druggists, New York City.

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BRIGHT'S, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, ETC.

DR. ALFRED L. LOOMIS, Professor of Practical Medicine in the University of New York: "I have used **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** Spring No. 2, in Chronic Bright's Disease of the Kidneys occurring in gouty and rheumatic subjects, with marked benefit."

Sold by Druggists. Pamphlet free

Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.



The Doctor Says

that a tonic is needed. Perhaps he prescribes one. If he is an intelligent, up to date physician the chances are that he advises the use of

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S

Malt-Nutrine
TRADE MARK.

TRADE MARK.

—the **food drink**. Malt-Nutrine is a wonderful vitalizer and flesh builder—recognized and recommended as such by the medical profession in general.

For sale by all druggists.

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Branch Houses and Agencies almost everywhere.



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PREPARE FOR WAR.**

If in good health, as a matter of precaution, keep a supply of "OLD CROW RYE" in the closet, for you know not what hour sickness or accident may overtake you. It's honest and reliable. But take no imitations, they are utterly worthless, no matter what interested dealers may say. The genuine has the word RYE in large red letters on label and the name of our firm on case, cork, capsule, and label.

H. B. KIRK & CO.,

ESTABLISHED 1853.
69 Fulton Street; also Broadway and 27th Street.

VIN MARIANI

MARIANI WINE—THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC—FOR BODY AND BRAIN.

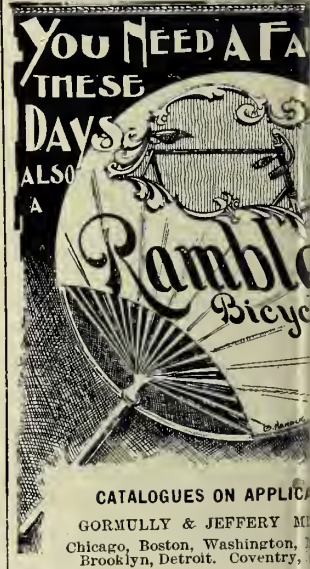
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Write to MARIANI & CO., for Descriptive Book, 75 PORTRAITS, PARIS: 41 Bd. Haussmann. 52 W. 15th ST., NEW YORK. Indorsements and Autographs of Celebrities.



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LIFE

VOL. XXVII.

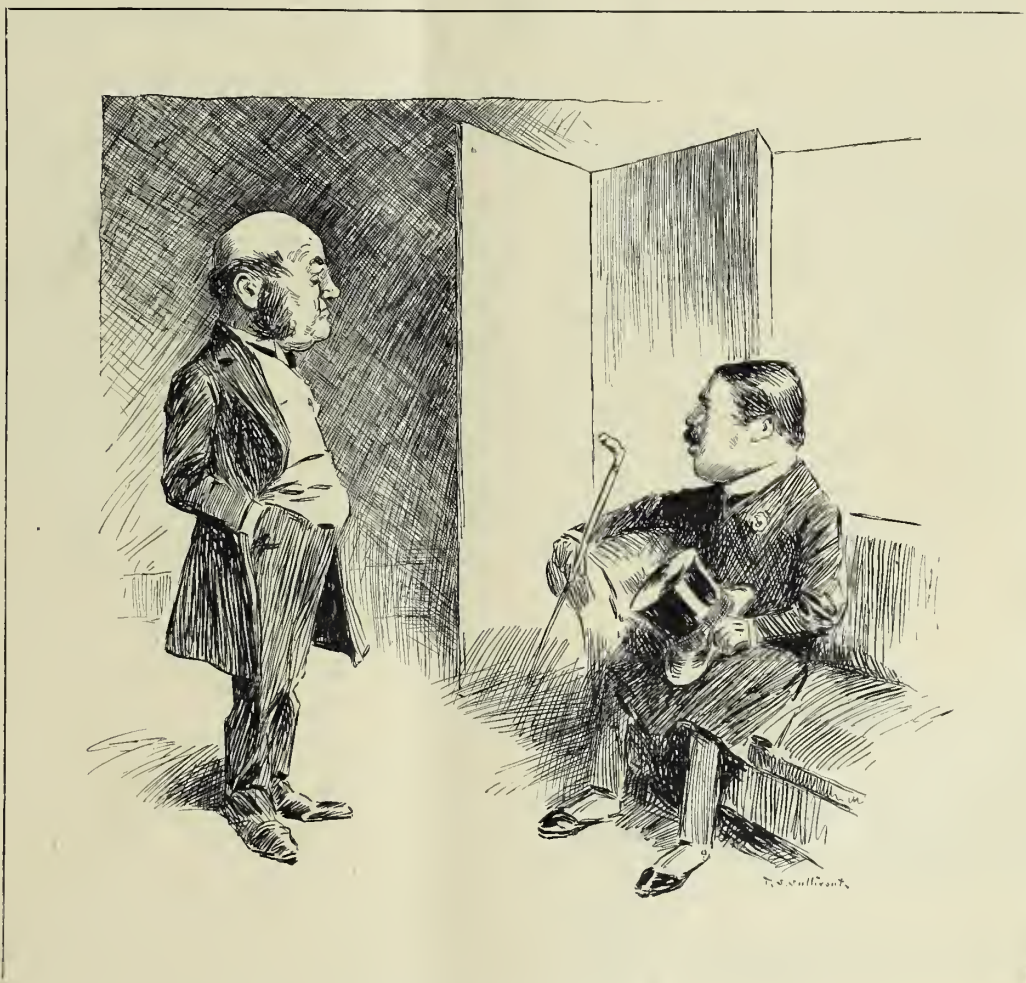
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If copies are returned in good condition an allowance of \$2.00 is

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"DOCTOR, MY WIFE HAS INSOMNIA—LIES AWAKE MOST OF THE NIGHT. WHAT SHALL I DO FOR HER?"

"GET HOME EARLIER."

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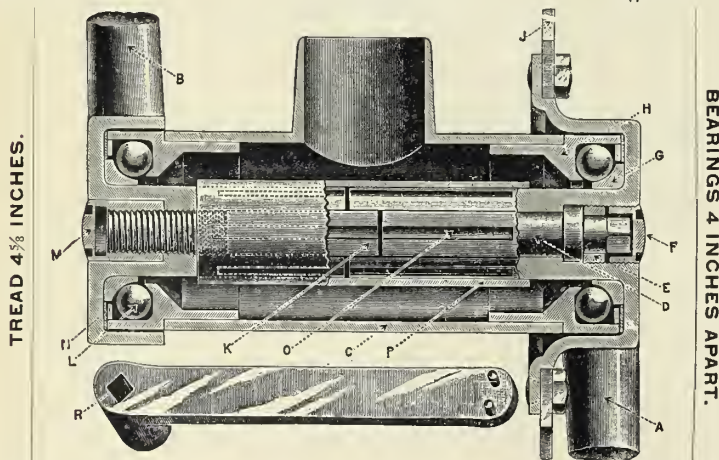
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\$100

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DETAIL VIEW CRANK HANGER.

Balls directly under the cranks. Sprocket suspended between the bearing.

FOR SALE AT

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M. E. Flaherty, 685 Bedford Avenue,
Brooklyn.

Harold B. Wallack, Long Branch, N. J.
Special Agent for New Jersey,
R. H. Riddick.

One of the most Useful Things

... You can Have is a ...

BLAIR SECURITY FOUNTAIN PEN.



They being always ready at
or place to write. They save
of time and labor required in
for ink. The writing is more
the train of thought is not into
They improve the hand, and so
cost in a short time in the outlay
pens and pencils, as they take t
of either and will last a lifetime
The only pen not filled with
internal mechanism, that can be
in any position with perfect
and not spill ink on the part hel
fingers.

Non-Leakable. Reversible Feed-Bar. 14-Karat Gold Pens of Regular
... Perfect Action ...

A THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL WILL COST YOU NOTHING

If not satisfactory, will be exchanged
or money refunded if returned in good
order.

To give our readers this absolutely
perfect Fountain Pen at a moderate
price, we have made an arrangement
with Blair's Fountain Pen Company,
of New York, to furnish our subscribers
their 1895 "Security" Fountain Pens at
the following low prices:

PRICES: No. 1 Gold Pen, fine point, at \$1.75.
No. 2 Gold Pen, fine or stub point, at \$2.
No. 3 Gold Pen, fine or stub point, at \$2.
No. 4 Gold Pen, fine or stub point, at \$3.

Handsomely Chased and Gold Mounted, 75 cents extra.

To insure getting these Pens at prices named, orders for them sh
sent direct to this office with the price of the pen desired. Should y
to have them insured against loss in the mails, send eight cents extra
Purchasers of these Pens will receive 5 per cent. discount by mentioni

They cost no
even considerably
than the old imp
makes yet offer
sale.

BLAIR'S FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY

JOHN BLAIR, Prop.

141 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.



"Chip's" Dog

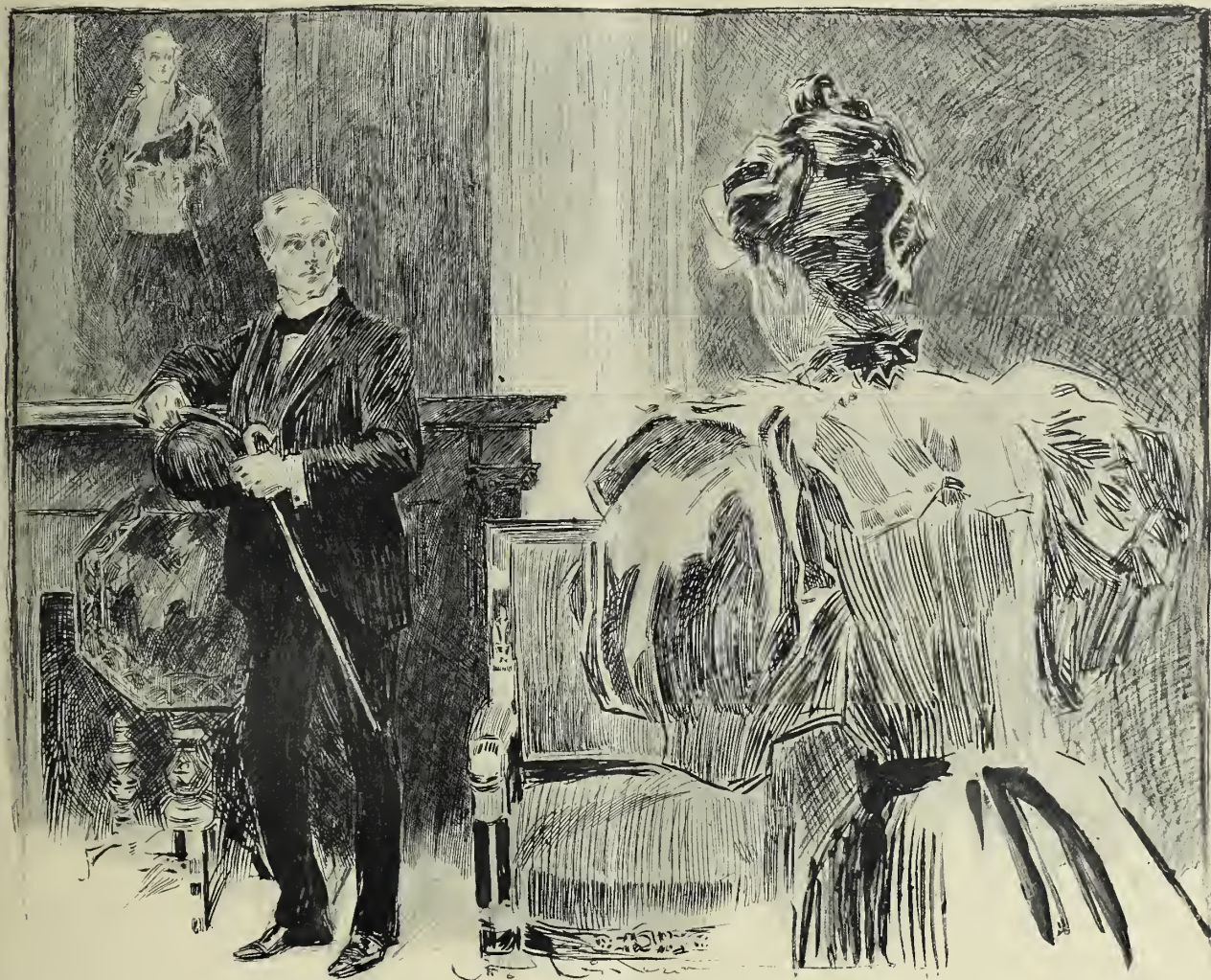
A collection of humorous drawings by the fa
"CHIP," so well known in the columns of LIFE
elsewhere. Large Quarto 9 1/2 x 12, on plate p
handsomely bound.

Price, \$1.00.

For sale by all booksellers, or will be sent postpaid to
address on receipt of price by the publishers.

R. H. Russell & Son, 33 Rose S

NEW YORK.



He: GO HOME NOW? WHY, YOU USED TO LET ME STAY TWO HOURS LONGER THAN THIS.
"I KNOW IT, DEAR. BUT THAT WAS BEFORE WE WERE ENGAGED."

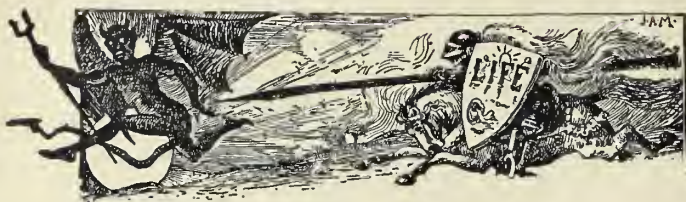
A RUDE AWAKENING.

HE told her that he was alone—
 She promised to become his
 own—
 Such happiness he'd never known—
 Excelsior!

He clasped her form, his to adore—
 But awful to relate, he swore—
 For he found out his sweetheart wore
 Excelsior!

AN ANXIOUS TIME.

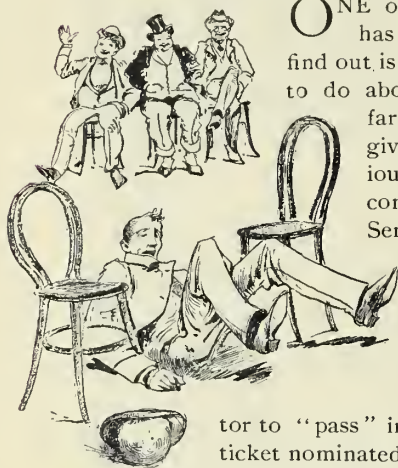
"OH, grandma, grandma!" exclaimed the fair young girl, kneeling beside the bed. "You must not die. You will not die?"
 The aged woman bestowed a fond look upon the agonized girl.
 "My dear, I am glad to go," she murmured, with faltering accents.
 "Oh, grandma, grandma!" cried the girl, in a voice stifled by her sobs.
 "My darling, you must not weep, you must not grieve," faltered the dying woman. "I am old, so old and weary that I long for rest. What matters a few hours, now?"
 "You must live, grandma," wailed the desperate girl. "You must live—at least until after the Pleasanton's party to-morrow night."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVIII. AUGUST 13, 1896. No. 711.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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ONE of the things that no fellow has at this writing been able to find out is what Senator Hill is going to do about Bryan and Sewall. So far as appears the Senator has given the matter much anxious thought without as yet coming to any overt conclusion. Senator Hill knows better than to vote for free silver, but "regularity" has immense weight with him. If the game was poker instead of politics he might "pass," but for a New York Sena-

tor to "pass" in a Presidential year on the ticket nominated by his party is a matter fit to provoke hesitation. In some cases the man who hesitates is lost, but the New York man who hesitates to come out for free silver is not yet so lost as he may be. For you, Senator Hill, it ought to be impossible to countenance the free silver folly and the mischief it would do this country. If you can't find a way to come out flat-footed for honest money, at least keep on hesitating. On the whole the Democrat who does best this year is the one who works and votes for honest money; and the one who does next best is the one who hesitates and keeps right on hesitating until after election. There is a prejudice against hesitation, Senator, but don't be fooled by it. If to hesitate is the best you can do, do that, and keep at it.

* * *

THE Boston Ancients have got home and have been received, feasted, congratulated and put to bed. So far as appears their ranks are unbroken and they show no more serious signs of what they have been through than here and there a broken belt or burst waistband. Never since the Ancients began to be has the corps achieved so much honor at a single effort as in the month of July just passed. What stories they must be telling their grandchildren! Hail to them, and a safe and speedy recovery from their fatigues.



LIFE congratulates its friends, the British, on having recently attracted the attention of Col. Henry Watterson, of Louisville, who has been sojourning in Europe. Col. Watterson is a man of acute intelligence, and his point of view is always interesting even to people who dissent from his conclusions. His impressions of the English and of the Americans in England, as disclosed in a recent letter from London to the *Courier-*

Journal, are full of originality and ginger. Of a good deal that he sees in London Colonel Watterson is compelled to disapprove. He cannot shut his eyes to the demoralizing results of luxury and wealth on British morals, and he earnestly deprecates the propensity of the present American ambassador at London, and of the ministers who preceded him, to go about England saying things that are adapted to make the British feel good.

It would be interesting to see Colonel Watterson exposed to the chance to practice his own precepts. He would himself make an edifying and possibly even a useful ambassador to England, but who can doubt that if he got the job he would make just as many speeches and be just as popular as Mr. Bayard, Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Lowell or Mr. Phelps. The truth seems to be that our ambassadors to England are treated with so much consideration, and have so much fun out of office hours, that it would be very hard for them to stay grumpy, even if they set out with that somewhat foolish intention.

* * *



ONE of the things that they seem to do better in England, as Colonel Watterson may have observed, is to try criminals. They are much more expeditious than we and often get all through an important trial in less time than it takes under our methods to get a jury. The way that Dr. Jameson and his fellow-raiders were tried, convicted and sentenced, satisfies not only the sense of justice but the taxpayer. Sir Charles Russell, the new Lord Chief Justice of England, has decided views about the administration of justice, and

promises to be a great judge. He is coming to this country this summer, and LIFE trusts that his stay here may be made profitable to him. If the British turn the heads of our ambassadors, as Mr. Watterson thinks, a good way to get even with them is to turn the head of their Lord Chief Justice.

THE TRIUMPH OF CUPID.

HE came in busy hours—
My holidays are few—
He brought the scent of flowers,
And whispered, dear, of you.
I vowed that I would flay him,
And scourge him out of sight;
Nay more, I vowed to slay him,
The mischief-making sprite.
I gave him caustic chiding,
Let fly a poisoned dart.
Presto! the lad was hiding
Safely within my heart!
There all day long he chatters
Of someone's charm and grace;
Till nothing really matters
Except to see your face.
I would I had not chidden,
Nor tried the sprite to kill;
For in my heart safe hidden
He works his wayward will.

Geraldine Meyrick.

NEW YORK is very much to be congratulated on the prospect of having a quiet pavement on Fifth Avenue. The din of Fifth Avenue as paved at present, during the months when the carriage-people of the town are at home, is one of the wonders of the modern world. The assurance that it is to be abated gives timely encourage-

GOING INTO A DECLINE.

ment to the hope tersely expressed in the familiar language of a noted poet—

We may be happy yet,
You bet!

AT LONG BRANCH.

DREISTEIN: Ach, my tear
Mr. Wansenpulver, ant how
are you enjoying de Pranch
dis summer?

WANSENPULVER: Not
so vell. Dere are too
many Christians here.
I haf seen four to-day.

NO.

LIFE refuses to believe that Mr. McKinley has not seen a newspaper since 1880. His utterances on certain questions appear to bear out this rumor; but, personally, we refuse to believe it of the man we intend to vote for in November.

ATHENIAN.

THERE seems to be a tendency in certain New York papers to jeer at the Boston Ancients and their recent invasion of England.

This is pure envy.

And at the present time Boston should be receiving tribute from the entire Nation. She has borne up splendidly under some heavy blows, and LIFE, for one, has a deep and sincere respect for any Athens that can pay for and publicly exhibit such a hollow mockery, as the panel by Puvis de Chavannes, in her new library.

MANY a man, who flatters himself that he is always able to adapt himself to circumstances, only succeeds generally in making an aggressive nuisance of himself.



"MAMMA, PLEASE TAKE THE SLIVER OUT OF MY FINGER."
"WAIT TILL YOUR FATHER COMES HOME. I'M IN THE MIDST OF AN
ARTICLE ON THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN."

OUR FRESH AIR FUND.

EVERY three dollars sends a child to LIFE's Farm for a two weeks' outing.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$1,854 94
M. S. G.	5 00
"We offer it in pleasure's name, the Fresh Air Club's only aim".....	1 00
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E. B. H.	3 00
H. K. O.	20 00
A. P.	2 00
C., Belmont, Mass.	5 00
B. D. S.	3 00
	\$1,963 35

JUDGE: You say your husband gave you that black eye. Then why isn't he in court to answer to the charge?

THE PLAINTIFF: Sure, your honor, he can't see or walk.



A DEPRESSING SEASON FOR HUMANITY.

IT takes a very big man to write a repulsive satire on humanity that shall make its point keenly, and appeal to the intellect as just in spite of what is gross or repellant. Swift and Rabelais did it, but Mr. H. G. Wells has not done it in "The Island of Doctor Moreau" (Stone & Kimball). To make animals into men by vivisection, and then show the first glimmerings of the religious instinct in them in their fear of the man who constructed them, is a very clumsy way to preach a sermon.

Probably the author rather had in mind a literary *tour de force*, like "Dr. Jekyll" or "Frankenstein." To create the effect of what is horrible and weird is, no doubt, a legitimate object of literary art, as Poe has abundantly proved. But *Dr. Moreau* is not the man to convince us that he has any artistic justification. He and his creatures are as disgusting as the shambles.

That sort of thing was very much

better done in "The Curse of Intellect," published about a year ago and ascribed to Lord Salisbury's daughter.

* * *

Satire of a very different kind pervades Mrs. Roy Devereux's "The Ascent of Woman" (Roberts Bros.). She evidently believes that Woman can be emancipated with epigrams.

The *Spectator* recently pointed out that Beaconsfield and Bryan were both believers in the epigram as a political force—comparing the former's "Peace with Honour" with the latter's "Cross of Gold."

We have a suspicion that Mrs. Devereux's epigrams may do as much for free love as Mr. Bryan's for free silver. Here are a few of them:

The woman of culture is always reluctant to give any man a lien on her soul.

In the house of life there is only an attic now for Cupid instead of a great wide room.

Taste is a gift of the gods, like violet eyes and a good accent.

* * *

MISS LILIAN BELL is also more or less dissatisfied with the way things are in this present world. She



AT LIFE'S FARM. THE TENT.

COMPENSATIONS.

MR. J. B. BISHOP gives some interesting bicycle facts in the current *Forum*, from which it appears that although the wheelman himself is a gainer, there are one or two important institutions that are getting some knock-out blows.

It is the first force of the kind which has damaged simultaneously the church and the theatre. The churches are fast losing their young people. They are deaf even to such appeals as that of the New Haven clergyman who drew a terrifying picture of long columns of Sunday bicycle riders rolling swiftly and helplessly—without brakes, of course—down a glittering hill to a "place where there is no mud on the streets because of its high temperature." The theatrical plaint is that the bicycle seriously injures the playhouse in winter, and ruins it outright in summer. In the cities during the evenings of autumn and winter, when the weather is not severe, the young people take rides upon their wheels rather than go to a theatre. When spring comes they ride on every matinee day and on every evening, leaving the theatre a desert.

When we consider what the American drama really is, we are forced to confess that whatever tends to empty New York theatres is a moral and educational force deserving a hearty welcome.

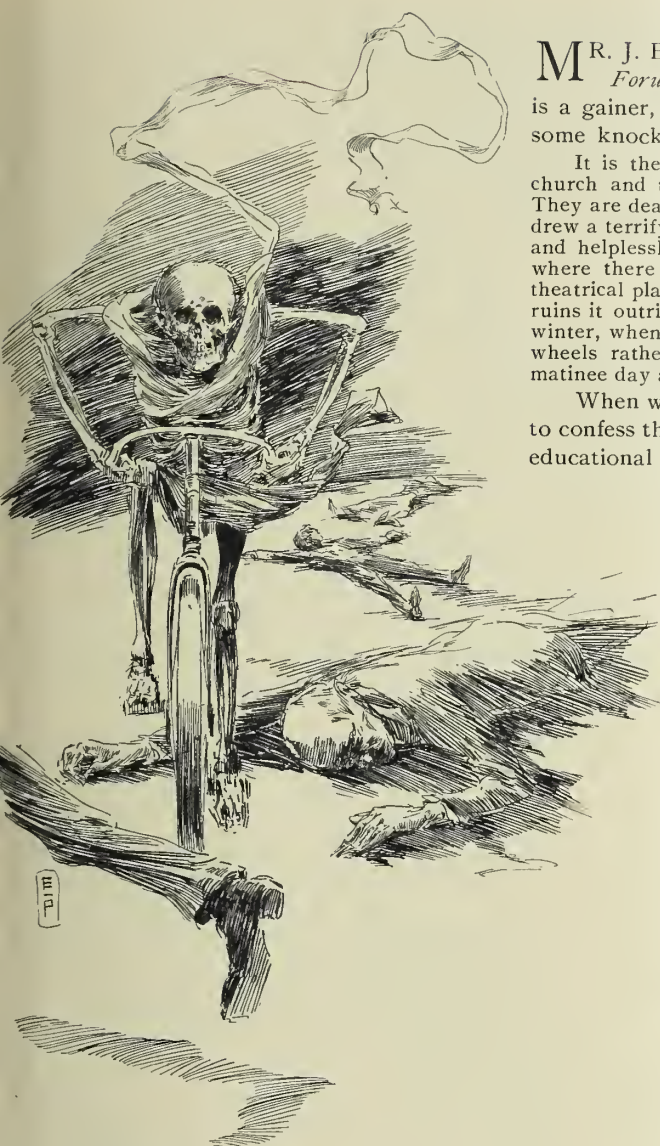
DEBT IN TWO COSTUMES.

WHEN Debt is dressed up in its best,
With linen fine and purple raiment,
With jewels rare and haughty air—
Why, creditors don't ask for payment ;
But when arrayed in garments frayed
Debt walks the street with aspect humble—
Without a friend ; the men who lend
Must have their money quick, or grumble.

Wood Levette Wilson.

MAMMA: Every good deed you do is marked down,
Tommy, and if you do enough of them you will some
day have a mansion in the sky.

TOMMY: But I don't want a house built on the install-
ment plan.



THE ORIGINAL SCORCHER.

calls her view of it "The Under Side of Things" (Harper's). The best thing in the book is her satirical drawing of a Pennsylvania village where the people rejoice to talk about their ailments. "Surely no town could boast of such varied chronic complaints, which justly stirred people's sympathy to a healthy activity, and gave them an excuse for visiting."

This kind of gloom is varied with flirtation at West Point, happy domestic life at Fort Hamilton, and a fatal case of yellow fever, at the very end, to spoil the dream of bliss and send the widow back for good to the haven of chronic diseases on the Delaware.

Even her child becomes infected with the sadness of the place and closes the tearful book by asking:

"Is my darlin' foddy tummin' home to-day?" Droch.



ROCK-A-BYE, EPHY.

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THE TALE OF A KITE.



"ALLE GONEE!"

LIFE'S NEW WRITER.

Mrs. Wettin, of London, will hereafter be exclusively employed by Life.

NOT to be outdone in its efforts to give the great American public what it is crying for, LIFE is pleased to announce that it has secured for its able representative in England, Mrs. Wettin, long and favorably known throughout the world

in her settlement, and can be depended upon to write things up in the picturesque manner, which is what you all want, don'tcherknow. It was only after considerable difficulty that Mrs. Wettin consented to accept this responsible position; but when our business manager called on her and showed by our books (open to all), that LIFE's circulation was 8,000,000 copies and increasing at rate of 2,000,000 an hour, and furthermore, when we reconsidered our first offer of \$8.00 per

week and raised it to \$10.00, she gladly consented to join our special staff. The accompanying picture is a splendid likeness of Mrs. Wettin, and shows her as she appears when at work for LIFE. We hope soon to make other announcements of transcendent interest to all.

TOM: Didn't you find Miss Sears rather cool for a summer girl?
JACK: Yes; she was more like an Indian summer girl.



MRS. W. AT WORK.

as a distinguished writer and a society lady. She has a happy faculty of putting things in the right way, and is possessed of a style that is the envy of all Christendom. Not only this, but she is thoroughly familiar with all the scandals that are taking place



A LOSS.

WELL, GOOD BYE JOHN; AN' IT'S GOIN' BACK TO CHINA YEZ ARE, PHWHERE YEZ CAN ATE YER DAILY RAT AN' SHMOKE YER POIPE IN AISE AN' COMFORT. GOOD LUCK GO WID YEZ. I SHALL MISS YEZ, FOR IT'S MANY'S THE TOIME I'VE SINT MY OULD MAN TO AISE HIS MOIND BY BREAKING YOUR WINDOWS PHWHIN HE WANTED TO BATE ME AN' THE CHILDREN!!



DIDN'T I



ALLUS SAY THERE WAS

AVENUES TO GREATNESS.

HOW TO BECOME A SUCCESSFUL
PHYSICIAN.

THIS will take some four years of time, as, although excessively annoying, it is necessary to have a diploma. You can, however, pass the time very pleasantly on rabbits, dogs, men and other animals, and acquire a proper thirst for blood. Also hire a dress suit and make the acquaintance of a few of the best families.

Devote yourself more especially to the ladies, and learn with La Rouchefoucauld the art of expressing sympathy without feeling it. When you examine a

patient, particularly if he be in a critical condition, turn him over as much as possible and find how much he will stand. He will think more of you for doing it. Always operate if possible and always predict death. If the patient lives he will think it is due entirely to your skill, and if he dies his family will think you are the greatest

man on earth. Nothing disturbs a patient so much as to die when you have said he would recover. By pursuing these methods, in a short time you will be able to charge \$1,000 for a consultation, and will have the satisfaction of knowing that, so far as the general mortality is concerned, it amounts to the same thing in the long run.

T. M.

SOME HANDSOME FIGURES.

THIS from a recent speech of Mr. McKinley:

The great debt of this Government is now to the surviving soldiers of the Republic. [Applause.] There are 970,000 pensioners on the honored pension roll of this Government to-day, and the Government pays out of its public treasury, in pensions, over \$140,000,000 every year to the soldiers and sailors, their widows and their orphans. Every dollar of that debt must be paid in the best currency and coin of the world. [Great cheering and cries of "The Republican party will see to that."]

Now, go lightly, Major.

There are more than 970,000 thoughtful citizens whose votes you are praying for, but who will be less eager for hard money if it is to be shovelled out, as fast as collected, to those gallant but absorbent veterans.



THE COOK AND THE KEROSENE.

FROM LIFE'S RECENT DISCOVERIES OF EARLY EGYPTIAN JOKES.

That is this w drawn own m to C of the half. make strong such n machir clusive



\$100 to all al Pop

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SEND



SEA SARPINTS!"

A GOD-SEND ON WHEELS.

A PORTABLE fire escape has been constructed. It consists of a high derrick mounted on trucks. A basket can be lowered from the top, and people taken from any window of our high tenement and office buildings.

This is just what we've needed. The modern office building is frightfully high and not always fire proof. When the lower part of a building caught fire, the occupants of the far removed upper stories hardly ever learned of the raging element below them until on their way home in the evening. Of course, sometimes arrangements were made for friends to telegraph or use the long distance telephone, and apprise them of the calamity. Or they might see the flames reflected on the clouds that hung around their window. Or an extra edition of some daily might perchance find its way into their rooms, giving details of the disaster far below. What a God-send a movable fire escape will be to these people when they find their egress barred by blazing floors and doors!

Nor is its field of usefulness limited to rescuing lawyers and maidens from burning buildings. It will prove a bonanza in moving from one flat to another, or even when the occupants of one flat wish to visit those of another down



EXTRACT FROM A VACATION LETTER.

DEAR FATHER: *Newport, Aug. 10, '96.*

I AM DOING A BIT OF HACK WORK AT PRESENT, WHICH PAYS VERY WELL AND THROWS ME WITH PLEASANT PEOPLE.



The Younger Man (timidly): MIGHT I ASK WHAT YOUR VIEWS ARE ON THE SUBJECT OF PROHIBITION?

the street. It will save a long, circuitous route by way of the earth.

When the elevator is out of order it will be a great improvement on balloons for reaching the upper stories of a skyscraper. As a means of conveyance it will be a blessing on wheels, and comes in the nick of time.

Compelled to do all our traveling in the road or street, it would have been a question of but a very few years until all old people, women and children, would have been killed by bicyclists. The wheel, however, cannot climb, and this movable fire escape is undoubtedly a Providential dispensation.

We will not object if it does deface the zenith.

HE FEARED THE WORST.

"AND my boy—my long lost boy?" the father cried anxiously.

"He grew up to be a Chicago gambler," they admitted, regretfully.

"Thank Heaven!" the old man cried, his careworn face brightening, "I feared he might have become a Chicago alderman."



WHEN WE FLY.



THE SQUARE THING.

THE sheriff was talking politics when a constable drove up with a man in a buggy.

"Majah, this yere is Jim Howland, who has ben sentenced to jail fur ninety days by the court over at Marion," said the constable.

"Jim Howland, eh?" queried the sheriff. "What's the sentence fur?"

"Stealin' two pigs," said the prisoner.

"Waal, yo' orter be sent to jail. Look yere, Jim Howland, what sort of a man might yo' be on the average?"

"Purty squar', kurnel—purty squar'."

"Because," resumed the official, "one end of the jail has caved out, the roof has sunk in, and the niggers has ripped out all the floors. It's a mighty lonesome place to put a white man in, and I don't reckon he'd stay but over two minutes. I don't want to be bothered goin' around thar two or three times a day, and I don't want to put yo' to the trouble of breakin' out."

"I see," mused the prisoner.

"And so y'd better pass yo'r word not to get onery and skip out, and yo' kin hang around town, and come up to the house fur meals."

"I'd druther be in jail, kurnel. Fact is, I've allus wanted to be sent to jail, but sunthin' has allus happened to prevent."

"But consider the circumstances, Jim. Yo' hain't nuthin' agin me, hev yo'?"

"Oh no; but it'll disapp'int the ole woman and childern if I'm not put behind the bars."

"Thar hain't a blamed bar or bolt or lock about the shanty, Jim."

"Couldn't I be chained to the wall?"

"Y-e-s, yo' could, but it would be bad fur yo'r health. Yo'd hev chills inside of three days. They'll hev the new jail done next year, and then, if yo' feel that yo' must go to jail, I'll take yo' in fur thirty days."

"Waal," said Jim, "I don't want to be onery to nobody, and as yo' seem to want to do the squar' thing, I'll agree to hang around town; but remember, kurnel, that the next time I'm sent to jail I'm either goin' thar or rip the cotton out of one hull side of this county!"

And Jim got down, and was soon seated on the platform, telling the crowd of idlers what ailed the county and the remedy for it.—*Harper's Magazine.*

"I WAS much interested," remarked the young lady cannibal, "in what our missionary told us to-day about the burning of the early Christians." "Ah, yes," rejoined her steady company, "they must have had pretty bum cooks in those days."—*Detroit Tribune.*

A GENTLEMAN was visiting a Scotch lunatic asylum, where new premises were being added. The inmates were assisting. On seeing one of the latter wheeling a barrow upside down from the building to the stones, the visitor asked him why he wheeled it in that manner. "Oh," said the lunatic, "that's the best way." The visitor took the barrow, and, turning it upside down, said: "This is the proper way." "That's a' you ken," said the inmate; "I tried it that way, but they filled it fu' o' bricks." So saying, he trotted on his usual way.—*Argonaut.*

IT was not exactly the minister's fault that the sermon which he delivered that morning was not entirely

his own. He had copied a part of the original himself and had turned the remainder over to a uensis with directions to complete the work. The table where he had been writing and on which the manuscript to be copied, was a volume of sermons the young woman who did typewriting had looked further for the matter which was to be transcribed the printed pages which lay open before her, too late to recede when he discovered the error, made the best of the situation by cutting his short, thereby omitting most of the borrowed part. His conscience troubled him sorely, however, felt exceedingly apprehensive when several of the cons called upon him.

"We've come to talk to you about that see the spokesman said.

"It was an accident, I assure you."

"That's what we're afraid of. But, anyhow, thought it might be as well to ask you if you had more where that came from."

"Why, of course there are many more."

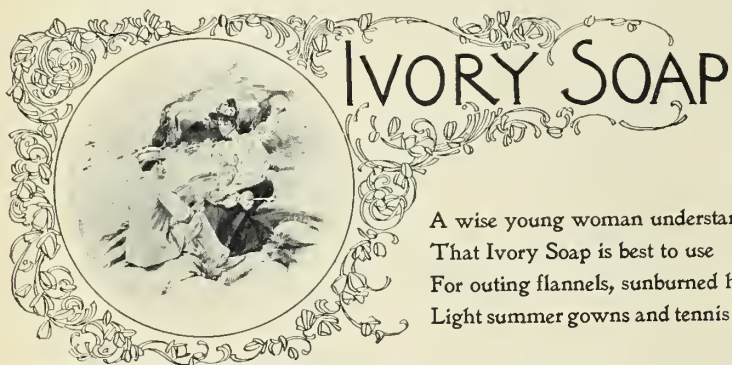
"Well, we hope you'll do the best you can to 'em out, for it's the general opinion of the congregation that it was the best discourse you've yet given, and you ought to be complimented and encouraged to change in your style."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A STORY used to be told in London, forty years to the effect that Lady Jersey, going one Sunday chapel in Curzon Street, found all the seats "Well, my dear," she remarked to her daughter, turned away, "at least we have done the civil thing."

—*Argonaut.*

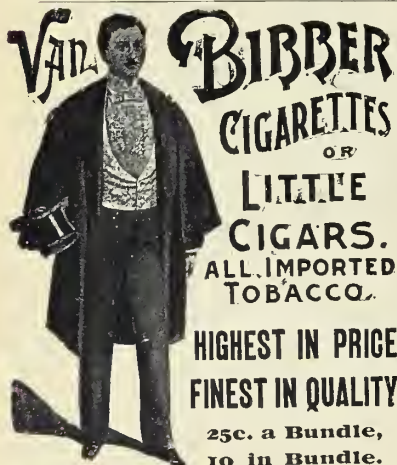
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THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor.

"THERE is one queer thing about all these men who get nominated for high political offices." "What is it?" "They are always so happily married."
—*Chicago Record.*

WE hear a good deal from time to time of the earnings of novelists. But what does a poet earn? Some light was thrown on this interesting question in the course of a lecture on "The Poetry of Aubrey de Vere," delivered last night before the Irish Literary Society by Mr. F. H. Trench, Fellow of All Saints' College, Oxford, at which Mr. Edmund Gosse presided. The lecturer related that Mr. de Vere and Mr. Justice Wright had once a conversation on earnings in literature and earnings at the bar. "For my part," said Mr. de Vere, "I call no man poor who can—as I can—double his income at any moment." "How?" asked the Judge. "By laying down my pen," replied the poet.
—*Westminster Gazette.*

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TANER—doesn't
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Original Angostura, all claims to the contrary
notwithstanding, aid digestion. At Druggists.

After the Play

or, in fact, anywhere, at any hour, one can make delicious Bouillon from

Armour's

Extract of BEEF.

Requires only the addition of boiling water and a pinch of salt. It's the matter of a moment.

Armour & Company, Chicago.



She: I SUPPOSE YOU WORKED HARD FOR THE EXAMINATIONS?
"OH, NO. MY TRAINER WON'T HEAR OF MY STUDYING AT ALL."



The Operation
after the surgeon—the knife—
comes slow recovery.
Get well and strong by using
Pabst Malt Extract
The "Best" Tonic



THE ART OF BREWING WAS DEVELOPED BY THE GERMANS

BURNETT'S KALLISTON.

Any irritation of the skin is soothed by an application of Kalliston. Relieves sunburn.

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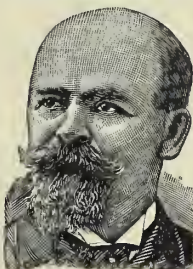
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Great English Remedy for
GOUT and RHEUMATISM.

SAFE, SURE, EFFECTIVE.
Druggists, or 224 William St., New York.



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CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.

**The Perfection of
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And a Delicious Remedy for
Indigestion and Sea Sickness.
Send 5c. for sample package.
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Originators of
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A Miniature Vesuvius

inside your head. You know how that feels. Indigestion, Insomnia, Overwork—possible causes; Wright's Paragon Headache Remedy the cure, certain as the sunrise. No scientific truth more wonderful than the amount of positive relief contained in one small wafer. Down goes the wafer—away goes the headache—up go your spirits. That's the process. A large box of Paragon Headache Remedy postpaid on receipt of 25 cts. in stamps, or sample free if you will send your address. All druggists. Agents Wanted in every county in the U. S.
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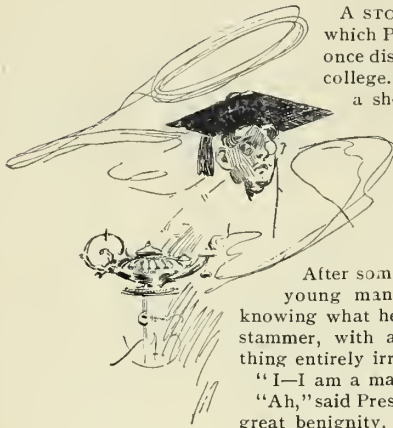


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THE HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS CO.

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A STORY is told of the summary way in which President Hopkins of Williamstown once disposed of the case of a student at the college. The young man had been married a short time previous to entering the college, and was led to fear that this fact might debar him from enjoying some of the privileges of the institution. Accordingly, in a great state of perturbation he called on President Hopkins, who received him with much cordiality.

After some conversation, during which the young man suffered agonies of suspense, knowing what he must say, he at last managed to stammer, with a crimson face, apropos of something entirely irrelevant:

"I—I am a married man!"

"Ah," said President Hopkins, smiling at him with great benignity, "so am I!"—*Youth's Companion.*

"You say you would vote for a hog if it were nominated by your party?"

"Yes, I would."

"Well, of course a man ought to stay where he belongs."—*Chicago Record.*

CHARLES O'CONOR and James W. Gerard were once opposed to each other in an important trial. When Mr. O'Connor produced his first witness, Gerard rose and said: "Mr. O'Connor, what do you propose to show by this witness?" Mr. O'Connor told what he wished to prove. "It is useless to waste the time of the court and jury in proving that," said the other; "I admit it." Mr. O'Connor then called his next witness, and the same question and answer were repeated. "I admit it," said Mr. Gerard; "don't let us waste time," the other witness began, and Mr. Gerard interrupted: "I admit all you say you are going to prove. Let us hurry along." With a rapidity which almost sufficed O'Connor's breath away, all the facts which he had accumulated were accepted wholesale. There he rested his case, and Gerard, for the defense, called no more witnesses, but at once began his address to the jury. "Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "some of you know me personally. I have no doubt those of you who do not personally acquainted with me know me by reputation. Now, gentlemen, you know that if my client had been guilty of any fraud, I should be the first man on earth to admit it. I should hide it from you, I should cover it up, I should fight, fight—and I know how to fight—against the proof of its guilt in evidence. If my client had been guilty of fraud, do you think I would admit it? No! no! Never! never! never!" Here he looked at his watch. "Gentlemen, excuse my brevity. I have an engagement to dine to-day, and my time is almost up; I will detain you no longer." He won his case.—*Argonaut.*

A GENTLEMAN traveling in England some years ago, while walking along a railway, encountered a number of insane people in charge of a keeper. According to one of the lunatics, he said: "Where does this railway go to?" With a scornful look the lunatic replied: "It doesn't go anywhere; we keep it running on trains on."—*Philadelphia American.*

DOCTOR: Now, Bobby, take your powders like a man.
BOBBY: Pooh! If I did I'd act a great deal worse than I do now. I ought to see papa when he has to take medicine.—*Harper's Bazar.*

CORRECT SO FAR: "Henry?" "Yes." "I think Mr. Bryan is right in one thing." "What is that, sire?" "He says he will not accept a second term."—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*

THROUGH WONDERLAND.

Personally-Conducted Tours to Yellowstone Park via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The Yellowstone Park is one of the most wonderfully attractive regions of the world. Its beauties of scenery, the wild grandeur of its mountains and canons, compel the admiration of every visitor, while its phenomenal geysers and curious mineralogical formations make it a rich field for the investigation of the scientist. Universal interest attaches to it, and in order that the natural desire to visit it may be accomplished in the most satisfactory manner, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged for a tour covering a period of sixteen days, leaving New York and Philadelphia, Thursday, August 27.

As the tour will be run under the personally-conducted tourist system inaugurated by the above-named company, it is hardly necessary to give the assurance that it will be arranged in the most complete manner. It might be well to state, however, that no other means of seeing the park thoroughly is comparable to that afforded by a well ordered personally-conducted tour.

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Detailed itinerary will be sent on application to Tourist Agent, 205 Washington Street, Boston; 1196 Broadway, New York; 860 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, or Room 411, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.



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VOLUME XXVIII.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 20, 1896.

NUMBER 712.

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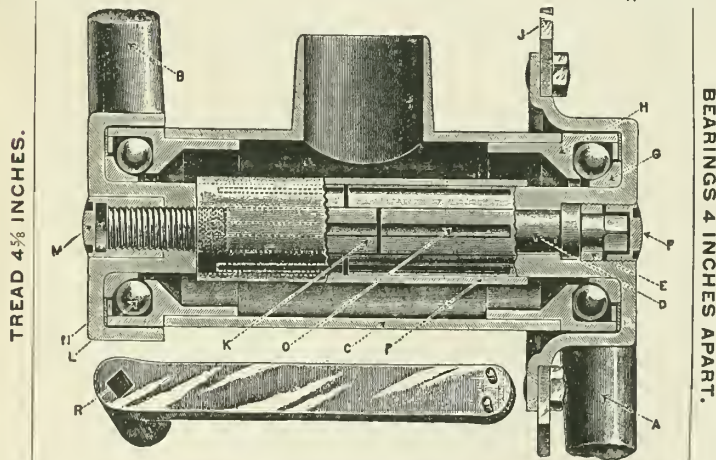
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AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.

AVENUES TO GREATNESS.

HOW TO BECOME A SUCCESSFUL EDITOR.

THIS is quite easy. First secure some seven or eight millions in ready cash and buy up all the talent in sight. By "talent" is meant those whose names have become household words. You will have no difficulty in doing this provided you spend money enough. The true value of most literary reputations is measured by their price in the open market.

You may then proceed to print pictures of your special writers with appropriate text about them, what they eat and drink, how many hours they sleep, the clothes they wear, etc. This is what the public

is clamoring for. Occasionally they may write something themselves. Having bought them only for what they *have* done, however, this is unimportant, and besides, all their ideas have long since been exhausted, and the public does not expect them to do anything more.

After this the most necessary thing is to secure a competent corps of photographers, a staff of dime novel writers and an auxiliary of able degenerates to scour the country in search of horrors. The time is not far distant when every great editor will raise his own working staff direct from the criminal classes.

Never attack a class, but only the individuals in it. You will thus accomplish your purpose and not injure your circulation. Remember that it is better to slur a European war than omit the story of a dizzy blonde in Kansas who has throttled her youngest child the night before. This is what the public

is interested in, and you should print it on the front page, with appropriate pictures eleven inches square and several feet deep. By zealously pursuing these high ideals, in the course of a few months you will begin to realize on your investment, and it will then be in order for you to go on the platform and lecture on "The Press as a Public Benefactor."
T. M.

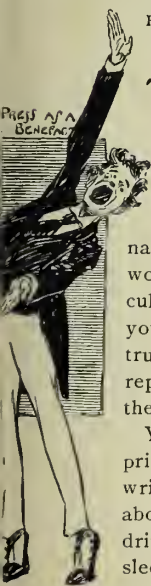
AN EARLY INSTINCT.

BENEVOLENT GENTLEMAN:
Don't cry, my little man; here's a dime for you. Now tell me what you will do with it?

SMALL BOY: Match yer to see if it's two or nothin'.

MRS. QUIVERFUL (sternly):
What was going on in the parlor, last night?

ETHEL (blushing): Only my engagement ring, mamma.





"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVIII. AUGUST 20, 1896. No. 712.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents.

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DURING the hot spells of this hot month let us all be kind to our stomachs and considerate of their infirmities. The attitude of the wise man toward his stomach varies widely according to the season, the weather and the business in hand. There are times when the stomach can be abused for a short period without much damage accruing; again and for longer terms it can be treated like a horse; again it may be used like a boarder and made to take what is set before it, and again like a member of the family and pampered just a little out of pure affection. But in the dog days treat your stomach like a guest. Use him delicately, with the hospitality that offers one's best and refuses nothing obtainable and yet that is not oppressive in attentions. So may he serve you faithfully and with steady energy until the dog days come again.



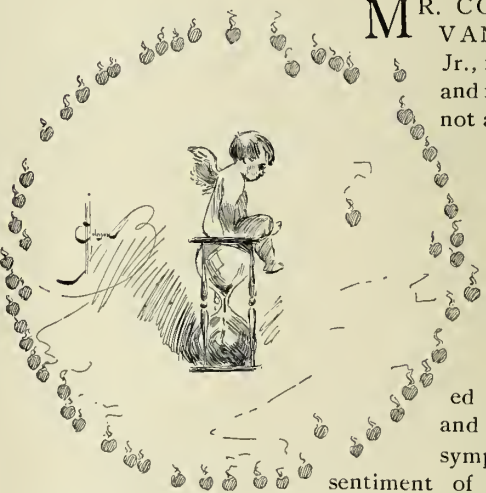
THE Philadelphia Times eulogizes the American husband, who lives in a big city, for his heroic endurance of the loss of the comforts of home in the summer. He has to stay in town long after his wife and children have left. He doesn't like it, and the older he grows the less he likes it, but he bears it with patience because it is necessary to his family's health and comfort.

Bully for the good American husband, but bully also for the American wife and mother who abandons her lord and betakes herself to places that often she doesn't like, that her children and his may have a chance to grow up. Just as much praise is due to her as to him. Often she has a mortal dull month in a cheap place, where fun is scarce, while he at least has playmates in town. Neither husband nor wife gets the best of the summer separation; the gainers are the children.



A MASSACHUSETTS clergyman has written to Mr. Bryan protesting against the continued use of the metaphor about the crown of thorns and the cross of gold in the campaign. Mr. Bryan can't help it now. He let his genie out of the bottle and can't get him back however much he may come to wish him at the bottom of the sea. The metaphor has been called sacrilegious. It isn't sacrilegious. What does ail it is that it is great nonsense, and the difficult job that is ahead of Mr. Bryan is that he must keep the voters from finding that out.

THE experience of Mr. Robert Garrett, released now, poor gentleman, from the burden of his infirmities, was a striking illustration of the difference between having money and having fun. They are not the same thing; not much.



MR. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr., may be callow and rash, but he is not a quitter. He finally got married against his father's wishes and has returned to private life. His case inspired great interest and a good deal of sympathy. The sentiment of the average

American is that when a man has become engaged to marry a woman, and either of them has anything to live on, it is highly unbecoming in him to back out. French customs and French law recognize the existence of a certain degree of authority in parents and of a duty of obedience in grown children, but neither our laws nor our customs uphold a father in expecting obedience from his grown son. Very probably Mr. Vanderbilt, senior, has reasons with which the public has not been made acquainted for taking his son's plans so hard, but however good his reasons may have seemed to him, it would have been better for him to have realized in time that matters had come to a pass where the only choice the son had was between the lady and the tiger.

LIFE'S TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.



JOHN W. GOFF.



ANTHONY COMSTOCK.

IT is plain to all that our political structure is about to be shaken to its foundations and that the battle of civilization is being waged around us.

The platform of one party has aimed directly at the Supreme Court of the United States, while that of the other does not even hint at the direful consequences to public morals of the modern bathing suits, or suggest any remedy for the prevention of the sale of plaster casts of the Venus de Milo. It is then with genuine pleasure that we direct attention to the merits of our candidates as being men who can safely be intrusted with all that is necessary in our Government. To show that even in the very young the characteristic traits, which later on become the dominant forces in character, are often well developed, we append two striking anecdotes of our worthy candidates.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN W. GOFF.

When this eminent person was a boy of ten he chanced one day to see a little girl trampled under foot by a vicious horse. When the horse departed, leaving the child in great agony and crying loudly for help, this future judge straightway fell upon the girl, and was delivering telling blows upon her eyes and mouth, when strangers interposed and dragged him off.

Upon being questioned as to his reasons for such an unusual proceeding, he replied: "It is obviously the will of the Almighty that this girl should be punished, and it is not for me to question the motives of a Higher Being." How truly does this touching answer foretell the exquisite sense of justice that has since distinguished this marvelous man!

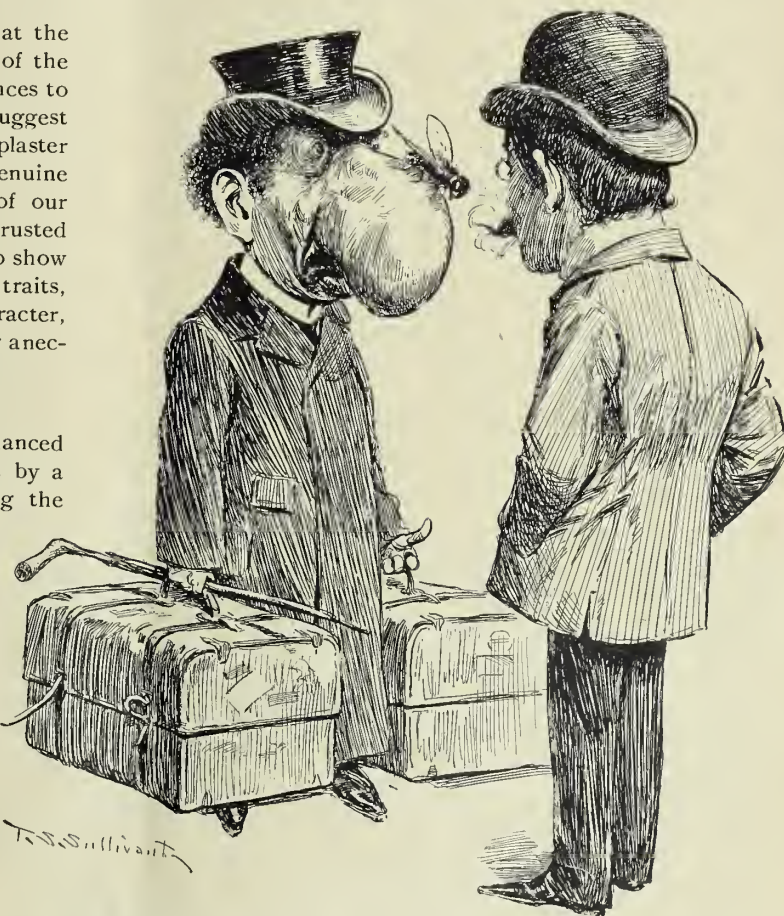
ANECDOTE OF ANTHONY COMSTOCK.

This genial destroyer, whose extraordinary gift for extracting a filthy significance from the most innocent works of art is now so universally recog-

nized, was born of honest parents, who, could they have foreseen their offspring's future, might have been tempted to more drastic methods in his bringing up. While still a child he once entered a museum and saw a beautiful statue of Diana. This statue, although greatly admired for its purity and artistic excellence, filled the mind of the youthful Anthony with such foul and unholy thoughts that he resolved, there and then, that his life should be devoted to the destruction, whenever possible, of all unclad effigies. And this great and good man, who seems to lack only intelligence and charity, has pushed his holy mission so far as to suppress not merely statues but literary classics when he has had the power.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

"I WAS at the architect's this afternoon inspecting the plans for our new house," said Mr. Needham. "Did you examine all the details?" asked his wife. "I looked after the important features—the billiard room, the wine cellar and the bicycle closet."



"AM I PIZZY! YOU SEE DAT FLY?"

"DISTINCTLY."

"WELL, HE'S BEEN DARE SINCE MORNIN'. I AINT HAD TIME TO BRUSH HIM OFF."

OUR FRESH AIR FUND.

EVERY three dollars sends a child to LIFE's Farm for a two weeks' outing.

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In Memory of Stephen	\$1,963 35	Proceeds of a raffle at Mansion View House, Tompkinsville, Staten Island.....	\$6 12
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Marguerite Eyerman, aged 16 years.....	10 00	Litchfield.....	10 00
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We acknowledge with thanks the receipt at LIFE's Farm of six bottles of Aromatic Syrup, from Mrs. M. B. Hoyt, Norwalk, Conn.

SPECIMEN LETTERS FROM LIFE'S FARM.

DEAR PARENTS

BRANCH Conn J 10th 1896

I Am very glad to hear when you send me the next letter [that you and your wife and your children are in sound health

Good by

Your Affection
son

C — B —

BRONCHVILLE Con July 10 1896

DEAR MAMMA & PAPA

I Arrived saved and Sound at very late at night. we have Many teachers they are very kind to Us We have a great deal to eat. we have fresh Milk from the Cow when we go to bed is about 8 O'clock we have Each a closet fur our clothes we go in bathing in a little pond it reaches till our knees in our bed we have nice clean things With Millions of kisses to All we remain

M SPANBERG & F. A WEXLER

PROVIDENCE is blamed for a good many things for which it never assumed the responsibility.



AT LIFE'S FARM. ASLEEP.



Mr. Jim Pansee: IF YOU FEEL TIMID ABOUT ENTERING THE WATER, MISS MURPHY, I SHOULD BE GLAD TO TAKE YOUR HAND.
Miss M.: OH NO, THANK YOU. (*Sotto voce*) IMPUDENT YOUNG MONKEY!



MARK TWAIN RE-DISCOVERED.

IT is very likely that the new and handsome edition of Mark Twain's works that the Harpers are now issuing, will lead a good many thousands of people to re-discover him. For a generation he has been domesticated at almost everybody's fireside. When you said that Mark Twain once remarked so-and-so, everybody set his mouth at the right angle for a smile. Mark Twain and laughter have been synonymous, simultaneous, and interchangeable for so long a time that the great American reading public long ago ceased to make any distinction between them.

But when you get this array of imposing library volumes before you, and begin to dip into them, you discover how much more there is to him than laughter; how many kinds of writing he has done with wonderful skill, and how persistent he has been in trying new things in a literary way. From "Innocents Abroad" to "Joan of Arc" there are

half a dozen kinds of Mark Twain; and you will be filled with delight to re-discover him.

* * *

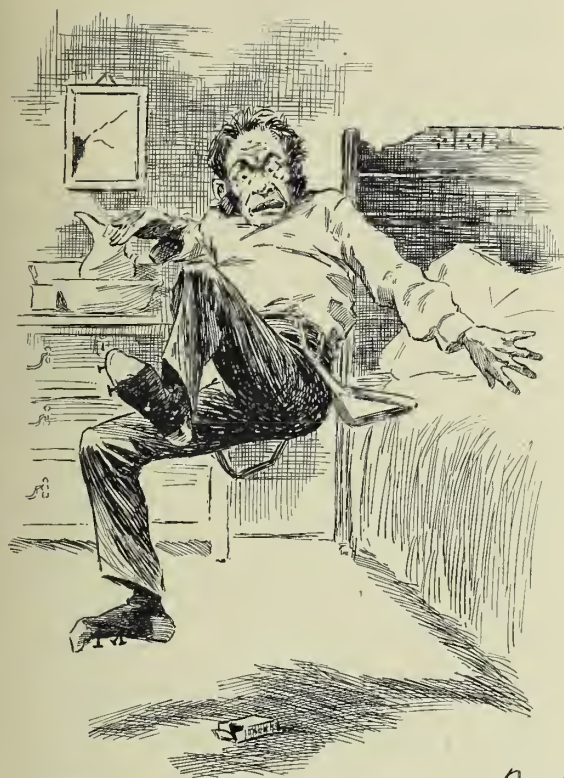
TAKE his "Life on the Mississippi" as an example of one of his books that was not written with humor for its chief intention. If there is in realistic fiction or pretentious history as fine a picture of a certain phase of American life and development as Mark Twain has dropped into these pages, without any apparent effort at accuracy or reality, it certainly has been well concealed from the general reader. Moreover he has pictured an epoch in the making of the Middle West that was unique. His book stands as a photograph of which the original plate is broken. The steamboat supremacy along the Mississippi, which makes the romance of his pages, vanished with the great railroad development after the war.

The surprising thing in the book is not the humor that plays in the most serious chapters—that is expected. But there are pages of description of the various moods of the river that are picturesque and even eloquent; the wonders of a night in the pilot house, the surpassing beauty of dawn, the tragedy of a burning boat, and the enticing mystery of a great fog are pictured with simplicity and mastery.

And that is what the veteran reader will re-discover—that Mark Twain is not only the natural born humorist that everybody has known for a generation, but that he is a serious literary artist who has put into his style the thought and finish that give it permanent value as literature.

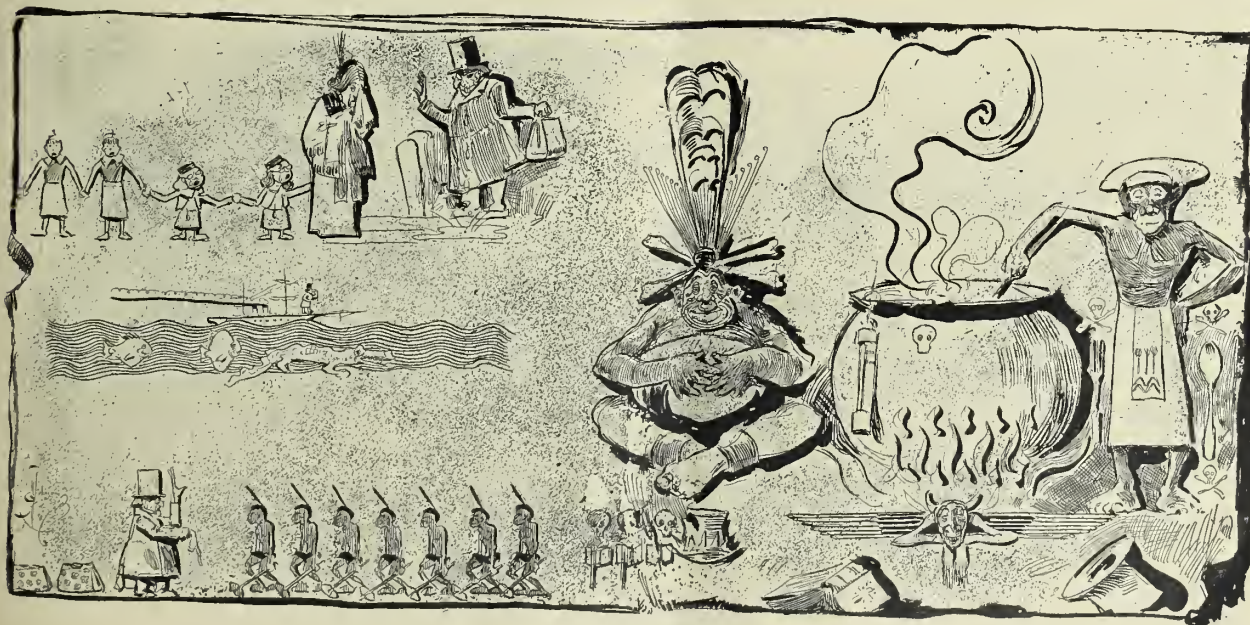
Even the English critic, who is always unwilling to find a writer different from his preconceived opinions, has opened his eyes in surprise at "Joan of Arc," and proclaimed that for vividness in reproducing a long-past era and a famous historical character, the book has not been surpassed for many years.

Droch.



Boyd.

AN EXTRACT FROM A NEWSPAPER NOTE.—"AS SOON AS PROF. KNODLE TOOK THE FLOOR, HIS REMARKS SHOWED THAT NOT A SINGLE POINT HAD ESCAPED HIM."



THE MISSIONARY.

FROM LIFE'S RECENT DISCOVERIES OF EARLY EGYPTIAN JOKES.

JOURNALISM.

PERHAPS the most prominent peak in the metropolitan mountain range of journalism is the *World* building. This structure rises to a greater height and goes to a greater depth than any other in town.

The *World* was founded first in 1860 as a religious paper, and afterward fell under the hands of Joseph Pulitzer. It still preserves some of its original features,



A SECRET ALLIANCE.

Young Amazon: GET HIM DOWN ON THE GROUND, TEDDY, AN' LEAVE THE REST TO ME!

UNPUBLISHED SELECTIONS FROM WELL-KNOWN AUTHORS.

A Basement Romance.

By ARY MILKINS.

ANNE TIN-BANK was preparing the boarders' supper.

She had long owned to thirty-five years, and now got perceptibly rattled at the mention of dates. Her thin wild-cherry colored hair was pathetically eked out with a "seashore bang" of a more conventional color, which sat with perky irrelevance on the front of her meagre head. She wore a bargain suit of dimity, purchased at Macy's, but its curves were empty, and in her unhappy pre-occupation she had forgotten to remove the tag on which the price \$1.99 was marked in plain relentless figures. A \$2.50 diamond ring on her finger had lost its sparkle. Her bicycle face, with its strained reddened eyes and grim mouth, bent over the wrinkled prunes which she was dealing out into saucers.

Outside two of Col. Waring's white-panted menials were quarrelling vivaciously in their native language over a garbage barrel, like a scene from the Italian opera, with the prima donnas "off." A woman learning to ride a bicycle in the street fell off constantly like a circus clown. A man with "extras" shouted out his unintelligible patter. The bells of a cable car near clanged incessantly. All outside was color and life.

But within, Anne Tin-Bank, in her dingy kitchen reeking of plots against dyspeptic boarders, dealt out wrinkled prunes.

They had been soaking for three weeks, and were pretty soft.

She put six in each of the saucers, except one. In that one she put nine. As she did so the chaste prune color reflected itself in her sunken cheek.

"Maybe he'll notice that, an' speak to-night," she said.

Jessie M. Wood.

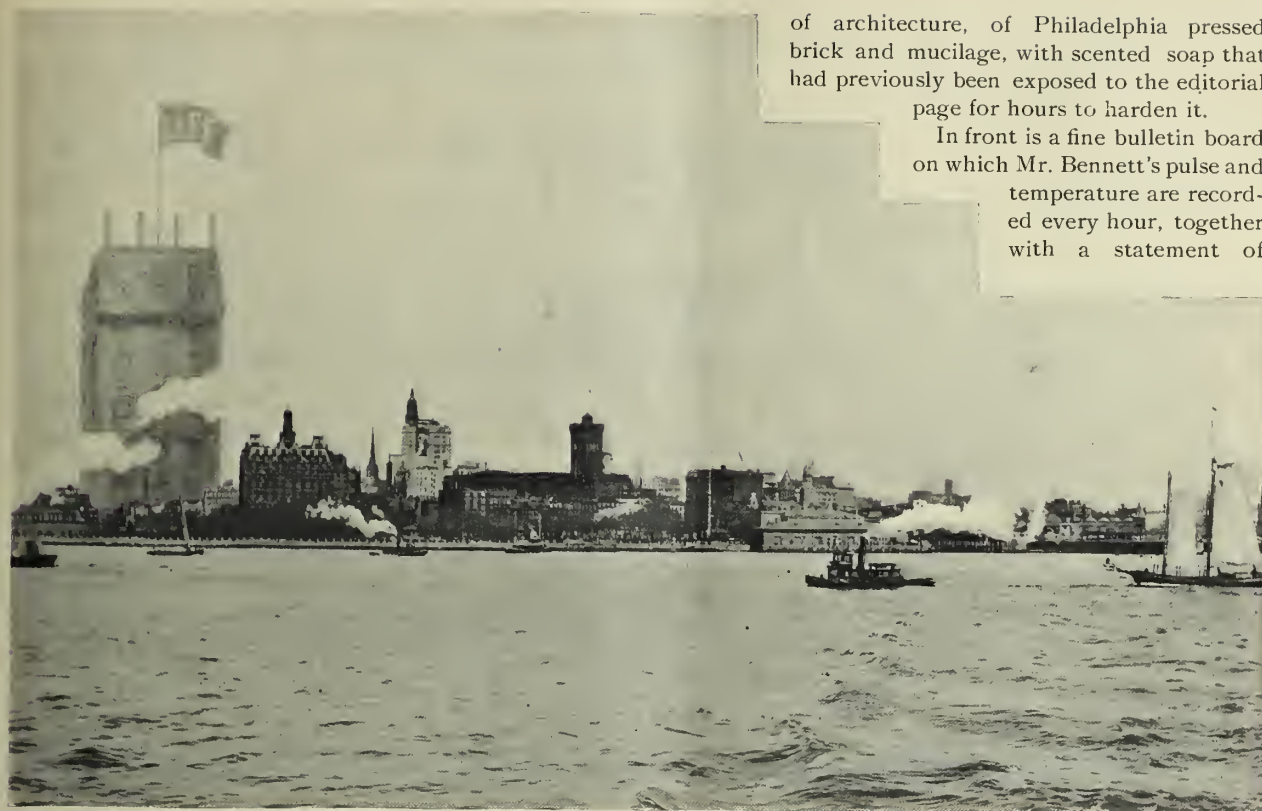
WHEN a man averages up his acquaintances, and compares himself with the result, he generally feels encouraged.



THE WORLD BUILDING, NEW YORK.

however. In 1889 Mr. Pulitzer wrote: "God grant dot de *Verld* may forever strive toward der highest iteals—be poth a taily school house und taily forhem, both a taily teacher und a taily dribute, un insdruement of justice, a terror to grime, un aid to education, un exbonent to der drue Ameriganism."

This is perhaps the best example that can be given of Mr. Pulitzer's peculiar ability as a newspaper writer,



THE LIFE BUILDING, AS SEEN FROM THE RIVER, NEW YORK.

which has rarely been equaled, although some of the men he employs do almost as well as the master hand.

At this time the circulation of the *World* was only 100 copies an hour, but since then it has increased to 8,000,000 a minute, according to sworn affidavits taken directly from the returns.

There are other newspapers in New York, but none that compares with the *World*, although the *Journal*, owned by Hearst, is entitled to some rank. The *Sun*, edited by a man named Dana, has done more for good government than perhaps any other organ, having aided greatly in Cleveland's election, and succeeded in keeping David B. Hill out of New York politics. It is rumored that Mr. Dana will soon retire from the *Sun*, and the Rev. Dr. Charles Parkhurst will take his place. The *Sun's* motto is: "When you see it in the *Sun* it isn't so."

With the exception of the *World*, the *Herald* is the only paper in New York that is edited by a foreigner. It is said, however, that Mr. Bennett, who is anxious to improve the tone of his paper, is learning to read and write the English language, so that in the course of a few years he may be able to dispense with the services of an interpreter.

The *Herald* has a fine structure on Broadway, just under the shadow of the northwest wing of the LIFE building. It is built in the old Haarlem renaissance style

of architecture, of Philadelphia pressed brick and mucilage, with scented soap that had previously been exposed to the editorial page for hours to harden it.

In front is a fine bulletin board on which Mr. Bennett's pulse and temperature are recorded every hour, together with a statement of

his mental condition, and other facts of mere minor importance.

One of the features of the structure inside is the grand staircase, lined on either side with marble busts of the men who have once been city editors.

The reception room is just over this, leading into the various operating rooms, and just beyond are the wards, splendidly ventilated and giving the patients the best of light.

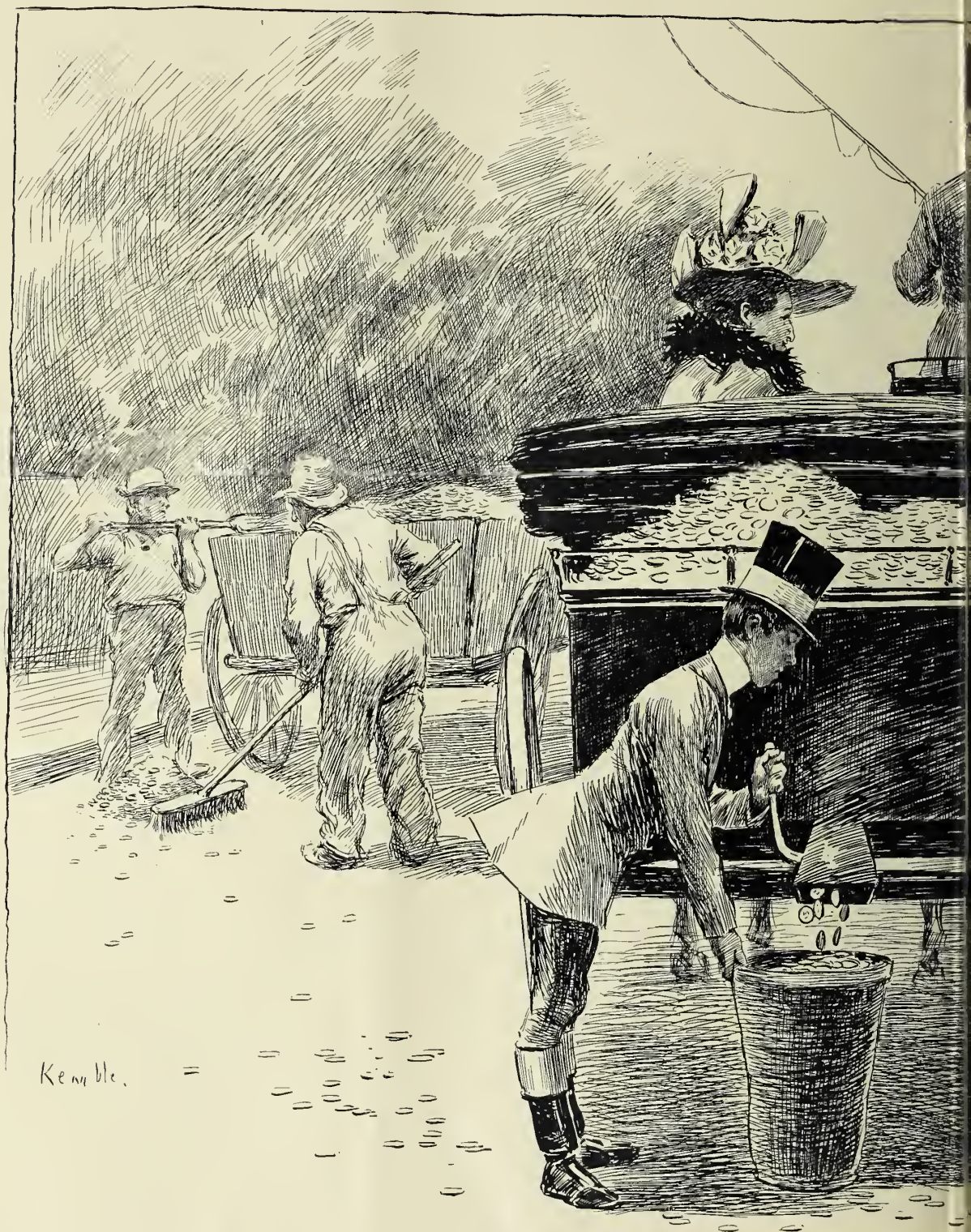
Down stairs, in the basement, are the press rooms where every morning the last sad rites are performed on the daily editions.

A COMMENDABLE IDEA.

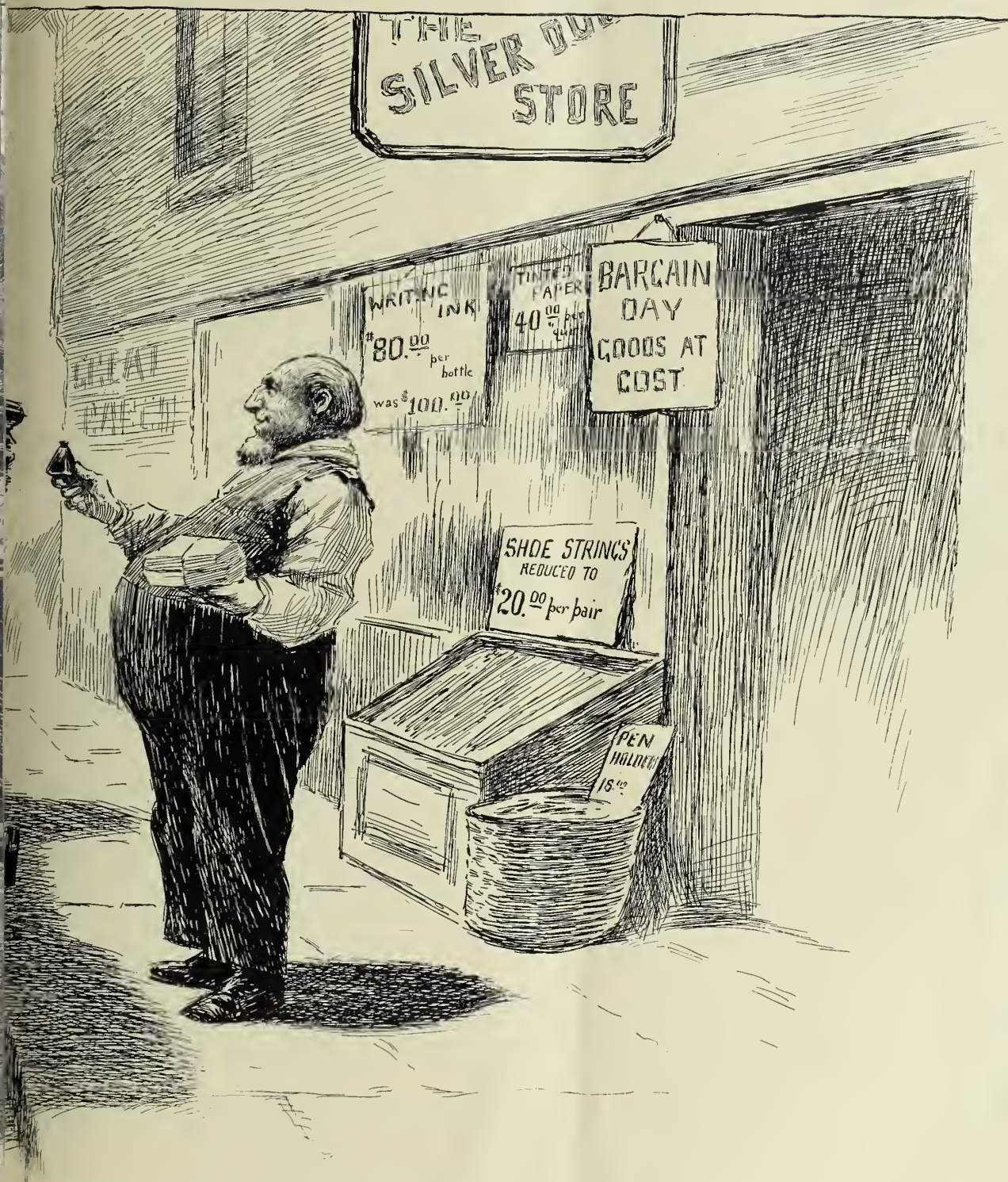
AT the coming World's Fair in Paris it is proposed to place the literati on exhibition in separate cages, each doing as nearly as possible what he would do at home while pursuing his professional labors. They will be expected to manifest no outward sign that they are being looked at, and to go on with their work during exhibition hours as diligently as if they were in their own libraries or garrets.—*New York Tribune*.

LIFE trusts that this plan may include an exhibit by the United States.

If some of our prominent literati can be confined in cages in a foreign country, we shall not be inclined to cavil, even if the show of which they are a feature be extended indefinitely beyond the proposed time limit.



Kemble.



WILLIE IS WITH US!

The Greatest Man on Earth
Consents to Join Life's
Staff.

WHEN we heard recently that one of our contemporaries was making futile efforts to secure the Emperor of Germany as a special writer, in accordance with our well-



WILLIE'S BUSY DAY.

known enterprise, we immediately cabled him and have just received the following reply:

"LIFE,

"New York.

"Your offer of eight cents a cubic foot accepted, provided you publish my picture. Will begin at once.

"WILLIE."

Thus all doubts are set at rest, and LIFE has again shown that it has no equal in journalistic enterprise. We take pleasure in completing the bargain and presenting a picture of our correspondent, showing him in his new role.

Now that William is on our payroll, LIFE's well-known modesty prevents us from alluding at length to his great attainments. It is not too much to say, however, that William of Germany has no equal on earth, for he himself has said it.

A PREFERENCE.

"WHY would you rather be an Episcopal minister than any other, Bobbie?"

"It's easier."

"How so?"

"I wouldn't have to change my bicycle suit 'cause I could wear a white robe over it."

A WARNING.

PAULINA'S lips were all a-pout,
And wrinkles wreathed her brows,
As wrinkles do when pretty girls
Engage in petty rows.

The mother of Paulina had
Refused to let her go
A-wheeling with the nice young man
Paulina had for a beau.

"Nay, nay Pauline," her mother said,
"You must not go alone;
And being stout, you know that I
Won't act as chaperon."

"But, Mamma, listen," urged the maid;
"You know, or ought to know
How many miles I've gone when I
Am out an hour or so."

"You know that my cyclometer
Is certain to betray
The minutes that, perhaps you think
We dally on the way."

Her mother frowned. "My dear," she
said,

"Last night I chanced to see
Your beau and you absorbed in talk
Beneath a spreading tree."

"And as you talked, he whirled your
wheel
Until the figures showed
That you had traveled twenty
miles
Or more along the road."

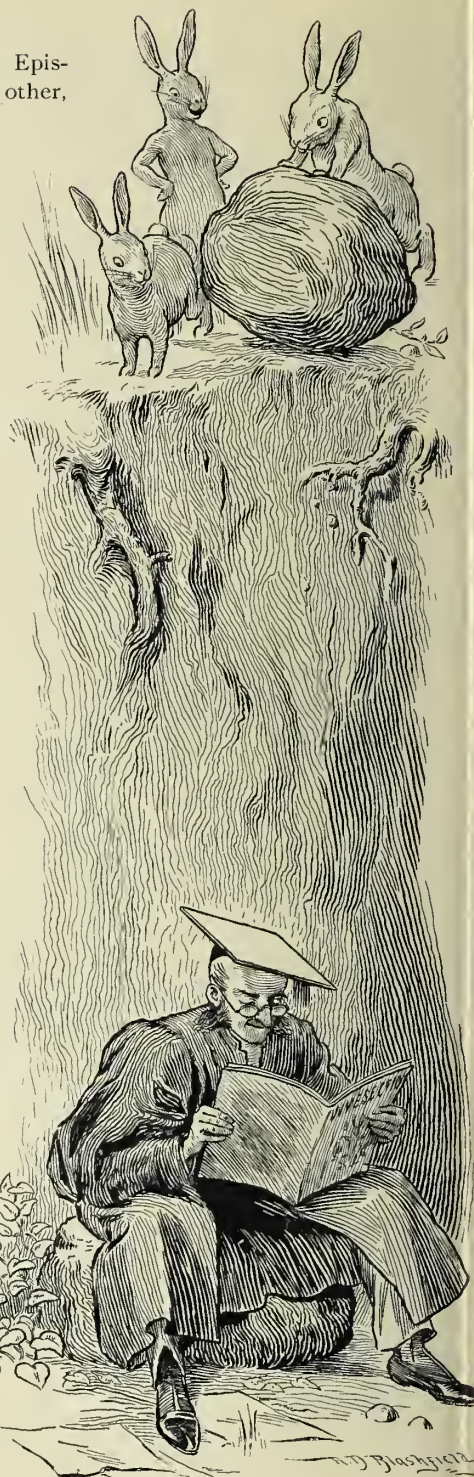
L'ENVOI.

Oh maidens fair and lovers true,
If you would win your fight,
Don't play your cyclometric game
Unless you're out of sight.

W. J. Lampton.

VISITOR: Don't you find
your life monotonous?

GRIPMAN: Indeed, I do. In
the last ten trips only women
and children have been killed. I
like a man for a change.



ONE ON HIM.

"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THAT
STONE, JACK?"
"GOING TO DROP IT ON THE VIVISECTOR,
DOWN THERE, TO SEE HOW A CONCUSSION AFFECTS
THE BRAIN. IT IS RIGHT IN HIS OWN LINE."

CHESS TERMS.



CHECK MATE.

SOME men have a kind of individuality which, like that of a sore thumb, only makes its possessor uncomfortable.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

IT requires courage to swallow a platform that you have already denounced, for the sake of upholding a candidate who represents a party in name only called Democratic. This is the kind of bravery that Tammany Hall has to spare, and from past records is what we might have confidently expected. Politics is a game far removed from the cheap sentiment of patriotism, and as long as the boys are "out for the dust," they may be relied upon to display any amount of courage in any given direction which seems to offer the most promise.

AN IRON CONSTITUTION.

A GENIUS in Tonawanda, New York, has constructed an electrical man. It is made of steel, and furnished with a storage battery capable of holding electricity enough to run it twenty-four hours at a time.

Of course, it isn't alive, and yet for all ordinary purposes it can fill the office of a man. In some respects it will be an improvement on the ordinary man. It won't swear, steal, nor talk finance at the store while one's wife does washing and kills potato bugs at home. In fact, it doesn't talk at all. This quality would have made it an excellent Presidential possibility in the earlier part of the season.

The inventor of this modest and unassuming creature is a

man of wealth, and will immediately engage in the manufacture of electrical men on a large scale. We cannot have too many of them. In case of military conscription a better substitute can hardly be conceived. Should we become embroiled in a war with any European monarchial effeteness, it would only be necessary to send an army of electrical men against them. Such troops would need no overcoats; neither would they be susceptible to sunstroke. No matter what confronted them, they would trudge right ahead. The Six Hundred that undertook to drive Russia out of the Crimea, and whose foolhardiness gave Tennyson such a nightmare of metre and rhyme, wouldn't stand a ghost of a show in the race for fame along with a regiment of freshly charged, steel-ribbed electrical men. Here is your ideal soldier.

The electrical man can be put to many practical uses, such as plowing for the farmer and doing odd chores around the house. Several of the eastern states have a surplus of women. They will be unable to find husbands without going west. Of course, no one will claim that as a husband an electrical man would be preferred to a man of flesh and tobacco. But when a woman finds herself slowly slipping down the decline of spinsterhood, she's not apt to be squeamish about her partner having such superficial accomplishments as a talent for music, a flowing penmanship, or the ability to use cuss words.

Every family will undoubtedly soon have an electrical man to take care of the bees, arrange the line fence with the adjoining neighbor, and be interviewed by book agents. Dress one in petticoats and a more desirable chaperon could hardly be imagined.

Let us all extend the hand of fellowship to our iron brother.

FIRST CLERK: She's a married lady.

SECOND CLERK: How do you know?

"She ordered two hammocks."



THE KING'S PAWN.



SATISFACTION. •

She sat in church that Sabbath day,
With a very satisfied air,
For well she knew, down in her heart,
Her wheel was the swellest there.

—Detroit Tribune.

ONE day a mild-mannered man came along to our camp at Cedar Bend, and after looking around for awhile he said to Jim Taylor, who was then the recognized boss of the camp:

"I suppose you hang a man here now and then?"

"Oh, certainly," replied Jim. "Yes, we take pleasure in hanging a man at intervals."

"You hung one about the middle of last June, I believe?"

"Let's see. Middle of last June? Yes, sir, we hung a critter at that time. I had the honor of kickin' the bar'l out from under him myself. Was he a friend of yours?"

"Mebbe he was. Did he resemble me in looks?"

"Wall, now, come to take a straight squint at you, I should say he did. He had your eyes and ha'r, and I should say his nose was a brother to yours. I don't want to press things, but if he was a relashun o' yours you needn't feel at all delikit about sayin' so."

"Did he give his first name as Sam?"

"Yes, he did."

"And his last name as Baker?"

"That's it. I've got it writ down on a book in my shanty."

"Then he was a brother of mine—my only brother," said the stranger in a voice which shook a little. "Would it be agin custom to ask what you hung him fur?"

"Oh! no, no. He picked up a back-load of property belonging to one of the boys and was makin' off when we cotched him."

"Give him a trial?"

"Fur sure."

"Did he say much?"

"Not very much. Jest observed he was mighty glad he was goin' to git shet of this kentry."

"And he died happy?"

"Reasonably so, stranger—reasonably happy. Yes, we all remarked that he seemed to look upon it as a change fur the better and that he felt tolerably sartin of reachin' a climate whar' it wouldn't make any difference if he went out doors some mornin' and forgot his overcoat. So it was your brother?"

"Yes."

"Kin I say anythin' to comfort ye, stranger?"

"N-o; I don't know as ye kin," slowly replied the man. "I was jest passin' on my way to White Hill, and I thought I'd stop and see if it really was Sam. I might take a drink if you hev a bottle handy."

"Sartinly—here she is. Don't stint yerself."

"Thanks—that's good, and in the midst of life we are in death. Kinder sorry you hung Sam, but I reckon it had to be, and you kin say to the boys that I ain't kickin'. I take the road to the left, don't I? Wall, so long."—New York Herald.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

NEW PUBLICATION

HERBERT S. STONE AND COMPANY, CHICAGO.
WITHOUT SIN. By Martin J. Pritchard.
Episcopo and Company. By Gabriele D'A...

HARPER AND BROTHERS, NEW YORK.
Black Diamonds. By Maurus Jokai. Translated by Myrta Leonora Jones.

F. TENNYSON NEELY, NEW YORK.
McKinley and Hobart. By Byron Andrews.
Bryan and Sewall. By C. M. Stevens.

The Old, Old Story. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Thus Spake Zarathustra. By Friedrich Nietzsche. Translated by Alexander Tille. New York: The Millan Company.

King Noanett. By J. F. Stimson. Boston, New York and London: Lamson, Wolfe and Company.

Fisherman's Luck, and Other Rhymes. By John Disbrow Reeve. Philadelphia: The Author.

The Strange Schemes of Randolph Mason. By William Davisson Post. New York and London: Putnam's Sons.

The Madeira Islands. By Anthony J. Drexel. Philadelphia: Drexel, Biddle and Bradley Publishing Company.

HENRY WARD BEECHER, in his famous speech at Manchester, England, in which he talked for an hour against a howling mob of rebel sympathizers, gained their attention, was interrupted by a man in the audience, who shouted: "Why didn't you wait until the Confederates in sixty days, as you said you would, because," replied Beecher, "we found we had no cans to fight instead of Englishmen."—Argonaut.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

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THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI

Yale Mixture

We could not improve the quality if paid double the price.

A 2oz. Trial Package Post Paid 25¢
MARBURG BROS.
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
SUCCESSORS
BALTIMORE, MD.

A GENTLEMAN'S SMOKE

WE PAY POST-AGE.

All you have guessed about life insurance may be wrong. If you wish to know the truth, send for "How and Why," issued by the PENN MUTUAL LIFE, 921-3-5 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

"HUNTER

Baltimore Rye"

The American Gentleman's

WHISKEY



For Club, Family and Medical use.

TEN YEARS OLD
The Best
WHISKEY
in America

Endorsed by leading physicians when stimulant is prescribed.

PURE, OLD, MELLOW
DRINK HUNTER RYE—IT'S PURE

Sold at all First-Class Cafes and by Jobbers.

WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

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Buyers will find here one of the largest assortments in the country of silver tea sets, from the lowest in cost to the most expensive, all chosen with special reference to the requirements and standards of persons of good judgment and taste in such matters.

LIFE

VOL. XXVII.

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If copies are returned in good condition an allowance of \$2.00 is made.

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206 Fifth Ave.,
Madison Square,
New York.

**WHITMAN'S
INSTANTANEOUS
CHOCOLATE.**

Pure, Delicious! Mix with boiling water, and it's done. Stephen F. Whitman & Co. PHILADELPHIA



"Double, double toil and trouble;
"Fire burn and cauldron bubble."

That's the old way of making soup. Put your meat and soup-bones in the "cauldron" and fuss over it for hours.

Armour's

Extract of BEEF

saves you all that "toil and trouble." Add water to the Extract and you have, instantly, a really palatable Bouillon or Clear Beef Soup. Anyone can do it.

Armour & Company, Chicago.



Hartford Tires

ARE . . .

Standard

The carefully selected material and delicate manipulation which mark the construction of Hartford Single-Tube Tires give them that peculiar excellence which is so unsuccessfully sought after by other makers. Accept the genuine only.

IF IT'S A HARTFORD TIRE IT'S RIGHT.

THE HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS CO., Hartford, Conn.
New York. Philadelphia. Chicago.

THE CLUB = COCKTAILS

For the
Yacht,
Camping
Party,
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Hotel,
Fishing
Party,
Mountains,
Seashore,
or the
Picnic.



Manhattan,
Martini,
Whiskey,
Holland
Gin,
Tom Gin,
Vermouth
and
York

All ready for use, require no mixing. Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions, the one bottled and aged must be the better. Try our **York Cocktail**—without any sweetening—dry and delicious. For sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the U. S., and all druggists and dealers.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.

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Your shoe-keeper—
Brown's French Dressing

For Ladies and Children's Shoes

BURNETT'S KALLISTON.

EVERY one that has used Kalliston once, endorses it as a specific for sun-burn; it is not oily in its nature, but a delightful wash for the skin.

For sale by all Druggists.

JOSEPH BURNETT CO., BOSTON, MASS.



WHITE ROSE GLYCERINE SOAP.

The Ideal Toilet Soap. Makes an exquisitely soft, rich lather, of remarkable cleansing & healing properties.

Pure-Delightful-Economical.

MÜLHENS & KROPPF, N.Y. U.S. AGENTS.

THE CLOUDS HANGING OVER OUR NATIVE LAND



may for a time have a silver lining, but we will hope for the best, drink "OLD CROW RYE," and possess our souls in patience.

But keep a bright look-out for the many imitations, for they will injure you if you use them. The genuine has the word

RYE

in large red letters on the label and the name of our firm on case, cork, capsule and label. No other house can bottle

"Old Crow Rye."

Sold in all reputable stores.

H. B. KIRK & CO.

(ESTABLISHED 1853.)

69 Fulton Street, N. Y.

Also Broadway and 27th Street.

NOTICE.

SUBSCRIBERS TO "LIFE"
will please give old address
as well as new when request-
ing change of same.

MOST PERFECT BLOCK SIGNALS—ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.



"THE power of imagination is amusingly illustrated in the story told of an old lady who had never heard the celebrated violinist, Paganini, play, and one day obtained permission to attend a rehearsal of one of his concerts.

It so happened that Paganini did not take his violin with him to the rehearsal that day, but borrowed one from a member of the orchestra, and instead of playing as usual, simply kept up a kind of *pizzicato* accompaniment.

After the rehearsal the old lady went up to Mr. Cooke, the musical director, and said in a burst of enthusiasm, "Oh, dear! Mr. Cooke, what a wonderful man he is! I declare I never knew what music was capable of till this morning."

"Indeed, madam, he is truly a marvelous man," assented Mr. Cooke, with a smile; "but this morning you are indebted rather to your imagination than your ears for the delight you have had, for Paganini has not really played at all. He has not even touched a bow."

"Well," said the old lady, after a moment's astounded silence, recovering herself, "then all I can say is, he's even more remarkable than I thought he was! For if he can affect me in such a manner without playing, what should I do, how should I feel, when he really did play!"—*Youth's Companion*.

THE campus elms these days are placarded with many grotesque advertisements. The students are selling out their furniture, and here are some of the advertisements:

"Fine book-case for sale; has been braced up after two attacks of nervous

prostration, and is now all right, except for a little palsy when you try to sleep the top shelf. Call early and often; must be sold; no extra charge for palsy.

Another sign reads: "I am Vanderbilt, therefore I can afford to sell cheap. Books, chairs, bed, bric-a-brac, everything except room walls for sale. All the Latin and Greek authors are conveniently interlined with English. Big inducement to fellows needing easy course in classics."

Another sign is: Buy now. "A bed that's like a circus spring-board and will make you rise early any day. All you have to do is to hit your heels once against the sheet and up you are. Always thus out of bed in time if you do the heel act soon enough. The bed is worth \$28, but has been marked down to \$4.98 for this day."

One sign tells the beholder that there is "A great slaughter sale in my room, yourself included, if you call and don't buy. Six callers killed already. Business done with dispatch. No cablegrams answered. Our elevator always runs down. Walk up to No. —, North Middle. Not more than ten pieces of furniture sold to any one person. All speculators wafted out the second-story window."

A student frankly tells the public through the medium of an elm tree placard: "All my furniture is as good as new, for I wasn't in my room but twice this year. My books are not thumb-soiled, for I never used them."—*New Haven Register*.

Those Fine English Tobaccos

Capstan
Bird's Eye
Westward Ho
Three Castles
Gold Flake, etc.

Put up by W. D. & H. O. WILLS of Bristol, England.

and famous the world over for their superb flavor and exquisite aroma, can be obtained for you by your dealer.

If he will not get them, write to us for price-list of the well-known brands,

J. W. SURBRUG, Sole Agent, 159 Fulton Street, NEW YORK.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

URIC ACID GRAVEL, ETC.

Dr. J. T. LeBLANCHARD, Professor Montreal Clinic, S. M., S. N., V. U., "I have used in the most obstinate cases of Chronic Inflammation of the Bladder, in Stone of the Bladder, in Uric Acid Gravel, with the most efficacious results."

Sold by Druggists. Pamphlet free.

Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.

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FRANCE

On White China.

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GOLD LACK (BRUT) CHAMPAGNE.

DEUTZ & GELDERMANN, Ay, France.

Possessing to the fullest extent the fruity and delicate character peculiar to the wines of the famous AY district.

Agent C. H. ARNOLD, 27 S. William St., N. Y. City.

IS THE
This 1896

SEARCH LIGHT

PRICE \$5.00

The only strictly first class bicycle lantern on the market.

Ask your dealer or send to

BRIDGEPORT BRASS CO.

Or
19 Murray Street, New York. Bridgeport, Conn.
85-87 Pearl Street, Boston.
17 No. 7th St., Philadelphia.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR No. 47.

LIFE BINDER,

Cheap, Strong and Durable.

Will Hold 26 Numbers.

Mailed to any part of the United States for

\$1.00.

Address office of "LIFE,"

19 West Thirty-first Street, New York.

Whatever

details of her dainty attire
a lady intends to keep in-
visible—will be so abso-
lutely, if her gown is
fastened with the famous

DeLong Hook and Eye.

See that

hump?



RICHARDSON &
DE LONG BROS.,
Philadelphia.

Also makers of the
CUPID Hairpin.

TRAVELERS to the East in the Summer months may make their journey a delight by traveling on the boats of the Providence Line. To go through the quick-rushing and picturesque-reaches of the East River, in the early evening, and through the broad Sound when its smooth waters reflect only the dancing light of the stars, the calm, frigid stare of the moon, and the flash from an occasional beacon, on a large steamer, providing only ordinary comforts for passengers, would soothe the most feverish and irritable victim of heat, suffered while in the crowded City. When to his pleasures are added those of a meal, served with care in an open apartment on the main deck, where the evening breezes spread the strains of sweet music, his restfulness passes into delight.

The steamers are the "Connecticut" and "Massachusetts," big fellows, dazzling white by day, gleaming with the gold of a thousand lights by night, filled with music in the evening, peaceful as a church with a satisfactory pastor when bed-time has arrived. Sleep comes without an effort to the traveler upon either of them.

Steamers leave New York from New Pier 36, North River, at 5.30 P. M. daily, except Sunday.

DISLIKED THE NAME.—They had occupied the same seat in the railway car all the way from New York, and notwithstanding the decided difference in their personalities, a slight acquaintanceship sprang up.

"Excuse me," said the man with a great deal of large jewelry, including a campaign button, "but I noticed a big picture in the newspaper you were reading. Would you mind tellin' me who 'tis?"

"Certainly not. It's a picture of Herodotus. They want to put a statue of him in the Congressional Library."

"De ye think dey'll succeed?"

"I shall be surprised if they do not."

"I s'pose not. It jis' goes ter show!"

"It goes to show what?"

"How much dese foreigners is managin' ter mix in an' run de affairs o' dis Government."

—Washington Star.

FOR QUICK RETURNS

use the

KANSAS CITY STAR

Circulation guaranteed to exceed
63,000 Daily and Sunday.

The Weekly Star has over 110,000
paid in advance subscribers.



Old Age and Youth

both derive great
and immediate
benefit from

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S Malt-Nutrine

TRADE MARK.

—the food drink. It is a tonic and vitalizer for all ages—puts the body in sound, vigorous condition—is a wonderful flesh producer. Invaluable to nursing mothers and sufferers from wasting diseases.

For sale by all Druggists.

Prepared by

ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASS'N, St. Louis, U. S. A.

Send for handsomely illustrated colored booklets and other reading matter.

New York Depot, 24 and 27 West Street.



THE following letter, highly characteristic of the Autocrat, was received, in 1864, with a copy of a short poem, in the hand-writing of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and signed by him, to be sold at a great sanitary fair which was then in operation. The letter, which is printed now for the first time, was discovered too late to be included in the *Life and Letters*, a fact which Mr. Morse keenly regretted:

MY DEAR SIR: The mere mechanical labour imposed in answering the numerous applications from various parts of the country takes up so much of my time that I think I do pretty well if I get off my batch of autographs, and answer my indefatigable and interminable female correspondents, so as to be clear of dead and unburied letters at the week's end. I have been slightly prostrated with a mild autographic fever for some weeks. Within a few days it has put on a malignant aspect. It was only a slight efflorescent affair which played about the surface at first, but now it is striking in and aims at the vitals. In short, I am now besieged for original communications, from different quarters, all at once, remorselessly, and if I do not yield at once, persistently, I should be false to my country and to my duty, if I killed the goose that is laying golden eggs for the good cause every day. If I should attempt to answer these requests for original communications, it would be the death of

me, I am sure. Now I am writing autographs for my country at such a rate that I am quite satisfied the income from this source alone (that is, their sale innumerable fairs) must be an important item in the resources of the Sanitary Association.

I have several other reasons why I feel that I ought not to be urged on the point, which I will briefly classify under their several heads.

First,—

Excuse me, my dear sir, but a sudden demand upon me for a gross and half of autographs "with sentiments," by return mail, compels me to relinquish my enumeration of the reasons, which, I am sure, you would have found convincing.

I will, however, promise that as soon as my new autographic, automatic arrangement is completed, by which the enormous labour of the manual fabrication of signatures can be transferred to machinery, I will send you the first instalment of a story to be called *St. Sebastian in the 19th Century*; or, *The Sufferings of a Living Target*.

Yours respectfully,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

—The Bookman.

BOSTON, January 28, 1864.

No jokes are better appreciated than those that are made unwittingly by sober-minded men.

An English journal relates a case in point, the sober-minded man being Mr. John Burns, a very serious member of the House of Commons. He was speaking in a pessimistic strain about what he felt to be a great falling off in the character and standing of that august body.

"Since I came into this House, four years ago," he said, "the confidence of the public in it has much diminished."

WE SELL THE BEST RIFLE AND GET THE BEST PRICE.



SMOKELESS POWDER. SIX SHOOTER.

If you want a good thing send for our yellow catalogue.

Ask any dealer.

SAVAGE REPEATING ARMS CO., Utica, N. Y.

NUBIAN Fast Black

Cotton Dress Linings—For Waist and Skirt,

Will Not Crock.

It is positively unchangeable and of superior quality. Nothing else so fully satisfies the highest requirements and yet the cost is moderate enough for any dress.

All Leading

DRY GOODS

Stores.

Nubian Fast Black

Look for this on

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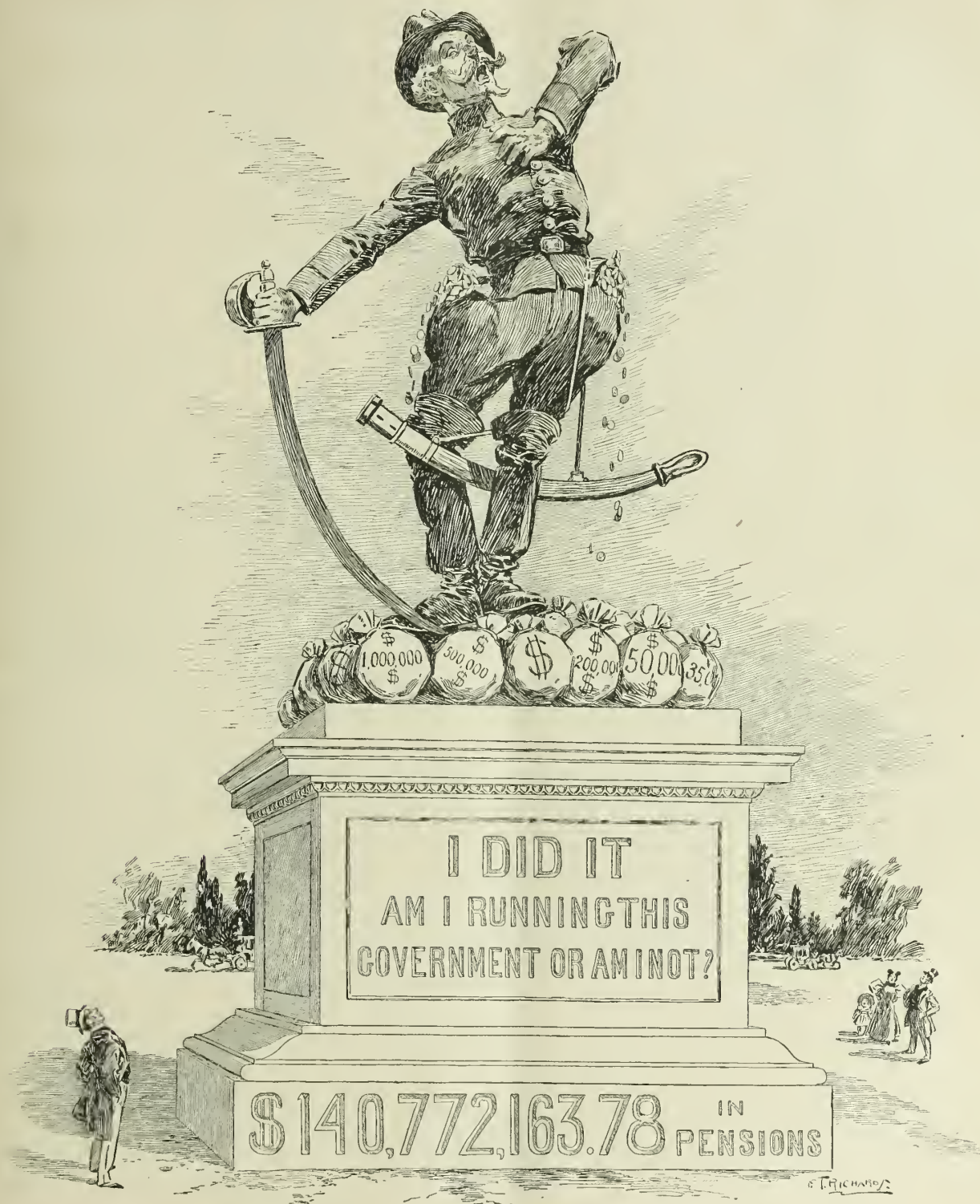
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THE Washington "Post" tells a story of a young man in Washington who came to this city the other day, not because he wanted to see New York, or because he had any business here, but because he had a pass on one of the railroads and didn't mean to let a thing like that escape him. He came back yesterday. Everybody asked him what he had seen over in town. He hadn't seen anything.

"Well, didn't you go anywhere?" asked somebody, finally.

"Not on your life," said the boy. "D'y'e think I was going to pay \$2 a day for a room and not use it all the time?"—*New York Tribune*.



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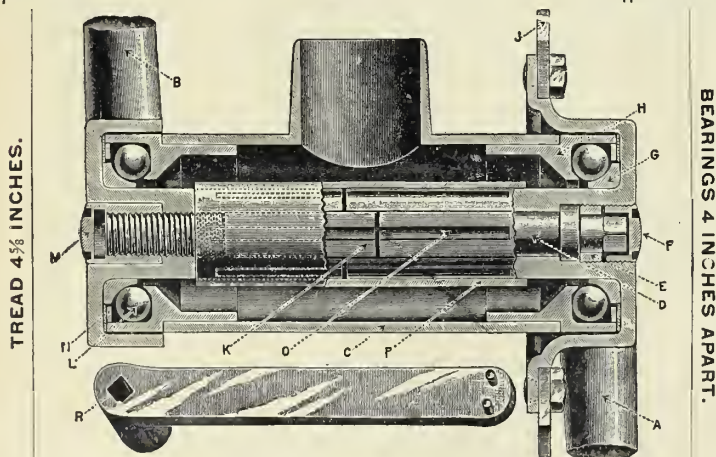
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VOLUME XXVIII

·LIFE·

NUMBER 713

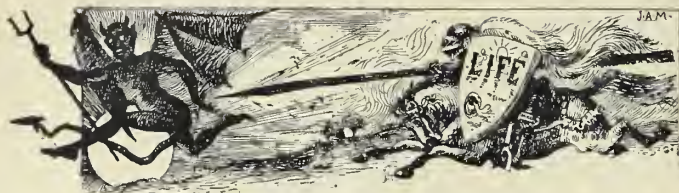


IN PHILADELPHIA.

She: I'VE HAD TO STOP DRINKING COFFEE FOR BREAKFAST.

"WHY?"

"I FOUND IT KEPT ME AWAKE ALL DAY."



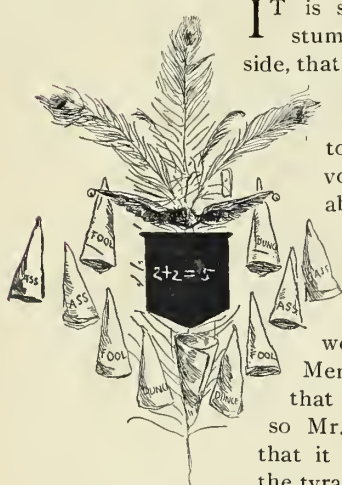
"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVIII. AUGUST 27, 1896. No. 713.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents.

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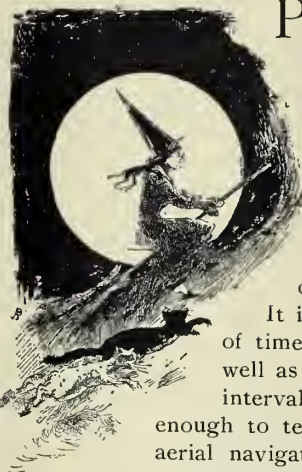
IT is suggested to intending political stump-speakers on the sound money side, that the ancient fable of the Belly and the Members still has as much virtue in it as ever and is proper to be revived in the recollection of voters. Mr. Bryan's vociferation about the wriggings of humanity on the cross of gold is in very much the same key as the clamor of the Members that the Belly was a lazy imposition on a hard-working community. Just as the Members felt that justice demanded that they should starve the Belly out, so Mr. Bryan and his supporters feel that it is high time that every plunk of the tyrannous and grasping yellow metal was driven out of the country. The Members, as will be remembered, went out on strike and stayed out until it was concluded that, on the whole, their movement was untimely and ill-advised. That will do in a fable, but in Mr. Bryan's case we prefer that the inevitable conclusion should be reached by the reasoning process without resort to actual experiment.



EVERY other man you meet now-a-days is a golfer, and four golfers out of five are in a permanent condition of protest and dissatisfaction with their game. The average golfer's idea of the game he is really entitled to put up is a striking illustration of the arrogance of human hopes. The average man can see why he should not excel at baseball or even at tennis, but once he has the rudiments of golf there seems to be no limit to his aspirations. If he doesn't do as well as he hopes, he never seems to suspect that it is because he is too feeble or too fat or too green or too utterly unused to any kind of sport to golf well. His cry is always that he is off his game. A game that can fool otherwise sensible people into the expectation of eventual proficiency while giving them the immediate

benefit of gentle and salubrious exercise, is a thing to be thankful for. It has some of the good points of religion without its perplexities or responsibilities, and at much less expense. As a supplement to piety no sport can beat it.

* * *



PROFESSORS LANGLEY, Maxim, and the other students of manflight have doubtless taken sorrowful note of the fate of Herr Lilienthal, whose flying machine dropped with him the other day to his mortal hurt. As long as flying machines wont work at all, they are comparatively safe playthings.

It is possible that in the fullness of time they may come to work so well as to be safe again, but in the interval, while they work just well enough to tempt personal experiments in aerial navigation, they are bound to be dangerous pets. It is an open question, after all, whether flying machines that would really fly would make this world materially more desirable. Conservative people, however, need not worry yet awhile, for even if the extreme hopes of scientists are fulfilled, the successful flying machine that carries a man will be as far beyond the reach of ordinary people as a steam yacht.

* * *



THE report that Lord Chief Justice Russell and Sir Frank Lockwood, M. P., Q. C., have been visiting Mr. Henry Villard, at Dobb's Ferry, recalls the vague and nebulous condition of current information as to Mr. Villard's present standing in this community. It is not generally known where Mr. Villard was left the last time his plans and hopes for Northern Pacific went agley. Perhaps his standing is not a matter of knowledge at all, but only of opinion, which may vary in individuals who are agreed as to the facts. If the Lord Chief Justice should come to a conclusion as to whether Mr. Villard is an honest man or not, many Americans, and especially those who live in New York,

would be glad to share it with him, though, of course, they wont expect to hear it unless it happens to be such an opinion as a gentleman may properly circulate about his host.

* * *

FIVE successive days of extreme heat is a touch of nature that makes all the adjacent world kin. Such a spell of weather as came to earth the second week of this month offers as good an approximation to a plague as our times are likely to afford.





BEFORE.

OUR FRESH AIR FUND.

WE beg our readers to remember the condition of the slums and tenements during the recent unbearable heat and its effect upon children. There is no better way of giving these children another chance for life and health than a breath of country air. And three dollars will send a child to LIFE'S Farm for a fortnight.



AFTER.

Previously acknowl- edged.....	\$2,180 97	Josephine Coster...	\$18 00
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WHEN IT IS 16 TO 1.

"HOW MUCH HAVE I GIVEN YOU, TOM?"

"EIGHT HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR A STICK OF CHEWING GUM."

"HERE, TAKE THIS, AND GET ANOTHER STICK FOR YOUR SISTER."



A STUPID PICTURE OF ENGLISH UNIVERSITY LIFE.

MR. E. F. BENSON (who won notoriety as the author of "Dodo") has entered into competition with two very famous books by writing "The Babe, B. A." (Putnam's). It is further described as the "uneventful history of a young gentleman at Cambridge University," and this suggests the comparison with "Tom Brown at Oxford" and "Verdant Green"—two books from which young Americans have heretofore taken their ideas of English university life. There is no danger of *The Babe* supplanting either in the affections of American collegians.

A more inane lot of young men than those who saunter through these pages could not be found outside of the portals of some very youthful and gilded clubs. The exciting incidents are furnished by a small picnic, a game of croquet, several "tea-drinkings," a Greek play, and a Sunday service at King's Chapel.

The author presumes that the comedy element is furnished by an ever-present and impertinent bull-dog called *Mr. Sykes*. Whenever the tea-drinking palls on the patient author himself, the bull-dog is lugged in to do something rash and insipid. It may be admitted, however, that the dog exhibits



AT LIFE'S FARM. THE SWING.



ON THE HONEYMOON.

Bridegroom (on ocean steamer, faintly but bravely): I TOLD HER I WOULD GIVE UP EVERYTHING FOR HER SAKE, AND I'VE DONE IT.

more intelligence than the group of students who are *The Babe's* inseparable companions.

* * *

HAVING made his reputation by the smartness of the talk in "Dodo," it is evident that Mr. Benson hopes to pull his university story out of the fire by his epigrams. Here are a few samples:

Meals do run together so on Sunday. Sunday is really one long attack of confluent mastication.

History rightly considered is a great and wonderful romance.

He skipped about in short-skirted epigrams, and pink-tight phrases.

I am drunk with impressions, and I want a little moral soda water.

If that is the best that Cambridge University can do for its clever young men, a good many people will be glad that they sent their sons to Harvard and Yale. Even Mr. Bryan, who got his epigrams at a small western university, can do better than that.

What the American collegian will miss entirely in the book is the sort of good-fellowship that is the charm and motive force of his own university life. *The Babe* and his friends

move through the story with a kind of indifferent tolerance for each other that is characteristic of people in certain artificial social circles, who associate because they are "in the swim," rather than because they are congenial. *Droch.*

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

BROWN: Do you think McKinley ought to make an active personal campaign?

SMITH: Oh, no. If he will just notify the public about once every two weeks that he is still in favor of sound money, nothing more will be necessary.

A CAREFUL reading of the authorities and scrutiny of the works of the masters leads to the belief that when a picture looks to the ordinary observer like that which it is intended to represent, it is not art.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR: Will next Sunday's *Horror* be up to our regular standard?

MANAGING EDITOR: I think it will, sir. In the composing room to-day three new proofreaders fainted dead away.





THE SECRET COMBINATION.

HER heart she locked fast in her breast
 Away from molestation;
 The lock was warranted the best,
 A patent combination;
 She knew no simple lock and key
 Would serve to keep out Love and me.

But Love a clever cracksman is
 And cannot be resisted;
 He likes such stubborn jobs as this,
 Complex and hard and twisted,
 And though we worked a many day
 At last we bore her heart away.

For Love has learned full many tricks
 In his strange avocation;
 He knew the figures were but six
 In this, her combination;
 Nor did we for a minute rest
 Until we had unlocked her breast.

First, then, we turned the knob to "Sighs,"
 Then back to "Words Sincerest,"
 Then "Gazing Fondly in Her Eyes,"
 Then "Softly Murmured 'Dearest';"
 Then, next, "A Warm Embrace," we tried,
 And at "A Kiss," the door flew wide!

Ellis Parker Butler.



THE APPOINTED
 HOUR.

"BELLUVVED
 WUN. I KINNOT
 SAY I WILL BE
 ABLE TO MEAT
 YER TER DAY. I
 GOT A ORFUL LIK-
 KIN FOR BEIN OUT
 LAS NITE AN IT
 PANES ME YET
 WEN I SIT DOWN.
 IF NO WUN IS
 ROUN AN I KIN DO
 THE SNEEK ACK I
 WILL WAVE MY
 FUT FROM MY
 WINDER SO AS TO
 LET YER NO.

"YOURS TIL
 DETH,
 "ARTHUR."

DURING THE RECENT HOT SPELL.

PAT: Shure the air itsilf is hot enough,
 let alone stirrin' it up wid thim
 dummed oillectric fans.

VICE is more frequently its own pun-
 ishment than is virtue its own re-
 ward.



... possesses many points of singularity which make it possibly the most
 curious animal in nature, as well as one of the most hideous. . . . The two
 eye-balls are entirely independent in their action, by which the animal is enabled
 to look at two objects in opposite directions at the same time.
 J. W. BUEL'S The Savage World.



T. S. Sullivan.

"I SMOKED TWO DOLLARS' WORTH OF CIGARS YESTERDAY."
 "OF YOUR OWN?"
 "YES."
 "FORTY CIGARS! THINK OF IT!"

A SUITABLE DESCRIPTION.

"COME, old man, tell me what your fiancée
 is like."

"Well, she is a high-grade girl with a ninety-six
 expression; weighs 112
 pounds and has the nar-
 rowest tread I ever saw.
 Her voice has a tone
 that is all its own and
 her heart is built like a
 watch, her disposition is
 perfectly adjustable and
 her temper comes with a
 brake, and she isn't the
 sort to be frightened be-
 cause life isn't all asphalt."



STREET SCENE IN NEW YORK IN AUGUST.

LIFE'S GUIDE TO THE METROPOLIS.

NEW YORK AS A SUMMER RESORT.

NEXT to Chicago and Hades, New York probably offers more advantages as a summer resort than any other place on this continent. This bustling and bibulous town, where good Croton water can be had on Sunday at any saloon, and which is frequently referred to by Westerners as the Kansas City of the East, has peculiar advantages that the other places mentioned do not possess. It is entirely surrounded by ferryboats, and by strolling along the river front occasional glimpses of the water can be seen by the visitor at almost any hour of the day and night. From the East side the lofty spires of Brooklyn are seen in the distance and the scenery is not to be compared with anything in Jersey City. On the West side a fine view of Hoboken can be obtained from any of the wharves, and the floating ice in the Hudson glimmers like myriads of diamonds in the August sunshine. During this month the skating in Central Park is at its best, and it is a beautiful sight, about thirty in the afternoon on any fine day to see thousands of

the inhabitants availing themselves of this privilege and bowling along over the hard surface with shouts of merry laughter.

There are many places of popular interest in the metropolis that are peculiarly appropriate to visit at this time of year. It is a pleasant sight on a sunshiny day to stroll through the tenement district and see the contented residents sitting on the fire escapes with their families, drinking claret cup and iced champagne with happy abandon, or in strong contrast to this one can visit the uptown residence or chocolate caramel portion of the city and there view the unhappy stock-broker sitting dejectedly in the cool of the evening on his front door step, compelled by a sudden fall in the market to live with his family during the time when he ought to be enjoying himself at the roof gardens.

During the middle of the day when the sun is up, the visitor will find ample entertainment in strolling down Broadway, his eye refreshed by the architectural mishaps that line his path and his ear soothed by the monotonous bursting of the corner thermometers. The frigid simoon from the meadows beyond Newark will cool his fevered brow and the

long line of ambulances, with their freight of victims, will make him glad that he is here.

At this season of the year the weather in New York is quite variable, and our



A DROP OF CROTON WATER SEEN UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

prudent visitor will provide himself with ample clothing before his arrival. A fur-lined overcoat, buffalo ear-muffs, asbestos underclothing and a mosquito bar make a very appropriate outfit.

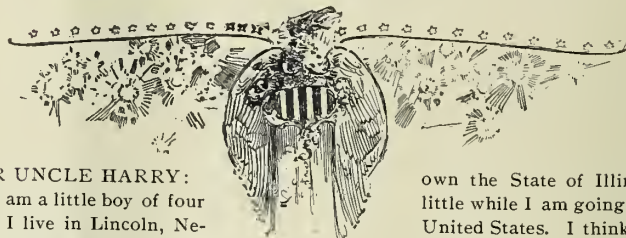
NECESSARILY SO.

CLARA: Isn't your love for him very sudden?

MAUDE: Well, his aunt died very suddenly.

UNCLE HARRY'S LETTER BOX.

(Uncle Harry is always pleased to hear from his little friends, but they should remember to write with ink, and on one side of the paper.)



"DEAR UNCLE HARRY:

"I am a little boy of four years and I live in Lincoln, Nebraska. I like to live in Lincoln, but I like Washington better. I would like to live there. I would not like to live in New York. I visited my uncle Steen John there not long ago, but it was so frosty I did not have a good time. My favorite books are 'Coin's Financial School' and 'The Life of Demosthenes.' I like to speak in school. I can say a piece with a silver dollar in my mouth. I have two pets, a donkey and a billy-goat. I call the donkey 'Denis' and the billy-goat 'Popo.' I am teaching them to haul me in my cart. My cart is made out of a soap box. Artie Sewall made it. No more at present. From your little friend,

"WILLIE BRYAN.

"P. S.—Teacher says, if I am a good boy, I may be president some day. Wouldn't that be nice—for me?"

"W. B."

"DEAR UNCLE HARRY:

"I read all of my letters you print in the 'Letter Box.' I am only five years old. I

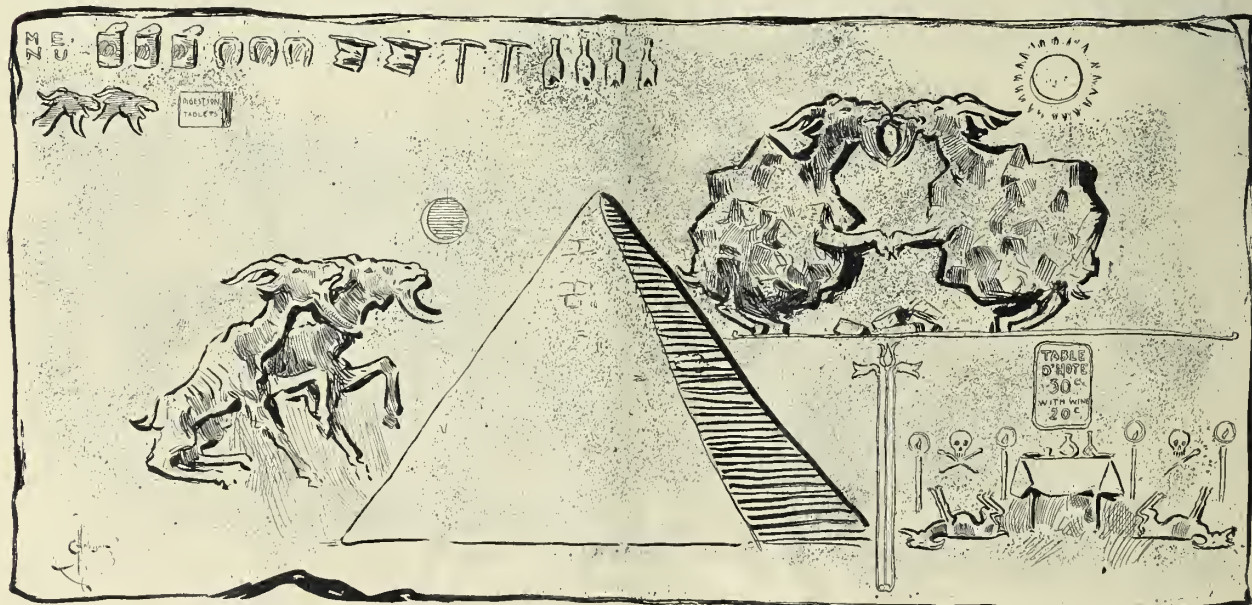
own the State of Illinois. In a little while I am going to own the United States. I think the greatest men alive are Louise Michael and Mary J. Lease. I had a little pet lamb that I called Dicky Bland, but he died in Chicago. When I grow up I want to be an anarchist. An anarchist is a man who takes all the money away from other men, but they don't take any away from him. Yours,

"GOV'Y' ALTGELDT."

"DEAR UNCLE HARRY:

"I am a little boy. I live in Canton, Ohio. There is a Canton in China, too. Everybody says I look like Napoleon, but I think Napoleon looks like me. I admire General Grant and the Sphinx because they did not say much. Sometimes I like to talk and sometimes I don't. I like to talk about the tariff but I do not think finance is a nice thing to talk about, do you? I have a private tutor; his name is Hanna; I like him. I have a little trained elephant. Tutor Hanna got him for me. I do not like to read about the battle of Waterloo.

"WILLIE MCKINLEY."



THE GOAT.

FROM LIFE'S RECENT DISCOVERIES OF EARLY EGYPTIAN JOKES.

NICK CONSENTS!

The Czar of All the Russias Falls in Line
With Our Proposition.

FAILING in our efforts to secure Richard Harding Davis, LIFE is pleased to announce that his majesty, Nicholas II. of Russia, has decided to accept our princely offer of \$6.00 a column, and will hereafter cover Russia (including Siberia) for this journal.

Nicholas needs no introduction to our millions of readers, and while his debut as a member of our staff will occasion no surprise to those who are already so familiar with our well-known enterprise, we justly feel that we should make some mention of it merely to



THE NEW CZAR.

show that we are sparing no expense to make LIFE the greatest paper on earth. The Prince of Wales has just cabled us as follows:

"LIFE,
"New York.

"Nick has told me all. Congratulations on getting him. Wish you all success. Ma sends love.

[Collect.]

"ALLY."

The accompanying picture of Nicholas is said to be a striking likeness.

"**D**ID you develop your arms any this summer?"
"Yes; I was the only man at Lake View."



WANDERING FROM THE SUBJECT.

DOWN TO HARDPAN.

THIS is the third summer since the Americans began to feel poor. LIFE wonders whether the inhabitants of Europe have noticed as yet any change in the habits of our countrymen who go abroad in summer. Do Russian princes and Americans still have the first-class carriages to themselves, and are the Americans still the only people to whom small economies are not worth while? If values keep on shrinking long enough and profits continue to



hang fire, it may presently produce a change in American habits that they will not outgrow.

PROTECTED.

"**N**OT a breath of scandal ever touched his official career."

"Why should it? He was the subject of a legislative investigation during most of the time he was in office."



A POPULIST SONG.

Oh, we are rollicking, frolicking Pops!
We can talk, if we wish, till the universe stops.
We're a vigorous sort at a story or song,
Our finances are short and our whiskers are long;
And that's why
We're here to apply
For various changes, both startling and new.
We want a whole lot,
Though we don't know just what;
'Most any old thing (so it's different) will do.

Serenely we're looking ahead to the day
When di'monds wont cost near as much as baled hay,
And a blue gingham shirt, when we've counted our
vote,
Will be stylisher far than a swallow-tail coat.
And that's why
We're here to apply
For a share of the spoils which we reckon our due;
And we don't have to wait
For a cause for debate—
'Most any old cause (so it's different) will do.

—Washington Star.

WHEN we got to the Post Office at the mining town of Strawberry Hill the mail bag had to be carried to and from Bluff City over the hills by a man on foot. The distance was nine miles, and was traversed twice a week. One Wednesday the carrier came in without the bag, and the four hundred men assembled around the shanty used as a Post Office at once demanded an explanation. "I'll tell you how it was," began the man, who was bleeding from a dozen hurts. "Up thar, at the bend, I was tackled by a b'ar."

"And you killed him, of course," replied one of the crowd.
"No, I left my gun behind."
"Then you dodged him?"
"No. Tried to dodge him, but he was right thar."
"Then you ran away?"
"No chance to run. The critter was after me or that mail bag, and I heaved him the bag and got away. He clawed me a few times, but it's nuthin' to hurt."
"Stephen Jackson," said Judge Watkins in solemn tones, as a murmur of indignation passed through the crowd, "do you mean to tell us that you give up that mail bag to that b'ar?"
"I had to."
"Didn't that b'ar seem to prefer you to the bag?"
"Reckon he did."
"And you felt that he did?"
"Yes, felt pretty strong that way."
"And yit, after sw'arin' to uphold the sacred Constitution of the United States and defend that mail bag with your life, you calmly fed it to a b'ar?"
"Had to do it to git away."
"But who said anythin' about your gettin' away? It was your solemn dooty to perish right 'thar! It was your dooty, sir, as a patriot and a mail carrier and a Government offshul to hang that mail bag to a limb and let that b'ar go ahead on your carcass! You hev escaped the b'ar, but you hev to deal with the outraged feelin's of this yere camp! Stephen Jackson, how do you prefer to die?"
"By hangin'!"
"Wall, we'll send two men up to the bend. If they git the bag you are saved; if the b'ar has devoured it, we'll hang you by the neck till you ar' dead!"
The men found the bag and the carrier's life was

saved, although he lost his job. Singularly enough the bag contained but one letter, and that was a letter for Judge Watkins from his wife in Ohio, saying she needn't come home, as she had applied for a divorce and expected to marry a better man.

—Detroit Free Press.

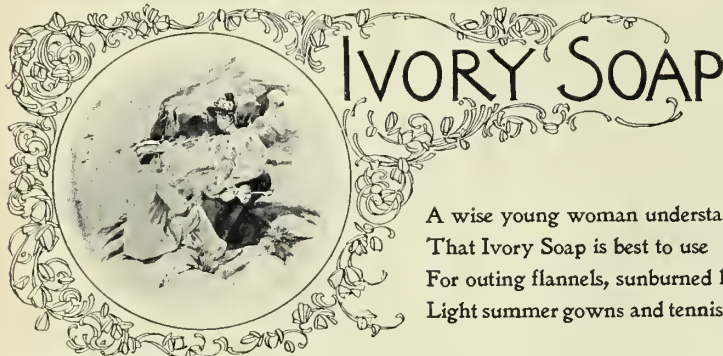
ARBITRARY ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

We'll begin with box, and the plural is boxes, But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes. The one fowl is a goose, but two are called geese. Yet the plural of mouse should never be meese. You may find a lone mouse or a whole nest of mice. But the plural of house is houses, not hices. If the plural of man is always called men, Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen? The cow in the plural may be cows or kine, But a bow if repeated is never called bine. And the plural of vow is vows, never vine. If I speak of a foot and you show me your feet, And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet? If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth, Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beet? If the singular's this and the plural is these, Should the plural of kiss ever be nicknamed keese? Then one may be that and three would be those, Yet hat in the plural would never be hose; And the plural of cat is cats, not cose. We speak of a brother, and also of brethren, But though we may say mother, we never say mothers. Then the masculine pronouns are he, his, him, But imagine the feminine she, shis, and shim? So the English, I think, you all will agree, Is the greatest language you ever did see.

—Commonweal.

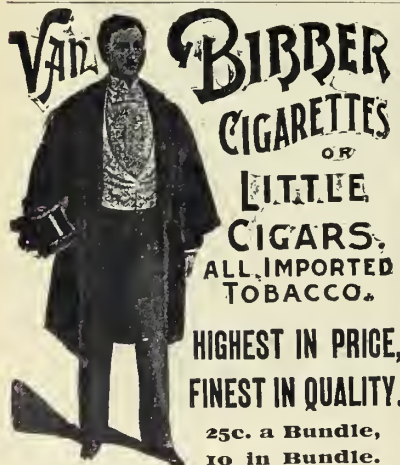
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DOOBY: Yes.
"Did he give you any directions regarding its use?"
"Yes; he told me not to take more than six drops after each meal."
—Roxbury Gazette.

WHEN Lord Colchester was Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir Joseph Yorke called Whitbread "a brewer of bad porter." With admirable tact Whitbread affected to treat this as an ordinary libel. "Mr. Speaker," he said, "I rise as a tradesman to complain of the gallant officer's abuse of the commodity I sell."—Argonaut.

SQUIRE (to gardener, who has been to London by excursion): "And what did you think of the metropolis, Adams?"
ADAMS: Beg pardon, zur?
"How did you like the metropolis?"
"Twarn't open, zur."—Pick-Me-Up.

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THEY ALL STOPPED THE CLOCK.

AN hour before sundown I came along to a man sitting on a log by the roadside and asked him where I would be likely to get lodgings for the night.

"Waal," he slowly replied after looking me over, "you might git in at Steve Taylor's, but he and his wife don't speak, and it would be rather unpleasant fur you."

"Yes, it would."

"You might git in at Sam Burton's, but he and his wife don't speak, and you would feel kinder embarrassed, I guess?"

"Yes."

"Sile Adams is allus ready to take everybody in, but he and his wife don't speak to each other, you see?"

"I see."

"There's Joe Harper, two miles ahead, and you'd be sure of a good bed there, but Joe and his wife haven't spoken to each other fur months. You wouldn't enjoy yourself there."

"No."

"There's John Richards, just across the river, but it's the same there. I saw John yesterday, and he said he'd see his ole woman in Texas before he'd speak first."

"How is it in your case?" I asked.

"Oh, I could take you in all right and would be glad to do it, but me and the ole woman don't even look at each other."

"Something queer must have happened in this neighborhood to get all husbands and wives mad at each other?"

"Yes, sunthin' did. A singin' skule teacher struck this nayburhood a year ago, and in order to git folks interested he put up a chromeo to be to the best lookin' woman."

"And someone got it, and of course that made all the—"

"No, nobody got it," he interrupted. Every durned one of the thim women thought she was entitled to it, and they turned out and mobbed the skule teacher and throwed the chromeo into the river."

"But why did they get mad at their husbands?"

"Oh, we got together and voted to buy an eight-day clock fur the honest woman in the settlement, and the blamed thing has passed around times over, and has had seven of the days and most of the wheels kicke out of it. Guess you'll either hev to ride on about eight miles farther or take the woods, stranger."—*Exchange*.

At Marlborough it used to be the custom to assign to every boy on entrance a number, with which his books, clothes and other possessions were marked. A good mother, on whom this practice had made a deep impression, got it into her head that boys were known to the authorities only by their numbers, and when calling on her son's housemaster, introduced herself as the mother of "Thank heaven, ma'am," exclaimed M. Sellaby, the most innocent and spoken of men, "I'm not the father of as many."—*Argonaut*.

MRS. BLANK, of Ohio, gave a luncheon a week ago to some Ohio delegates to the Christian Endeavor Convention. There was ice cream for dessert, and the hostess noticed that one of her guests had eaten all her portion. "Thank you, Miss X.," said she, "do let me give you some more ice cream." "Well," replied Miss X., diffidently, "just a mouthful, if you please." "Mary," said the hostess to the maid, "fill Miss X.'s plate."—*Washington Post*.

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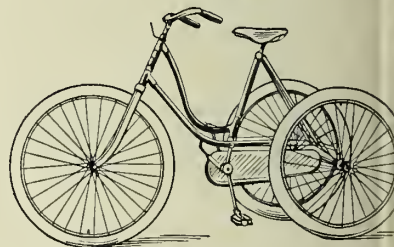
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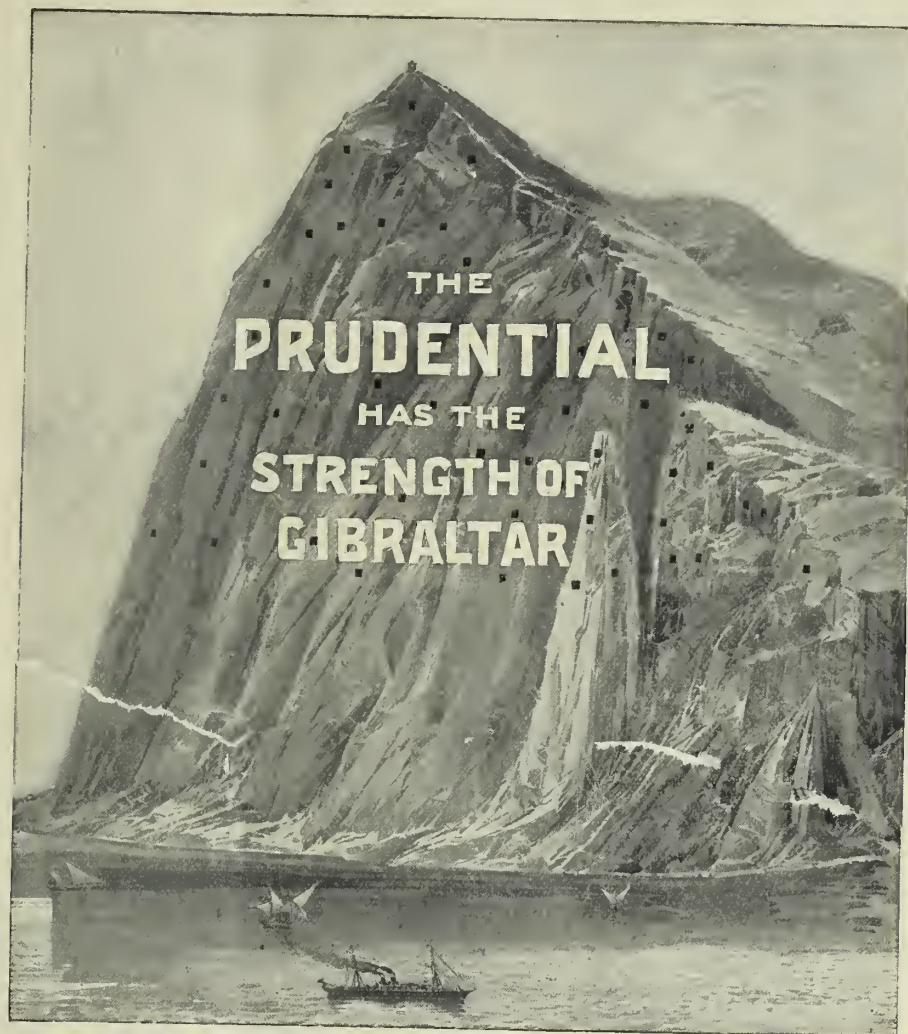
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LOVE AND LONG DISTANCE.

She lived in Chicago and he lived in Hoboken. Cupid can thrive almost anywhere.

The distance from Hoboken to Chicago is 1,000 miles.

Long-distance telephone rate. are \$1 a hundred miles for five minutes. That makes a five minutes' talk with Chicago, \$10.

Oh, love! oh, rapture!

As she walked trippingly along Wabash Avenue in Chicago, thinking of Harold and Hoboken, her uttering heart was startled by her eyes falling on one of those familiar long-distance telephone signs, consisting principally of a blue bell.

Ordinarily a bluebell reminds one of Scotland, in this case it reminded her of Hoboken.

"Oh, Harold!" she twittered, all to her dear title self. "Oh, Harold!"

Then, without further explanation except to soloquize just once as follows: "How perfectly delighted he will be to hear from me in this unexpected manner, the dear old darling!" she went to the telephone box and rang up Hoboken.

Harold came up with it, and for ten minutes her heart went whirling along the wires to Harold's heart, and Hoboken and Chicago were one.

Then she rang off and went to her home, so happy, so happy, that even the Chicago atmosphere was full of sunshine to her.

Ten minutes of bliss with Harold.

Why had they never thought of this before?

Now every day they would commune together, and life would be joy unutterable.

They would talk for hours instead of minutes.

Oh, bliss!

And Harold?

Ah, Harold was in the ecstasies of an elysiac at comes only to happy lovers.

That is to say, he was until a man came with a bill.

Just what it said in detail Harold did not know. He knew that he had been conversed for ten minutes at the rate of \$2 a minute.

And in an instant the whole world seemed changed to him.

He looked at the man with the bill in dull despair. He remembered the conversation.

The man seemed to understand, and promising to call the next day, he went out softly.

The next day Harold had disappeared forever.

The next day the man with the bill called.

The next day Chicago could not get Hoboken.

And it cost the girl \$20 and her Harold.

—New York Sun.

POLICE CAPTAIN (to lieutenant): We can congratulate ourselves now on having closed up every gambling house in town.

LEUTENANT: That's so. When do you think I better begin to raid them over again?

—Roxbury Gazette.

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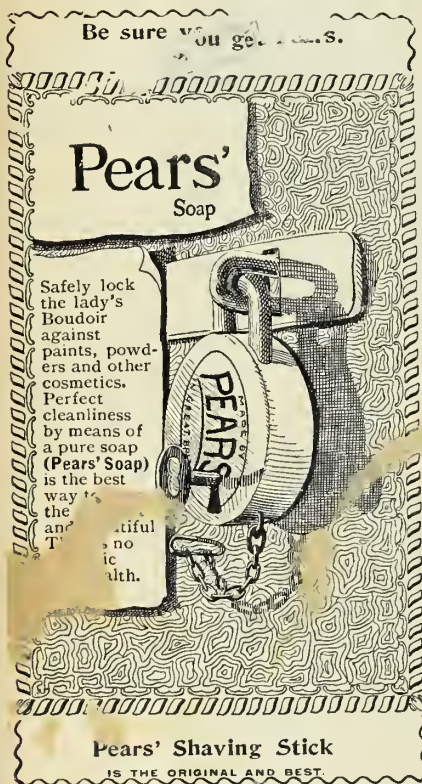
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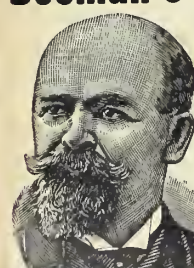
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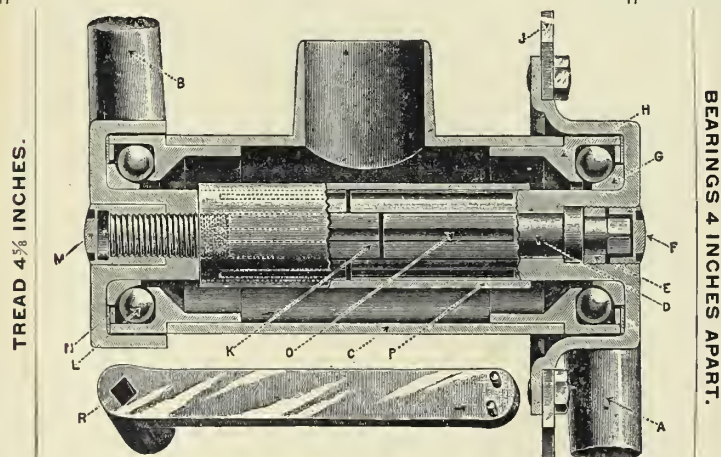
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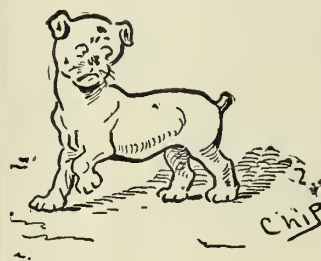
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THE CONSIDERATE WAVES.

O H, the waves at their play hear the story
Of the glad summer days that are here,
Of the youth and the maid, and the glory
Of the love that to them is so dear:

Hear Love's sighs, and the vows that forever
Love's faith unto faith shall be true,
And that naught while life lasts shall e'er sever
The bond Love has wound round the two.

And the maid who knows more than one season
Of the trysts and the trusts of the strand,
May again love without fear of treason
From the waves as they splash on the sand.

For the waves at their play tell no story
Of the troths that were plighted last year
And the vows that made most of Love's glory,
Which faded as autumn drew near.

Wood Levette Wilson.

MR. HOJACK: You say your wife is at Surflands-by-the-Sea. Are there any men there?

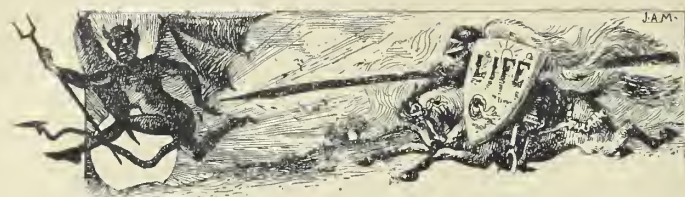
MR. TOMDIK: There must be. She writes that she will stay another fortnight.

NO HELP FOR IT.

SHE: When a man proposes to a girl, it doesn't always mean that he wants to marry her.

HE: No. It may be a matter of necessity.



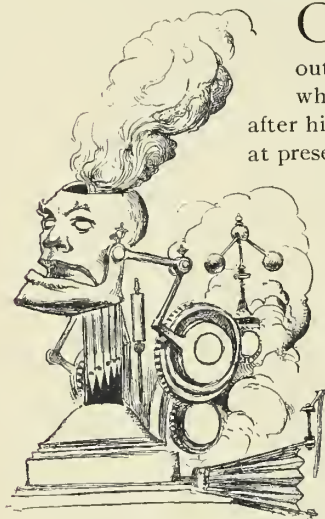


"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVIII. SEPTEMBER 3, 1896. No. 714.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents.
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ONE may speculate without offense and very probably without any accession of knowledge as to whether Mr. Bryan will know more after his campaign is over than he does at present. There seemed to be a basis for the surmise that when he made his Madison Square speech he had become conscious, or at least suspicious, of truths which had not attracted his notice when he addressed the convention at Chicago. If he read Mr. Bourke Cockran's speech, there was another means of enlightenment for him, and, indeed his visit to the East has abounded in opportunities for edification. The probability is that Mr. Bryan's reasoning powers are

defective and that there are many things that he will never know until he learns them by experience and many more that he will never know at all. It is probable, therefore, that he will never realize that the cross of gold that he dwelt upon at Chicago is nothing new, but is the same old cross that humanity has been wriggling on ever since men have had to work for a living.

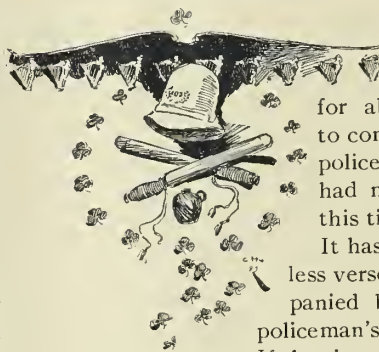
Everybody who is short of money squirms on the cross of gold. The great majority of people always have been insufficiently supplied with money. By scaring capital into its hole and ham-stringing public credit Mr. Bryan and the other silver men have added Procrustean torments to a cross that was irksome enough before. The idea that the silver cross will be any easier to endure than the gold one is vanity and vexation of spirit. There is nothing in it except mischief. Mr. Cockran set forth very clearly the other night how much worse than the gold cross the silver one would be for wage earners. It would be worse for all except two sets of men, the silver mine owners and the men who are hired or expectant promoters of the silver idea. There is a living in silver for them. There is no profit in it for other people who are honest.



TWO things are well understood in New York, the arts of improving time and of sustaining life, and particularly the latter. A reflecting person may fairly question whether the time of New Yorkers is really improved and may hold rather to the opinion that it is hashed up into too many small and rapid bites. But the art of sustaining and continuing such life as is possible in New York has undoubtedly reached a fine degree of perfection. The knowledge of what the human machine can be made to do, what amount of laying by it requires and when and where, is remarkably accurate and extensive, and is very widely and effectively used. A New Yorker who is rich enough to buy good advice and make his necessary repairs in time, can scurry along at a surprising gait for a surprising length of time in a ramshackle body that is not first-rate at any point, but which doesn't quite give out anywhere until the time comes for it finally to go to sudden miscellaneous smash like the famous one-hoss shay.

New York's annual bill for repairs done on her citizens is a stupendous thing, millions big, but the repairs are worth the money, at least to the people who are fixed up. Summer travel at home and abroad, summer homes and places of sojourn—the cost of them all goes into that bill. The only sorrow is that thousands of New Yorkers who most need repairs don't get them. They wear out and stop running.

* * *



COMMISSIONER ROOSEVELT

has been advertising for able-bodied young men to come in and be made into policemen. No doubt he has had more good applicants by this time than he has places.

It has been set forth in deathless verse by Mr. Gilbert (accompanied by dance music) that a policeman's life is not a happy one.

If that is so in New York it must be the policeman's fault, for his job seems fairly garnished with adventure, and opportunities for heroism and exemplary conduct. Newly graduated college athletes are recommended to consider Mr. Roosevelt's offers. A term of service on the New York police force seems adapted to give a college-bred man an experience of the vicissitudes of practical life which might supplement very usefully his academic training. Besides, the pay of a policeman avails to support life and is not an inconvenient thing to tide beginners over a period of industrial prostration when likely openings are scarce.

ECONOMY.

CLARISSA bought some buttons of a mastodontic mold;
 "They were a bargain," she explained, when of her prize she told.
 "I know that they will soon go out of style; but even then
 I can make them do for pie-pans till their vogue comes 'round again."

AT BAY.

"JUST look at that woman, in green, up there on the piazza," said the smart man from New York to the quiet man, trying to strike up a conversation and acquaintance at the same time.

"I see her," replied the quiet man. "What about her?"

"Oh, nothing much," said the smart man; "only I think she is looking the worst fright I ever saw in my life."

"Sir!" said the other, losing some of his quietness, "I'll have you understand that the lady you are speaking of is my wife."

The smart man gasped. He seemed non-plused. But only for a moment. He came from New York.

"I was going to say," he went on, with unruffled suavity, "if you had not interrupted me, that the lady, in green, on the piazza is looking the worst fright I ever saw in my life—"

"How dare you, sir!" burst out the other, losing all his quietness by this time.

"— Right square in the face. She is sitting

right opposite to her," continued the smart man, without turning a hair.

"Then let me tell you, sir, that the lady you now indicate, sitting opposite my wife, is my sister," snapped the erstwhile pacific personage, squirming in his seat.

The smart man looked over at the crowd again, earnestly, and somewhat hopelessly. But he was not beaten yet.

"I think," he said, slowly, "you must be speaking of the very pretty girl with pink roses in her hat. I can see she is your sister. Dead image of you. I did not mean her. I was looking at the more elderly party with the dowdy get-up, a few paces from her."

The other man became agitated again. When he found his voice, he said, in cutting accents:

"The elderly party, sir, with the dowdy get-up, happens to be my mother."

The smart man rose to his feet.

"See here!" he said, shortly, as he turned to leave, "I was willing to meet you half way, or even further; and I tried my level best to do it. But you've got altogether too many relatives around for the purposes of ordinary conversation."

Ernest Graham Dewey.

MRS. SLIMSON: I have absolutely forbidden Willie to go near the water.

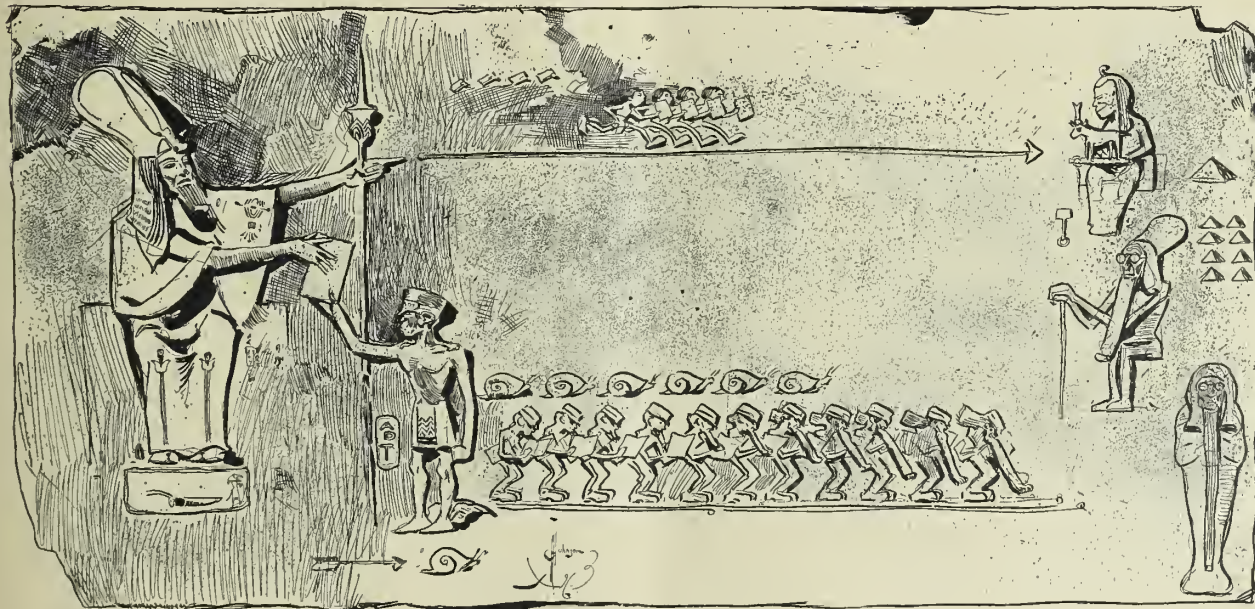
MRS. TWICKENHAM. What for?

"I want him to learn how to swim."



A CROSS COUNTRY RIDER.

HOW many more people might have been famous if they had only known enough to die at the right time.



THE MESSENGER BOY.

FROM LIFE'S RECENT DISCOVERIES OF EARLY EGYPTIAN JOKES.



BEFORE.

OUR FRESH AIR FUND.

WE hope the friends of the children will not withdraw their aid because the season is nearing its end. It is now we most need your assistance. Owing to the hard times we have received less than usual this summer, but there are just as many children who are fading for a change of air. The more



AFTER.

you give us the more children we can help, and those who have been in the city through the summer need it now more than ever before.

Previously acknowledged,	\$2,776 19
W. B. D., Providence,	
Box 979, New York.....	10 00
C. P. S.....	12 00
C. C. Hyatt.....	25 00
T. W., Newport, R. I....	21 00
Beverly.....	10 00
Severn.....	10 00
G. H. T.....	10 00
Bayard Dominick.....	10 00
Harold Vassar's Dona-	
tion to LIFE's Farm.	6 00
Laura and Dickson.....	6 00
Blair and Sam.....	6 00
L. M. T.....	5 00
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H. Dawes.....	3 00

\$3,097 54



AN UNREPENTANT IDEALIST.

IT will always be a disputed point whether the love of words with a beautiful sound is the survival of a barbaric instinct or one of the fine developments of civilization. On the one side are those who reason that the finest poetry is produced in half-civilized times; on the other, there are men who can prove to you that the best poetry is the finest flower of culture. There is a compromise attitude that asserts that, while the best poetry is made in half-civilized eras, the keenest appreciation of it is in periods of broadest culture.

Whatever the present literary epoch may be in the perspective of civilization, there can be no doubt that it is impatient of beauty of style, which is associated with dilettantism, and with what is artificial.

The modern stylists who have made the greatest impression are men who have been careful to mingle force and ruggedness with beauty. That is why what is pure beauty of sound in Stevenson and Kipling has gained recognition.

* * *

IT, therefore, takes some courage of a literary kind for Richard Le Gallienne to keep writing "Prose Fancies," of which a second series has just been published (H. S. Stone & Co.). He is an unrepentant



A VIEW AT LIFE'S FARM.



A SEASIDE FANTASIA.

idealist in style and matter. He believes that a beautiful phrase or sentence is its own justification; and he spins his melodious prose with evident delight in its rhythm.

Sometimes he does not say much, and knows it; at other times he says a great deal and is probably equally conscious of it. An example of the first, in this volume, is "Brown Roses," devoted to the shearing of a poet's curly locks; an example of the second is "On Loving One's Enemies," which is a bit of sound, wordly philosophy, sententiously put.

The clever *Sun* reviewer has shown that very good fun can be made out of the "sausages" in the "Seventh Heaven Story" that opens the volume. Sausages and prose idyls heretofore have not been considered congenial comrades. But that is exactly where Mr. Le Gallienne shows his originality and the saving grace of common humanity. Instead of the sausage dragging down his style, he has elevated the æsthetic possibilities of the sausage.

He has put most of his philosophy in a very effective paragraph:

After all its talk, science has done little more than correct the misprints of religion. Essentially the old spiritualistic and poetic theories of life are seen, not merely weakly to satisfy the cravings of man's nature, but to be mostly in harmony with certain strange and moving facts in his constitution, which the materialists unscientifically ignore.

At a time when the ugly, the grewsome, the half-savage, and the wholly vicious are considered as the only proper subjects for exhibiting literary force and originality in fiction, it is refreshing to come across a book that is content

to devote itself to the frills of beauty in style and thought.

* * *

IN contrast with it is the translation of D'Annunzio's "Episcopo & Co." (H. S. Stone). This young author represents in Italy the literary methods of Ibsen and Maeterlinck, and acknowledges his debt to many others of the same school. As is to be expected the story is sordid, depressing, horrible, and calculated to make one doubt the sanity of his fellowman. It is a piece of excellent, often surprising, workmanship expended on hopeless material.

He represents the most advanced "literary movement," but with Populism to play with, we don't need it over here.

One set of freaks at a time!

Droch.

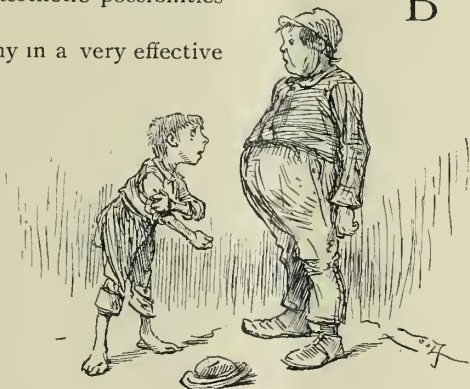
BEWARE of the woman who carefully thinks out her impulses beforehand.

FROM ANOTHER WORLD.

SAIDSO: Do you recognize that spirit photograph?

HERDSO: It looks familiar.

"That's Smithers, who moved to Brooklyn."

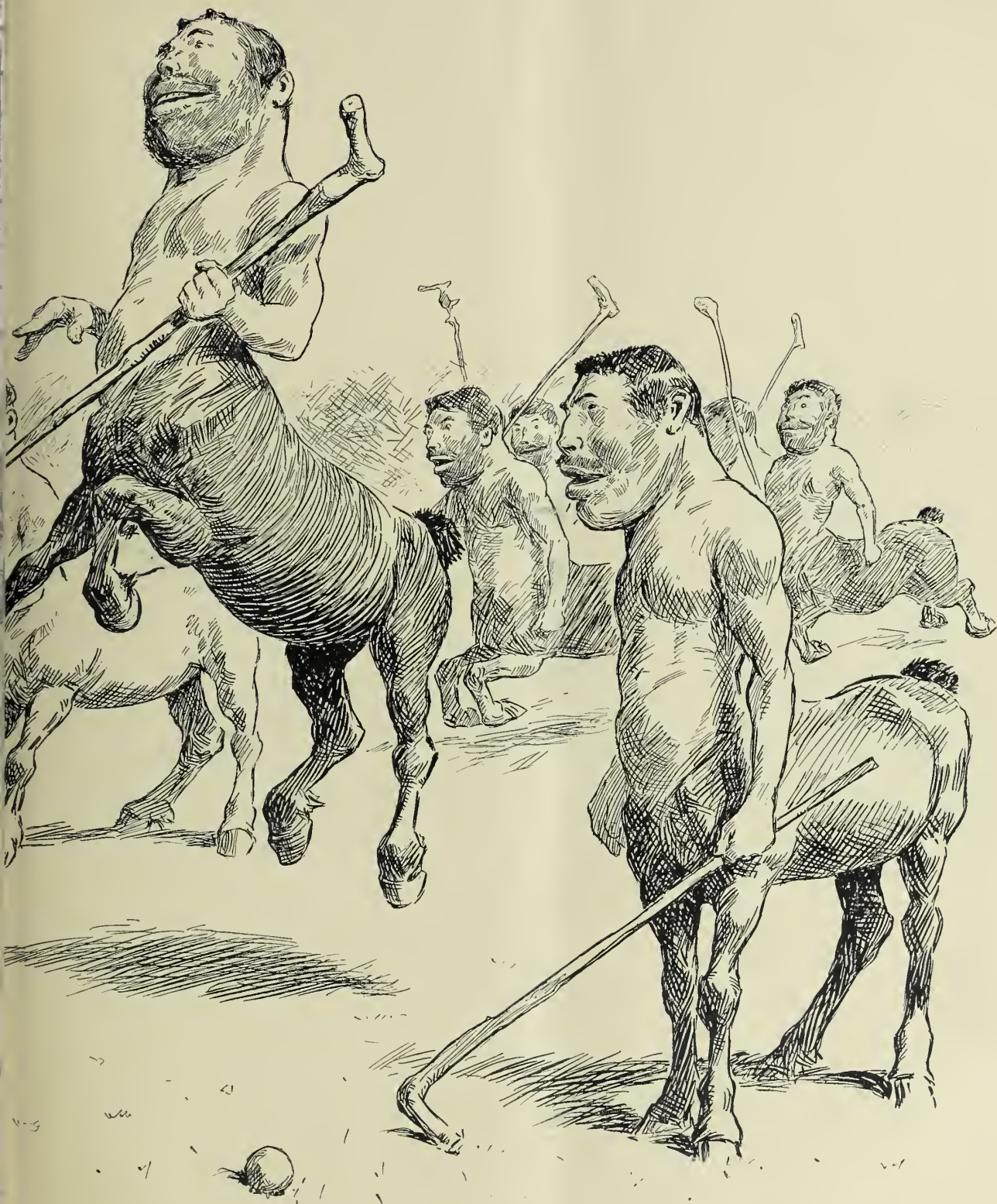


The Smaller of the Two: What! YOU LICK me? YOU WOULDN'T BE IN IT! IF I WUZ ON'Y TER STRIKE YER WUNST, YER'D HAVE TER WEAR A PLASTER ON YER STUMMICK AN' CHEW COUGH DROPS FUR DE REST OF YER LIFE!

IT is said that Li Hung Chang has not brought his \$50,000 coffin with him, as he concluded before leaving England, that it would not be worth while to cart it along. Our distinguished guest evidently does not contemplate riding on the trolley or taking a trip on the cable cars.



R. S. Sullivan



AN INTERNATIONAL COMPLICATION.

"HOLD on there, Cabby!" shouted I, and I poked my stick through the little hatchway at the top of the hansom.

"Where the devil are you going?" said Sandy, as we pulled up to the curb and I threw back the apron.

"I'm going to lunch at Del's," said I.

"Lunch at Del's! Why it isn't an hour since we breakfasted," burst out Sandy, in a bewildered way.

"I know," rejoined I, "but I'm hungry again." This in a tone that Sandy has come to know means finality; for I couldn't stop to explain that I had caught a glimpse of Fanny Ashe, sitting in the window eating luncheon with that blackguard Seixas.

I turned back for a moment. "Yes, if you can get a decent price about Firefly, put me on 20—five each way," I said.

Sandy's red head disappeared, and a second later the hansom bowled on up the avenue.

"He guessed the window but not the person, luckily," I thought, as I handed the boy my hat and stick. They hadn't seen me as I passed on the street; nor did they now as I entered the big red room, so busily engaged were they with one another. I was almost standing over them before she looked up with a start.

"Jack Oliver! where on earth did you come from?"

There was a rush of crimson from cheek to temple, and a nervous laugh, that I pretended not to notice, as I took her



"SINCE THE DAY YOU BECAME ENGAGED TO BILLY."

"You are not going up to the track then?" said Sandy.

"No, I'll dine with you at the club, though, to-night at seven." And I stepped to the sidewalk.

"Oh, very well," replied Sandy resignedly, "if you won't come you won't. But I'm hanged if I see why. One moment you are all for the races and a jolly afternoon, and the next you are popping off to a lone lunch at Del's. I suppose Polly Ransom is sitting at the window," he added as a parting shot.

"That's where you suppose wrong," said I. "So long; I'll see you to-night."

"Do you want anything 'on?'" yelled Sandy, leaning far out.

little jeweled hand. It may have been imagination, but I thought it quivered tremulously as it lay in mine for a second.

"Oh, I just dropped in for a bite," I said carelessly. "How are you, Seixas?" and I nodded to her companion, who was watching me with his beady little eyes that twinkled maliciously as I drew up a chair and sat down. "May I sit here?" I went on airily, picking up a *carte du jour* and glancing through it.

"Is our permission necessary?" he said with an attempt at sarcasm.

"That of Mrs. Ashe is," I replied with a suavity that I didn't feel, for I was mentally cursing the impertinence of

his "our permission." She must have read my thought, for she flushed again furiously.

"Oh, Jack, you know we are delighted to have you," she said in a little flustered way, and I caught a glance that shot between them. Surely this was more serious than I had any idea of. I knew she and Billy had bad days and even weeks, but that they were anything more than the result of simultaneous attacks of his stupidity and her stubbornness, I had never imagined. But certainly Billy's fences were down, and it was the greatest satisfaction in the world for me to be sitting there between Fanny Ashe and the man who, of all others, she shouldn't have been with.

All this flashed through my head as the waiter took my order, and some suggestion of it must have passed into her mind, for her eyes drooped as I turned to her.

"How is it that you are not at Morris Park?" she said, in a very apparent attempt to make conversation.

"I had something to attend to in town—for Billy," I said, meaningly. She looked sharply at me for a second, and I met the look steadily. She understood and resented, for her face grew hard, and the smile left her lips.

"That's very considerate of such an inveterate turfman as you, Oliver," said Seixas. (He calls me O-le-vare; I should think any one who had been on the Spanish Legation for nine years would have learned to speak English.)

"Not at all," said I. "I consider myself very lucky in having run into this jolly little luncheon." He returned to his salad, and I smiled quizzically, sipping some champagne to keep my good humor down. And then the unexpected happened, as might have been expected from Fanny Ashe.

"Would you mind letting me have a few words alone with Mr. Oliver," she said, smiling sweetly at Seixas.

"With pleasure, my dear Mrs. Ashe." (Mizeus Ashz, he called her.) And he rose from the table and strolled from the room with a satisfied air that would have warned me of what was coming if her "*Mr. Oliver*" hadn't. I braced myself for the shock, and it came.

"What do you mean by forcing yourself on us in this way? Since when have you constituted yourself my guardian?" she said, in a low voice that vibrated with anger.

"Since the day you became engaged to Billy," I answered blandly.

"You thought any one who would commit such a folly needed looking after, did you?" she said bitterly, and then went on, her fingers tapping a tattoo accompaniment on the table's edge. "I don't know but what you were right; you haven't found your duties arduous, though, have you?"

"Not very."

"They will be still less so, in the future; in fact they will have no need for existence."

"I'm to be the judge of that."

"You shall be," she replied. "I think even you will admit that I've come under the sway of reason again; that wisdom is once more mine."

There was something in her voice that startled me.

"What is it?" I said.

"Billy and I have separated," she answered.

"Separated!" ejaculated I. "What do you mean? What are you talking about?"



WHEN IT IS SIXTEEN TO ONE.

"HERE, MY POOR MAN, ARE THREE DOLLARS, ALL I CAN SPARE JUST NOW."
"WELL, THAT WILL BUY ME A CUP OF COFFEE, AT LEAST."

"I mean that we came to the conclusion that our marriage was a mistake, and that Billy has gone away."

"Gone away; yes," I said, rather blankly, "but not to stay?"

"To stay," she said firmly.

"Well, then," replied I, after a moment, during which she stared across at the bold front of Admiral Farragut, "that simply doubles my responsibility. I've got you both to look after now."

She turned to me with the face of tragedy. "Jack Oliver," she said, "is there nothing on this earth that you will take seriously?"

"Everything, but you and Billy."

"Oh, I could—I could stick my hat pin into you."

"You had better save it for Senor Seixas," said I. "It would be really merciful; for when I tell Billy that you've been lunching here with that Dago, he'll do something to him that would make death from a pin stick seem tame."

"Billy doesn't care who I lunch with, he hasn't for some time; and if he did, it would make no difference now; it is too late," she said, dolefully.

"Well, it makes a difference to me," replied I, decisively.

"And I'm going to give this Spanish Hidalgo notice to quit. Where has Billy gone?" I went on.

"I don't know."

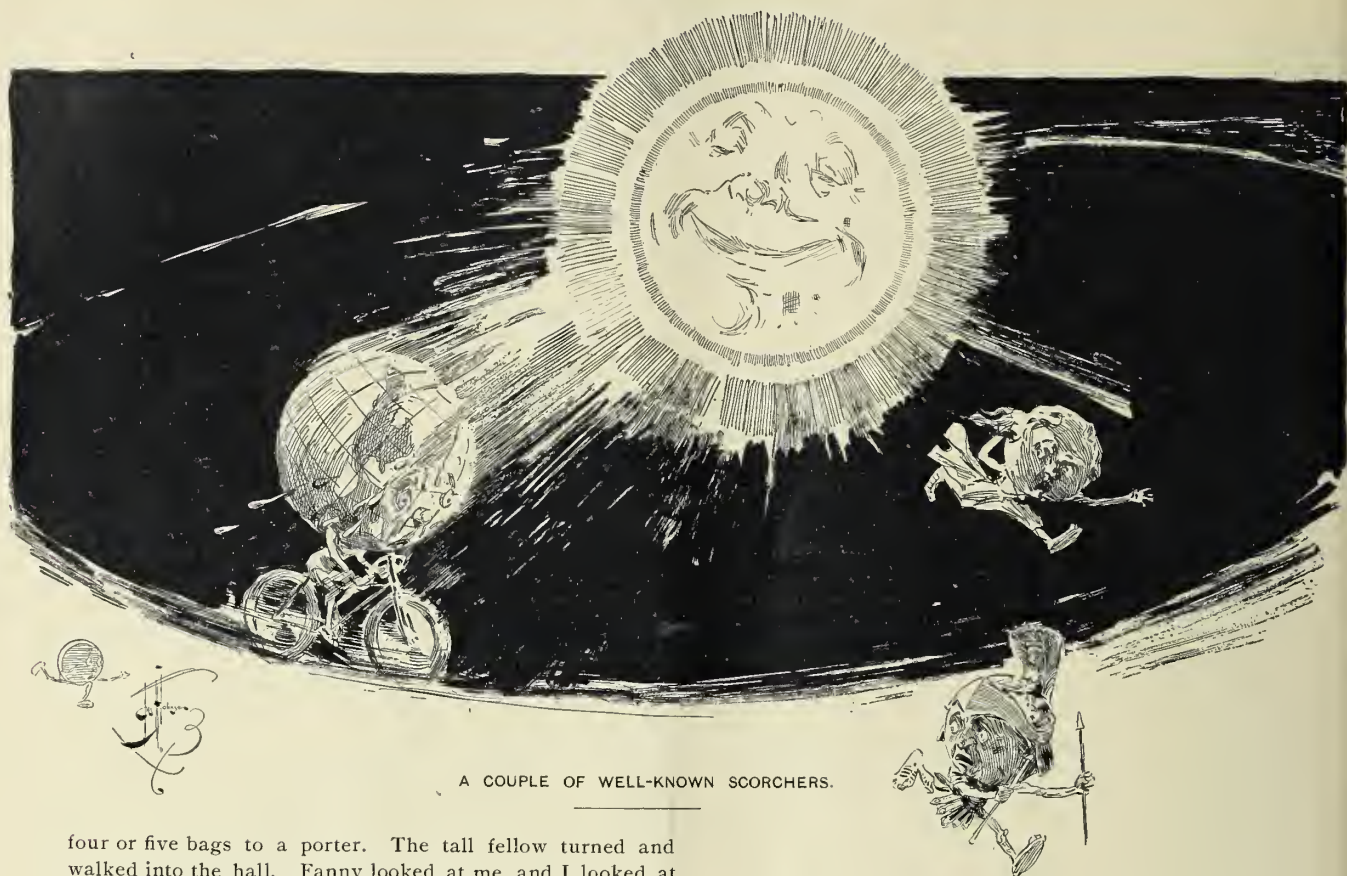
"When did he go?"

"He left the house this morning."

"Take any luggage?"

"Four or five bags. He said he would—" she broke off in the middle of the sentence; her eyes were riveted on a four-wheeler that had just driven up.

I followed the direction of her look and saw a tall fellow in blue serge talking to the driver, who was handing down



A COUPLE OF WELL-KNOWN SCORCHERS.

four or five bags to a porter. The tall fellow turned and walked into the hall. Fanny looked at me and I looked at her; and just then he stood in the doorway looking at us.

"Billy, you old fool," I said, as I squeezed his hand and pushed him into a seat. "Don't be a fool any longer; Fanny is tired of being one, too."

Then I went off to the cafe to tell Seixas that in view of our present strained relations with Spain he had better not presume too much on the good nature of a certain athletic young American named Billy Ashe.

Louis Evan Shipman.

INTERESTING FROM NEWPORT.

IN a recent issue of a prominent daily we saw that Mrs. William Astor and Mrs. and Miss Grinnell assisted Mr. Van Alen and his daughter to receive. The cotillon, which was led by Mr. Elisha Dyer, Jr., and Miss Van Alen, was danced after supper. The favors were attractive, including fancy walking sticks, fans, handsomely trimmed hats, riding whips, decorated with ribbons, and various knickknacks.

All good republicans, and even sound money democrats, will be glad to know that Mr. Van Alen and Mr. Elisha Dyer, Jr., are able to be up and dancing. We trust both digestions are good and that they are none the worse for the hot weather. As for Mrs. William Astor and Miss Van Alen it is needless to state that we are delighted whenever their names appear in print.

Mrs. and Miss Grinnell we came near forgetting, but they are no less important than the others and their names should be published just as often.

DASHAWAY: What is your idea of happiness?
TOPERLY. Continually satisfying a thirst you are unable to quench.



Ruffian on Rock: BY ALL THE POWERS ABOVE, IT IS ME RIVAL A CARRYIN' A BOOKAY TO MERCEDITA. HE SHILL BE TOOK AN' HELD FOR A RANSOM. THE NIGHT OWL HATH SHROKED HIS SHRIEK, AN' THE RAVEN HATH RAVED HIS RAVE. FOR THOU AN' THEE ONLY, MERCEDITA, DO I DO THESE THINGS! *Tableau.*



She: DO YOU THINK WE WOULD BETTER BE ENGAGED ANY LONGER THAN SIX MONTHS, DEAR?
"WE'LL SEE, DARLING, JUST HOW MY MONEY HOLDS OUT."

ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

"I'm so glad you remembered to bring a jar of

Armour's

Extract of BEEF.

We're sure to want it wherever we go."

(Overheard on "the Limited.")

ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF



AN IDYL OF POSTER LAND.

A BLUE GIRL SAT ON A SHRIMP PINK BANK,
WITH THE GREEN SUN SINKING LOW,
AND SHE HEEDED NOT, AS HER MAUVE THOUGHTS RAN,
THE THROBBING UNDERTOE.

BURNETT'S KALLISTON.

THE dry, parched feeling of the face, after a day spent on the deck of an ocean steamer, will be refreshed by an application of Burnett's Kalliston.

For sale by all Druggists.

JOSEPH BURNETT CO., BOSTON, MASS.



The Standard Single-Tube

Hartford Single-Tube Tires are the Standard tires. They have many imitators, but the Hartford Rubber Works Company has been making single-tube tires for six years, and experience has taught them how to make the right kind of single-tube tire.

IF IT'S A HARTFORD TIRE

IT'S RIGHT.

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NUBIAN Fast Black

Cotton Dress Linings—For Waist and Skirt,
Will Not Crock.

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All Leading

DRY GOODS

Stores.

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Look for this on

EVERY YARD

of the Selvage.

THE CLUB = COCKTAILS

For the
Yacht,
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Manhattan,
Martini,
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All ready for use, require no mixing. Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions, the one bottled and aged must be the better. Try our **York Cocktail**—without any sweetening—dry and delicious. For sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the U. S., and all druggists and dealers.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.

39 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. HARTFORD, CONN. 20 PICCADILLY, W. LONDON, ENG.

Haviland China

It is important to buyers that they should be informed that the only ware that has always been known as Haviland China is marked under each piece:

H&C^o
L
FRANCE
On White China.

Haviland & Co
Limoges
On Decorated China.

STRANGER: Is there a law in this town against selling liquor on Sunday?

OLD RESIDENT: Yes; but don't let that worry you, my friend; there's no law against buying it.

—Roxbury Gazette.

CLANCY had a dog. It was of that indefinite combination of breed which had adorned it with the head of a St. Bernard and the tail of a pug; nevertheless, Clancy held the canine in high regard for its fighting qualities.

"Shure, an' it's a foine baste, he is!" said Pat. "He don't be mooch to look at, but he can foight. Yis, sorr! He's a domn foine darg at a scrap."

Just then a fussy little black-and-tan, about a third the size of Pat's dog, came pertly along, and, jumping at the legs of the mongrel, sent him howling down the street.

"I thought you said your cur was a fighter?" asked a man on the sidewalk.

Pat thought for a moment, then in a confidential tone: "Dat's roight. He's great at a scrap, but he's a domn bad judge of dargs."—Boston Budget.

In a Southern city, a few years ago, a young lawyer undertook the defence of an old darky who had been arrested as a chicken-thief, and who in the days of slavery had been owned by the lawyer's father.

It was the young man's first plea, and was not brilliant in either construction or delivery. The darky received a pretty severe sentence, his guilt being well proved.

"Thank you, sah," said the prisoner, addressing the judge cheerfully, when the sentence had been pronounced; "dat's mighty hard, but it ain't anywhar near what I expected. I thought, sah, dat between my character and pore Mars' Frank's speech, dey'd hang me, sure!"

—Youth's Companion.

SOME reporters were waiting for news after midnight recently of the condition of Cornelius Vanderbilt. It is no fun to kick your heels against the pavement until 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning, and the reporters grew restless. "This reminds me," said one, reflectively, "of the death watch on the old commodore. Things were quite different then from what they are now. When the old commodore was just taken ill he used to send for us every day and have us up in his room and tell us all about himself. He used to read the papers and he noticed that a great deal of space was devoted to him.

"Well, boys," he said one morning, 'I hope I live a little longer for your sakes. You seem to be making a lot of space out of me.'

"Finally, though, when he became too ill to see us, we had to camp out as we are doing now, and it soon became tedious. We used to camp about twenty feet from the front of the house in which the old gentleman lay, and sometimes you could hear what was said in the sick-room.

"Among us was a certain gentleman who is now the respected father of a family. He was rather impatient. It was late at night. He had a voice in him like a bull.

"Oh, why don't he die?' he suddenly exclaimed, petulantly.

"We thought no more of his remark until a few minutes later, when a trim servant girl came out of the house. She looked us over and watched us for a few moments. Then Doc said something and she came over to him and handed him a note. He opened it, wondering what it could be. On the paper was a score or so of words written in the old commodore's well-known scrawl. They read:

"I trust you will pardon me, but as this is the first time I have ever died, I am a little inexperienced and don't exactly know how to go about it. If you will bear with me a little while, however, I will try to do my best."

"The old gentleman had heard the pious remark and it had been too much for his grim sense of humor."—New York Press.

"Did Mrs. Jones give up her bloomers to please her husband?"

"No; her pug dog wouldn't come near her when she had them on."—Chicago Record.

No matter

how daintily exquisite, or blossom white the dress details—no lady wants a sudden and embarrassing gap of the gown fastenings to reveal them.

The DeLONG Hook and Eye hooks and unhook easily—but only at the will of the wearer.

See that

hump?

RICHARDSON &
DELONG BROS., Philadelphia.

Also makers of the
CUPID Hairpin.



GOLD LACK BRUT CHAMPAGNE.

DEUTZ & GELDERMANN, Ay, France.
Possessing to the fullest extent the fruitiness and delicate character peculiar to the wines of the famous AY district.

Agent C. H. ARNOLD, 27 S. William St., N. Y. City.

SMITH & WESSON MODEL 1896 REVOLVER



Solid
Frame,
Swing Out
Cylinder,
Hand Ejector and
Rebounding Lock.

Exceptional strength, accuracy, penetration,
and workmanship are features of this revolver.

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SMITH & WESSON, 24 Stockbridge St.,
Springfield, Mass.



WHITE ROSE GLYCERINE SOAP.

The Ideal Toilet Soap. Makes an
exquisitely soft, rich lather, of remark-
able cleansing & healing properties.

Pure—Delightful—Economical.

MÜLHENS & KROPFF, N.Y. U.S. AGENTS.

THE train was nearing Detroit when at a way station a young man, dressed in the height of fashion and carrying a summer overcoat, stepped on board and went through the cars as if looking for some one. He stopped once or twice at a seat occupied by a farmer-looking man who attracted his attention. Finally he asked politely:

"Is this Mr. Sam Garland, of Beanville, Ohio?"

"Yes. 'Spose you read my name on my valise, hey?"

"No, uncle; I'm your nephew, Hal Garland, of Detroit."

"I guess not. I reckon I ain't lived fifty-five years not to hev my eye-teeth cut. An' I ain't got a nevvie that looks sech a dude as you air, not by a long shot."

The young man colored, but laughed good naturedly.

"I can find some one on the train who knows me," he said. And going into another car, soon returned with a youth who was of his own age and style.

"This is my friend, Mr. Sampson, uncle. Perhaps you remember his father, who came from Beanville?"

"Howdy, Mr. Confederate! I remember Jim Sampson fust rate, but he warn't no relation of yours. I'm right sorry, boys, that I can't cash that check of yours. I reckon the goods will have to stay in the freight house. You see, your old uncle has traveled afore."

The two young men went off laughing, and the nephew who had been taken so persistently for a confidence man had the satisfaction of seeing his uncle take the wrong car, and of saying to a friend:

"The next time mother sends me to meet some of her country relatives I'll take her along. I know the old man will bring up at the police station."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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FOR THE
TEETH AND BREATH.

A sample of liquid Sozodont by mail, provided you mention this publication and send three cents for postage. Address the Proprietors of Sozodont, HALL & RUCKEL, Wholesale Druggists, New York City.

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RHEUMATISM, GRAVEL, BRIGHT'S.

Dr. CYRUS EDSON, *Health Officer, New York City:*

Is a potent remedy in correcting **Rheumatic Diathesis.**

In case of **Uric Acid Gravel** in which I recently prescribed it, its beneficial effects were apparent after the third dose. I have also prescribed it with great benefit in **Bright's Disease of the Kidneys.**

Sold by Druggists. Pamphlet free.

PROPRIETOR, BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VA.



For conscience sake, tuck those shoes under your
skirt,
or use **Brown's French Dressing**

For Ladies and Children's Shoes

GOUT?

For Sale by Druggists.

PAMPHLET FREE.

LEHN & FINK, Agents, New York.

SCHERING'S PIPERAZIN WATER

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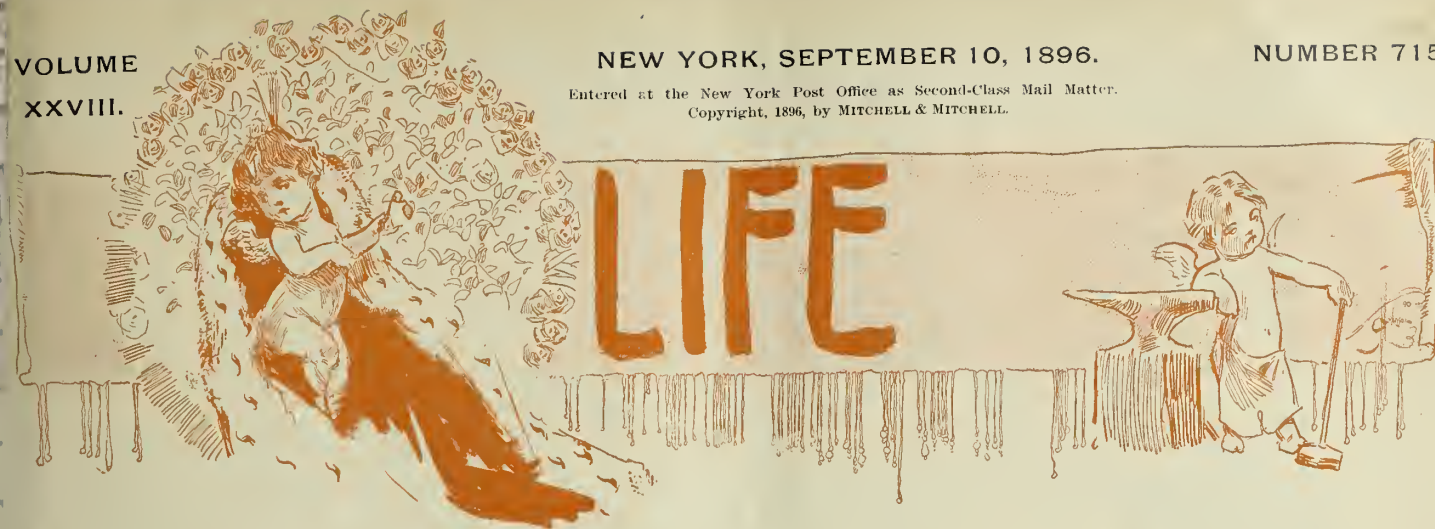
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VOLUME
XXVIII.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 10, 1896.

NUMBER 715.

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NO COMPARISON.

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Maude: HOW SO?

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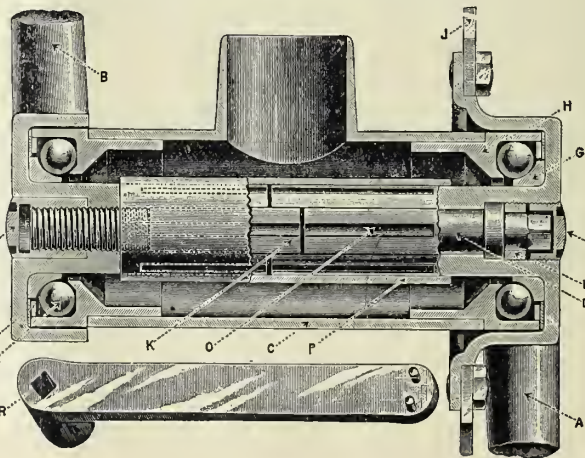
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THE GOLF FIEND.

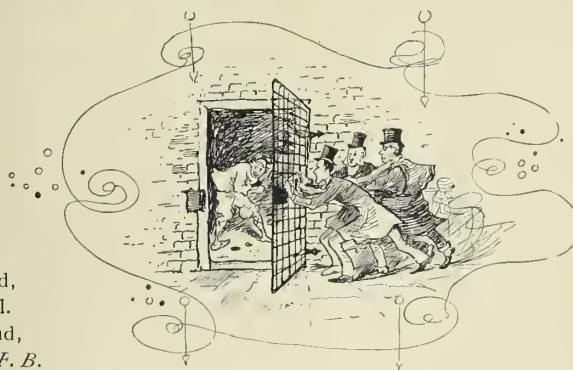
NOW who shall tackle 'the Golfer Mad
While his brassie beats the ground?
Do yer ken that a golfer loon, my lad,
It's wae safe to fool around?

The court to the committee has cried
"To a keeper let him be thrall,
For he squanders his gold and he leaves his bride
To harrie a foolish ball."

O, a cannie way the committee have found,
And they've laid out a course right well.
For the links lead round the asylum ground,
And the home hole lies in his cell! R. F. B.

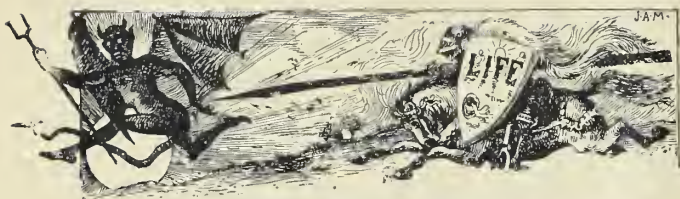
HOPE DEFERRED.

THE SUITOR: I vill do anyt'ing to gain your consent.
THE FATHER: Young man, come to me on der
day ven you haf made your first assignment.



AN UPWARD MOVEMENT.

TRAMP: You may not believe it, but I was once a
World reporter.
STRANGER: To what do you attribute your rise in life?



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVIII. SEPTEMBER 10, 1896. No. 715.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

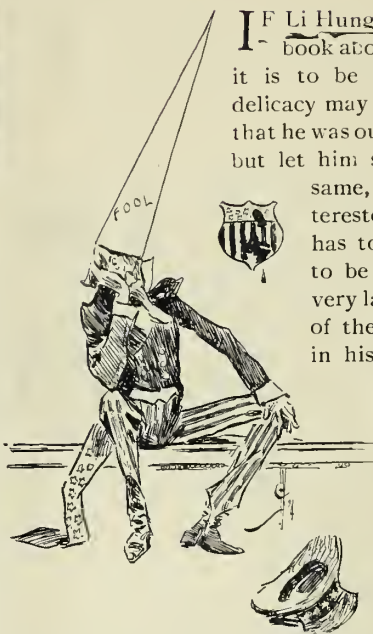
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INASMUCH as there seems to be nothing in this world not already his which the Honorable William C. Whitney especially covets except peace and a quiet life, LIFE begs to offer him its respectful condolences on being continually dragged before the public. Having had presumably a laborious winter and spring Mr. Whitney had planned in June to go to England, when he was swooped down upon by various men of might and influence and sent, much against his will, to Chicago to help rescue his party from the silver infatuation. The party didn't rescue, but Mr. Whitney's labors, futile as they proved, were not less arduous or less conspicuous for being so.

After he got back from Chicago he was duly pestered of course by persons who wanted to know what he was going to do and what the New York Democrats ought to do. Then his athletic son came back from Henley and he was pointed out on the street as the father of a Yale oarsman. Then his elder son became engaged to Miss Vanderbilt and the blaze of publicity shone on him again (especially during Mr. Vanderbilt's illness) as the prospective father-in-law of Mr. Vanderbilt's daughter. Then he bought a farm and the newspapers told stories about that. Then his son got married and that brought him to the fore again. Then the Viceroy Li was received by the President in his house in New York, and that brought him out, and probably between this writing and the issue of this number of LIFE his name will be in the papers again on some new ground.

LIFE is sorry for Mr. Whitney. It is hard that a man who wants to retire should be lugged into such a constant whirl of publicity. His very children seem banded against him to race horses or row boats or marry persons of exceptional note or do anything else that comes handy to keep their father in the public eye. Hitherto Mr. Whitney has been able to maintain his health, notwithstanding the strain on his shrinking nature, but it need surprise no one to hear that he has dug a cyclone cellar on his new farm in the Berkshires to which he can retire and be not-at-home when Destiny comes along and hammers on the roof.



IF Li Hung Chang cares to write a book about us when he gets home it is to be hoped that feelings of delicacy may not hinder. It is true that he was our guest for a short time, but let him speak his mind just the same, for we shall be most interested in hearing what he has to say. We believe him to be an astute statesman of very large experience, and one of the ablest men now active in his line of business. Yet

nothing he is likely to say of us is likely to hurt our feelings, while possibly he may give us a dig or two that will do us good. If he says our women folk have large feet we shall not resent it, knowing that our

standard in feet is not as his; if he thinks our Mr. Bryan's mind works defectively on the silver question, we will endure that disparagement too. We would be glad to know Mr. Li better and nothing would enlighten us about him more than a full and unprejudiced expression of his views about us.

NO political convention has as yet adopted a plank which condemns the international marriage. Mr. Bryan, however, in his newspaper has expressed himself very vigorously on the subject and is "unalterably opposed" to the union of American heiresses with the needier members of foreign aristocracies.



THE gladdest and most picturesque band of contemporary American voters are the Middle-of-the-Road Populists. How

they got their name LIFE is unable to ascertain, but it is a resonant and thorough-going appellation, and they have abundant reason to glory in it. The exhibition of a few members of this party guaranteed to be genuine, in a shop window in New York, would afford innocent gratification to thousands of our fellow-citizens who are sincerely anxious to know what a Middle-of-the-Road Populist is like. The exhibition of a group of them stuffed and mounted amid realistic surroundings might be equally instructive and safer for spectators, or possibly arrangements could be made for a show of live specimens in the menagerie at Central Park. However that may be, New York has much to learn about this species of Pops and would appreciate a chance to inform itself.

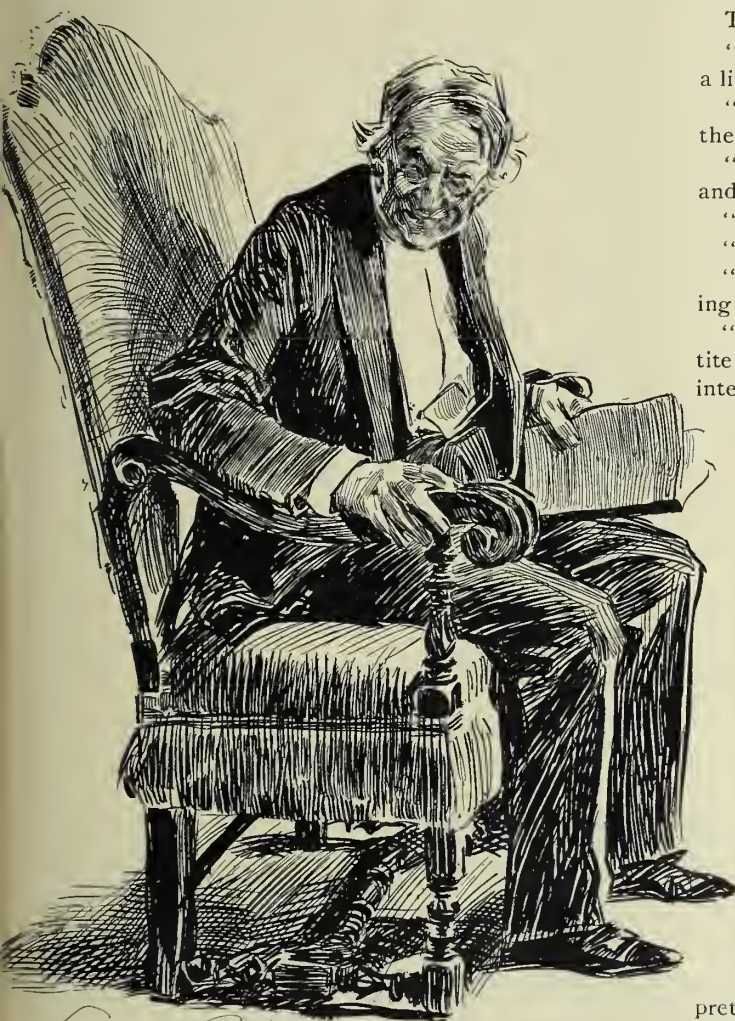
MEDICAL ADVICE.

"IS Doctor Ransom at home?" asked I, as the portly butler stood facing me in the doorspace,

"Yes, sir."

"Ask him if I may bother him for a little while, Harris," said I, with an easy familiarity that was not presumption from so accustomed a visitor, and I stepped in.

"Yes, Mr. Oliver," and he disappeared to be back in a moment with:



"HELLOA, JACK!"

"The Doctor will be glad to see you in the library, sir."

I handed him my hat and cloak and went up.

"Helloa, Jack," said the jolly old chap, as I went in; "what brings you here this time of night? You haven't forgotten the Jameson's dance, have you? Polly and her mother left the house some time ago."

I didn't tell him that I had sat in my hansom at the

corner for half an hour, till I had seen them drive away.

"I may drop in later," was what I did say, and then, as I drew up the comfortable leather chair he had indicated somewhat nearer to his, I added, "what I want just now is a little advice."

"Bless my soul, advice?" said the Doctor, sitting up so suddenly, that the last number of the *Lancet*, which he had been cutting when I came in, nearly slipped into the grate. It was rescued, and he went on, "your leg isn't bothering you again?"

The "leg" was one of my nasty polo mishaps.

"No, the leg is all right," I answered; "but I've got a little heart trouble."

"Nonsense. You're as sound as a steam pump," said the old gentleman emphatically.

"Well, I ought to know," replied I, leaning forward and poking at the fire.

"You've been smoking too much."

"Haven't touched tobacco for six weeks."

"Tell me some of your symptoms," said he, scrutinizing me with a professional eye.

"Well," said I, still jabbing at the coals, "my appetite seems to be disappearing; I'm sort of losing my interest in everything; and whenever I'm with a certain person I have a tremendous palpitation here;" and I put my hand as near the cardiac region as my rather limited knowledge of physiology would permit.

The Doctor was looking at me with wide-eyed amazement.

"Jack Oliver, you're crazy!" he said, when I had finished.

"Maybe it's the same thing," said I. "I'm in love."

"Well, I'll be d—d!" said the Doctor, rather blankly, leaning back in his chair. But in a moment he had regained his equanimity. "Do you mean to say that you've worked me up to almost operating pitch, with nothing but a tale of lovesickness?" he said.

"You seem to think it's nothing serious," I replied.

"What if it is serious? You don't suppose that I keep love draughts on tap, do you?"

"No," said I, "but I know you always have a pretty good brand of common-sense advice to dispense."

He seemed a bit tickled at this, and settled himself comfortably in his chair, smiling at me quizzically.

"What's her name?" he asked.

"Polly" almost pushed by my lips, but with an effort I jammed it back, and said instead: "Oh, I can't tell you that yet; your advice must be entirely unpersonal and disinterested."

"Well, in that case," replied he, "I'll have to impose a condition."

"A condition?" said I, wondering.

"Yes," he answered, "and that is that you agree



Whiskers: I AINT HAD A SWIM SINCE I WAS A BOY, BUT IT MIGHT HELP ME TO SLEEP THESE WARM DAYS.



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to follow my advice."

I looked up at him quickly, but saw no trace of suspicion in his eyes; nothing but amusement.

"All right," assented I. "I accept the condition."

"Go ahead then," said he, "state your proposition."

"It's a very simple one," I began, taking a long breath; "I'm very much in love with her and I think she cares something for me."

"Have you asked her?"

"Not exactly."

"But you have reason to believe that her answer would be 'yes'?"

"I have."

"Have you spoken to her father?"

"Only in a round-about way," answered I, uncomfortably conscious of my disingenuousness.

"Did you get any inkling of his idea?"

"None at all."

"Why don't you ask him outright, frankly?"

"I haven't the nerve," said I, rather

weakly; "I'm afraid he thinks I'm a good deal of a scatterbrain and spendthrift."

"Well, you are," said the Doctor promptly, sending my heart bootwards.

"I live within my income," rejoined I, stoutly.

"How much is that?" asked the Doctor, tapping his finger-tips together.

"Eighteen thousand."

"You do remarkably well," said he, dryly. "How are two to live on such a pittance, though?"

"Oh, I expect to retrench here and there, and make some compromises," replied I, conscious of his irony.

"Can you do it?" he said, seriously enough this time.

"Of course I can do it. I'm not such a fool as people take me for."

"That's fortunate," answered he; and then, as if to



AT LIFE'S FARM. GOING TO DINNER.



"FITS LIKE THE PAPER ON THE WALL—NIT! BUT IN THE CIRCUMSTANCES, PRIDE MUST BE LAID ASIDE."



Summerboarder: SOMEONE HAS LEFT HIS BATHING SUIT. WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH TAKING A PLUNGE?

take away something of the sting of his outspokenness, he added; "I believe you, Jack, and my advice is to go openly to her father and speak as plainly as you've spoken to me."

"And if he's unreasonable?" said I.

"Refer him to me," answered the Doctor decisively.

"You're a brick!" I ejaculated, rising to my feet.

"And now?" said he.

"And now?" repeated I, rather vaguely, after him.

"Her name?" asked he, and there was a good deal of curiosity shot out of his gray eyes.

"I must stick to my bargain, I suppose?" queried I.

"Most certainly."

"It begins with 'P'," said I, watching for some slight suggestion that my deception had been discovered. Nothing but confidence shone from his placid face.

"What's the middle and ending of it?" asked he.

"Altogether they make 'Polly,'" answered I in a faltering voice.

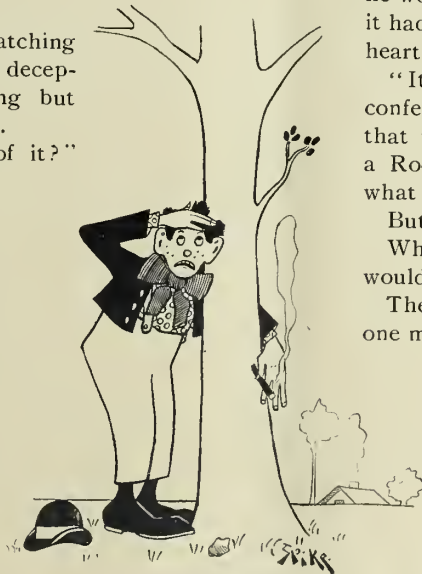
He was on his feet in a second. "Jack, you rascal, you've hoaxed me; I've been a blind old fool."

"You wouldn't see," said I. "But I can't wait so talk to you now, I'm off," grasping his hand.

"Off to where?" asked he, in bewilderment.

"To the Jameson's dance," answered I, joyfully; and left him dazed and I think happy.

Louis Evan Shipman.



A CIGAR CASE.

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

THE other day there was a Play that determined to win the affections of the Public.

It was a very delightful play; it had intelligence, wit, and good looks. Nevertheless the Public refused to consider the Play's advances.

The Play did its best; it smiled, it flirted, and it pouted; but the Public merely went across the way and began making violent love to a Musichall.

Finally, when the Play was dying, it asked a Friend if he would mind finding out what it was that it had lacked in order to win the Public's heart and hand.

"It seems," replied the Friend, after a conference with the Public, which was at that time working a see-saw flirtation with a Roofgarden and a Stereopticon, "that what you lacked was——"

But at that moment the Play expired.

Which was a pity, since if it had waited, it would have learned something.

The moral is: That to be self-supporting one must have legs. Percival Pollard.

ROADSIDE REASONING.

PEACEFUL PETERS: Yes, me young friend Walker entered into rest de twelft of August, 1866.

LANGUID LAURENCE: Wot's got yer, Peters? He ain't dead yet.

"I know he ain't. Dat was de date of his birth."



The Sleuth: THOUGHT YOU'D ESCAPE US, DID YOU? WELL, I GUESS NOT. YOU'LL GET TWO MORE YEARS FOR THIS.

ON A RISING MARKET.

MAN wants but little here below—
So runs the old-time song;
But when it's stock, and going up,
He wants that little—long.

THE following letter is published in answer to various statements made in these columns:

THE ANTI VIVISECTIONISTS.

LIFE frequently gives over its pages to the caustic pencil of the caricaturist and paragrapher in the interests of the anti-vivisectionist. It has paid money, considerable sums no doubt for artistic talent to illustrate the horrible ferocity of the vivisectionist and the fiendish delight with which his disciples view his cruel work. In doing this LIFE is guilty of libeling the most humane of all professions and creating a popular prejudice against a method of investigation without which all progress in scientific medicine must cease.

It is not possible within the space allowed me to do anything more than briefly point out a few of the most conspicuous of the facts relating to vivisection. A scientific discussion of its history, methods, purposes and what it has accomplished would fill a large volume.

In the first place those who cry out the loudest against vivisection, know the least about it. They are almost exclusively certain hysterical busybodies, by heredity and training incapable of understanding the solution of a scientific problem; but, nevertheless, considering themselves as having some sort of inspired right to reform all things. They are the women who carry flowers and gush to the imprisoned brutal wife or child mur-

derer and wear upon their bonnets the wings of the egret, the life of which was wantonly sacrificed, and its young, perhaps, left to perish, to furnish a trifling ornament. If the objector be a man, he is almost sure to be some illogical Ingersoll whose emotional nature makes sound reasoning impossible, or one whose education has not furnished him with the facts, or a disposition to seek for them before reaching a conclusion.

There may be isolated cases of cruelty to the lower animals in the biologist's laboratory, but those instances are never wanton in their character and must be very rare. In five years spent in the laboratories of physiologists and biologists, both in America and Europe, the writer never saw a single act of cruelty, a single instance in which pain equal to a tenth part of that due to the natural function of maternity, was suffered by any animal; and a part of that time he spent with Dr. Henry Sewell, then a professor in the University of Michigan, and regarded by the anti-vivisectionist fraternity as one of the fiends incarnate of cruel acts to the lower animals. Whenever it was necessary to illustrate some physiological truth, which can be done only by vivisection, the animal was always narcotized sufficiently to completely abolish sensation.

Results of investigations into the cause and cure of disease, which could not be carried out without vivisection, have, in the past twenty years, perceptibly increased the average length of human life. It is unnecessary because it is well-known already, to refer to the immunized serum treatment of diphtheria, being the result of investigations made possible by vivisection. At a recent meeting of the American Pediatric Society, more than six hundred physicians, with only a half score of dissenting voices, reported the saving of tens of thousands of valuable lives by this



Whiskers: I AINT VERY CLEAR ON ONLY ONE THING IN THIS GAME, AND THAT IS THAT WISKERS COMES OUT AHEAD.

remedy. Shall a sentimentality borne of emotional ignorance prevent the painless sacrifice of a few worthless animals that thousands of human beings may live?

JNO. MADDEN, M. D.,
42 and 43 Sentinel Bldg.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

While wishing to treat our correspondent with every courtesy, we nevertheless feel it our duty as "hysterical busybodies" to remark, that every statement in the above letter given as a fact, is, in the opinions of anti-vivisectionists, very far from truth.

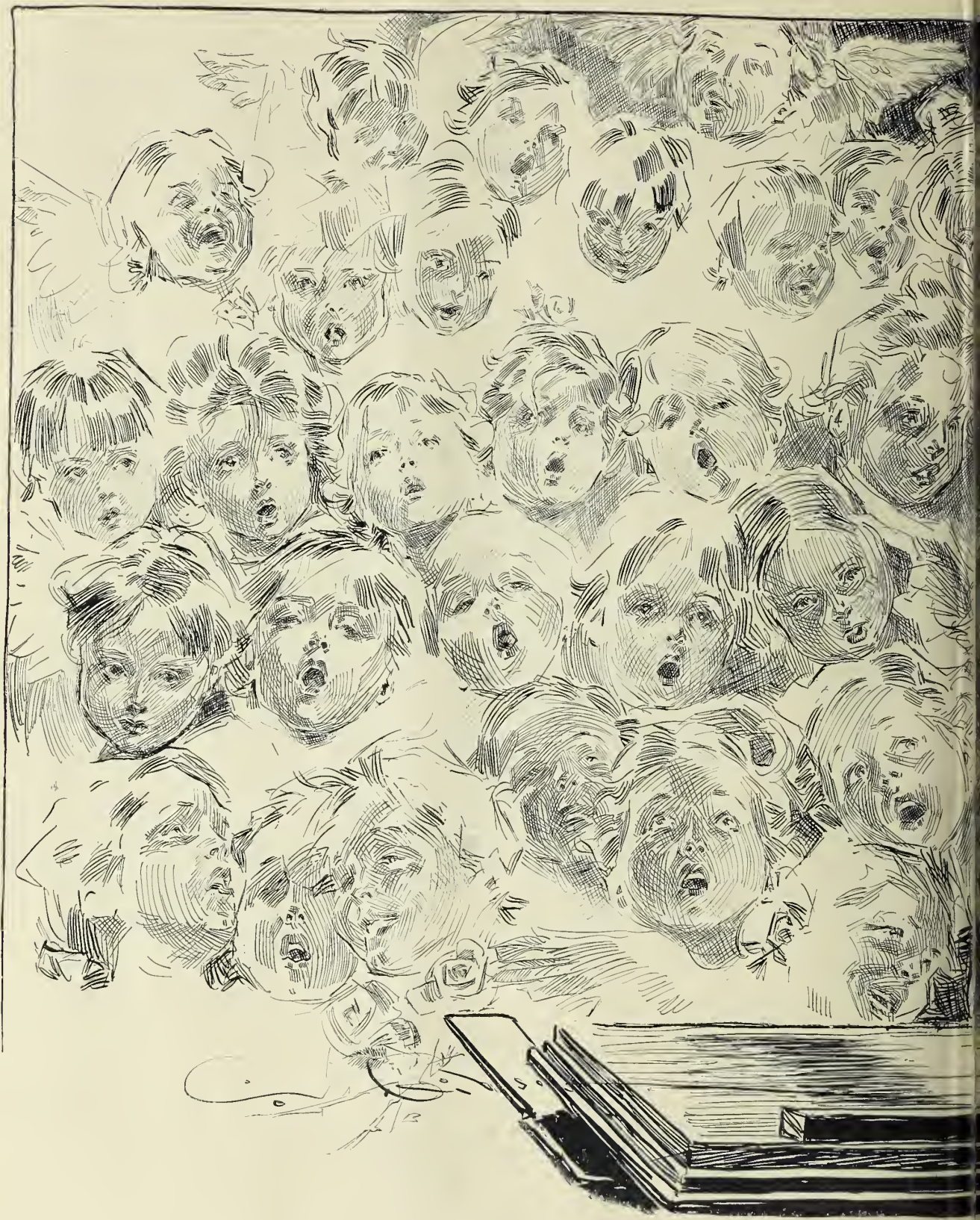
IT is in order for some one to rise up and suggest that Uncle Sam shall provide the President with a steam yacht, a train of cars and a house in New York. LIFE is somewhat too democratic to advocate such accessions to the executive apparatus, but it would seem to be easily within the scope of the commission of the *Evening Post*. Mr. Cleveland has rich friends, and when our country needs a New York house he can borrow Mr. Whitney's, and when it needs a yacht, Mr. Benedict's; but when Mr. Bryan and the plain people come in Uncle Sam will have to get along with what he has himself. It was the Viceroy Li's good luck and not any merit of our institutions that he was not received by President Willy Bryan at the Astor House or in the Madison Square Garden.



THAT SETTLED IT.

He: WHAT DID YOUR FATHER SAY WHEN YOU TOLD HIM THAT I LOVED YOU?

"HE SAID HE DID ALSO."





TO A BOTTLE.

THOU rear'st us oft in infancy,
And a rare blessing seem'st to be;
Yet often then, beyond a doubt,
When we are grown thou lay'st us out.



THE NEW SEASON.

A GOOD omen marks the beginning of the new dramatic season. The first play presented is imported from London and yet is clean and innocent almost to the point of being idyllic.

Having been tried successfully on a dog in London, "Rosemary" naturally appealed to the artistic nature of Mr. Charles Frohman, the only surviving theatrical manager in America. Mr. Frohman's is a survival of the fittest because his principal function seems to be to fit plays to the peculiarities of Mr. John Drew and others to whom he has served as a god of Olympus by giving them places among the stars.

"Rosemary" is a right pretty little play which violates the unity of time in a most surprising manner. The action of the first three acts takes place in less than four days and then an incident of fifty years later is tacked on as a fourth act. This fourth act is essentially an anti-climax. It is also in pessimistic contrast with the rest of the story and provides a cruel shock to those credulous young persons who cherish the fond belief that true love never dies. At the end of the third act we have Mr. Drew indulging in the throes of an agonized affection which can never die, principally because it is conceived at the ripe age of forty. Then in the fourth act we find him an amiable and well-preserved gentleman of ninety who retains his other faculties but has absolutely forgotten his quondam idol. Probabilities and unities aside, this affords a delightful study in mnemonics which might have inspired the lamented Loisetto to devise a system of aids to the memory of former sweethearts.

The play is amusing and pretty, two qualities which go to make success in a day when our stomachs are rebelling against the too highly-seasoned food lately provided by our London caterers. It gives Mr. Drew opportunity for a versatility with which he is not generally credited. As the ardent lover he is clad in garments other than the conventional ones of to-day's polite society in which we are wont most often to behold him, and the transition to a really clever depiction of senility is startling indeed. In both phases it may honestly be said that Mr. Drew is showing an



Wm. H. Walker '96

A CRUEL SPEECH.

"IF YOU'RE GOING TO ADOPT BLOOMERS, MARIA, PEOPLE CAN'T TELL US APART."

"OH, JOHN! HOW CAN YOU SAY SUCH HORRIBLE THINGS!"

increase of power. His work in the last act is finished in a very marked degree and gives us a new picture of a very old man who is a gentleman in bearing and who is not repulsive with the characteristics of age.

Never since her first hit in "A Midnight Bell" has Miss Maude Adams appeared to such advantage as in the character of *Dorothy Cruickshank*. In appearance she is dainty and elfish and there is no denying that she has acquired a really remarkable power of facial expression.

Mr. Drew's company has now been together so long that

it is acquiring a good deal of the capacity for *ensemble* work which has characterized our best stock companies. Mr. Daniel Harkins does admirably the part of *Professor Jogram*, who is a sort of exterior and flesh-and-blood conscience for the *Sir Jasper* of Mr. Drew. Mr. Harwood throws a lot of well-directed energy into the old style, irate stage parent of *Dorothy*. Miss Ethel Barrymore by her marked personality supplies a good deal of emphasis to the minor part of *Priscilla*, and her costume is a marvel, from the picturesque head-dress and make-up down to the hideously fetching congress gaiters.

To the authors of "Rosemary" let us be profoundly grateful that they found an American opening for an English play and did not send something which should either disgust or nauseate us.

* * *

THEATRICAL managers are evidently not afraid of the prospects of a fifty-three cent dollar provided they can get enough of them. In New York's first week of the dramatic season she sees something like ten new plays, notwithstanding the Presidential campaign and the silver idiocy which threatens the country. *Metcalf*.

DON'T despise the advice of the man who has failed; he should be an authority on what not to do.



THERE'S NOTHING LIKE PROTECTION.

She: I SUPPOSE THAT EAGLE COULD CARRY ME AWAY WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE?

He: YES, BUT YER NEEDN'T GIT ASKEERT WHILE YER'VE GOT A MAN WITH YER!



THE CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST AND THE PATIENT.

Patient: I HAVE COME TO CONSULT YOU IN REGARD TO MY STATE OF HEALTH. I AM AFFLICTED WITH SEVERE HEADACHE UPON RISING.

Christian Scientist: OH, NO. YOU ONLY *think* YOU ARE SUBJECT TO HEADACHE.

P.: YES, HEADACHE AND SOMETIMES DIZZINESS.

C. S.: YOU SIMPLY *think* SO, MY FRIEND.

P. (indignantly): NOT ONLY DIZZINESS, BUT FREQUENTLY NAUSEA.

C. S.: INDEED YOU ONLY *think* SO!

P.: WELL, AS NO RELIEF SEEMS TO BE OFFERED, I MUST SAY GOOD MORNING!

C. S.: MY PRICE, SIR, IS TWO DOLLARS A VISIT.

P.: OH, NO. YOU ONLY *think* IT IS YOUR PRICE. GOOD MORNING.

CHEAPER.

CLERK: Excuse me, sir, but guests without baggage must pay in advance.

THE GUEST: All right. I'll be back in a moment.

"Where are you going?"

"I am going out to buy a trunk."

THE apparent confidence of Li Hung Chang in his ability to pay his bill at the Waldorf gives increased respect for the financial abilities of China. Only a great nation could rally to such an extent so soon after a costly and disastrous war.

A GREAT INVENTION.

BLIVENS: Old Tankley has discovered a way to avoid having a headache when he is getting over a drunk.

STIVENS: How does he do it?

BLIVENS: He stays drunk.



AN ADVOCATE OF FREE SILVER.



AN English journal tells of an amusing rebuke administered to a sharp bargainer, one of those persons who always wish to get more than their money's worth. The offender in the present instance was a woman, who sent the following advertisement to a London paper:

"A lady in delicate health wishes to meet with a useful companion. She must be domestic, musical, an early riser, amiable, of good appearance, and have some experience in nursing. A total abstainer preferred. Comfortable home. No salary."

A few days afterward the advertiser received by express a basket labeled: "This side up—with care—perishable." On opening it she found a tabby cat, with a letter tied to its tail. It ran thus:

"MADAM—In response to your advertisement, I am happy to furnish you with a very useful companion, which you will find exactly suited to your requirements. She is domestic, a good vocalist, an early riser, possesses an amiable disposition, and is considered handsome. She has had a great experience as a nurse, having brought up a large family. I need scarcely add that she is a total abstainer. As salary is no object to her, she will serve you faithfully in return for a comfortable home."

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD is a man of few words, and those very much to the point. Speaking in the House of Commons one day, in reference to the Arab slave-dealers, he said, with great emphasis: "Mr.

Speaker, we ought to catch these men, give 'em a fair trial, and then hang 'em." Receiving an invitation to dinner at Marlborough House one evening, he replied by wire: "Sorry can't come. Lie follows by post."

—Argonaut.

THIS is a story that Charles Henry Webb tells of a western experience of his. He happened to meet an old acquaintance in San Francisco a few years ago, and as there was grand opera in the city just then, Mr. Webb took the young daughter of his friend to hear "Faust." The girl was just out of a convent and had never been in a theatre in all her life before. As the curtain rose Mr. Webb handed her a pair of opera glasses. The girl looked at them for a moment. Then she raised them to her dainty nose, sniffing at first one side and then the other.

"Why," she said, as she handed the lorgnette back to her companion, "you ain't got any salts in them."

—Washington Post.

WHEN her majesty was at Balmoral recently, she visited an old cottager living near. On leaving, her majesty graciously said to the old lady who had been entertaining her: "Well, Mrs. —, you will now no longer be afraid of me, and I shall expect you to pay me a visit."

"Ah, ma'am," replied the old dame, "it's not yerself I'm afeard on. It's them grand servants."

—Exchange.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

G. W. DILLINGHAM COMPANY, NEW YORK.

EDGAR FAIRFAX. By Florence Night Craddock.

Mr. Mercer of New York. By Annie Henri V.

Cinder-Path Tales. By William Lindsey. B. Copeland and Day.

Heavy Odds. By Marcus Clarke. Philadelphia. R. Lippincott Company.

THEY tell a story of Dr. Mott, chairman Silver party in North Carolina. It is related to one occasion, in a lonely field in his native state, a bull of the most ferocious kind, a bull with a of casualties as long as a "Pop" platform. The charged at once, and in deadly style. Dr. Mott into those inflamed taurine orbs with his own indignant and gentle eyes. "Friend," he said to the "before you go any further I wish to give you views on the crime of 1873. Scarcely had he uttered the words when the bull, with a bell, anguish, reeled, tottered and fell heavily on the ground. Mott rushed to the poor animal's assistance, but too late. Turning to his late foe, the beast gave a moan, and, reaching for the doctor's hand with tongue, licked it gently and died.—Wave.

"WE must part now, darling, but to make separation less abrupt, I am going on a slow wave."

—Fliegende Bla.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

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OLD Mrs. M—, who was seriously ill, found herself to be in a trying position which she defined to a friend in these words:

"You see my daughter Harriet is married to one o' these homeypath doctors an' my daughter Kate to an allypath. If I call in the homeypath my allypath son-in-law an' his wife git mad, an' if I call in my allypath son-in-law my homeypath son-in-law an' his wife git mad, an' if I go ahead an' git well without either o' em then they'll both be mad, so I don't see but I'd better die outright."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE recent scandal in Berlin recalls the story of Schweninger's appointment as body physician to Prince Bismarck. At their first interview the prince lost his temper and growled: "Don't ask so many questions;" to which Schweninger replied: "What you need is a horse doctor; he asks no questions." Whereupon Bismarck scowled, and presently tugged at the bell. The doctor was in doubt as to whether he was not to be shown out into the street. But the command was: "Fetch the doctor's things from the station."

—*Argonaut.*

"If you don't give me a quarter," said little Willie, "I'm going to tell about you kissing sister."

"But I hadn't even thought of kissing your sister," protested the young man.

"You ain't?" said Willie, puzzled. "Then I wonder what she told me to say that to you for?"—*Indianapolis Journal.*

A LADY, leading a Skye-terrier by a chain, entered the lady's cabin of a Gloucester ferry-boat the other day. The dog crawled under the seat and went to sleep. Presently a stout man, carrying a market basket, took the vacant place beside her, and stowed his basket under the seat. Soon after the boat started, the woman began to wriggle. She shook out her skirts, and, in an audible whisper said, "Don't be rude, Fido." Presently she turned pale, and, jerking the chain, cried: "Lie down, Fido. Behave yourself, sir." A moment later she jumped up with a shriek and began to execute a war dance, striking at her skirts the while. The stout citizen stared at her in amazement, and then an idea struck him. Reaching under the seat for his basket he looked inside it, and then a great light of intelligence came over him. "Madam," said he, without moving an eyelash, "when you are through with my lobster, will you kindly return it to me?" The jaws of the lobster were wrenched apart before the lady had recovered from her faint.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

A NEW England woman, who lives in an inland town attended the recent Christian Endeavor Convention in Washington. She spent one night of the journey on board a steamboat. It was the first time she had ever traveled by water. She reached Washington extremely fatigued. To a friend who remarked it, she replied: "Yes, I'm tired to death. I don't know as I care to travel by water again. I read the card in my state room about how to put the life preserver on, and I thought I understood it, but I guess I didn't, though. Some way, I couldn't seem to go to sleep with the thing on."—*Argonaut.*

Food For Both



Every nursing mother needs the kind of nourishment there is in

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine
TRADE MARK.

—the food drink—

The baby needs it in order to *grow* healthy and plump: the mother needs it in order to *keep* healthy and plump.

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Economical—wears to the thinness of a wafer. Avoid substitutes.

Pears' (the original) Shaving Stick is unrivalled.

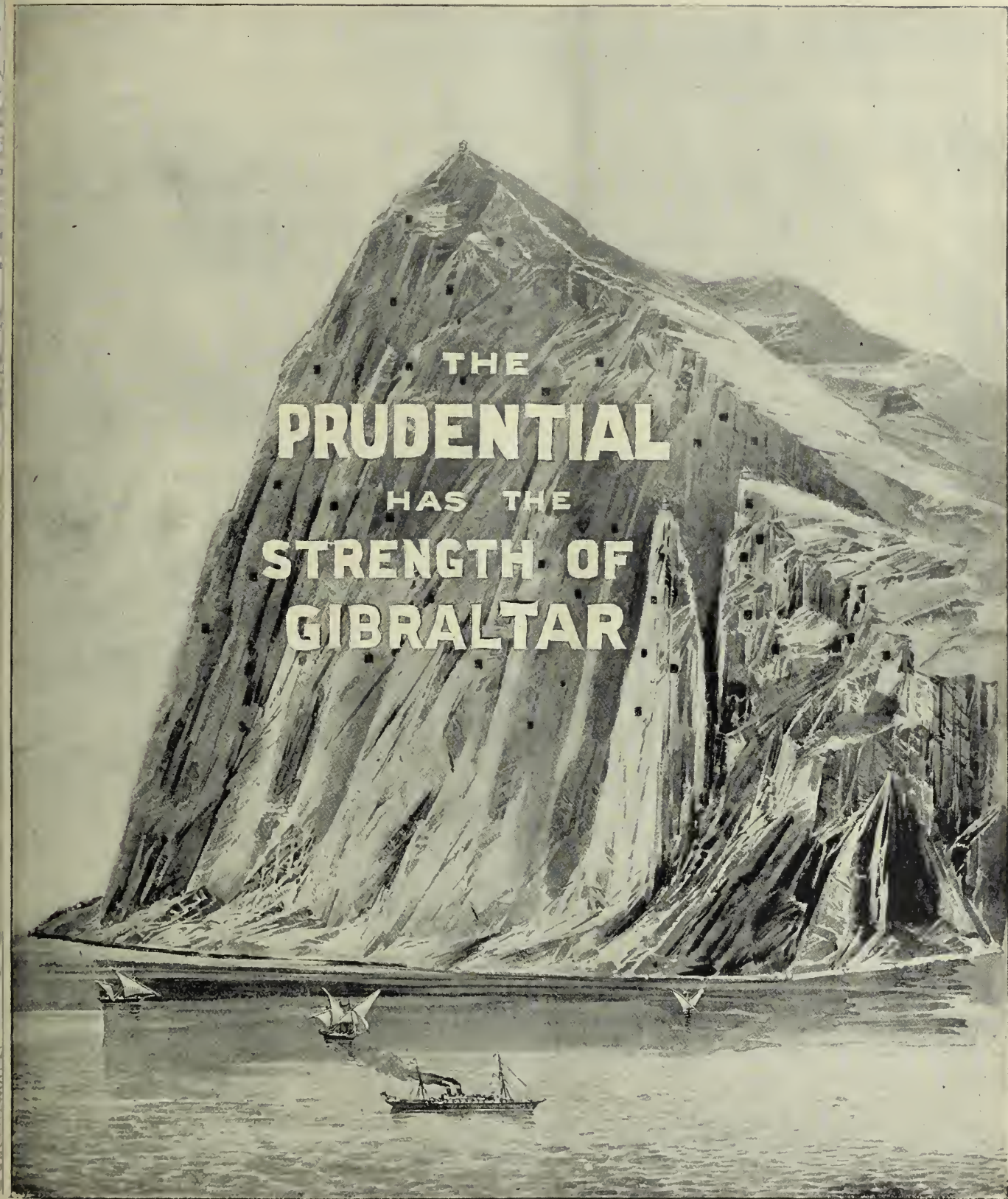
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inside your head You know how that feels. Indigestion, Insomnia, Overwork—possible causes; Wright's Paragon Headache Remedy the cure, certain as the sunrise. No scientific truth more wonderful than the amount of positive relief contained in one small wafer. Down goes the wafer—away goes the headache—up go your spirits. That's the process. A large box of Paragon Headache Remedy post-paid on receipt of 25 cts. in stamps, or sample free if you will send your address. All druggists. Agents Wanted in every county in the U. S. CHAS. WRIGHT & CO., Man'g. Chemists, DETROIT, MICH.

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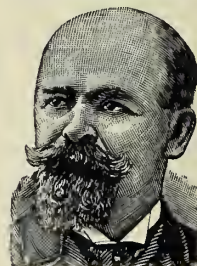
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"Y-E-E-S—BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW IT?"

The Pratt Fasteners

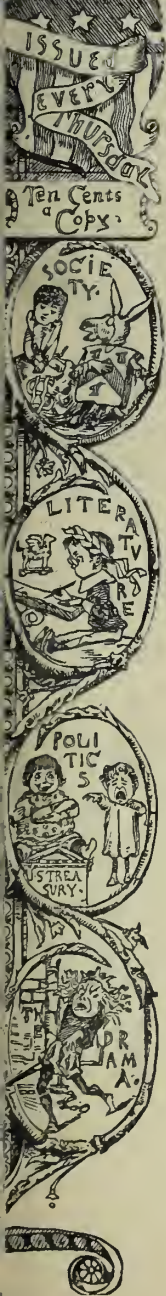
prevent shoe laces from coming "untied"—"slipping"—"getting loose"—"dangling" and "dragging." Every woman in the world has had cause to wish that there was something that would do this! It is almost impossible to keep "low shoes" tied. They persist in coming untied when most inconvenient and awkward to retie them.

THE PRATT FASTENERS hold the shoe laces without tying any knot. The end of each lace is drawn through the fastener (no larger than an eyelet) and is held securely without a knot. They do not add anything to the cost of your shoes and they are a real convenience. All the best Shoe Stores have them now. Please ask for them and insist upon having them. *Your shoe dealer can get them for you.*

For Men's Shoes: Boys' Shoes: Children's Shoes: Bicycle and all athletic Shoes.

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"MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF THIS DANCE?"

"CERTAINLY, IF YOU CAN FIND A PARTNER."

Our Cycle Cape. WATERPROOF.

Fits the neck and shoulders; covers the figure; protects the handle bar.

It comes neatly folded in leather holder; is in two qualities and sizes, from 13 to 17 inch neckband, for Men, Women, Boys and Girls.

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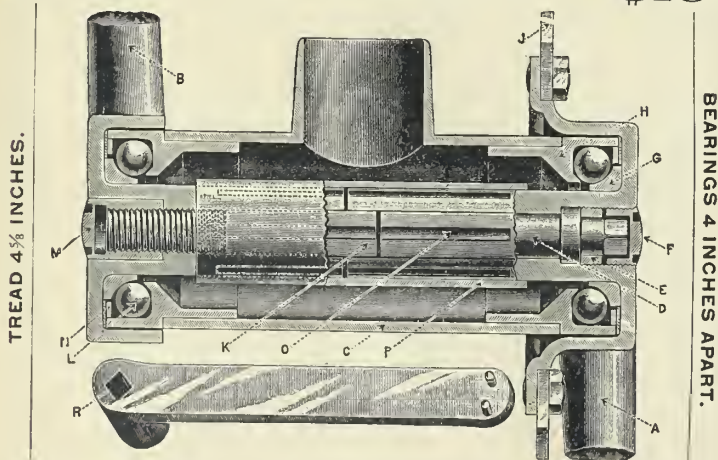
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THE GROWING UNPOPULARITY OF DEATH.

HIGH medical authorities are of the opinion that by the end of another half century there will have been discovered specifics for every disease. There will be no reasonable excuse for dying. Even suicide will be no child's play.

There will doubtless be a law prohibiting anyone from expiring under a certain age limit.

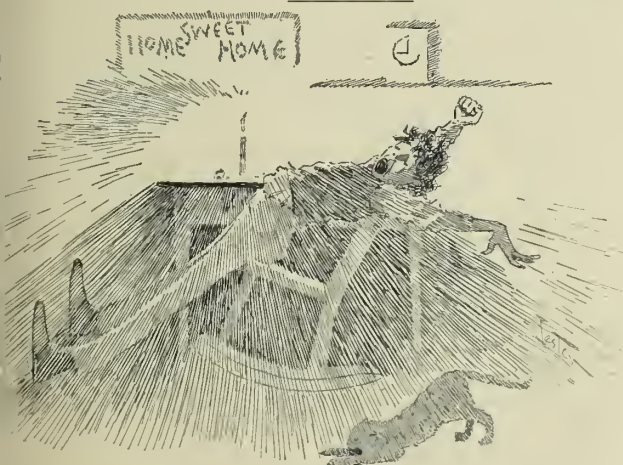
Thus communities can regulate numerically their respective populations.

A city like Chicago, whose laurels rest on census estimates which almost outrun her resistless city limits, can work this circumstance for all that is in it. She could enforce municipal legislation prohibiting death and immigration, and in time revel in a population so dense that whole families would be

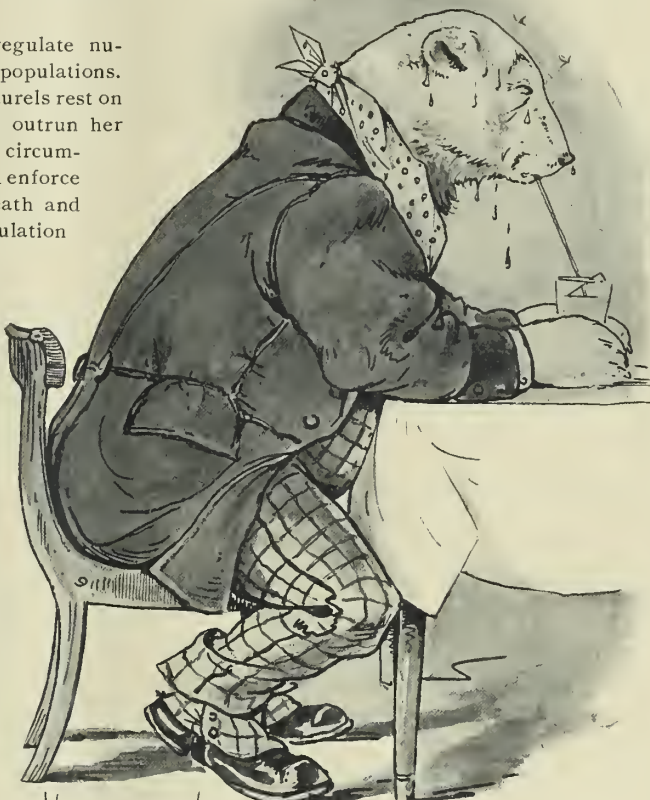
crowded into one composite individual. In the New England States where women are in the majority, it could be made a felony for an able-bodied man to die.

Of course every reasoning person knows that if it were made impossible to die we would soon come to regard death as a sort of bonanza. The Government could take the matter in hand and derive considerable revenue from the sale of death franchises. These should be granted only when the applicant successfully passes an examination and receives a certificate stating that he is qualified to remove his mortal coil. Instead of sentencing criminals to incarceration for ninety-nine years, they could be condemned to take the combined specifics for a few centuries, during all of which time they could experience none of the whole list of diseases, from influenza to kleptomania.

Could Methuselah have had access to some of these twentieth century remedies and managed to escape the



RACING TERM—THE HOME STRETCH.



HARRY B NEILSON

OH! FOR GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

flood, he would probably be with us to-day, a loquacious, bald-headed old gentleman, with a fund of anecdote that would fill with a wild and paralyzing envy the typical grandfather on the children's page of a weekly newspaper.

ONE BETTER.

MISS KEEDICK: Ethel can't be after money. She has broken her engagement with that wealthy ice man.

MISS FOSDICK: Don't be too sure. She jilted him for a man who owns a bicycle repairing shop.

SUCCESS has increased the size of many a head, but it has never improved the quality of its component parts.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVIII. SEPTEMBER 17, 1896. No. 716.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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THE Vermont election was doubly welcome because of its timeliness. It was the first definite indication of how voters are feeling. Vermont was expected to go Republican, but to have it go Republican by a great, big, rousing majority, gives heart to honest-money men everywhere. They have, all the time, expected to beat the repudiationists, but the Green Mountain landslide encourages the hope that Bryan and all the fiscal and governmental follies and iniquities which he represents will be buried so deep in November that they will stay dead. What a supreme relief it is going to be to wake up on the 4th of November and

find that the whole incoherent dream of repudiation, populism and silver-monometallism was only a nightmare after all, and that the great mass of the Americans are still honest and still able to distinguish fact from illusion and right from wrong.

KEEP right on, Republicans and honest-money Democrats in your labors for that relief. Take courage from Vermont; courage for new efforts. You are distinctly ahead. You will have the silver-skites on the run presently, and then be sure you run them hard.



MR. BLACK, the Republican nominee for Governor of New York, made his political reputation as the prosecutor of a criminal and seems to wish to advance it further on the same lines. In his speech at Saratoga he denounced all the Democrats in the State as persons of whom it was absolutely hopeless to expect any good. Mr. Black is a man of vigor and his fight against Senator Murphy and his gang in Troy was a most creditable fight, but it argues ill for his intelligence if, especially at this time, he can find nothing good in the Democratic party in this State. He will probably be elected, and will have a chance as Governor to

show what is really in him; but if he has the temperament of a public prosecutor, to whom every man opposed seems a rascal to be punished, no start, however fortunate, can carry him far in American public life. The man with an eye for the good that is in his fellow citizens is very much better equipped for political usefulness than the man who sees the worst and is blind to the other side.

WHEN Mr. Black proclaims that such New York Democrats as attended the conventions at Syracuse and Indianapolis are unworthy of the confidence of their fellows, he deceives himself, but no one else. It seems a pity that the Republicans should have put up so rancorous a partisan for Governor this year, but still Mr. Black's record is clean, what there is of it, and there were more objectionable men than he among the candidates.

"DEMOCRACY'S Marc Antony" is the title that the Boston *Herald* gave Bourke Cockran after his Madison Square Garden speech. Whereat one may smile, remembering that he came to bury Bryan, not to praise him.



THE deliberations and proceedings of the Indianapolis convention made joyful reading for thoughtful and honest Americans. The spirit that ruled and actuated the convention was the spirit of patriotism. The convention showed a single purpose to work for the vindication of American intelligence and honor and the re-establishment of American credit. The candidates chosen are universally felt to be the fittest available to accomplish the end for which they were nominated. Senator Palmer and General Buckner are both men of high character and long experience in public affairs and both representative Democrats of the best school. Democrats everywhere who are unwilling to vote either for McKinley or Bryan can vote for the Indianapolis nominees and platform with a clear conscience and satisfaction to themselves. It is held with reason that the ticket will be especially strong in Illinois and Kentucky and the middle western States where the real battle against repudiation must be fought.

THE action of the convention at the instance of the Tennessee delegation on the death of William E. Russell, of Massachusetts, was a most notable and affecting occurrence which will not soon be forgotten in Governor Russell's state or by the thousands of Americans who honored him and who believe in the sort of Democratic politics that he stood for.



ONE CONSOLATION.

He: MY LIFE WITHOUT YOU WILL BE A LONELY ONE.

The Heiress: BUT THINK HOW BUSY YOU WILL HAVE TO BE

OUR FRESH AIR FUND.

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en and Pamela Stark,		Proceeds of a Collection	
Mary and Donald Green		taken at a service in Sun-	
and Lewis Barnard	3 00	set Hill House, Sunday	
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Marjory Richards	1 25	Dot, Dan and Kent.....	9 00
In Memory of Donald Kirke		Rosalind	3 00
Baldwin	50 00	A Friend, Farmington, Ct.	2 00
A. W. S.	3 00	W. H. C.	10 00
A Birthday	8 00	A. H. G.	3 00
Dawdledom Club	9 61	Proceeds of a Reading by	
Dildal, Boston	1 00	John Kendrick Bangs at	
Boys' Sunday School Class,		Profile House	175 00
First Baptist Church, Bur-			\$3,673 15
lington, Vt.	1 75		

A SPECIMEN LETTER FROM LIFE'S FARM.

DEAR FAMILY

BRANCHVILLE Conn August 10 1896

We arrived here safely and we are happy and we get what we want
 Mosie drank 2 qts of Milk & drank 1 pt. of milk and crackers jilly bread
 and we had how much we wanted Mosie eat 4 pieces of jellie bread and
 one time Crackers a few, I remain your son

W

LADY OF THE HOUSE: Have you references?
 APPLICANT: Plinty, mum. Oive niver stayed in wan
 place more than a week.

BOOKISHNESS

RESCUED FROM BOHEMIA.

IT is always the correct thing in a novel which is supposed to represent the studio life of New York to marry the poor artist to wealth and social position according to New York standards. That is what happens to "Alida Craig" (Richmond) in the veracious history of her emotional career, as told by Pauline King.

There are a number of exceedingly nice men and women in the story—very much pleasanter than the sort of people who are usually put in stories of refined Bohemia. Why it is ever thought to be interesting to picture a lot of people living in narrow quarters and cooking elaborate meals on oil stoves, and going on gorgeous sprees to cheap restaurants, is one of those sentimental paradoxes that is hard to explain.

It probably owes its persistence to the feeling that conventional people have that they are missing a lot of fun be-



YOU CAN'T KEEP
 A GOOD THING
 DOWN.



A NOISY CORNER AT LIFE'S FARM.



"A MAN!"

cause they seldom do what they want to do, but follow the dictates of social order. Deep in the heart of most average people is a wholesome belief in natural simplicity of conduct—in expressing oneself in the simplest terms. But that ideal is just as far from realization in what is called Bohemia as it is in society.

You can meet simple straightforward people in both, but they are the very ones who are least characteristic of their environment. To them the social pose and the artistic pose are equally offensive.

When you meet one of these honest souls, whether it is in a tenth floor "studio" or a Fifth Avenue "palace" (to use the phrases of romance), the mere accidents of time and place fade away, and you afterward only remember that human nature is finer than anything it has created for its amusement.

It is no doubt pleasant in storyland to leave *Alida* comfortably engaged to her New York clubman with a safe income—but that does not prevent the

suspicion that *Philip* is going to be dreadfully bored trying to live up to her ideals.

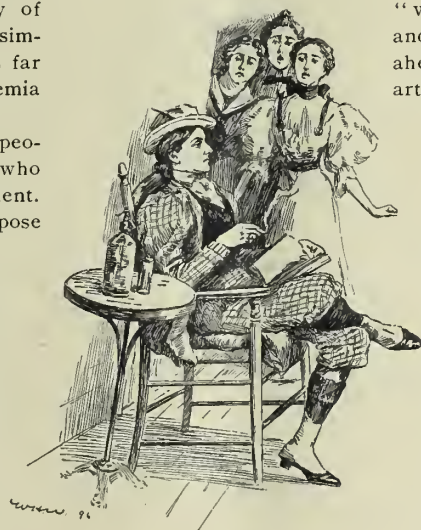
If *Philip* could foresee the long array of "varnishing days" and "private views" and bad punch and worse cigars that is ahead of him as the husband of a woman artist, he would back out at the altar.

* * *

MISS MONTRESOR has a way of putting the real pathos of affairs in a most compact and quiet way. The two stories bound together in the volume bearing the title of one—"Worth While" (Arnold)—are admirable examples of depicting a tragical situation with no fuss about it, or pumping after melodramatic effects. In both stories the tragedy lies in the heroic intensity of the characters depicted—a certain fine fidelity that goes ahead doing the right thing without blowing horns.

The hero in "Worth While" and the heroine in "Lady Jane" are "genuinely and disinterestedly good"—and that is something unusual in recent fiction.

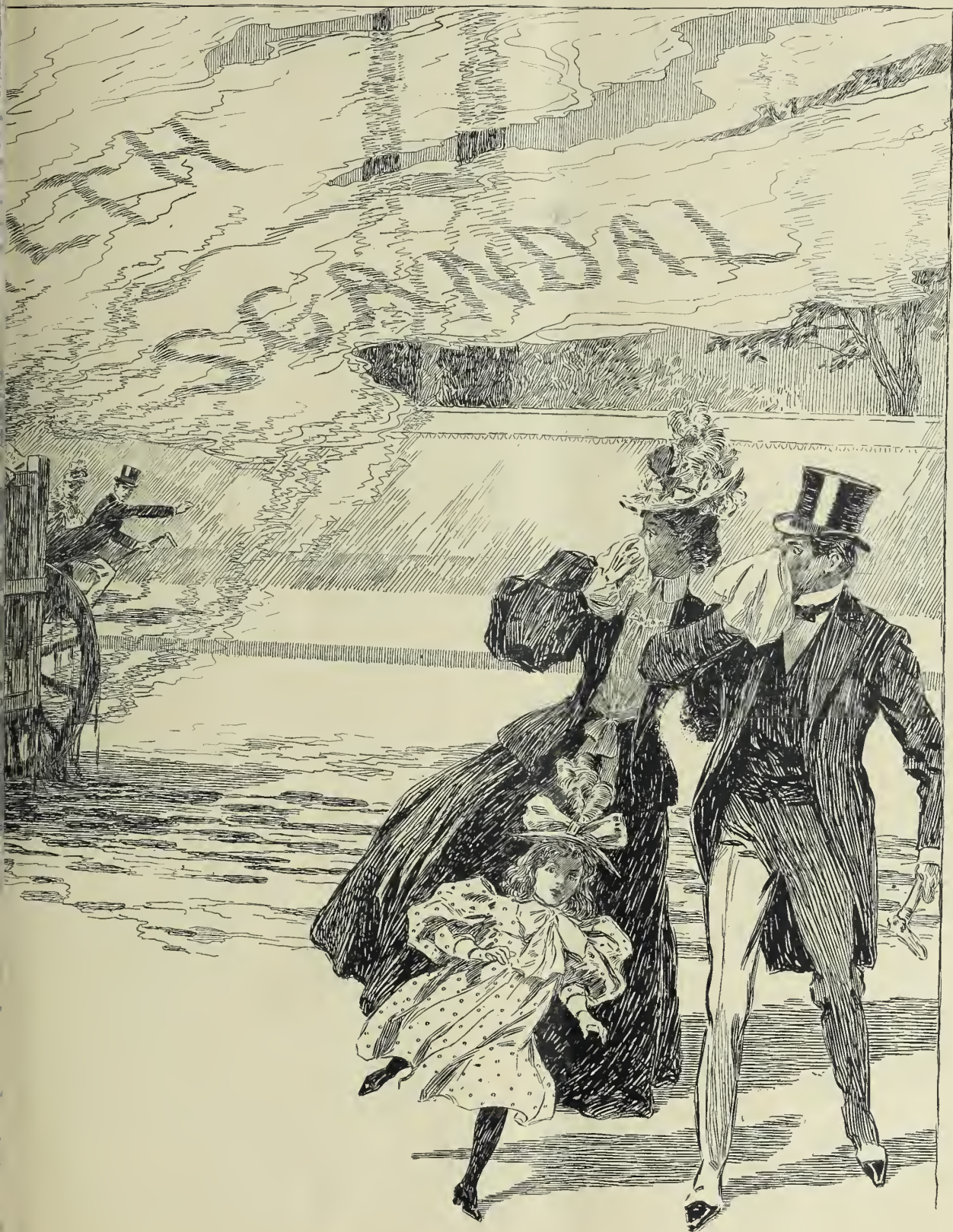
Droch.



"OH!"



A JOU
WITH LIFE'S CONGRATULATIONS TO A GENTLEMAN



JMPH.

LLY STAMPS HIS PERSONALITY UPON HIS PAPER.

A WRONG ADJUSTMENT.

UNPUBLISHED readings they say are the fad,
Where deep-winded authors of much reputation
Read from their unpublished writings and add
Figures to bank accounts past moderation.
Why are not things more proportioned to need?
Here am I living in fear of my creditors,
With bushels of unpublished writings to read
And no one will read 'em—not even the editors.

J. Edmund V. Cooke.

"I AM afraid my boy never will amount to anything.
He can't even tell time."
"Get him a job to read the meter for a gas company."



'TWIXT THE CUP AND THE LIP.

"HOW could you?" said Mrs. Jameson reproachfully, as I stepped from the corridor to where she was standing. "And you a dancing man, too, Jack; I really can't forgive you," she went on.

"That's rather unkind," answered I, holding her hand just an extra second, "when you know what tardiness means to me."

"Oh, Jack, you're incorrigible," said the dear lady; "and you are looking almost handsome to-night," she added.

"Oh, I'm gilded with borrowed light," said I, truthfully enough, for "Polly" was gleaming from my eyes. But she chose to

take it as an idle compliment, and dismissed me with a tap of her fan; none too quickly, however, for I was in a horrible fidget to be off.

A quick glance around the ball room told me she wasn't there, and I remembered with a heart-jump that Polly had a predilection for out-of-the-way nooks and shadowy corners. I skirted the edge of the dancers, bowing here and there to beaming chaperons and listless wall flowers, till I was arrested by a voice at my side.

"Oh, Mr. Oliver," it said, almost pleadingly, "do take pity on us."

"Most certainly," replied I, looking around to see what I was to take pity on, and not feeling surprised to see Mrs. Roche and her forlorn Ethel. I had had too much luck for one night.

"There has been such a crush," she said, as I stepped before them, "that Ethel and I have not been able to get a bite of supper."

"That's a shame," answered I, for the poor girl did look hungry. The compassion in my tone was the cause of my undoing.

"Come, Ethel," said her mother, without more ado, "Mr. Oliver will take us to the conservatory for supper;" and before I knew it she had hooked Ethel on to my arm and we were making for the conservatory.

"This is charming," I managed to say, though hardly with spontaneity.

"It is so good of you," murmured Ethel; and I could have brained her on the spot!

"Here will do nicely," said Mrs. Roche, stopping beneath a huge rubber plant, and we sat down.

I had mentally calculated the least that would satisfy them; they were not to be fubbed off with an ice, that was evident.

"Bring us some salad and ices," I said boldly, to a passing servant.

"Yes, sir."

"Wait!" hastily commanded Mrs. Roche. "We must have some bouillon."

"Bouillon on such a warm night?" questioned I, weakly.

"You are so droll," simpered Ethel, and her mother smiled at my joke!

"Bring us some bouillon, too," I said.

"Yes, sir."

"And have you oysters?" from Mrs. Roche.

"Yes, madam."

"And paté?" from Ethel.

"Yes, miss."

"Oh, bring us everything you've got," said I, in despair. One would have thought it was the end of Lent instead of a fortnight before its beginning.

"Yes, sir," answered the man and fled.

"Mrs. Jameson's cook is such a jewel; it were a pity to slight him," was the elder lady's remark.

"Yes, indeed," answered I orally, but mentally I said to myself, "Escape, escape, escape!" and just then I think a twinkle of my lucky star must have shone through the glass roof upon me, for Tim Appleton came by and I clutched him with the grasp of desperation.

"I'll be back in a moment," said I, when I had him seated, but I felt no qualms in making a mental reservation. "And



LOOKING FORWARD.

Aunt: WELL, TOM, HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR NEW LITTLE SISTER?

Tom: OH, SHE'S GOOD ENOUGH AS A KID, BUT JUST THINK WHAT A TROUBLE SHE'LL BE WHEN SHE GETS A LITTLE OLDER AND I'VE GOT TO CHASE WHISTLERS AWAY FROM THE FRONT STOOP!

don't you eat all my supper," I added, stepping off through the palms. I would have fed him for a year if he had made that the condition for his staying!

"Helloa, Wadsworth; how d'ye do, Miss Ellis?" said I, coming suddenly upon a couple who evidently thought that a small fern covered a multitude of things, for he was holding both her hands. "Have you seen Miss Ransom to-night?"

"Nope," replied Wadsworth shortly, and I moved away. Inspiration seized me a moment later, however, and I sped to the library. She was there.

"Polly," I said, softly tiptoeing to the back of her chair.

"You have come at last, have you?" she said, looking around slowly, and without any show of surprise or gladness.

"At last," answered I, choosing to take what comfort I could of that! "You have been waiting for me, then?"

"Yes." The curtness of this was ominous.

"But I've been searching all over for you."

"Do you call supping with the Roches searching 'all over' for me?"

"Oh, Polly," I burst out angrily, for this last was too much, "you ought to know better."

"I shall in the future."

"You don't think I came here to see Ethel Roche?" asked I. "It's too preposterous."

"You took her into supper, didn't you?"

"Yes, but I escaped; I'm here."

"Oh, I wouldn't say nasty things behind her back."

"Why won't you understand?" I begged.

"Because I don't want to," said Miss Perversity; and then my rueful face must have struck her as funny, for she laughed out gaily.

"Confess," she said, "you fell asleep at the club."

"Nothing of the kind; I have been on a vital errand."

"Pray, where?" asked she, with mocking lips.

"To your house."

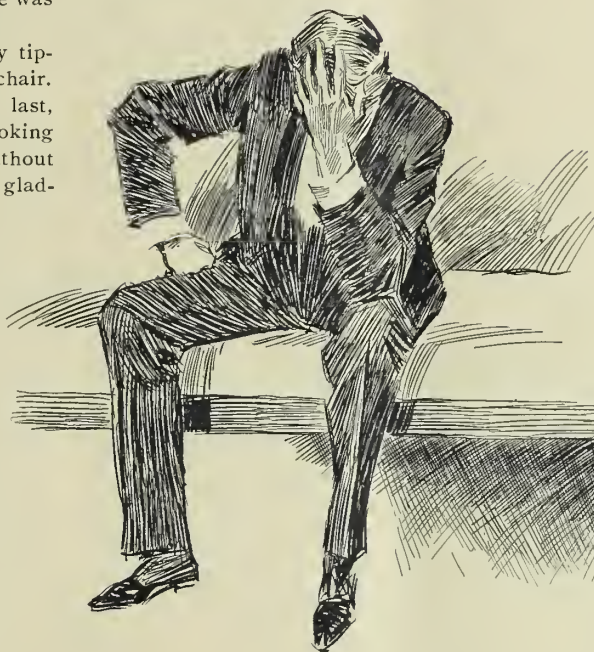
"To my house?"

"Yes. I saw your father."

"Did he give you a prescription? You had better look out, your errand may prove mortal instead of vital."

"That depends entirely on you, Polly; for I love you and I went to ask the Doctor if I might."

There was a gleam in her eyes that meant everything, and I wanted to take her in my arms, but she sprang to her feet and stood away from me.



"JACK OLIVER," SHE SAID.

"I trust he gave you a satisfactory answer."

"He told me 'yes,' Polly, and now I want you to tell me 'yes.'" I took a step toward her and she took a step back.

"Jack Oliver," she said, and there was a curious little tone in her voice that startled me; "I should have thought any one who had made love to as many women as you have would know that they don't care about receiving proposals of marriage by proxy. Ask the girl herself next time." And before I could stop her she had swept me a little curtsy and left the room. I glanced out the window on the brilliant night; my lucky star had stopped twinkling.

Louis Evan Shipman.



OLLA PODRIDA.

THE first week of the new season brought to us a lot of novelties, but none of them extremely likely to set Long Island Sound on fire.

IF the action of the entire play were as spirited as that in the last act of "An Enemy to the King," in which Mr. E. H. Sothorn made his start this season at the Lyceum, the piece would certainly be less tiresome. The only kind of wordiness we can stand in these days is the epigrammatic tommy-rot with which the London dramatists flood their society plays. The elementary tale which Mr. R. N. Stephens attempts to tell in this play is obscured and clogged by talk and incident which are valueless in themselves and make the action lame indeed.

Mr. Sothorn himself has seldom appeared to less advantage. His make-up is unbecoming, and heroics from his lips sound far more convincing when they have a background of the dress of the present period. The play is handsomely set, the forest scene having caught almost perfectly the glorious atmosphere of the autumn woods.

IT would puzzle critic or stage manager to tell exactly what was the matter with "The Liar," Mr. Clyde Fitch's adaptation from the French of Bisson. The idea was a funny one and the situations were ridiculous

enough, but there was lacking a snap to the action and a humorousness to the dialogue which one has a right to expect in farcical pieces of this kind. Mr. Fritz Williams brought out of the liar, who attempts to lie himself into heroism and win the girl he loves, all the fun there was in the character, but the effort was too much for him. The piece was too distinctly stagey, the sound of the clock-work was too pronounced to allow of any efforts on the part of the company making it appear anything but automatic.

* * *

IT'S too bad that the ideal of the comic opera comedian is so indissolubly connected with muscular exertion in the minds of the men who essay the *roles*. Mr. Jefferson d'Angelis has absorbed the notion so thoroughly that he

spoils a natural unctuousness which would be far more funny and effective than any amount of labored agility. "The Caliph" is very much like every other comic opera that we see now-a-days. In spots its music is better than usual, its dialogue shows no more refinement or originality than the average, and its cast is neither disappointing nor excellent. The production serves its purpose very well—it passes an evening pleasantly and musically without any mental exertion on the part of the spectator.

* * *

MR. CHEVALIER'S entertainment bears out with greater emphasis the opinion LIFE expressed last winter—that the English artist's efforts approach nearer to genius than do those of many who attempt higher lines of work. For an entire evening he furnishes the bulk of the entertainment and makes understandable to

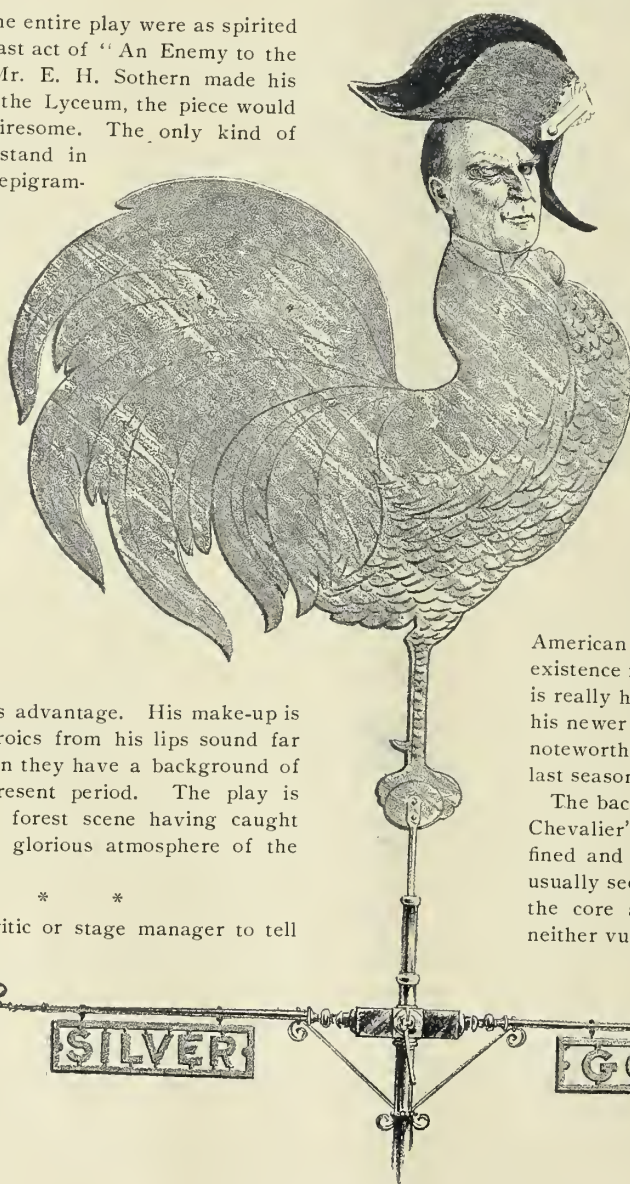
American audiences a character which has no existence in this country. His "Dear Old Dutch" is really high art in its simplicity and pathos. Of his newer song, "We Did 'ave a Time," is the only noteworthy addition to the programme he gave last season.

The background of vaudeville provided for Mr. Chevalier's work is unique in being distinctly refined and of decidedly better character than that usually seen in our music halls. It is English to the core and therefore rather heavy, but it is neither vulgar nor chestnutty.

* * *

THUS it will be seen that no blaze of glory heralds the new season, but better things are promised and we may be happy yet.

Metcalfe.



THIS SHOWS WHICH WAY THE WIND BLOWS.

LIFE'S TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.



JOHN W. GOFF.



ANTHONY COMSTOCK.

WE learn that both Mr. Goff and Mr. Comstock are too busy at present to write letters of acceptance, but a little thing like this need not stand in the way. It only goes to show how, in their devotion to the cause of the people, they cannot stop to give their views—fearing that to do so might interfere even in the slightest degree with the sacred cause of justice, or the suppression of the classics. Their views are so well known, however, it is an easy matter to be “regular” in this case, and we give herewith the formal letters of our candidates:

To Charles A. Dana, E. L. Godkin, Whitelaw Reid and others.

GENTLEMEN:—In pursuance of the promise made to your committee when notified of my nomination for President, I beg to submit this formal acceptance of that high honor, with one or two provisions which, however slight, it is just as well to have understood in the beginning. In the first place the White House, while no doubt

ample enough for Jefferson, Lincoln, Cleveland and others, would not exactly suit my requirements. I should expect to have it enlarged and refurnished throughout; although, on second thought, it might be well to build a new one. By doing this I could have the plans drawn up to suit by a competent architect. This ought to be done at once as you have only until March 4th to build in. And now in regard to the little matter of salary. To be candid, I feel that I am worth more than has heretofore been paid and I would suggest that this matter be gone into at once. Fifty thousand dollars a year is well enough, but there are not so many perquisites attached to this office as there might be, and I have my future to consider. With these conditions I should be glad to give a few hours of my time each day to running the Government.

JOHN W. GOFF, per LIFE.

GENTLEMEN:—It is almost needless to say that I accept the nomination as I have needed for sometime a complete rest from my arduous duties. As Mr. Goff has made some suggestions I would also like to add one. Would it not be possible to have a new set of pictures put in the new White House and also have a nice lot of statues, properly clad, in the grounds? For four years this will be our home, so to speak, and I am used to looking on the best things. I don't suppose any man on earth is any better able to locate them than I am; and those naked columns at the White House must have trowsers.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK,
Per LIFE.



Wm. H. W. 96
SOMETHING UNUSUAL.

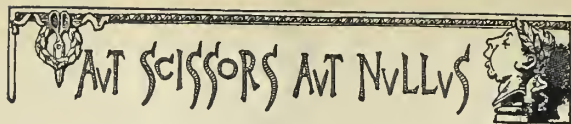
THE ONLY TIME.

CITYMAN: Have you running water in your house?
SUBURBS: When it rains.



THE CAT.

FROM LIFE'S RECENT DISCOVERIES OF EARLY EGYPTIAN JOKES.



ANOTHER NEWTON'S APPLE.

We tried to show with lamp and ball
How simply day and night were "made;"
How earth revolved and how through all
One half was sunshine, one was shade.

One side, tho' turned and turned again,
Was always bright. She mused and frowned,
Then flashed—"It's just an apple, then,
'At's always rosy half way round."

Oh, boundless tree of ranging blue,
Star-fruited through thy heavenly leaves,
Be, if thou canst be, good unto
This apple-loving babe of Eve's.

—New York Tribune.

MUCH is said in these days about the want of obedience to parental authority displayed by the rising generation, but an incident in which the contrary spirit was manifested is narrated by a prominent Western lawyer.

His twelve-year-old son, a boy of great spirit, but with no overabundance of strength, went to pass a vacation with a cousin who lived on the banks of a broad river. His father, in his parting instructions, placed one restriction upon the boy's amusement during his visit.

"I don't want you to go out in your cousin's canoe," he said firmly. "They are used to the water, but you are not, and you haven't learned to sit still anywhere as yet. You'll be there only a week, and with all the other amusements the boys have, and the horses and dogs, you can afford to let the canoe alone for this time, and

keep your mother from worrying all the while you're away."

The boy readily gave the desired promise. On his return he was enthusiastic over the pleasures he had enjoyed.

"And I didn't mind canoeing a bit, pa," he said, addressing his careful parent with a beaming smile. "The boys taught me how to swim, and the only time they used the canoe was the last day, to go over to the other shore. But I remembered my promise, and I wasn't going to break it the last day. So I swam across."—Chicago News.

AN aged man, sauntering across a Cleveland street the other day, was rudely jostled by a youthful wheelman. The collision tumbled the rider off, and the old gentleman promptly grabbed him by the ear. "Durn you," he said, with considerable asperity, "I've a great mind to take you across my knee and spank you good." But he did not do it. He just held the young fellow a minute, and then let him go.

"Why didn't you spank him, uncle?" said a bystander.

"Well," replied the old man, "I certainly would if I hadn't been a leetle afraid that mebbe it was a girl."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"You don't mean to say that that stingy old maid has given you ten marks for telling her fortune?" "Indeed I do. I told her she would meet with an accident before she was twenty-four years old."

—Fliegende Blätter.

A PROMINENT Washington physician who owns a cranberry meadow on Cape Cod, was entertaining an

English cousin some years ago, says the *Post* city.

One night at dinner cranberry sauce was table. The Englishman was delighted with it, he expressed his pleasure so much and so often after he had returned to London the doctor sent over a barrel of fine Cape Cod cranberries. An so passed, and then came a letter from the Englishman.

"My Dear So-and-So," it said, "it was awful of you to send me those berries, and I thank you fortunately, they all soured on the way over."

"I HOPE, sor, you will assist a poor man house and everything that was in it, including me sor, was burned up two months ago last Thanksgiving."

The merchant to whom this appeal was addressed while very philanthropic, is also very cautious asked:

"Have you any papers or certificate to show you have lost anything by fire?"

"I did have a certificate, sor, signed before a notary, to that effect, but it was burned up, sor house with me family and the rest of me effects."

—Melbourne Free Press.

A MAN whose circumstances of traveling him to sit in the same seat with a young lady unusually friendly for a stranger, said as he was in the car: "I thank you for a very pleasant but I am afraid you would not have been so kind had you known I am a married man."

"You haven't any advantage of me," responded the young lady; "I am an escapee."

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PHILADELPHIA.

MRS. ELMORE: I wonder how many stops that new organ of De Smyth's has got?"

"Only three, I should judge. One for each meal."—Buffalo Times.

WILLIE HOHENZOLLERN has taken to painting pictures. The law against lèse majesté protects him from the consequences he would otherwise incur.

—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

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"But you have no candidate."

"Don't you believe that for a moment?" We've got Bryan talking into a graph for a week, and we'd elect the graph."—Chicago Post.

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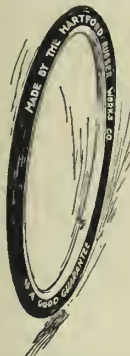
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ON THE HEIGHT.

HE.

I dreamed last night, my darling,
That you stood on a height,
Arrayed in shimmering garments,
And glorious to the sight;
And all the roads of all the earth
Led up to where you stood,
The very apotheosis
Of gentle maidenhood;
And people came from near and far,
The lowly and the great,
To gaze in wonderment upon
You in your regal state;
But, ah! my love in all that throng,
That had been drawn to thee,
One person only held thy gaze—
And I, oh! joy, was he.

SHE.

And in your dream, pray tell me,
As I stood upon that height,
Arrayed in shimmering garments,
And glorious to the sight—
There, on that lofty pinnacle,
As I in splendor stood,
The very apotheosis
Of gentle maidenhood—
And, as the people pressed around,
The lowly and the great,
To gaze with wonderment upon
Me in my regal state—
Oh, tell me, tell me truly,
And relieve my troubled mind—
As I stood up there in glory,
Did my skirts hang straight behind?
—*Cleveland Leader.*

THE colored female cook of a family living at the South End came upstairs the other afternoon, and, twisting up the corners of her apron with considerable embarrassment, said to her mistress:

"You see, misses, I thought it mought be be to be tellin' you dat I—dat I done got married la week."

"Ah, indeed! And what is your name now, Hannah?"

"Mis' Williams, ma'am. You see my husband he am a cook, too. He am what dey calls a sheli in a hotel."

"A chef, heh? That's very nice. And do you expect to leave us directly, Hannah?"

"Not d'rectly, mum. I'll stay wid ye for d' present. You see, my husband he's done gone to New York an' Washington on his honeymoon an' it'll be nigh onto six weeks befo' he come back!"—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH.—"That whisk is fifteen years old," whispered the bartender.

"Lookey here," answered his rural customer "don't try to git funny with me. You kin jis pour that thar stuff back inter th' bottle an' I'll go whar I kin git suthin' fresh."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"WHAT was it that broke up the firm?"

"The two typewriter girls got to quarreling and the partners took sides."—*Chicago Record.*

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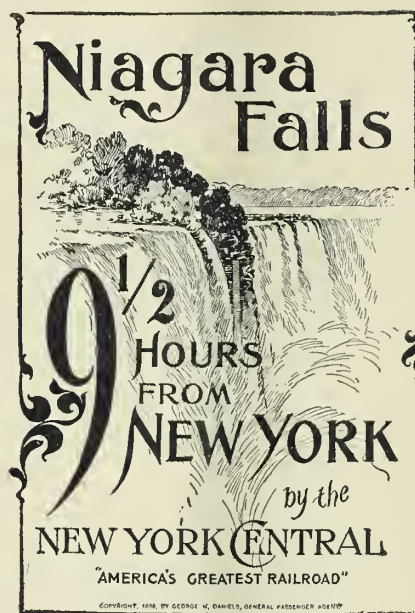
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A MODERN PSYCHE.

(SHE SPEAKS.)

BUT do not go—I like to have you near me,
Not quite so near—sit there, sir, if you please.
The orchestra is silent; you can hear me;
And distance puts us both more at our ease.

I missed you yesterday past all expression,
Though winged with song and mirth the bright
hours flew;
Because I think—pray mark my frank confession—
That no one loves me quite so well as you.

It may be as you say, that I am taking
A false step that I never can retrace;
Perhaps some day will come a bitter waking,
When love has fled with youth and youth's sweet grace.

Listen! there's someone singing "Traviata:"
"Gayly through life"—Ah, yes! 'tis apropos!
Your arm, *mon ami*. A swift waltz will scatter
And turn to blissful breath those sighs of woe.

'Tis strange! I do not care to take your heart, sir,
In fair exchange; and yet, strong jealous wrath
Would kindle all my soul, should you depart, sir,
To lay it in some other woman's path.

"Selfish," am I, and "void of feelings tender?"
Perhaps; but, then, I'm sure you can but own
That for a foot so finely arched and slender
A heart is just the fittest stepping-stone.



ON AN OCEAN STEAMER.

Sympathizer: NEVER MIND, IT'LL SOON BE OVER!

And if you bade me cease my idle playing
On the tired chords my hands have swept
for years,
I think the moonlight o'er my pillow straying
Would find it slightly wet with "idle tears."

And yet I love you not. Nay, do not start!
The reason, sir, you never could discover;
Another mystery of a woman's heart—
I love the love, but cannot love the lover.

Eliza Calvert Hall.

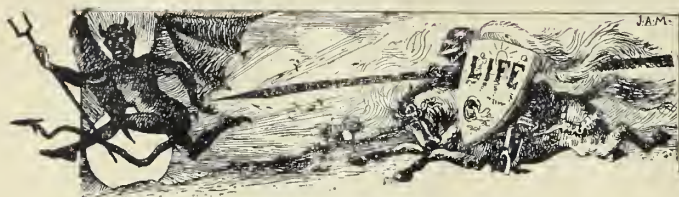
SHE: You never drank a drop before we
were married, dear.

HE: No, I didn't have to.

THE difference between the optimist and
the pessimist is in the variation of the
flights of their imagination.



A HARVEST MOON.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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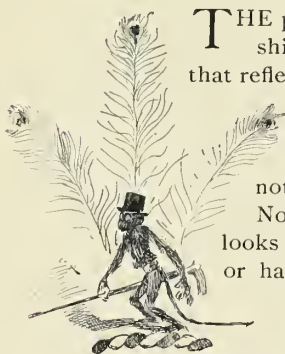
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SENATOR HILL still hesitates, thereby causing the sound-money men merriment and the silver men some distress. No one has at any time had the least doubt as to the senator's sentiments about free coinage, but it has not been foreseen in what degree his convictions might influence his conduct. At this writing the Buffalo convention is still in prospect, but it seems to intend to declare for Bryan, and if it does, Senator Hill will probably continue to hesitate during the rest of the campaign. Senator Murphy is experiencing no such inconvenience. He is frankly for Bryan and Popocracy. It is the great recommendation of Mr. Black, the

Republican candidate for governor, that he has been the most outspoken and energetic foe of Murphy and Muphyism that the state has produced. He has fought Murphy in his stronghold and fought him hard. Bully for Black!

* * *



THE present fashionable stand-up-turn-over shirt collar for men is an absurd creation that reflects discredit on its inventor and makes most of its wearers ridiculous. It serves no single purpose which any of the ordinary stand-up collars does not serve better and more handsomely. No cravat has yet been discovered that looks well with it. When it is new and stiff or has been skilfully "done-up," it can be overlooked on a long-necked man; but the average man's collars are rather imperfectly done-up, and the average man's stand-up-turn-over collar after its second washing is a gaping and dishevelled absurdity. Women wear

these same collars, and of course carry them off better than men do; but they are trying to most women for the reason that they sustain no perceptible relation to the human anatomy, either male or female.

It seems to be the intention of nature that there should be radical changes in all the gear and adornment of women at short intervals; and if these new-fangled collars are a lawful decree of fashion, it is not worth while to object to them as far as women are concerned. But men should discountenance the silly things. A year or two ago there was an edict that the tails of men's coats should be three inches too long. Men who knew how long their coat tails should be paid no attention to it, but men who didn't know wore their coat tails too long and looked silly. Only men who know no better will allow these absurd stand-up-turn-over collars to be imposed upon them.

* * *



OUR late guest, Li Hung Chang, whose visit was so agreeable to us and whose society was enlightening and valuable in so many respects, cannot be said to have set us a particularly useful example in the matter of smoking cigarettes. All cigarette smokers know that cigarettes are pestilent things, obstructive to the operations of the intellect, bad for the nerves, the heart, the liver, the digestion, and miscellaneous pernicious. We know that they sear the conscience and shorten life, and a large proportion of our male population is in a chronic state of intentions looking to their

disuse. Our late guest is seventy-three years old, and though infirm in some particulars, is apparently in exceptionally complete possession of his mental faculties. Yet, if we may believe the reports of our newspapers during most of the time of his stay with us, two able-bodied heathens found constant occupation in putting cigarettes in his mouth and lighting the further ends of them.

Let no inexperienced person argue from this that cigarettes are salubrious or wholesome. They are not. The truth is that Li is tough, and besides that he goes to bed early and is temperate both in his food and beverages. The most that his case teaches is that a man who is tough and circumspect in all other particulars, may possibly smoke a good many cigarettes in the course of a long life without becoming incapacitated for business.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

"AT all events you must admit you were very stupid," said Fanny Ashe, taking a sip of tea.

"Oh, yes," answered I. "I'll admit I was anything and everything, but most of all an ass," and I took a sip from the tiny tea cup I had been holding in my hand. That simple action told me plainly in what a reckless condition I was.

"You should have known Polly better," went on Fanny, who, I could see plainly, was striving to steer a middle course, and trying not to compromise her loyalty to either of us.

so, too, ten days ago; but I know now that she is nothing but a coquette."

"You have no right to say that." She was at last aroused to partiality, and it seemed good to have some one defend Polly against my attacks.

"I have every reason to suppose that she deliberately led me on to a proposal of marriage, with no intention of treating my proposal seriously," asserted I, with feeling, and I almost begun to pity myself.

"That couldn't be," said Fanny, musingly; with eyes intent on the live embers in the fire place. "Tell me," said she, as if struck by a sudden thought, "what did you say



"AT ALL EVENTS YOU MUST ADMIT YOU WERE VERY STUPID."

"I know her better now," said I, bitterly, and I sat the cup and saucer down on the table with an ominous clatter.

"Well, you must have bungled it sadly," she said, resignedly, "for I'm convinced that Polly was in love with you."

"Bungled it?" rejoined I, "don't you suppose I know how to propose to a girl?"

"You ought to by this time."

I didn't choose to notice this last remark, but continued: "As for her loving me, that's all fal-dal; I would have said

to her?"

"I simply told her that I loved her."

"And what did she answer?"

"She very calmly and coldly told me that she didn't receive proposals of marriage by proxy, and left the room."

"What did she mean by 'by proxy'?" questioned Fanny, leaning toward me.

"I suppose she meant my speaking to her father first," answered I.

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"Did you speak to Doctor Ransom before you did to Polly?" she asked, with a kindling eye.

"Yes," faltered I, deeply conscious that I was the object of a sudden, subtle contempt, that was essentially feminine.

"You deserved it all then," she replied with conviction.

"But why?" questioned I vigorously, driven to defence. "Wasn't it the honorable thing to speak to him first to get his consent?"

She measured me with the eye of disdain, and even her lips curled a bit before shaping themselves to reply.

"I think you are more to be pitied than blamed," she said at last. "You really need some one to look after you."

I was thoroughly cowed by this time, and my insignificance was impressed upon me with mortifying distinctness.

She went on, "You have evidently no conception of the gross breach you have committed."

"No, I haven't," replied I, with a bit of returning spirit.

"Oh, you men are but dull creatures at best," and she sighed commiseratingly. "You don't understand the little shades and finenesses of life that mean so much to us women. Any right spirited girl would resent such an interference with her prerogatives, as you have been guilty of. I don't wonder at Polly." She had completely thrown me over by this time.

"There is only once in a woman's life," continued she, "that she tastes the sweets of absolute power; that she controls the destiny of man."

"When's that?" said I, meekly.

"That's when he sues for her love. And would she not be a fool, indeed, to give up that one high privilege—the privilege of acceptance or rejection? And doesn't she do right to insist on a recognition of this privilege by all men?"

"I suppose so," said I, wearily, for I was getting tired. "But I didn't know you were going in for women's rights, Fanny."

"I'm only protesting against women's wrongs," said she. "When you went to Polly's father first, you violated her rights, and she asserted her self respect."

"Well, I didn't do it intentionally."

"No, as I said first, you were only very stupid. Won't you have another cup of tea?"

I asserted my self respect by declining.

A servant entered and handed her a card.

"Excuse me a moment, Jack," she said, rising, and left the room.

I passed over to the window and looked out on the park, the whiteness of which was rising to meet the gray twilight of the late winter afternoon. A moment later I heard the door open and shut, and the rustle of skirts.

"Do you think Polly would accept any sort of penance?" I said, after awhile, without turning. "I would be willing to go into sack cloth and ashes, literally," I went on.

"I don't think she would exact quite that," said a voice, that wheeled me around quick as a flash.

"Polly, will you forgive me if I was stupid?" I asked after one intense moment.

"On one condition," said she in an eager voice.

"Anything," I cried eagerly.

"That it's a short engagement," she said.

And when Fanny came in after awhile she completely repudiated all Fanny's fine ideas about prerogatives and things, and vowed stoutly that a girl was wicked who refused the man she loved simply because her pride didn't like the form of his proposal.

Louis Evan Shipman.

HE is a clever man who knows when to be stupid.

A BOSTON woman who belongs to only seven clubs is pleasantly defined as "a quiet home body."

A MAN should not avoid reading because he desires to be original, but because he may then use the thoughts of others without feeling guilty.



A GROUP AT LIFE'S FARM.



A TALE OF A HAMMOCK.

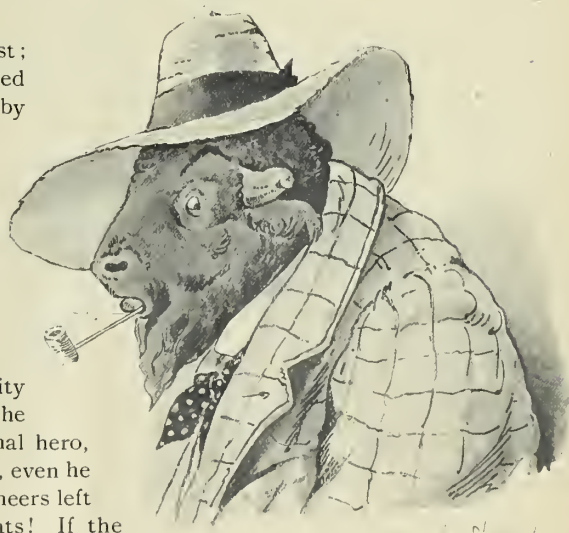
"WHY DID YOU LOOK SO WORRIED WHEN YOU CAME IN FROM HERE LAST NIGHT?"
 "I HAD HAD A FALLING OUT WITH JACK."

THEN GO AHEAD!

FIDELITY is a great quality; one of the very greatest; almost fit to support character by its unaided strength. But it needs to be tempered and guided by discrimination, and if it isn't, it is liable to be hurtful in full proportion to its strength and value. The fidelity of gold Democrats to the nominees of the Chicago convention is sadly and ominously misplaced. There is not very much of it and most of what there is is more or less spurious, being generously intermixed with cupidity or self interest. Be faithful, Democrats, but don't prostitute your capacity for sticking by sticking to propositions which you don't and can't believe in, and the iniquity and disastrous bent of which you distinctly see! The boy who stood on the burning deck was an emotional hero, but his example is of no value in politics; and, besides, even he would have gone ashore if there had been only mutineers left in the cabin. Clear that deck, sound-money Democrats! If the ship of the silverities goes down with Bryan, no lives will be lost, for Bryan is pretty light, and the chances are that he would float.



TALKING THROUGH HIS HAT.



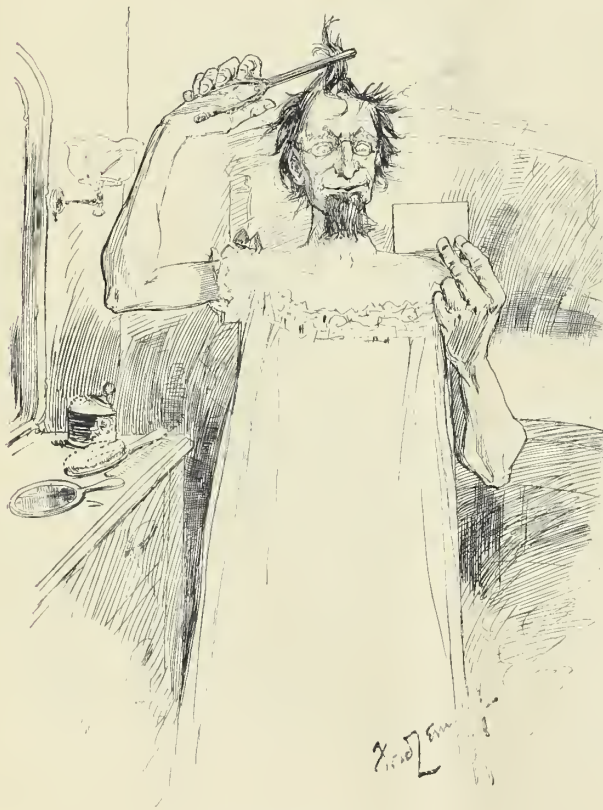
THE LAST OF HIS LINE.

A MISDIRECTION OF GOODNESS.



CERTAIN enthusiastic guardians of the law at Englewood, New Jersey, have arrested and fined a gentleman for

playing golf on Sunday. They have made a mistake and public opinion will not sustain their action. Golf is not a game, but an exercise of a somewhat penitential flavor and not irreligious in its constituent qualities. Persons who play it hard during the week need the day of rest for the restoration of their strength and equanimity, and persons who do not play on week-days will hardly get enough golf on Sundays alone to make them permanently subject to its baleful fascinations. Compared with bicycle riding, golf is a pious labor. Any system of law or ethics which prohibits Sunday golf, while permitting Sunday bicycles, discriminates without sense and cannot stand the strain of practical use.



THE COMING MAN.

"TELL HER I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN."



THE ABSENT ONE.

"HE cometh not," she said.
What more was there
to say?
The leaves were turning red,
She rocked the hour away.
The frogs came at her call;
The birds toward her sped.
And yet, in spite of all—
"He cometh not," she said.

MEDITATIONS.

IT is now an appropriate season for the ardent vivisectionist to rest from his labors and review the arguments with which next winter he will refute and put to shame the meddling sentimentalists who will try to bind down his lofty flights of scientific experimentation by restrictive legislation.

He can think up striking methods of stating the impressive fact that, in medicine, nothing but seeing is believing, and so, though every text book sets forth the results of most of the class-room experiments, and though drawings and diagrams and models can be secured to illustrate every detail of



the subject. Oh, yes, the vivisectionist found plenty to think about during the vacation, and no doubt he comes back like a giant refreshed, prepared to utterly crush any weak twaddler who ventures to doubt the absolute necessity and the lofty moral influence of his favorite pursuit.

AMBITION.

LONG time he spent in moulding clay
To be an image fair as day;
At last 'twas done.
He stood there in reflection's pause
And looked. He only saw the flaws—
Grace it had none.

For with his labor he had learned
So much that his past work he spurned
Within his soul.

And from the place he had attained
He saw, far off, there might be gained
A greater goal.

Wood Levette Wilson.

HAVE you seen the army worm?
No? Well, you have seen the
bicyclists on Madison Avenue and the
Boulevard and other avenues in this
and every other city, and after them the
army worm seems individual and spo-
radic. When the seventeen-year locust
comes again and discovers the bicyclists,
the sight will discourage him and he
will refuse to compete.



"SUCH VILE, UNCHARITABLE GOSSIP! AND YOU HADN'T HEARD IT UNTIL I MET YOU!"

every statement, no instructor can reasonably expect a young man to believe these things until he has seen them demonstrated upon a living animal. This is an age of humbug, and how is the student to know that the text books are reliable? But when he has once seen a thing for himself at the cost of some hapless animal—ah, then he has a solid foundation for his knowledge.

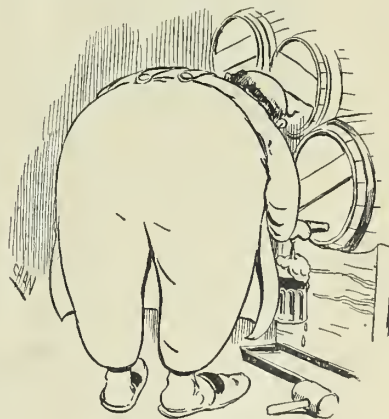
He can meditate conclusive arguments to prove that the effect on the student of unrestricted vivisection is and always has been immensely refining, humanizing and ennobling, and that the animals don't greatly object—in fact, rather like the process.

He can plan scathing expressions of his scorn for the unscientific and ignorant rabble who cannot realize that because some experiments, conducted by eminent scientists, have resulted in good, there-

fore all students and professors of medicine ought of right to vivisect whatever, whenever and wherever they may be inclined.

He can devise elaborate arguments for persuading the state governments to turn over to him for purposes of scientific research all criminals condemned to death, and for convincing the populace that since the powers that be permit unlimited vivisection of animals, they really have no right to draw the line at any particular animal—to say, for instance, that dogs may be vivisected but men may not.

Finally, he may have time to recover from his unbounded astonishment at the audacity of the presumptuous crew who, though probably not one in a hundred of them has ever vivisected an animal in his life, yet consider themselves capable of forming an intelligent opinion on



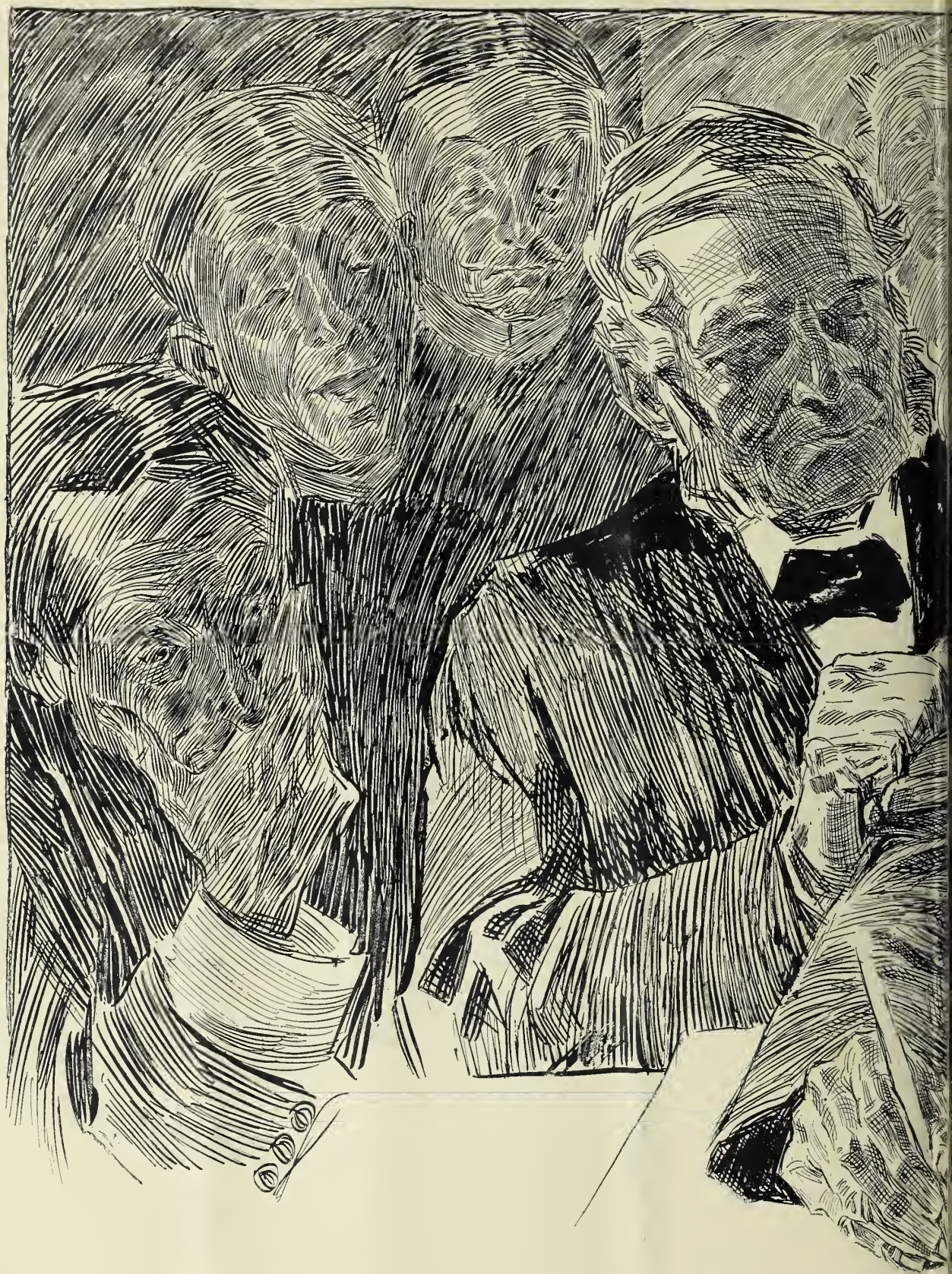
DRAWING TO FILL.

ONE WAY.

THEY say the minister preaches sensational sermons in order to directly reach the most depraved classes."

"How can that do it?"

"Why, now the reporters have to hear him."



— and together —

WHEN OUR ECCENTRIC RELA



AN OBJECT OF INTEREST.



TWO SUCCESSES.

PIERETTE.
(MISS GLASER.)

BY a miracle the rays from the sun of prosperity are shedding themselves over Mr. Augustin Daly's theatre. The miracle is that an English production of "The Gaiety Girl" class should be simultaneously clever, funny, and musically attractive. "The Geisha" is all of these and more. Not since the palmy days of Gilbert and Sullivan have we had anything from London one-half as good.

The scenes—of which there are two—are laid in Japan and are pretty and effective. The costumes are most fetching and the gorgeous brilliancy of the kimonos would make even a Japanese open his narrow eyes with amazement. The size of the women who wear them, however, would make him fancy himself among a race of gigantic beauties instead of among the miniature ones who people his native land. In one particular the difference of size operates to the disadvantage of the counterfeit mousmés of the Daly stage. The peculiar wiggling gait of the Japanese woman, which is caused by her peculiar foot-gear and the cut of her garments, is rather pretty in a little woman, but imitated by those of larger build becomes decidedly grotesque. To choose so good a company entirely from women of diminutive stature would be practically impossible, but one can make the stage picture faithful to the Japanese original by looking at it through the wrong end of the opera glass.

An excellent bit of character acting is Mr. William Sampson's *Wun-Hi*, the Chinese proprietor of the tea house. He is the best Chinaman in make-up, dialect, and general fidelity to the character we have ever seen on the stage, not excepting Parsell, who so long held a monopoly of that line of characters.

The *O Mimosa San* of Miss Dorothy Morton is also an excellent piece of work. Except in the "Goldfish" number, which after Japanese fashion calls for long sustained and nasal notes in the upper register, her vocal work is



TIRESCHAPPE (MR. WILSON).

thoroughly pleasing and her acting is effective. Miss Violet Lloyd is a new importation, is pretty and graceful and sings almost as well as she dances, in both of which accomplishments she is a creditable graduate of the "Gaiety" school.

"The Geisha" is in for a long run, but it is not in the regular line of Mr. Daly's theatre and should be removed to some other stage to make room for the more characteristic productions which are promised for later in the season.

* * *

AND neither Daly's nor any other stage will see Mr. James Lewis more. Surely it is not out of place here to record a word of tribute and regret for the artist who has brought to us all so much of merriment and innocent amusement.

* * *

IF for nothing else, Mr. Francis Wilson is remarkable as a singer who can't sing. This makes it the more creditable that he can still be the head and front of a



"BON JOUR, BON JOUR, MES CAMARADES. GET OUT!"

most successful light opera company. In this form of entertainment the public is not over-exacting and Mr. Wilson manages to supply his vocal deficiencies in ways which make them not painful as they might be with a less refined artist.

Whatever Mr. Wilson attempts as a manager is done handsomely and intelligently. "Half a King," his latest production, is no exception to this rule. It is gorgeously mounted, effectively costumed and well sung. The score, while not remarkable, is above the average of light opera as she is operated and contains some very catching and musicianly numbers. One in particular—a quintette and chorus, without orchestral accompaniment, is far above the average of the comic opera to which we are accustomed.

The book is not up to the standard Mr. Smith set for himself in "The Wizard of the Nile," and abounds in American chestnuts which he cannot possibly attribute

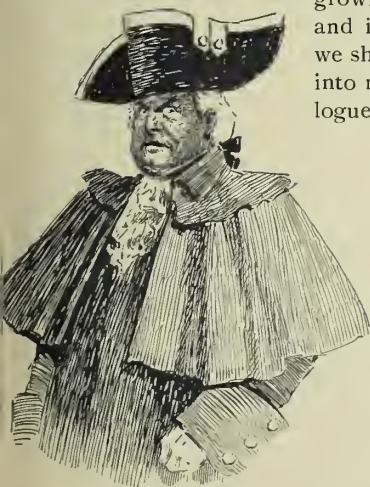


"HE CAN EAT MORE GLASS BALLS THAN ANY MAN IN THE COUNTRY."

to the French authors whom he credits for his adaptation.

The cast is thoroughly competent. The character of *Tireschappe* fits Mr. Wilson's well-known methods better than any he has assumed since first he sprang into fame as *Caddie*. Miss Glaser's voice has gained in volume and precision and her long-limbed grace is given ample opportunity for display. Mr. Miron makes an impressive *Duke de Chateau Margaux* and the chorus is well drilled vocally and in action. It is likewise composed of more than usually pretty and shapely young persons.

The stage management is good but the emphasis that is given to the star is made just a leetle too apparent to be pleasant. With the exception of an occasional morsel for Miss Glaser, all the so-called "fat" goes to Mr. Wilson and leaves the other parts lean indeed. This is a growing tendency of Mr. Wilson's, and if it is carried much further we shall soon see his operas turned into musical and saltatorial monologues.



DUKE DE CHATEAU MARGAUX.
(MR. MIRON.)

The plot of "Half a King" is ingenious, and although this is not really essential to a comic opera, it is worth noticing when it exists at all. The piece is so much better than "The Chieftain," which served Mr. Wilson's purpose all last season, that it is bound to be successful even with the odds of this peculiar year against it.

Metcalfe.

THE LATEST AEROMETER.

AN English experimenter has succeeded in constructing a miniature cyclone by employing hot air, and using rotary fans to start it. The cyclone is able to sustain itself for some time. In a room where the atmospheric conditions are fixed, it would probably revolve for an indefinite period.

Built on a small scale, a cyclone could be made very useful around the house. For sweeping rooms, dusting furniture or beating the carpet, it would be unexcelled. It could work a pump or run a fanning mill. One could be kept in the stable, and when it was necessary to go for a doctor or to show a friend around town, it could be fastened to the buggy. The motorcycle would soon outrun the horse in the race to obscurity.

The danger is in getting it too large. If it became unmanageable it might start across the country without giving the people in its route time to even contract for a cyclone cellar. Consequently, in purchasing the right to build cyclones, it will be necessary at the same time to get a recipe for disintegrating them should occasion require.

Of course, it is a rather peculiar prophecy, yet one may reasonably predict that the time is not far distant when it will be no uncommon sight to journey through the country and see miniature cyclones tugging away at hitching posts, or observe the tail of one projecting through a hole in the side of a stable; while others, defunct and collapsed, hang on the clothes line as limp and lifeless as a last year's style.



"WHY DON'T YOU RUN HOME AND WASH YOUR FACE?"
"THERE AINT NO WATER AT HOME."
"NO WATER! WHAT DO YOU DRINK, THEN?"
"BEER."



A QUESTION.

Now whisper, Autumn Girl, and tell
A secret which the world would know;
Will you retain a gentle spell
Whose witchery we love so well,
As on your wheel you come and go?
Will you wear sleeves to whose expanse
The breeze fond salutation flings,
Till he who stands to sigh and glance
Sees, in these billowy folds that dance
The fluttering of an angel's wings?
—*Washington Star.*

A NORTHERN man traveling through Missouri on horseback arrived at the bank of a river. There was no way to cross it except by swimming; so dismounting, he tied his clothes to the horse, and drove him into the river, swimming after him. Reaching the other side, he dressed and continued on his way. Before going twenty feet, however, he came to the forks of the road, and looked around for a sign. There was none; but just across the river, near the spot he had entered to swim across, he saw a board nailed on a tree. There was nothing to do but to get in and swim across again, and read that sign. He swam across, and, after climbing up the bank, he read the following notice: "Five dollars fine for crossing this bridge faster than a walk."
—*Argonaut.*

A RURAL Georgia preacher, says "The Atlanta

Constitution," finding the weather too warm, pulled off his coat and preached in his shirt sleeves. After the sermon a good brother, thinking an editor who was present would make a sensation of the incident, said to the parson:

"I don't suppose you knew, when you pulled off your coat to-day that one of them newspaper fellows was in meetin'?"

"Yes, I did," replied the preacher. "But I had my eye on it all the time!"—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"WHAT this country needs to develop its business is confidence," said the local politician in the grocery store. "Mr. Briggs, will you trust me for a fortnight for a barrel of flour?" "No," said the grocer, "my terms are spot cash." "There you have it, gentlemen," exclaimed the local politician. "Mr. Briggs has not the confidence and I have not the flour. Consequently he misses an opportunity to do business, and does not sell the flour. It is the spirit he illustrates that compels many men to do whitewashing who otherwise would preach great truths to a waiting world."
—*Boston Transcript.*

AFTER THE BALL.

"He'll get well now," they said outside,

"There isn't any doubt,

For, by the doctor's bulletin,

They've got the bullet out."

—*Chicago Tribune.*

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It was after the battle of Chattanooga, and
geons were making incisions in the leg of a soldier
had been wounded by a ball. Out of patience
the victim exclaimed, "Why are you carvin'
so?" "To find the ball," answered a surgeon
didn't you ask for it?" cried the soldier, ind
"Here it is in my pocket."—*Youth's Companion.*

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make kind speeches, "our ball players are
no cowards."

"No?" said the other man.

"No, sir. It is almost impossible to get
them to run."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

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TAKEN FROM "THE ENEMY."

BRYAN AND THE ANGEL.

ABOU Bill Bryan, may his tribe decrease!
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and silverlike in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding gall had made Bill Bryan bold,
And to the presence in the room he said:
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look of what he might expect,
Answered: "Their names who'll get it in the neck."
"And am I one?" asked Abou. "I don't know,"
Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,
But cheerily still, and said: "I pray thee, sir,
Write me as one not liable to err."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great November light,
And showed the names of those knocked galley-west;
And lo, Bill Bryan's name led all the rest!

—New York Sun.

MR. FUSSY: I don't see why you wear those ridiculous big sleeves when you have nothing to fill them.

MRS. FUSSY: Do you fill your silk hat?—Up-to-Date.

A WASHINGTON attorney is rather noted for the facility with which he forgets financial obligations. He has owed a certain grocer \$8 for a year and two. The other day the merchant concluded to try a new course with him. Meeting him in his store, he said:

"Judge, I have a customer who owes me a small bill and has owed it for a long time. He makes plenty of money, but won't pay. What would you do?"

"I'd sue him," said the lawyer emphatically.

"Well, I will put the account in your hands," and the merchant presented a statement of the account against himself.

"All right. I will attend to it," said the disciple of Blackstone.

A few days later the merchant received the following note from the lawyer: "In the case of ——— against ———, I took judgment for full amount of your claim. Execution was issued and returned 'no property found.' My fee for obtaining judgment is \$10, for which amount please send check. Will be glad to serve you in any other matters in which you may need an attorney."

—Washington Star.

AN Irishman once worked all day on the promise of getting a glass of grog. At night the employer brought out the grog to him, and the Irishman tasted and said: "Which did you put in first, the whisky or the water?" "Oh," said the employer, "the whisky." "Um-hum," mused the Irishman; "we maybe I'll come to it by and by."—Household Words.

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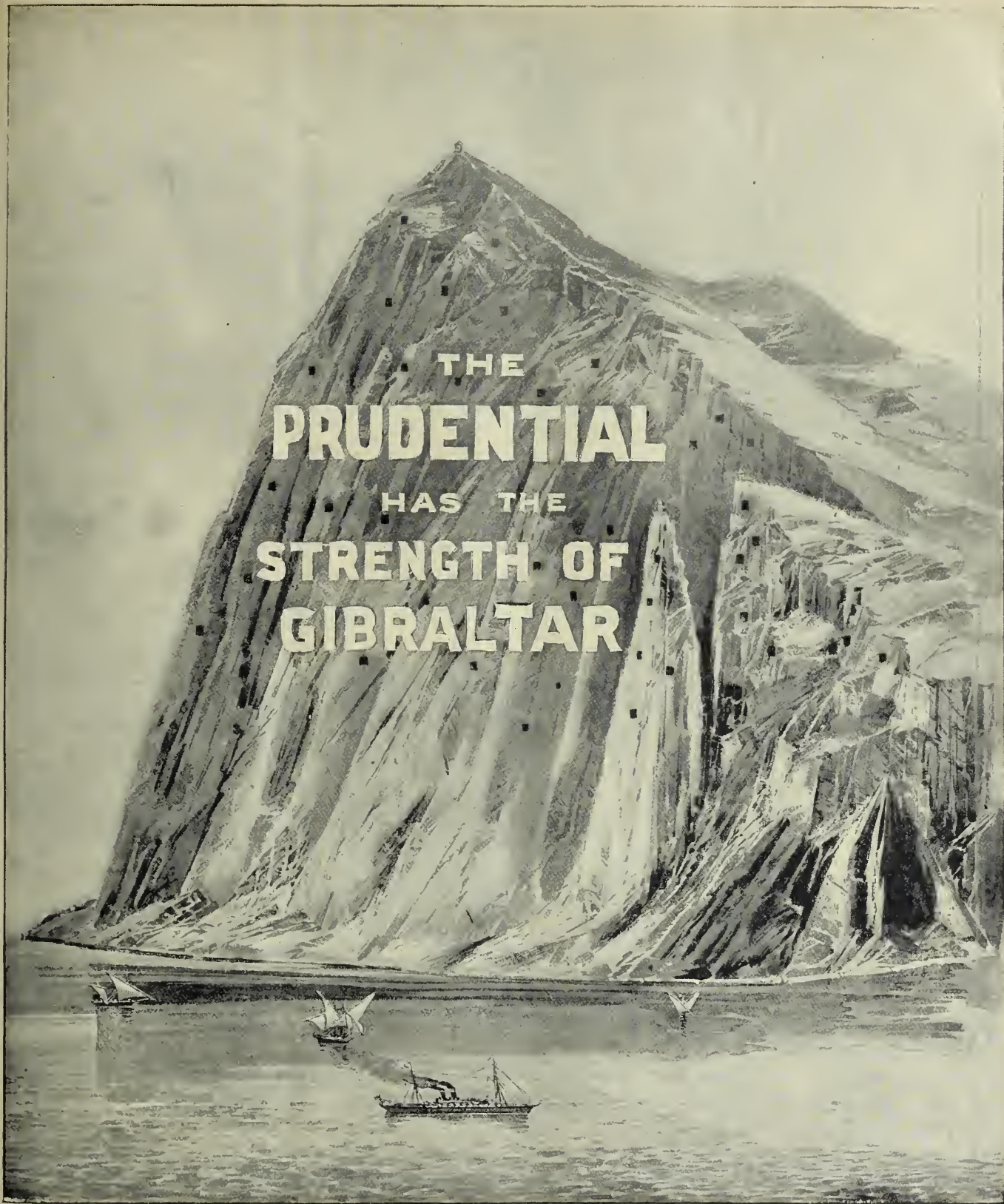
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"Yes," said the old man, addressing his young visitor, "I am proud of my girls, and would like to see them comfortably married, and as I have made a little money, they will not go to their husbands penniless. There's Mary, twenty-five years old, and a real good girl. I shall give her five thousand dollars when she marries. Then comes Bet, who won't see thirty-five again, and I shall give her ten thousand dollars; and the man who takes Eliza, who is forty, will have fifteen thousand dollars with her." The young man reflected a moment or so, and then inquired: "You haven't one about fifty, have you?"—*Lafayette Republican*.

"Did you get rested?" Fogg asked of Fenderson on the latter's return from Europe. "Yes, I did," answered the traveler. "Got into Liverpool Friday morning, reached London in the afternoon; went to Paris next morning; left for Switzerland the day after that; stopped there for two hours; then started for Berlin and did it up in a forenoon; back to England next day and caught the steamer just in time. Rested? By jove, I feel like a new man."

—*Boston Transcript*.

A TRADESMAN in Sunderland had a lad in his employ. The lad's mother was a widow in bad circumstances, consequently the lad was poorly clad. The tradesman kindly proffered to get the boy a new suit of clothes, and the boy agreed to repay him at sixpence per week out of his wages.

The first Monday after this arrangement had been made the lad did not come to work as usual, and on his employer sending to inquire the reason, his mother said "he looked so respectable she was trying to get him a better job."

—*London Answers*.

ONE Sunday morning a poor man dressed in his "Sunday best," having trudged all the way from Boston, entered the church at Newburyport and took a seat near the pulpit. Presently the service began, and the preacher had not been speaking long before the visitor from Boston began to show signs of excitement. As the sermon proceeded his body swayed backward and forward, his eyes glittering strangely, and at length he fell in a fit on the floor. Two deacons of the church carried him outside, laid him down on the church green, unfastened his collar, and dashed water upon him while he writhed and rolled on the earth.

At last the man recovered his senses, and was asked what ailed him. "Oh, such powerful preaching," said he. "I heard before of men going into fits under Whitfield's preaching, but I never supposed it would double me up so." "But," said one of the deacons, "that was not Mr. Whitfield preaching, but only a near-by minister substituting for him this morning." At this point the Boston man became mad clear through. "What!" he said, "have I walked fifty miles, spoiled my best suit of clothes, and had fits, and never heard Mr. Whitfield after all?"

—*New York Recorder*.



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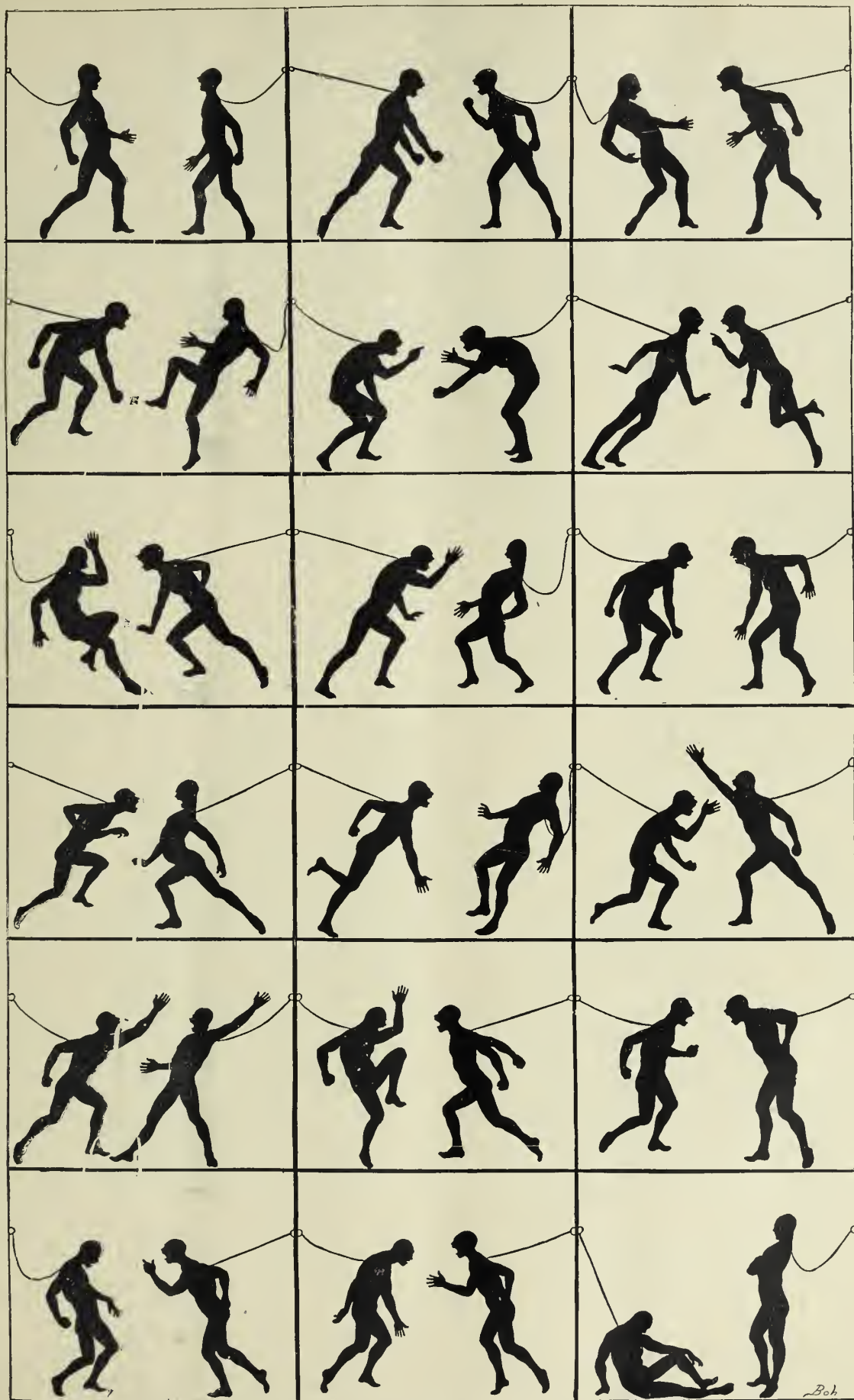
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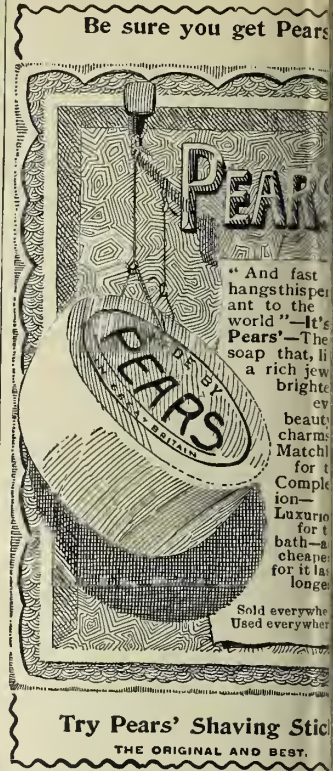
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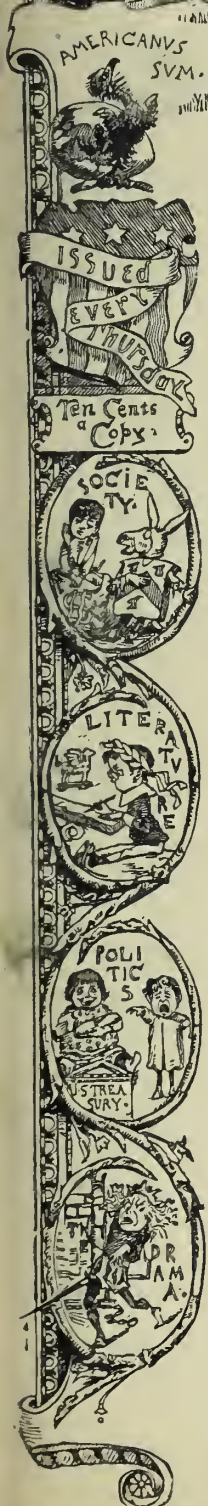
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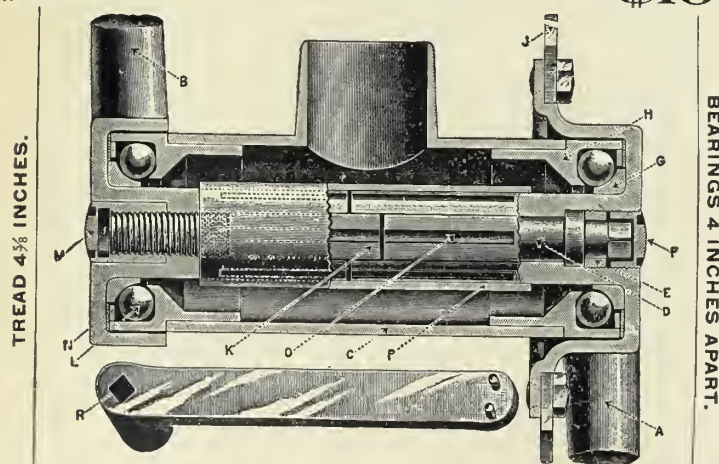
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THE MILLINER'S NIGHTMARE.

AT TIDDLY-WINKS-BY-THE-SEA.

THE season at Tiddly-Winks had not been over-successful. The genial proprietor of Tiddly-Winks Inn had enforced the regulation against Hebrews strenuously, but the Christian element had not responded as he had expected. As a result he had intimated to his clerks, towards the end of the summer, that if any of the chosen people who looked profitable appeared, they should not be scrutinized too closely.

Mr. Dreistein, who is well-known in the cloak line, happened down the coast, and hearing of the quarantine at Tiddly-Winks was seized with the characteristic longing of his race to evade it. Greatly to his surprise he was not informed after he had registered that the house was full. For a day or two he strutted the piazzas in his full panoply of diamonds and gold-rimmed pince-nez. But his proud secret burned within him. Fi-

nally he sat down at the end of the piazza, in a vacant chair, next a dwarfed and hump-backed gentleman who was looking at the sea-scape. Dreistein ventured a remark about the weather which received a courteous reply. Finally, Dreistein, bursting with pride, went further.

"My tear sir," he said, "can you keep a segret?"

"I fancy so," replied the deformed man.

"Vell, I must tell you a good choke. You know der rule in this hotel about Hebrews?"

"Yes."

"Vell, I vas a Jew myselluf." And a broad smile of conscious cleverness inundated Dreistein's curved beak and other features.

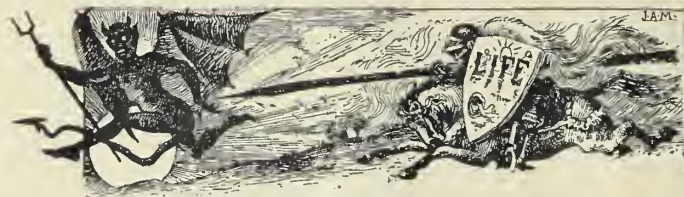
"Can you keep a secret?" asked the other.

"Certainly," replied Dreistein, "I can keep anything that comes my way."

"Well," said his new acquaintance, "don't you tell a soul 'on earth, but I'm a hump-back."



THE TEUTONSEMBLE.

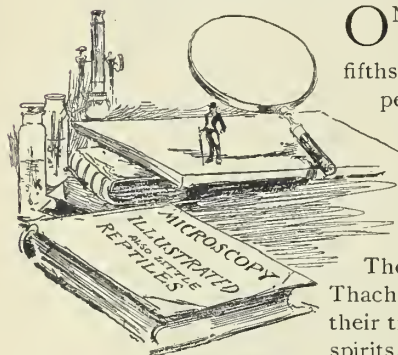


"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVIII. OCTOBER 1, 1896. No. 718.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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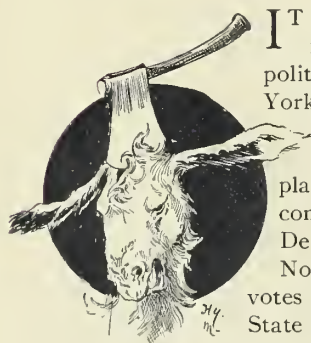
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ON September 17th a lot of New York Democrats, four-fifths of whom believe in the expediency of honest money, met in convention at Buffalo and endorsed the Chicago platform, with its declaration in favor of silver coinage and all its other enormities.

Then they nominated John Boyd Thacher for Governor, filled out their ticket and went home in low spirits. Mr. Thacher is the same citizen who was temporary chairman of a Democratic convention at Saratoga last spring and made a very definite and unequivocal speech in favor of sound money. He does not believe and does not pretend to believe in free silver coinage, the packing of the Supreme Court, mob rule in labor disturbances, or any of the more destructive demands of the Chicago convention; yet he declares that he will vote for Bryan and Sewall.

* * *



IT is quite true that the Chicago platform relates to matters of national politics with which the governor of New York will not be officially concerned, nevertheless a sound-money Democrat, who will run on a free silver State platform, is not the sort of citizen whom conscientious, hard-money New York Democrats will be willing to vote for. No Mr. Facing-Both-Ways will get the votes of honest-money Democrats in this State this year, or any other year. Turn Mr. Thacher to the wall. He will not wash; he will not do. A better man will be nominated presently at Brooklyn, for whom Democrats may vote who are not willing to follow what seems to be the wiser course and help elect Mr. Black.

Mr. Thacher promises to enjoy the distinction of being the worst beaten candidate who ever got the regular Democratic nomination for governor in New York State.



IT is possible, that if we are unwilling to violate our political traditions and help England regulate the proceedings of the Turkish assassin, we ought not to criticise her too

violently for her reluctance to undertake the job alone. The responsibility for the Sultan's existence, however, is hers, not ours; and our refusal to meddle with what is not our business does not excuse her from neglecting what is hers.

* * *



MEANWHILE, and while she hesitates, it is some satisfaction to learn that there is hope that she will give her attention to some atrocities which have been occurring under her nose at home. It gives us a very unfavorable notion of British humanity to have Irish

prisoners, released from her political jails, brought to this country with minds shattered by the hardships of their confinement.

It is reported that the prisons, where the dynamiters have been shut up, are to be made a subject of Parliamentary inquiry. The inquiry should be thorough and fruitful. It does not accord with the sentiments of nineteenth century civilization that men should be driven mad in prisons, however fit it may have been to shut them up.

* * *



THE frost being now in the near vicinity of the pumpkin, the horn of the huntsman is heard once more in the kitchen gardens of Long Island, and the back yards of the New Jersey suburbs are enlivened by the activities of horsemen in red coats. Now again the jumping horse becomes a creature of price; now the Agricultural Horse Show advances in Westchester and the Valley of the Genesee; now the mosquito sings its death song; the shores of the Hudson become habitable once more for man; the chrysanthemum begins to bloom and the children of the well-to-do come back to town.

Bully for October when all the insect pests die, when the air braces mankind for the winter's labors. Weaker grows Populism and the silver madness as the golden fall advances. Please Heaven, brethren, before Thanksgiving comes the spectre of repudiation will have been laid for good, and we shall have more to be thankful for than Thanksgiving has brought us for many a long year.



— THE CELESTIAL VISITOR —



— "DIVERSIONS
IN ZANZIBAR"
— " —



— THE VICTIM —

"THE DEVIL HATH POWER
TO ASSUME A PLEASING SHAPE; YEA, AND, PERHAPS,
OUT OF MY WEAKNESS AND MY MELANCHOLY
(AS HE IS VERY POTENT WITH SUCH SPIRITS)
ABUSES ME TO DAMN ME!"



— "AN UNCONSCIONABLE TIME DYING"
— " —



— "REGULAR!"
— " —

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A SONG OF SILVER.

SING a song of Silver,
A pocket full of holes;
Four-and-twenty populists
Hurried to the polls.
When the polls were opened,
They all began to shout:
"Oh! Isn't this a dandy way
'To turn the rascals out?'"

The Pops were on the war path,
Talking cheaper money;
St. John was with the workingman
Singing, "Come, my honey!"
Bryan for his picture posed,
To print on Silver notes;
When up sprang McKinley
And nipped all the votes.

E. H. Graham Dewey.



TRIALS OF A MOTHER IN 1899.

"GERALDINE, NEVER LET ME SEE YOU WITH THAT FANCY WORK AGAIN—IT WILL RUIN YOUR CHANCES WITH MR. SISSY. HE SAID LAST NIGHT HE HATED A GIRL WHO TRIED TO BE MANNISH."



A TERRIBLE MOMENT.

Daisy Dink (on the brink): AT LAST, CISSY VICTORIA, AT LAST I HAVE YOU IN MY POWER. INSTANTLY RESIGN ALL CLAIM TO HAROLD SELIGMAN'S HAND AN' FORTUNE OR YER CHILD IS DOOM'T TO A AWFUL AN' SUDDENT END!

Cissy V.: I YIELT, I YIELT. OH, HEAVINS, MY HEART'LL BUST!
(Faints, and is spared hearing her rival's shout of glee.)

AVENUES TO GREATNESS.

HOW TO BECOME A SUCCESSFUL POLITICIAN.

THIS is harder than is generally supposed, for almost every man has instincts which are difficult to quell. By faithful effort, however, much can

be accomplished in a short time. You should first

engage in some respectable business, such

as running

a bar room,

an express

company

or a rail-

road, which

will give you

enough ready cash

to use among the boys and

others. You must bear in

mind from the beginning,

that the mass of the people and their material welfare have nothing to do with the game, and are to be worked only just before election. And you must get

rid of the idea that "that government is best that governs least." With you any law is good which

serves your purpose, and as you rise in power the boys will always have to be provided for. You will

be criticised of course by the few outsiders who are not in the game, but you will soon become hardened,

and then your success is assured.

T. M.



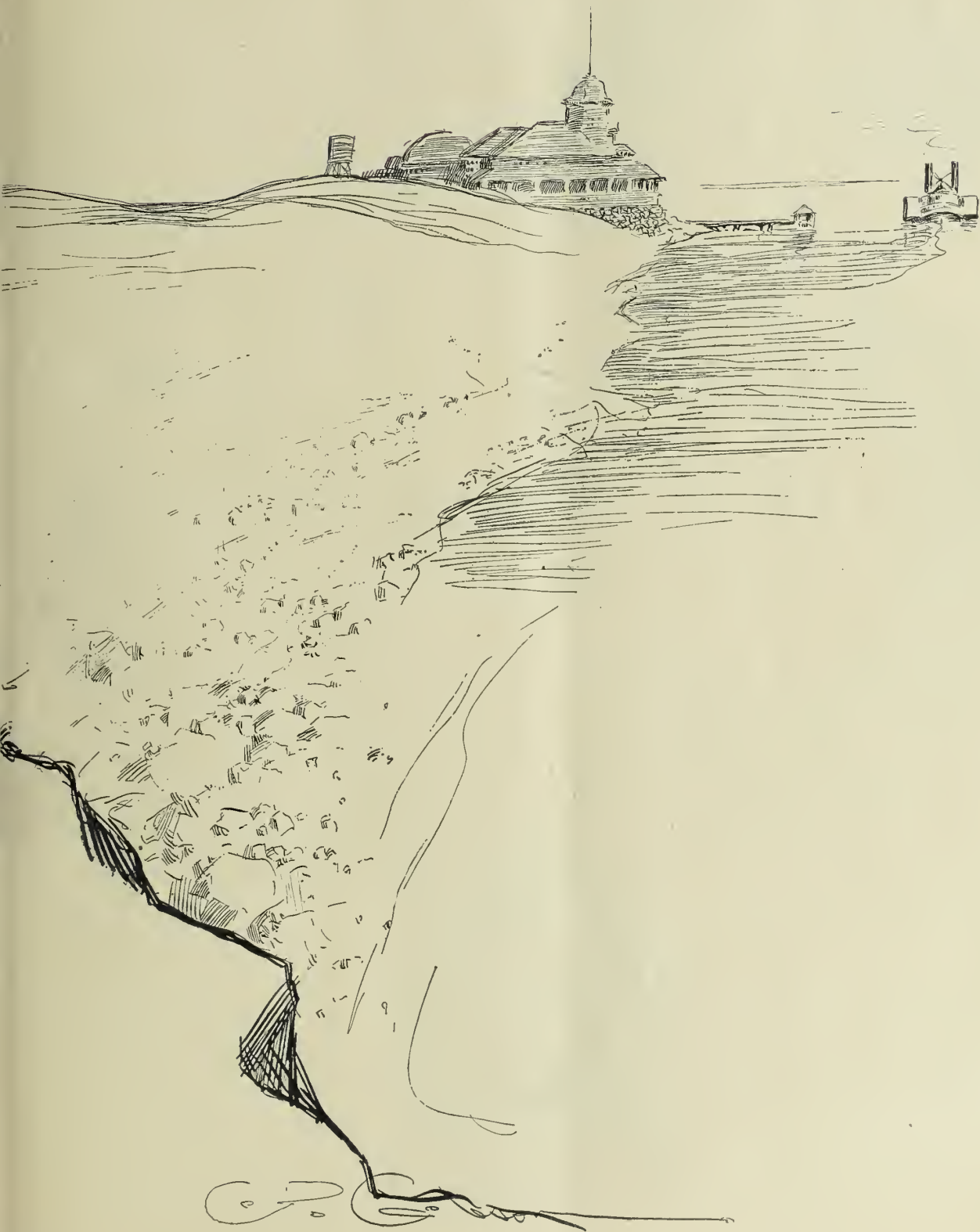


TO SAVE TROUBLE.

She: ISN'T FRED GOING TO LUNCHEON?

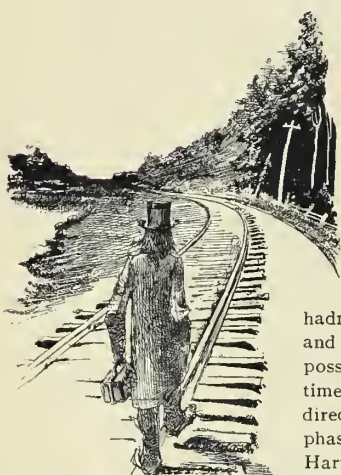
He: NO, HE TOLD THE STEWARD TO PREPARE IT AND THROW IT OVERBOARD.







"SUE" ET AL.



THERE'S one funny thing about "Sue," and that is that it came to be produced under the management of Mr. Charles Frohman. It's wholesome in tone, its literary quality is good, it's American, and there's none of the clap-trap in it which appeals to the peculiar clientèle of America's only surviving manager. Its production was a daring experiment for Mr. Charles Frohman. It

hadn't been tried successfully anywhere else, and there is not one thing in it which could possibly appeal to decadents, sickly sentimentalists, or lovers of vaudeville. It is direct, sincere, and almost true to certain phases of American life. It is one of Bret Harte's stories of the early far West put into cogent dramatic form by Mr. T. Edgar

Pemberton.

The title rôle is especially fitted to the girl-woman abilities of Miss Annie Russell. The piece tells an absorbing story in which *Sue* is the most important character, and to it Miss Russell brings the girlish simplicity and womanly strength with which her acting is so strongly marked. In *Ira Beasley* Mr. Joseph Haworth has an unattractive part, which worse art than his would make more attractive and less true. *Jim Wynd* is the villain of the piece, and Mr. Guy Standing's rather conventional rendering of the character shows how strong it might be made in the hands of a more original actor—E. J. Henley, for instance. The *Judge Lynch* of Mr. Sam Reed is an excellent character bit.

"Sue" deserves a public support which it seems little likely to receive in New York. It contains no high-kicking, no topical songs, and has been little exploited on the billboards. "Sue" won't do. She's too good.

* * *

MISS ANNA HELD is a young woman—presumably young—whose likeness flatters her. But she has been foisted on the New York public as worthy of notice, largely through the deft manipulation of those great newspapers that live on the public interest in the fads they create. The public has been so often fooled by this process, that if it were not so largely composed of that class of idiots, whose number is increased by a birth every minute, we might reasonably expect the process to wear out some time. So long, however, as there are shrewd theatrical venturers with money to spend, and newspapers



ANNA HELD.



"WELL, I JUST GOT MY WHISKERS FULL OF THAT STUFF."

with space to be filled and readers to be gulled, so long may we expect very ordinary music-hall artists to be brought from Europe and made wondrous great by force of sheer nerve. Once in a while, though, the public refuses to be fooled. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Bryan and Miss Held will be successful in their respective attempts to sell gold bricks.

* * *

IF Lord Dundreary had lived to see "Lost, Strayed or Stolen," and had been asked what he thought it was, he doubtless would have replied, "That's one of those things n-n-n-no fellow can find out." In later phrase, if you guess what it is you can have it. It's not drama, opera, farce, farce-comedy, vaudeville, nor anything else on earth. It pretends to have a plot, and yet the fourth act might just as well have come first, or any one or all of the acts have been omitted, without injustice to anyone or anything. Its reason for existence is unknown, although it is prettily costumed, and some of its musical numbers are pleasing. Most of its jokes are directed against the honorable and ancient profession of wet-nursing, and suggest that the piece might have been written by some wet-nurse who was out of a job because she had never joined the union, and consequently had a spite against her more fortunate sisters.

* * *

NEW YORK is not very attractive just now in the way of amusements. "The Geisha" and "Sue" are worth seeing, with "Rosemary" running one-two-three.

Metcalf.

ANY distance from the woman you love is a long way.

"I SEE Richard Mansfield has signed another contract." "Acting or speechmaking?"



RAPID FERTILIZER, HEY? WELL, I GUESS.

THE MASQUERADERS.

"NOW, Polly, don't be absurd," said I, showing as little of my dismay as possible.

"It's not absurd, and we're going," answered she, decisively.

"But it's no place for you, dear; there, do be reasonable and let's go home." I threw all the persuasion I could into my voice and took her hand, for a quick glance out of the brougham showed me we were at Eighteenth Street; and there was no time in the eight blocks more to dissuade so persistent a person as Polly by ordinary methods.

"No," she replied, in a manner that was conclusive to me, "we are going; I've always wanted to go to the French Ball, and now that we are married, I'm going to claim some of the privileges of a matron and go."

"But matrons don't go," said I, weakly, uncomfortably conscious that Polly was a law unto herself, "and besides," I went on, "you haven't any mask or anything."

"Yes, I have," she said gaily, and leaning forward she drew a domino and mask from under the seat.

"Polly!" I exclaimed reproachfully, for I saw that I had been duped, and that the whole thing had been prearranged.

"I don't think I've got twenty dollars about me," said I, making a last feeble stand.

"Oh, I have my purse," she answered sweetly, and I gave up.

"Drive to Madison Square Garden," I called through the tube, and a moment later the carriage swerved sharply around the corner of Twenty-sixth Street. I glanced at Polly and found her already transformed, and unrecognizable.

"Don't say a word and hold tight to my arm all the time," whispered I, as we stepped to the street and passed through the gaping crowd.

"Give me a box," said I at the office, throwing down a bill.

"I thought you had no money," Polly laughed in my ear.

"I hadn't as long as I thought there was a chance of keeping you away from here," and I pushed through the entrance, with Polly clinging to my arm.

"Why are there so many policemen?" she asked, just a trifle apprehensively, glancing at the long row of blue coats standing listlessly about.

"Oh, they've given them a night off," said I, sarcastically, as we turned up the staircase.

The motley crowd on the floor was just swinging into a "quick-step," under the influence of one of Sousa's lively marches, as we took our seats, and Polly leaned forward over the rail with gleaming eyes.

"Sit back," said I, testily; "do you want every one to see you?"

"They won't know who it is."

"Well, I know," answered I, "and I don't want them staring up here at you. Besides, they know me."

"Who knows you?" asked Polly.

"Oh, there are a lot of the fellows down there," I explained, hastily. And at that moment my name was hurled



WHAT'LL I DO WITH IT?"

at me from below. I stepped back, but too late; I could see Sandy Hale making for the stairs.

"There," I exclaimed, angrily. "He'll be up here in a moment."

"Well, Sandy won't hurt."

"No, but he'll make a nuisance of himself."

There was a tap just then at the door. I stepped to it quickly and turned the key.

"What is it?" I demanded gruffly, attempting to disguise my voice in the hope that he would think he had made a mistake and go away.

"Lemme in," came through the key-hole in a befuddled voice.

"Go away, Sandy," I answered, in a conciliatory tone "there's a good fellow."

"Oh, lemme in," he begged.

"Can't do it, Sandy. Go away. I tell you truthfully there is no one here but my wife and me."

"Jack!" came from Polly over in the corner. "How could you?"

"Whose wife?" called Sandy.

"Oh, go to the devil," I yelled at him, and we could hear him chuckling to himself, as he went down the corridor.

"Well, that was a narrow escape," I said, wiping my face with a handkerchief.

"What did you tell him I was here for?" said Polly, indignantly.

"You needn't worry," rejoined I, "he didn't believe me."

"Didn't believe you!" she ejaculated. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," said I, dryly, "that if you're sitting in a box at the French Ball, with a bedominoed and bemasked woman, the general supposition is that she is not your wife."

"Why, I have never heard of such a thing," said Polly. "It's horrid."



"SAY, I'LL GIVE YOU TWENTY DOLLARS FOR THEM WHISKERS AND WON'T ASK YER HOW YER GOT 'EM."

"Quite so," I replied. "I could have told you an hour ago that it would be just that 'horrid'." And I felt rather superior as I said it.

She made no answer, but looked down at the throng below, who were working so hard for their fun.

"That's disgraceful," she said at last, starting back. "Just look at that woman's costume, Jack," and then as I stepped forward, she put out her hand. "No, no, I mean, don't look."

"I can't see that she has any to speak of," laughed I.

"Oh, let's go home," she cried, rising quickly.

"With all my heart," agreed I, with easy acquiescence, though I should have liked better if she had

been a little more shocked. However, I was not to be disappointed. I had not reckoned against Sandy's tipsy persistence. As we stepped toward the door of the box, I heard low voices outside evidently in consultation.

"What's that?" said Polly in a whisper.

I put my finger to my lips and cautioned her with a "sh." Then came a knock at the door.

"Who is it?" I questioned.

"It's 'me'," was the answer with ungrammatical terseness. I recognized "me's" voice as that of Bob Ellis.

"Go away, 'me'," said I, "you can't come in."

"Oh, I say," spoke up Sandy, "let us in; what do you want to be selfish for? keeping a good thing all to yourself?"

"I told you before, Sandy," replied I, "that there is no one here save my wife and myself."

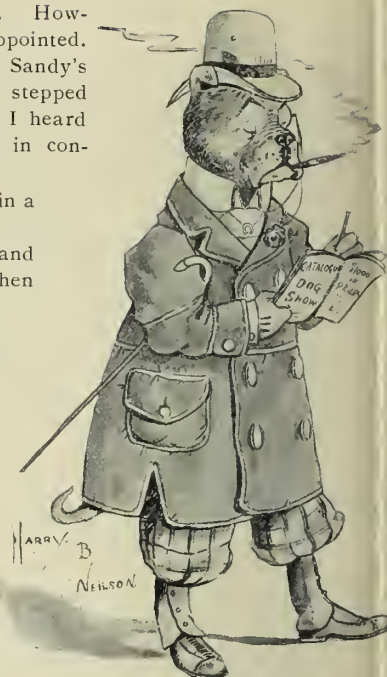
"That's too thin," said some one, neither Sandy nor Bob.

Then another voice said in an aside, "He ought to be ashamed of himself. He's only been married four months."

I could feel a warm flush creeping all over me.

"Well, you can't come in, anyhow," I answered, trying not to get mad.

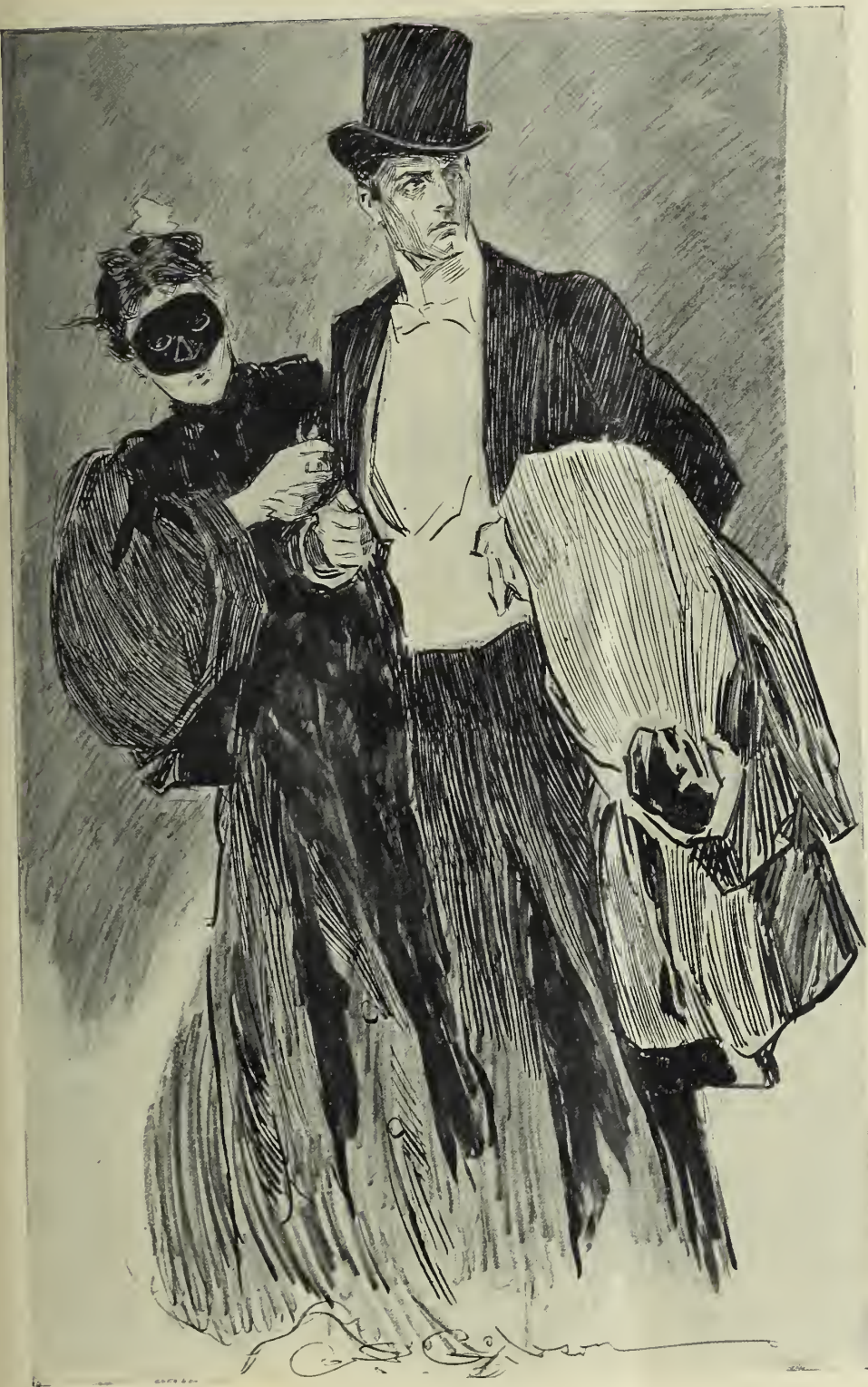
"Let's have the door down, boys," said Sandy, and



HE KNOWS A GOOD DOG WHEN HE SEES ONE.



A SQUARE MEAL AND MONEY TO BURN.



"LET US PASS!"

he gave a lurch against it that set it quivering. I knew that meant they were coming, whether or no, and another bump of Sandy's broad shoulders, reinforced by Bob's this time, made the hinges creak, and strengthened my conviction.

"Take off your mask!" I commanded, turning to Polly.

"Oh, Jack," she murmured, pitifully.

"Take it off!" I said, fiercely. "You have nothing to lose, and I have. I don't propose to have those fellows think I'm a black-guard as well as a fool."

She tore it from her face at that, and stood there white and trembling, and very beautiful; and in a breath's time later the door's fastenings burst with a crash, letting in a dishevelled lot, who gazed dumbfounded, from Polly to me.

"Come," said I, with a great deal of dignity, and I drew Polly's arm through mine and disappeared through the wrecked doorway and down the hall, leaving the amazed crowd behind.

"Put your mask on," I said, as we hurried along, for I could see the eye of the curious fastened on her. She had no more than adjusted it, when I saw a fantastically draped figure approaching us, evidently with the intention of speaking, and I was not mistaken.

"Jack Oliver, you rogue!" it said, and with a shiver I recognized the voice. Polly was so frightened that she knew nothing. The figure barred the way.

"Let us pass!" I said angrily.

"Ah, you sly dog, Jack. Polly shall know of this. Let me see the lady's face," and before I could prevent he had snatched the mask from her.

"Polly! By Jupiter!" cried the Doctor, for it was he.

"Father!" almost screamed she.

Five minutes afterward, in a cab, she was sobbing it all out on my coat sleeve.

"How could you, Jack—how could you take me to such a place?" she asked with her first speaking breath. And that made me tired.

Louis Evan Shipman.



SAFEST WAY.

"Mother, may I go out to fly?"
"Yes, dear. Climb some mound,
Get into your flying machine
And stay right on the ground."

—Chicago Tribune.

My old friend, Rush Strong, one of the big merchants of Tennessee, with money to burn, got his start in life by a neat trick that advertised his business all over the South. The county was about to hold a fair, and each merchant offered a prize for the best of something in his line. A offered \$10 for the finest pound of butter, B \$10 for the finest dozen of eggs, etc. When it came Strong's turn he said that he wanted all night to think it over, as he felt very poor. The next day he sent to the committee this proposition:

"Rush Strong will give half the entire stock in his store to the man or woman who is contented with his or her lot in life."

It was published in the pamphlet of the Fair Association, and caused a laugh all over the State. One day the president said to Strong: "Look here, Strong, we've been fooling about this thing long enough, and now it's getting serious. You had better stop it right now, and tell everybody that you were only joking, because there's a chap down here in Blount County who's a-goin' to take you up, and he's got half a dozen neighbors ready to swear that he's absolutely contented with his lot in life."

Strong vowed that he meant business, and would leave the decision in the committee's hands; the stock was ready to be divided. Pleading was in vain. The man appeared with his witnesses, declaring that he was going to get the prize. He made out a good case, and

the committee were about to decide in his favor, when Strong arose and asked quietly:

"Gentlemen, if this man is contented with his lot in life, what on earth does he want with the half of my stock?—Exchange.

CHARLES H. HOYT once journeyed to San Francisco with one of his own companies. Most of his companions got out very early one morning to have a look at the Rocky Mountain scenery. Hoyt remained in his state-room. One of the young women in her enthusiasm over the prospect ran excitedly to his door and thumped on it with vigor.

"What's the row?" came from within.

"Come out, Mr. Hoyt, come out and see the perfectly lovely scenery."

"I don't want to see it," replied Hoyt. "I'm paying excess baggage now on a good deal of it. That's enough for me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE manager of a big restaurant near Broad Street station vouches for this story. A day or two ago an individual manifestly from the "rural deestricks," drifted up against the counter at which raw oysters are dispensed. "Young fellow," he remarked to the box-man, "you kin gimme some o' them raw eyesters," a request which was promptly complied with. After the first half-dozen had been deftly extracted from their shells and tossed before the bucolic epicure, the artist who was handling the oyster knife glanced up inquiringly. Seeing the countryman still holding his fork expectantly poised, he continued his operations, and it was a race between the two until the oysterman paused to wipe the perspiration from his brow. The countryman had up to this point consumed three dozen and a half—forty-two oysters. "Young feller," he drawled,

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BISHOP WILMER, of Alabama, famous as a teller, says that one of his friends lost a dearly loved wife, and in his sorrow, caused these words to be scribed on her tombstone: "The light of mine has gone out." The bereaved married within a month afterwards the Bishop was walking through a graveyard with another gentleman. When they came at the tomb, the latter asked the Bishop what he said of the present state of affairs, in view of the words on the tombstone. "I think," said the Bishop, "But I have struck another match" should be added."—Short Stories.

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MRS. JIMSMITH: George, what does "in hoc signo vinces" mean?

JIMSMITH: I don't precisely know, but, judging from the first two words, I should conclude that the ancients, too, had their troubles."—Buffalo Express.

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THE doctor looked serious.
 "You should be very careful for at least a month," he said.
 "Is it as bad as all that?" asked the patient anxiously.
 "If the result is to be as satisfactory as I would like to have it you cannot follow the rules and lay down too carefully."
 "I will do exactly as you say," said the thoroughly alarmed patient. "A-am I eating heartily?"
 "Much too heartily. You should eat simple food and not so much of it. If you follow my advice you'll cut your butcher's and grocer's just about in half."
 "I'll do it, doctor."
 "You ought to take more exercise, too," continued the physician. "How do you go to the office, now?"
 "On the street cars."
 "Stop it at once. You must walk to and from your office every day, rain or shine. Do you go to the theatre?"
 "Quite often."
 "You mustn't do it while you're under my treatment. How about smoking?"
 "I smoke, of course, but only in moderation."
 "Don't smoke at all," instructed the physician. "Throw away all your cigars and don't smoke another for thirty days at least or I'll throw you out of the case."
 "I'll do it, doctor, but—but—" "Do you drink?" "Occasionally, but I—" "Stop it entirely."
 "A little claret on the table now and then ought not to—" "Not a drop at any time."
 "All right, doctor. What next?" "Nothing. Follow these instructions closely for thirty days, and by that time—" "Yes?" said the patient eagerly. "By that time what?"
 "By that time," repeated the doctor, "you ought to have saved enough to pay me the balance on that little bill you have owed me for a matter of about eighteen months. Good-day."
 —Chicago Evening Post

ALPHONSE KARR, the French humorist, once sent to his neighbor, an elderly Italian count, to borrow a certain book. The count, whose library was famous, regretted that it was his rule never to let his books leave the house, but invited Alphonse to come over and make free use of the library, which he did. A short time afterward the count needed a sprinkler, and sent to his neighbor. Karr sent to the count an extremely polite note: "I deeply regret the impossibility of obliging you by the loan of a sprinkler, but in the matter of principle I could not possibly allow a sprinkler to be used 'outside of my garden; but if you desire to use it on my own lawn I shall gladly place the sprinkler at your disposal all day." —W.

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—*Fliegende Blatter.*

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AT THE WEDDING.

"DON'T YOU THINK THE BRIDE'S PARENTS LOOK TOO SOLEMN?"

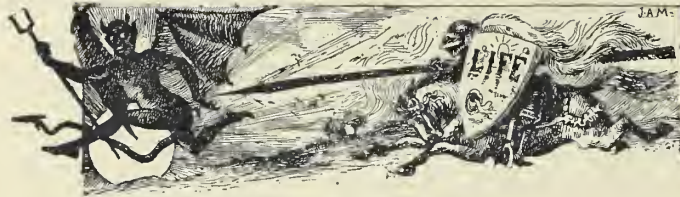
"NOT AT ALL. THEY'VE KNOWN THE BRIDEGROOM EVER SINCE HE WAS A BOY."

IN WASHINGTON.

UP in the capitol, gold and white,
Flooded erstwhile with a softened light,
An old young man, with a voice of fire,
Clasped hands with a friend from his native shire.
The gap in the journal of Father Time
Was filled by the man from the western clime;
And under the wing of the smiling dome
He told of his life and the folks at home.
"And what of the talents given you?
Have you taken away or added to?"

"And what is the calling you've made your choice?"
He asked of the man with the matchless voice.
"Some time ago," in a tone of shame,
"A Member of Congress I became ;
"But lest you would deal a crushing blow,
Don't let my poor old mother know."
"Why, what does she take your rôle to be,
That proud old lady of high degree?"
The orator sadly shook his head,
"She thinks I'm a burglar," he softly said.





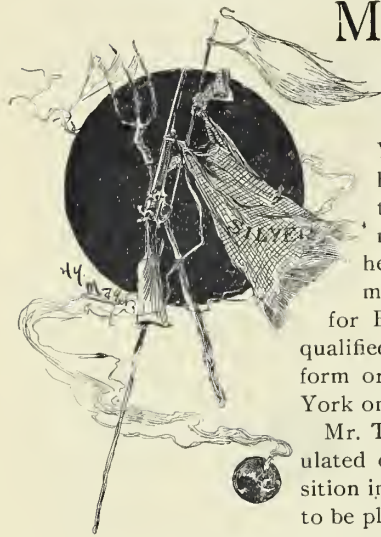
"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVIII. OCTOBER 8, 1896. No. 719.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents.

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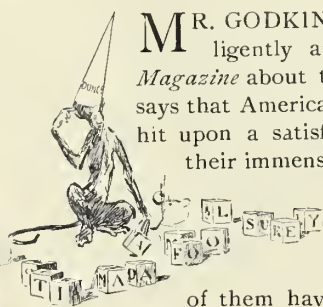


MR. JOHN BOYD THACHER has abandoned the attempt to eat his convictions and still have them, and withdrawn from the Popocratic New York State ticket. He said in his letter of withdrawal that the Popocrats expected too much of him, and more than he supposed they would demand. He was willing to vote for Bryan, but not to give his unqualified approval to the Chicago platform or to run for governor of New York on the free silver issue.

Mr. Thacher is to be mildly congratulated on getting out, though the position in which he had allowed himself to be placed was too hopelessly bad to be cured by anything that he could do.

His experience makes it clear that no Democrat of prominence can hope to get away from the issues raised at Chicago. He cannot be for and against Bryan at the same time, neither can he be for Bryan and against Bryanism. He must make his choice or else take to the woods.

Mr. Thacher has made it clear that he is opposed to Bryanism, and that when he allowed himself to be nominated at Buffalo he supposed he could ride two horses going different ways. He overestimated his skill as an acrobat and has had a bad fall, which will make him feel sore for a long time to come.



MR. GODKIN, who discourses very intelligently and agreeably in *Scribner's Magazine* about the expenditure of the rich, says that American millionaires have not yet hit upon a satisfactory method of diffusing their immense incomes. He praises them for their great gifts to colleges, but he does not think the propensity which a good many of the richest of them have developed to build enor-

mous houses is sensible. That seems to him to be an imitation of a fashion which once prevailed in Europe and for which there once were reasons, but which, he says, is not so fashionable abroad as it used to be, and is very useless in this country. There is no use, he argues, in building a huge palace of entertainment in a country where you cannot get forty or fifty people together who are worth entertaining, and there is no use of building an immense house for show when the principal effect of it on the people who see it is not to make them respectful, but merely envious and impatient of great fortunes.



EXCEPTION might be taken to Mr. Godkin's opinion on the ground that the great houses in cities are, some of them, very beautiful, and adorn the cities they are in; and the suburban and Newport houses may be excused as being out of sight of what Mr. Bryan calls the "plain people," and more likely to excite intellectual pleasure than envy in such persons as do see them. Nevertheless, Mr.

Godkin's notion that the surplus funds of the inordinately rich would be better expended in building splendid public monuments of one sort or another than in the construction of private palaces seems well founded.

IT is just as much fun, architecturally, to build an arch, or public building of some sort, as a private house that is five times too big for the owner. The public building is of at least as much use to the builder as the house, and gains for him a great deal more credit. When our Cæsi have loaded themselves up with as many dwellings as their imaginations crave, it is to be hoped that they will pay attention to Mr. Godkin's suggestions as to public monuments, and perhaps act upon them.



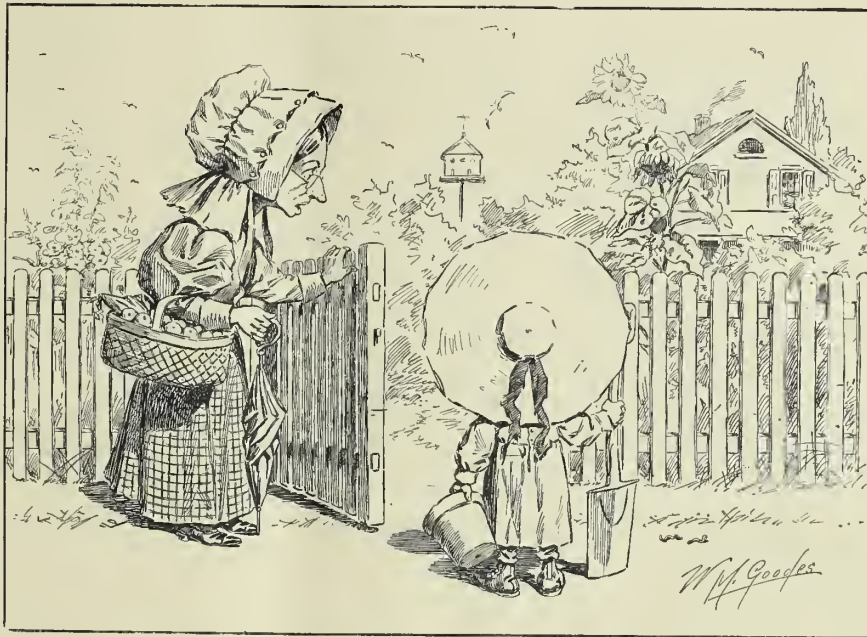
THE finest figure in Europe to-day is Gladstone.

No other conspicuous European seems to appreciate what an intolerable smirch the Sultan is putting on the face of nineteenth century civilization. The truth is, all Europe is disgraced. The nations over there have scared one another into a state of imbecility. They go about, looking warily at one another, and holding their noses to keep out the stench of murdered Armenians. Judgment will be called on Europe presently. No nation or set of nations can turn its back on its duty without paying for it in the end.

FROM AMY'S LIPS.

(ROUNDEAU.)

FROM Amy's lips the light words
break
Like ripples on a silver lake,
As if no graver thought they knew
Than this—that skies are always
blue
And birds are singing for her sake.
And yet her words, though careless,
make
Our sides and not our heartstrings
ache ;
A word that wounded never flew
From Amy's lips
Though I have seen the boldest quake
When they have chanced her scorn
to wake.
And so I wonder what she'd do
If I should ask for one or two
Of—something I have longed to take
From Amy's lips.
A. H. Q.



ELEANOR'S EXPLANATION.

Mamma : HOW CRUEL, ELEANOR, TO HURT THE POOR LITTLE WORM.

Eleanor : BUT HE LOOKED SO LONESOME, MAMMA, AN' I JUS' CUT HIM IN TWO SO'S HE'D HAVE COMPANY, AN' THE TWO OF HIM WIGGLED OFF TOGETHER JUS' EVER SO HAPPY!

A MATTER OF TASTE.

CUSTOMER : You are using a different kind of soap from what you were, arn't you?

BARBER : What makes you think so?

"It doesn't taste the same."

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

"OF course it's so," said Chapman, a flabby, eager, little man.

"I don't believe it," said Ellis, sipping his cocktail.

"How do you know it's so?" asked I.

"Why, I saw it in this morning's paper," replied Chapman, in a conclusive manner, and with a look in his little eyes that seemed to challenge contradiction.

"Do you read the daily papers, Chapman?" drawled a voice from over in the corner. It was Halsey, the superior person of the club.

"Most certainly I do," puffed Chapman, turning to his interrogator, and falling neatly into the trap.

"I have often wondered where you accumulated your large stock of misinformation," said Halsey, tapping his eye-glasses on the edge of his knuckles, and letting his deadly smile hover around his thin lips for a moment.

"That's all very well," said Chapman, inconsequently ; "don't you read 'em?"

"Oh, my dear fellow!" murmured Halsey, raising his hand in a deprecatory way. "Never, never."

"Why not?"

"They are so cruelly inar-

tistic," rejoined Halsey ; and then, as if to shut off further discussion, he began reading his stupid English weekly again.

Chapman gave a snort and a look of disgust, and then returned to his gossip.

"What fairy tale are you telling now?" said Tim Appleton, as he joined the group. "Bring me a Tom gin cocktail, with a dash of absinthe," he added to the waiter.

"Why, I was telling these fellows about Mrs. Peyton ; did you see it in the paper this morning?" said Chapman, with gusto, pleased at the accession to his listeners.

"Yes," said Tim. "She's the wife of that tall, dark fellow that's been on the visitors' list for the last two months, isn't she?"

"Yes," chimed in Ellis. "Pendleton put him up; he's from the South, somewhere."

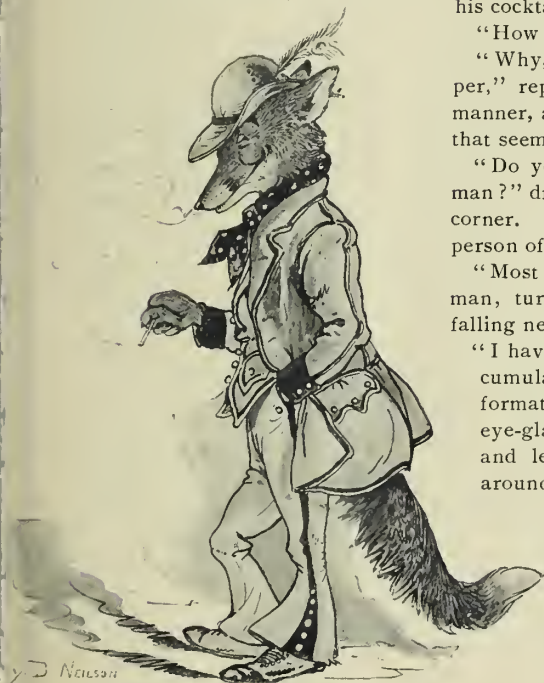
"Of course. Why, I met them both not a week ago at dinner at the Jamesons. You remember, Jack ;" and Appleton turned to me.

"Yes," said I. "I took her in. She was charming."

"I should say she was," went on Tim. "As nice a girl as I've ever met. Sweet, gentle and well-bred, and—"

"She was evidently too good to be true," chuckled Chapman.

"Oh, I think the whole thing is a black-guardly lie," said Appleton, hotly. He had had his cocktail.



"YER CAN'T 'ELP LIKING 'IM."

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"Well, there must be a little fire where there is so much smoke," said Chapman, contentiously. (He has to pay five thousand a year in alimony, and he takes an unholy joy in matrimonial troubles.)

"Smoke? Do you call the irresponsible and vulgar tattle of a newspaper, 'smoke'?" questioned Tim, with fire in his eye. "It's nothing but a malarial mist that rises from Printing House Square early every morning and evening, blinding our eyes and putting a stench into our nostrils." And he stopped for breath. We all smiled at his mixed metaphor, and Halsey loudly applauded from his corner.

"Well, you'll see," said Chapman, rather weakly.

Just then Hawkins came into the reading-room, and Chapman spied him. "Hey there, Hawkins; come in here a minute," he called through.

"What is it?" said Hawkins, as he came up leisurely.

Like all editors, he has an indulgent

smile, that seems to graciously excuse every one for living; and, unlike most editors, he's well groomed and fastidious.

"We want to know if there's any truth in that scandalous thing you printed this morning," demanded Tim.

"I suppose so, or it wouldn't have been printed," replied Hawkins, sitting down and lighting his cigar.

"You suppose so?"

"Yes, the story was brought in by one of our cleverest reporters."

I looked over to see how Halsey was taking the conversation; but he was talking to a tall, dark fellow who had just come in. I thought I had seen him before, but I couldn't place him.

"What proofs had he?" continued Tim.

"Proofs?" questioned Hawkins, incredulously; "My dear fellow, if we ever waited for proofs, we would be annuals instead of dailies."

"You don't mean to say that you published that outrageous story on the simple 'say so' of a clever reporter?" said Tim.

"I certainly do, and was glad of the chance," said Hawkins, a little defiantly.



GOOD ENOUGH AT A PINCH.

"Well, I have my opinion of such methods," and Tim drew in a long breath, while contempt shone from his eyes.

"You are welcome to it," snapped Hawkins; then he added, unwisely, though evidently with intent to relieve the tension: "I'll send the same reporter up to you to get your opinion of Mrs. Peyton's—what shall we call it—escapade? You know I'm always willing to give both sides a show."

"See here, Hawkins," said Tim, "I consider you damned impertinent."

"You're too young to use such big words," replied Hawkins, coolly, while



THE WAKE.

FROM LIFE'S RECENT DISCOVERIES OF EARLY EGYPTIAN JOKES.



"YOU ARE A CUR AND A COWARD."

we all squirmed on the edge of uneasiness. And then, before any of us knew where he had come from, the tall, dark fellow whom I had seen talking to Halsey stood over us. His presence pried my memory open, and with a shiver I recognized Peyton.

"Pardon me one moment," he said to Tim, "for taking the words you were about to address to this—" He hesitated a moment as he turned towards Hawkins, who was looking at him in be-

wilderment, and then added "person," in a voice that brought Hawkins and the rest of us to our feet; too late, though. "You are a cur and coward," came through Peyton's clenched teeth, and with his open hand he struck Hawkins across the mouth. After that the deluge.

"Where did you say he was from?" said Chapman, half an hour later, as we were all talking it over.

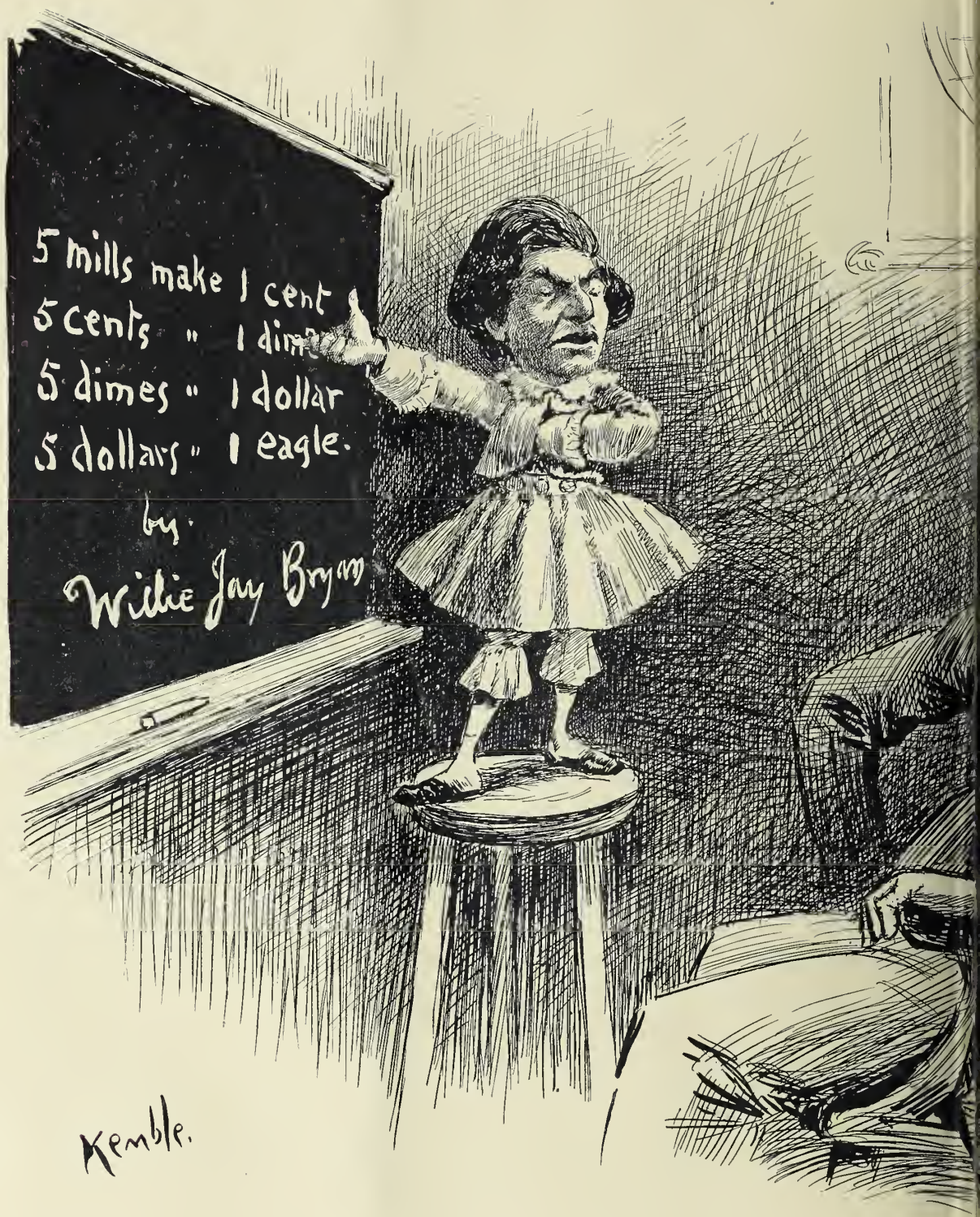
"Richmond," said Ellis.

"Humph!" grunted the pudgy Chapman. "Those Southerners are all savages."

"Yes," said Halsey. "Most of them are sadly behind the times. They still have the archaic idea that women should be treated chivalrously. But it is really too bad," he went on.

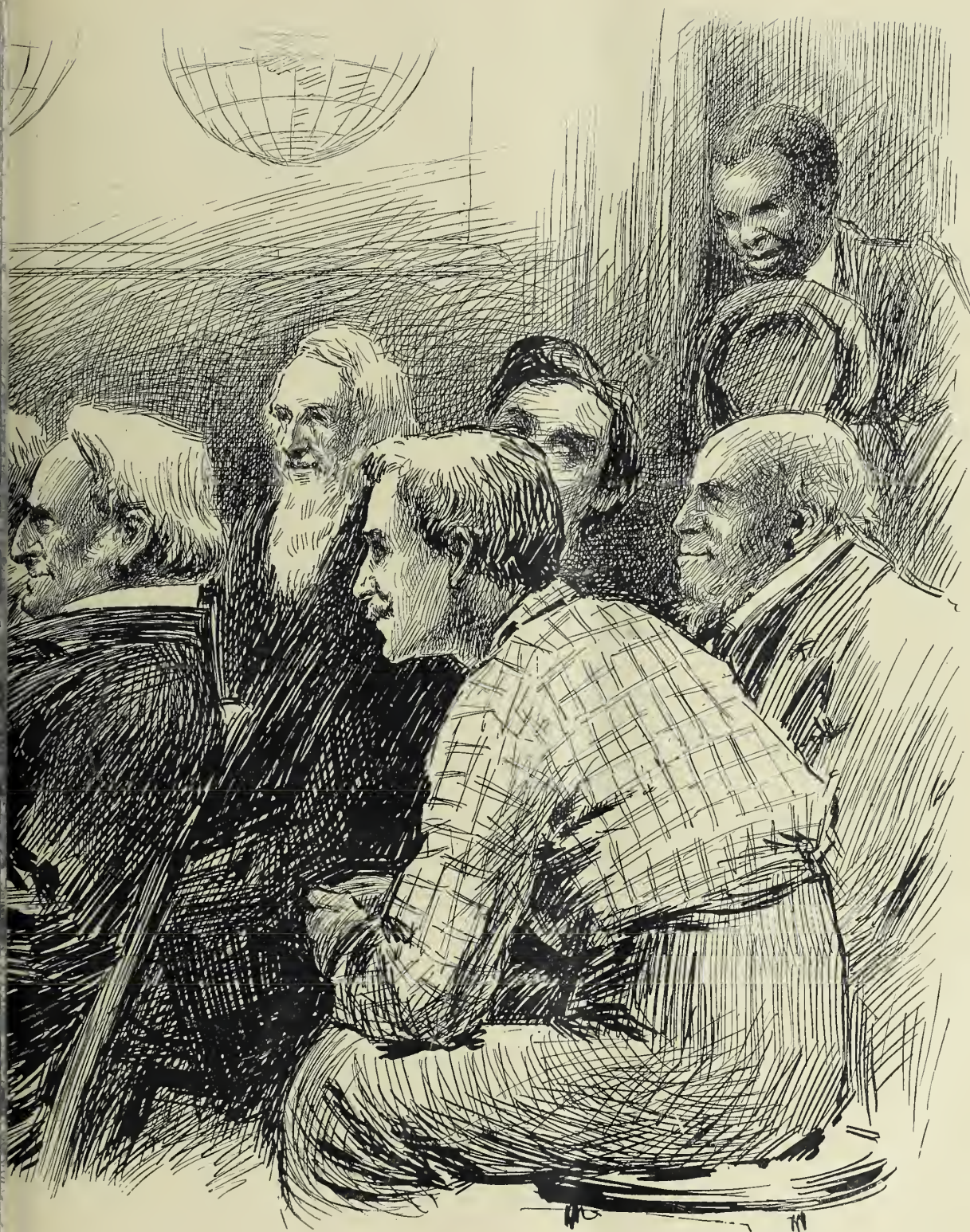
"What's too bad?" asked Chapman. "That there weren't more editors here," Halsey replied.

Louis Evan Shipman.



Kemble.

THE PO
THE BOY ORA



MENON.
ON FINANCE.

EXEUNT OMNES.

WHERE are the actors that lately strolled

On Broadway's burning flags;
Who sat up all night, and sometimes
got tight

Re-telling last year's gags?

Some have gone down toward Boston
town,

To Holyoke, Lowell, and Lynn,
Others, I trow, to Ko Ko Mo,
Their season to begin.

The star who rides the silver bike—
The one that "makes the play"—
Has folded her tights, and, Arab-like,
Silently stolen away.

Carroll Fleming Porré.



THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

SOME of our acrobatic comedians might learn a much needed lesson in stage art from the little people who, under the style of "The Liliputians," for the last three or four seasons have delighted large German-American audiences, and quite a number of discerning Americans, by their delightful performances. Leaving entirely aside whatever advantage or disadvantage may come to him from his diminutive stature, Mr. Adolf Zink possesses refined stage methods in the line of the comedian's art which should put to the blush of shame the uncouth antics which are the principal stock in trade of our leading light opera and burlesque stars.

Mr. Zink is about as large as a ten-year-old boy, although of perfect formation save in the point of size. This lack of stature is really a handicap to talents which must be exhibited on a stage of the usual dimensions. But in grace, in effectiveness of gesture and facial expression, even in personal magnetism, he is far more richly endowed than many artists with far greater American reputations.

The natural tendency is to regard the performance of "The Liliputians" as a sort of

freak show, and therefore to pay no attention to the really artistic methods of the diminutive performers. In addition to Mr. Zink's work, that of Mr. Ebert, of Miss Goerner, and of Miss Jaeger also are worthy of critical notice. Mr. Ebert's personality is funny in itself, but he brings to it a keen sense of humor and a knowledge of his powers and how to use them which produces a total of effectiveness which is really remarkable.

"The Merry Tramps," in which "The Liliputians" appear this season, is much like their other productions—a magical conglomeration so far as the story is concerned, with an occasional brilliant ballet thrown in for optical effect.

And speaking of those ballets. The Messrs. Rosenfeld, who manage the production, have really a genius for devising beautiful and ingenious effects of lighting, costumes and scenery. But they have something more than genius in the selection of the representatives of womankind who wear the costumes and participate in the brilliant groupings. We used to think that the chorus at the grand opera was a marvel of female antiquity and ugliness. The Rosenfeld coryphées may not lay claim, perhaps, to as much respect on the score of age, but never since that balmy day in spring, when the designing Eve led the coy Adam up to the scriptural apple tree, has there been gathered together a collection of femininity with so much undiluted ugliness



OFF ON A BAT.

to the square inch as now displays itself nightly on the boards of the Star Theatre. Far be it from us to take the bread and possibilities of champagne from any honest working-woman's mouth, but the public has some rights which are distinctly violated by this example of cruelty to audiences. Never was there seen such a total absence of grace and such a marvelous collection of strabismic eyes, protruding teeth, sinewy necks, rolling-pin legs and general uncouthness and ugliness as the Rosenfelds have here gathered together. We have heard of beauty shows, but as a megatherian and colossal conglomeration of the world's ugliness, the Rosenfeld ballet takes the cake.

OUR old friend is with us again. We mean the loidy with the hat. We use the term loidy advisedly. She is not so frequent as of yore, but there is about one of her in almost every audience. We only speak of the loidy because she reminds us of a dream which came to a friend of ours the other night. He dreamed that he was occupying a seat in a theatre for which he had paid two dollars, not only to hear the dialogue, but also to see the performance. Unfortunately for him, a loidy with a hat occupied the seat in front of him. He politely asked if she would not remove the obstacle, to which the only reply was a look of haughty contempt. Soon after, very much to his surprise, the head usher came down and made the same request, with the same result. Then the usher presented the loidy with two dollars and told her that she would have to vacate the seat. But it was only a dream.

Metcalfe.



"YOU DASSENT COME OVER ON THIS SIDE OF THE STREET, SO YOU DASSENT!"

Voice from over the way: "WHY DASSENT I?"

"CAUSE YOU DASSENT!"

Voice from barrel (in whisper): "MAKE IT A OBJICK FOR HIM TO COME ACROST; TELL HIM YOU KIN LICK HIM WID YER LITTLE FINGER!"

WE MAY BE HAPPY YET.



A TIMELY feature for contemporary musical entertainments would be "A Life on the Ocean Wave" sung by a chorus of American gold eagles. Our gold coins seem now-a-days to be the most continuous travelers in the world. They are hustled off to London only to be sent flying home again, and they no sooner get home than they are sent pelting back. The ignorant believe that money that can't be spent is of no use, and no one, they say, can spend money while it lies in the hold of a steamship, which is where Uncle Sam's gold coin seems to them to spend most of its time. Please Heaven, the time will soon come when our Uncle's blessed eagles will all come home, like the fabled flock of little Bo-Peep, bring their tails with them, and sovereigns and Napoleons and yellow bullion in solid slabs besides. That is the golden age that business is looking for, and it is on the way.

A SIMPLE ACROSTIC FOR BEGINNERS.

MY first is in man, but it isn't in cheat;
My second's in certainty, not in defeat.
My third is in knowledge, but not in dismayed;
My fourth is in tariff, but not in free trade.
My fifth is in Canton, not out in the cold;
My sixth is in silver, and also in gold.
My seventh in speech is, but not through your hat;
My eighth is in party, but not popocrat.

* * *
My whole is a candidate, longing to win;
To save us from Bryan we hope he'll get in.

MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS states in the *Critic* that the story that he has ever been ashamed to be a reporter is untrue, as also are other malicious tales which have been printed about him during the last two years and which misrepresent him. LIFE has no doubt that Mr. Davis has been lied about very freely, though it had not noticed the stories of which he complains. The thing for him to do is to avoid publications that deal in slop and twaddle, and stick to papers that try to talk about something worth while. It is what a writer writes that settles his standing, not what is written about him.



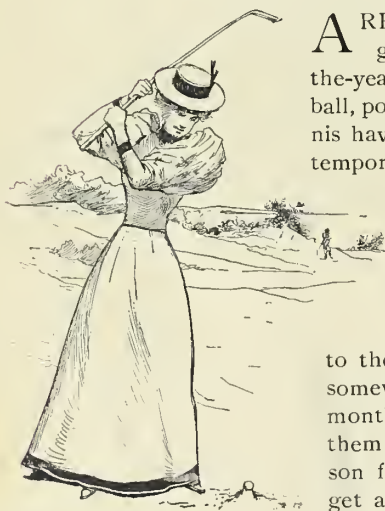
Theatrical Manager to Leading Lady: VOT YOU MEAN BY VEARING DOES FOOLISH VEILS? DOAN'T YOU KNOW YOU VILL RUIN MY PIZZNESS MIT YOUR MODESTY?



"IS THAT THUNDER, AGAIN?"

"NO, FREDDY, IT'S ONLY YOUR FATHER COMING UP THE BACK STAIRS SOFTLY, TO AVOID DISTURBING US."

THE GREATNESS OF GOLF.



A REALLY enthusiastic taste for golf seems to provide an all-the-year-round occupation. Baseball, polo, football, hunting and tennis have their seasons, but the contemporary golf links not only beats the British drumbeat in tagging after the sun, but easily finds for itself a perpetual season in the United States. Golfers who have time and money to devote to their game can find matches somewhere in this country every month in the year, and many of them do. There is no close season for golf for players who can get as far south as Florida. No

other sport that flourishes in America is capable of being developed into such a steady job or removes its followers so far from the risk of being compelled to vary their occupation with work.

IT is the man who is always waiting for something to turn up that is generally turned down.

THE two archæologists gazed at the heap of bones which they had exhumed.

"This must have been an ancient burying ground," said one.

"More likely a bicycle riding academy," replied the other.

QUEEN VICTORIA has outreigned all the English monarchs known to history. LIFE congratulates you, Madam, and wishes you a continuance of years and health, and most particularly that you may survive your royal brother, the present Sultan of Turkey.

A POLITICAL MEETING.





A COMPETITIVE examination of applicants for the positions of porter and errand boy in the Boston Public Library was held recently. One of the candidates for porter shocked the examiners by his display of frivolity in evading questions which he could not answer. He did not get the position. The paper as printed is in part as follows:

Q. Where is Chicago? A. I don't know. I am a New Yorker.

Q. Where is Cleveland? A. He won't tell.

Q. Describe a feasible course for the circumnavigation of the globe, mentioning all bodies of water which would be passed through. A. In a balloon. No waters would be passed through.

Q. What was the cause of the war of 1812 and of the Mexican war? A. Love for fighting, with excuses.

Q. How may the races of mankind be chiefly divided? A. Losers and winners.

Q. What does the Indo-Germanic family include? A. Indians and Germans, but in Kansas the combination is said to be not a success.

Q. Name the present poet laureate? A. A western paper lately said his name was "William Watson."

Q. Why is piracy now practically extinct? A. Through change of name. Except in the book business, it is now called "diplomacy," "trusteeship," etc.

Q. What, in a few words, are transcendentalism, epicureanism and utilitarianism? A. The first means thinking on the roof while living in the basement; the second means living high on \$7.50 a week; the third is the study of how to do so.

Q. Name in chronological order the various peo-

ples which have inhabited England. A. England has been inhabited by English only. Various foreign people arrived, but immediately became English.

Q. What does the present British Empire include? A. Everything it could grab, except the United States, Venezuela, Ireland and some of the surrounding planets.—*Baltimore Sun*.

NOR were attempts on the part of the candidate to promote economy in the necessary part of electioneering always successful, says the author of "A Life Spent in Ireland," as witness the following account of the trials of a candidate in a borough that has since been disfranchised for corruption: When Mr. Hemphill was canvassing Cashel he found that a party of electors, known as "commoners," numbering some thirteen or fourteen, were notoriously corrupt and always sold their vote to the highest bidder. Their usual price was £20 per vote. Hemphill requested the priest to preach on the sin of trafficking on the franchise, and the priest complied and denounced corrupt traffic in votes as a mortal sin. Next day Hemphill met one of the commoners, and, anxious to learn what effect the sermon had produced on these venal gentlemen, he asked the man whether he had been at mass on the previous day. "I was, your Honor." "Was not that sermon against bribery excellent?" "It was an elegant sermon entirely, your Honor." "Will it do good, do you think?" "I think it will make the election run very close, your Honor." "How so?" "Why, we always got £20 for a vote before we knew it was a sin; but, as his reverence says we'll be damned for selling our votes, we can't for the future take less than £40."

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STONE AND KIMBALL, NEW YORK.

W. V., Her Book, and various verses. By W. V. Canton.

The Washer of the Ford. By Fiona Macleod.

JUSTICE PRATT often said that there were too many law books. Meeting a young law student who had offered himself for the admission examination, Justice Pratt asked him what he had read in preparation for the ordeal. The youthful limb of the law named about the elementary treatises from Blackstone's "Commentaries" to date. Besides these he had studied the read Woolsey's "Political Science," Lieber's "Constitutional Politics," and, he said, "all the leading cases." "My heavens, boy!" exclaimed Justice Pratt, "you've read enough to ruin your chances as a lawyer for life."—*Argonaut*.

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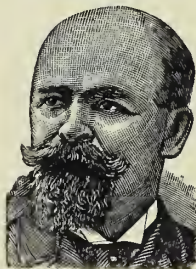


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THE FIN DE SIECLE GIRL.

The stars that brightly shine at night
Remind me, dear, of you;
In daytime they are out of sight,
And that's where you are, too.

For then your lovely orbs are red,
Your hair is not in curl,
At 12 o'clock you're still in bed,
My fin de siecle girl.

Your grandma used to rise at five,
And milk a cow or two;
At eighty she is more alive,
My social star, than you.

But stay! Though she is eighty now,
And you are twenty-two,
She hasn't lived as long, I vow,
Nor learned as much as you.

—Cleveland Leader.

ON the way to Richmond, Sherman paid but slight attention to dress, but when he did the staff knew something was going to happen. "There is going to be a fight to-day, sure," said Colonel Audenreid of the staff one morning. "How can you tell?" asked a comrade. "Why, man, the General's over there by the fire putting on a clean collar." That day Cheraw with forty cannon fell into the hands of the army.—*Human Documents.*

MR. PROCTOR, the continuous-performance magnate, took a day or two of last week and ran down to see Niagara Falls. Just before retiring at the hotel he rang for a pitcher of ice-water. No response. He rang a second and a third time, and finally a sluggish bell-boy appeared and took the order. There was a long stage wait, and, after the bell had been set jingling again, the boy appeared, with an apologetic air and an empty pitcher. "Very sorry, sir," he explained, "but we can't serve no water. The river's low, and they need it all for the falls."—*N. Y. Evening Sun.*

A VENERABLE couple from a Middle Western town arrived late at night at a sea side tavern. Weary, man and wife went to bed. Just as the husband was falling asleep, he murmured: "Listen to the surf, Matilda; it's glorious; haven't heard it for forty years." In the morning they saw no sea from window or piazza. On inquiry, the husband discovered that a bowling alley had lulled him to his rest.—*Argonaut.*

JOHNNIE FEWSCADS: I tell you frankly that I shall not be able to pay for this suit until next year.

TAILOR: All right, sir.

"When will you have it ready?"

"Next year."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

PETER RILEY, a mechanic, of Sioux City, Iowa, who believes in a gold standard, was forced into a discussion the other day by some silverites while on his way to work. Of course a crowd soon gathered, and Riley, who isn't much of a speaker, was speedily worsted by the silver men. But a bright thought came to him and he asked:

"How many of you are silverites?"

"We all are," yelled the crowd.

"Ain't any of you gold men?" queried Riley, anxiously.

Not a voice.

"Hal hal hal!" hooted the crowd. Where's yer gold bugs?"

"All at work," rejoined Riley, and he hastened down the street, swinging his dinner-pail.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

An old lady lauding up the Thames scenery, said to Whistler, "The whole trip along the river was like a series of your superb etchings."

"Yees," he replied, "nature is creeping up."—*McClure's Magazine.*



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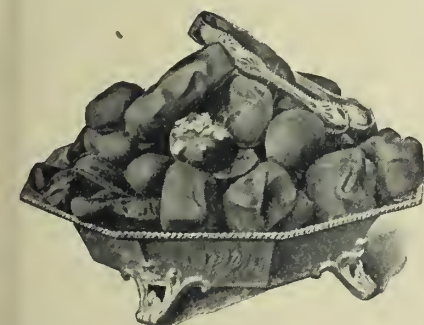


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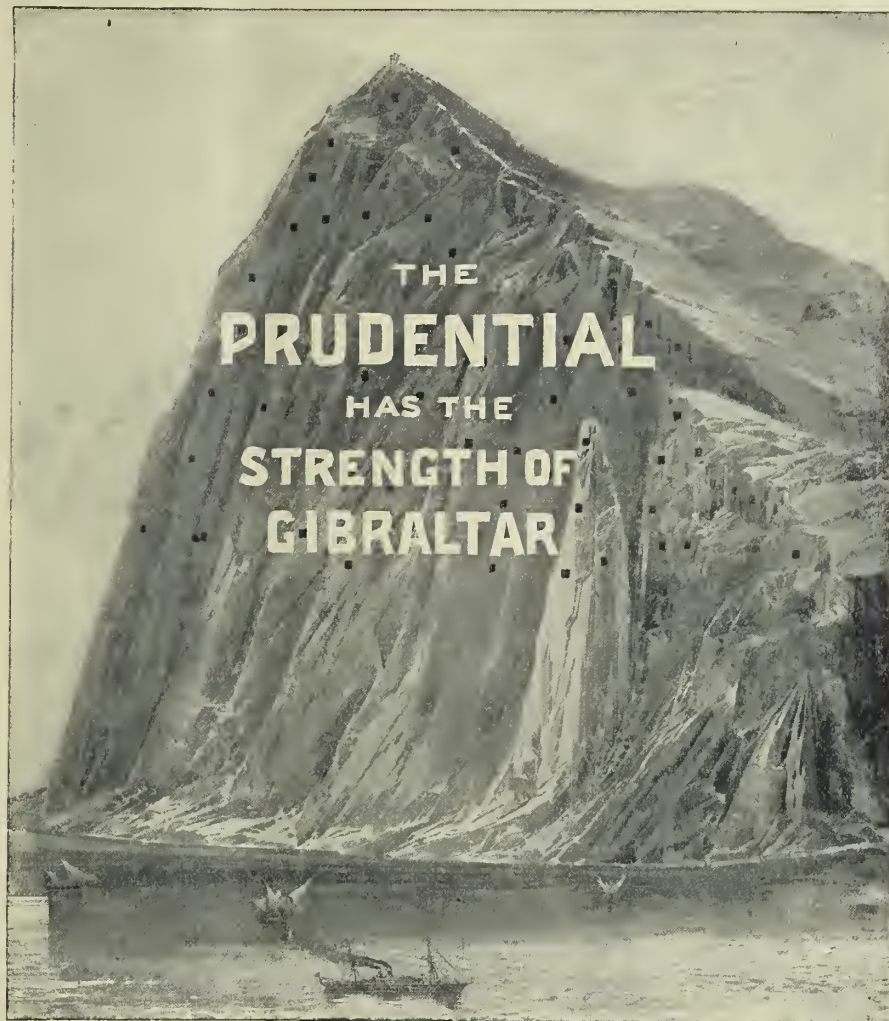
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A LEAP-YEAR EPISODE.

"WHY DO YOU THINK, YOUNG MAN, THAT MY DAUGHTER WANTS TO MARRY YOU?"
 "BECAUSE SHE SAID SHE DID."

A TEST.

MR. HOJACK: Miss Tenspot must be surpassingly beautiful.
 MR. TOMDIK: Indeed! What makes you think so?
 "She looks well even in an amateur photograph."

MANY a man follows his bent till he goes broke.

IT IS NOT IMPOSSIBLE.

NOW that the "Li Hung yellow jacket" has become the proper and swell thing for afternoon teas, we may shortly expect to see it followed by the baggy trousers and picturesque foot-wear of our sister Orientals; and as it is an established fact that dress has much to do with one's mentality and bearing, and that these in turn are reflected in the countenance, it follows, therefore, that the "Li Hung face" is a possibility of the future, and that a gamboge complexion and almond eyes may become marks of pedigree and social distinction that will at least date back so far as the memorable summer when the mild-eyed and solicitous Mars of far Cathay sat among us, and from the midst of Waldorfian splendor propounded strange and disquieting queries to pneumatically distended bond-holders and females of infrequent birth-days.



"DOING TWO THINGS AT ONCE."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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THE Powers threaten now to get together and regulate Turkey without any general disturbance. That may be the wisest way, but it by no means satisfies all of Christendom's yearnings.

We would all prefer that when Turkey is regulated some one should get hurt. We want an autopsy, and a coroner's jury to sit on the Assassin, and punishment for the murderers and ravishers of the Armenians. But in matters that concern Turkey we have learned to be grateful for very little. The Sultan's crimes have so beggared human punishment that, with the best intentions and the most ample conveniences, it would be impossible to get even with him all at once. His cruelties are historical; the final issue of them must be historical also. The mills of the gods grind slowly, but there is apt to be a final justice in events.

* * *



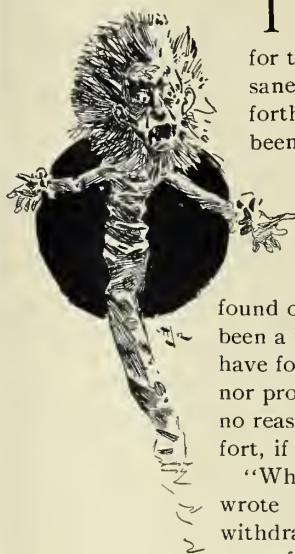
ANYTHING which was very profusely illustrated by the recent experience of Mr. John Boyd Thacher is the inconvenience of convictions to political leaders who do not intend to follow them. A leader who has clear convictions on a matter of public policy, and intends to act upon them, has his course plainly indicated. He will declare his beliefs, and decline to be placed in a position that is inconsistent with them. So also the course of a leader who has no fixed convictions is comparatively simple. His policy is to find out what most of the voters in his party seem at the moment to want, and to take such a stand as may appear to him best adapted to win their support.

* * *

MR. THACHER tried to compromise. He wished to retain his convictions as to the inexpediency of free coinage, and at the same time to figure as the

leader and candidate of the silver men in New York State politics. A great many Democrats have had the same desires this year that he has had. They have had definite convictions as to the fatuity of the Chicago platform, and have wished to see the Democratic national ticket defeated, but they have wanted to see some one else oppose it and beat it, while they gave it a nominal support and preserved their "regularity." The selfishness of their position has been profound.

* * *



THE prospect of Bryan's election has had the same terrors for them that it has had for other sane citizens; the principles set forth in the Chicago platform have been as revolting to their intelligence as to that of their brethren, but they have restrained their patriotic impulse to bolt for fear that after election they might be found outside the breastworks. It has been a hard season for them, for they have found neither honor nor comfort nor profit in their course, and there is no reason to think that honor or comfort, if profit, is awaiting them.

"What the Democratic party needs," wrote Mr. Thacher, in his letter of withdrawal, "is wise, fearless, and powerful organization, which will respond to every beat of the popular heart." What the party needs, Mr. Thacher, is wise and fearless leaders, who will use their intelligence and their conscience in their leadership. To such leaders the popular heart is bound to respond, or popular government will fail. Without such leaders a powerful organization is an army without generals, good for nothing but to bring calamity down upon the country and itself.

* * *



THE complaints of Mr. Howard Gould of the discourtesy of sundry English yachtsmen seem to be well founded, though somewhat late. Possibly the Englishmen surmised that Mr. Gould had inherited a turn for trickery from the same source from which he got his money, but certainly the sudden search of the *Niagara* failed to discover any basis for this suspicion. Mr. Gould's experience should be a lesson to him not to race in English waters any more. The American public has been so nauseated by international yachting disputes that it has no stomach for a fresh one. It has learned with relief that the desire of Sir George Newnes to challenge for the *America's* cup has been balked by the refusal of the Royal London Yacht Club to forward his challenge.

MY FORESIGHT.

ALTHOUGH I was, of course, very happy that the necessity had been forced upon me—it was a leap-year proposal—yet it was with some misgivings that I started out to buy the ring. I am not a judge of gems; but fortunately the decision, as regards kind, had not been left with me, for she had distinctly stated that she preferred diamonds. And yet, my ignorance of the merits and values of diamonds being so dense, it was with considerable diffidence that I entered the portals—portals has a rich Oriental sound, suitable for a dealer in gems—of the jeweler and asked to see some diamond rings, suitable for engagements.

"What kind, sir?" asked the polite clerk.
"Marquise or—"

"No, indeed," I interrupted, decisively. "She's a queen."

"Solitaire, then?" suggested the clerk, coughing violently.

"Certainly," I said, indignantly. "You don't suppose I'm engaged to half a dozen, do you?"

I felt sorry at once that I had spoken so sharply to him, for he blushed so furiously that his face became purple, and from the way his shoulders shook, I could see that he was very sensibly affected by my scornful question. With a muttered apology, he produced a tray full of diamonds—worth about as much, I should judge, as the rarer trayful against an ace-high flush.

"Do you sell 'em by size?" I asked, as I examined them.



HARRY B. NEILSON.

"CAN A MOTHER'S TENDER CARE CEASE TOWARD THE CHILD SHE-BEAR?"

"Well, partly, and partly by weight," he replied.

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, surprised. "I should think it would be easier to sell 'em by count."

I never saw such a sensitive clerk as this. I had glanced rather sharply into his face as I spoke, for I had a dim suspicion that he might be guying me with such a preposterous statement—there was not a single diamond in the lot that would weigh half an ounce, I am sure—and again his face got red as he saw my suspicion, and he choked and gasped as though his confusion was almost unbearable. So to ease his embarrassment, I picked up one of the rings, and said I thought that would do, and how much was it.

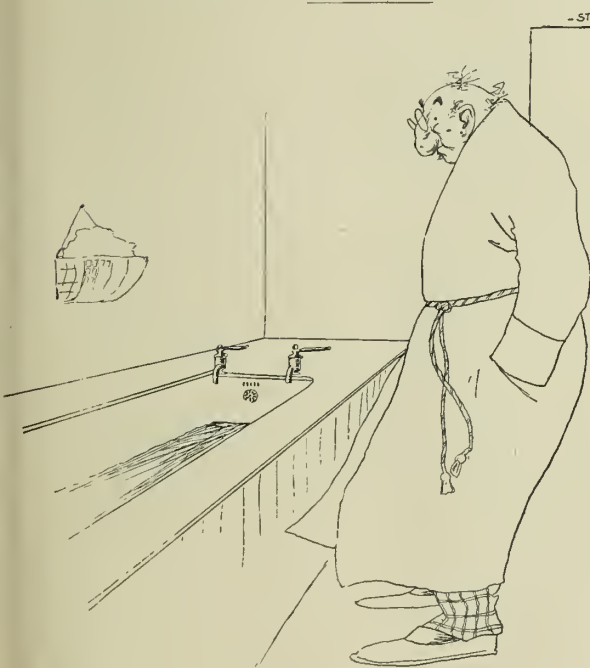
"Seven hundred and fifty dollars," he said.

"What?" I shouted, in my amazement. "Here, I'll give you two hundred, and that's the last cent I'm going to spend on a ring."

He shook his head, and, picking out another ring, handed it to me with the remark, "Here is one that I'll let you have for two hundred."

"Oh, come off," I jeered, for, I give you my word, the diamond was not a quarter—no, I do not think it was more than an eighth of an inch in diameter.

Well, after we had dickered for an hour or so, I was over-



STANAWS.

Isaacstein (who has lately moved from the Bowery to Fifth Avenue): GOTT IN HIMMELL! VAT IS DOT?

OUR FRESH AIR FUND.

WE give herewith a statement of the affairs of this fund for the season just passed. From June 27th to September 9th we took care of twelve hundred and ten children. During the entire season there was not a vacant bed for a single night. The children had all they could eat of simple but wholesome food, and there was no sickness.

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persuaded, and bought it.

"Will you have anything engraved in it?" asked the clerk then.

"Why—er—" I began, considering how my coat-of-arms would look as a seal.

"Gentlemen very often have the initials of the names en-



SPORTING TERM.

"LOSING THE RUBBER."

graved inside the hoop," suggested the clerk.

"Oh," I said, seeing what he meant. "Well, you may have my name engraved in full—Theodore de Commyns Juddocks."

"Why!" he exclaimed; I thought he asked.

"Because, young man," I said, severely, unwilling to again hurt his feelings, although I considered it none of his business; "because, young man, some day it may be needed, and it will then serve as a proof of ownership."

Alex. Ricketts.

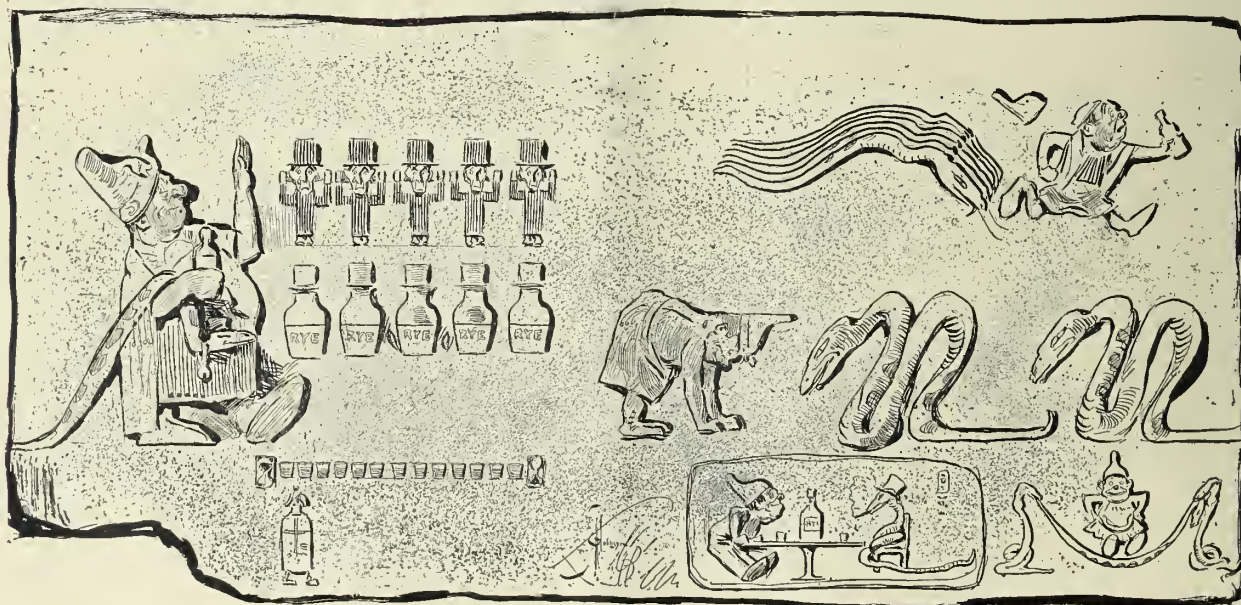
HOWSO: I can do my best work when it's hot.

CUMSO: What a great future you have before you!

"I SHOULD'NT advise you to leave Jack for very long dear. Some husbands, you know, are like return tickets."

"Why, ma! What do you mean?"

"They are forfeited if detached."



THE SWEARING OFF.

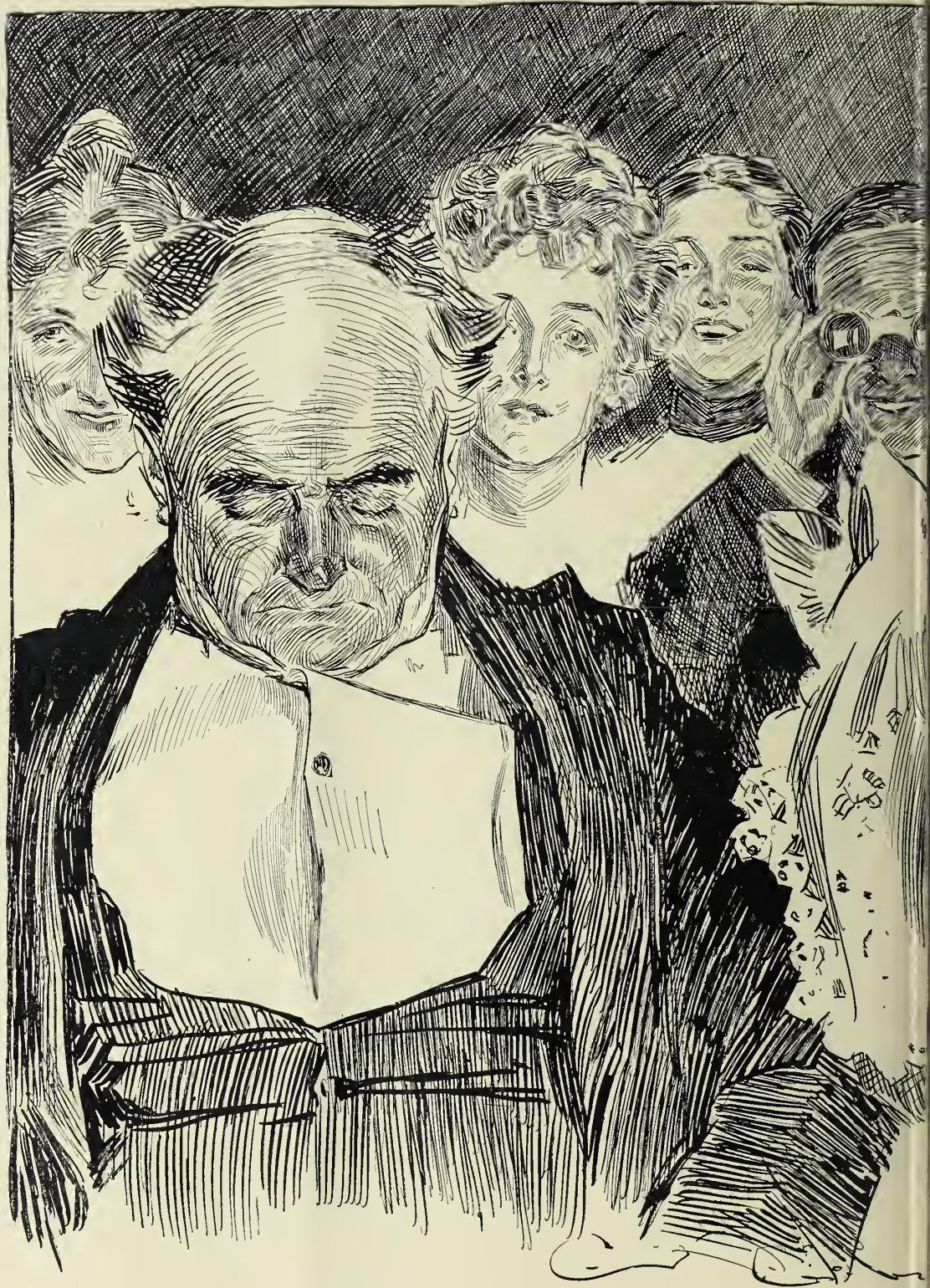
FROM LIFE'S RECENT DISCOVERIES OF EARLY EGYPTIAN JOKES.



IN DOUBT.

He: SHALL I PULL DOWN THAT CURTAIN IN FRONT OF YOU?

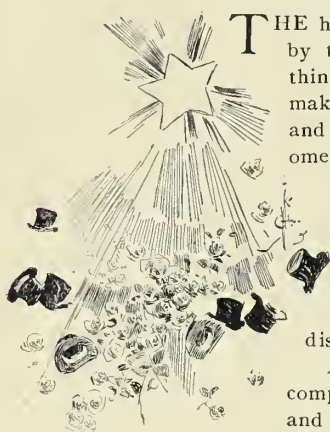
"THAT DEPENDS ON WHERE YOU ARE GOING TO SIT."







THE BIRTH OF A STAR.



THE heavens are pretty thoroughly charted by this time, and when an astronomer thinks he has discovered a new star he makes sure of the fact before he goes out and buys champagne for the other astronomers. Just who the theatrical astronomer was that discovered that Miss Georgia Cayvan was a star does not appear in evidence, but it is perfectly certain that his calculations ought to have been verified before the announcement of the discovery.

As a leading woman in a polite stock company Miss Cayvan and her abilities and limitations have been well known to the theatre-going public for some time.

Beyond the public familiarity with her name it is difficult to say just why she should have been selected for stellar honors. Long-service stripes she might rightfully claim, but she has never shown the distinguished powers which entitle her to appear as the principal and pronounced attraction of a dramatic entertainment. She has always been a pleasing actress in sweet and womanly characters, but with an individuality which bent very slightly to the varying requirements of varying parts. The public might always be sure that she would not spoil any rôle that she might undertake within her powers, but it was also sure that she would bring to no character any great force or originality. Not even as a leading lady was she great of her kind, and only the emaculate condition of our stage—a condition which allows moneyed managers and clever press agents to create success—could suggest for a moment that Miss Cayvan might be made a star, the public acquaintance with her name to the contrary notwithstanding.

Miss Cayvan made her first appearance in the new capacity as the heroine of "Mary Pennington, Spinster." The part is, if anything, too far within her abilities. It is clearly drawn, but colorless. It is not a life-study, but is one of those hypothetical questions in character which some British playwrights of the ephemeral school like to ask the public. Succinctly stated, it is a good deal like the query, "You haven't a brother, but if you had a brother, would he like green cheese?" The question of the play is: If a new young woman inherited a going business, would she conduct it herself; and if she conducted it herself, would she ruin it by the introduction of feminine fads;

and if she had so ruined it, would she decline to have the business rescued by a young man just because she had discovered that she was in love with him? Such questions may be all right in contemporary literature, but they don't make interesting plays, at least for audiences in America, where we are not bothering our brains about the New Woman, but are leaving her to work out her own salvation in that particular walk of life to which it has pleased Providence to call her.

Miss Cayvan is supported by only a fair company. A large part of the work falls on two minor characters. Mr. Orrin Johnson carries too much weight for an *ingenue*. He is more grotesque than humorous, and his size is against him in attempts to be kittenish. The opposite part—that of a young and girlish prig—is played by Miss Mary Jerrold, a young actress who has everything in her favor except good looks. It seems cruel to criticise a young woman for a deficiency which she cannot help, but personal beauty is a necessity to the young girl rôle in society drama. With these two parts differently cast the piece would take on an entirely different aspect. The staginess of Miss Anne Sutherland evoked audible smiles for the villainy assigned to her by the author. Of course it wouldn't do for a beginning star to be outdone in beauty by any of her subordinates, and this may account for the extreme plainness of the women in the cast.

The entire entertainment is about as highly flavored as a dish of milk toast, and may be enjoyed with perfect safety by old ladies, emotional girls and young children.

* * *

THERE are few persons more deserving of sympathy than the unfortunate escort of a woman with a theatre hat. He may feel like a fool, he may look like a fool, and



"PLAY ME SOMETHING SOFT AND SOOTHING—SOMETHING THAT WILL BRING PEACE AND TRANQUILLITY TO MY PLOUGHED-UP BOSOM."



THE HEAVENLY MESSENGER.

the remarks of his neighbors may make him feel like thrashing some one, but he can't, because her sex protects the only person deserving chastisement. His only possible revenge is not to take her to the theatre again, and even this is almost impossible if she happens to be his wife. But the man who would marry such a woman deserves his punishment.

Metcalfe.

UNSELFISH.

A SMALL boy belonging to a family of five came into the house one day with five stones, which he cheerfully explained were to be tomb-stones for each member of the family.

Later his little sister, counting them, said: "Here is a tomb-stone for father dear! Here is one for mother! Here is brother's! Here is the baby's; but there is none here for Katie, the nurse." Then she quickly added, "Oh! well, never mind; Katie can have mine, and I'll live!"

AT SIXTEEN TO ONE.

WE'LL all admit, for argument, that Uncle Sam is sick; He cannot yet assimilate; he hasn't learned the trick. 'Tis said that he has plutocratic fever of the brain; It's not at all improbable he has a growing pain. The saccharine components of his system, possibly, May not in due proportions be just what they ought to be. Congressional sciatica has vexed him much of late; Of *tuberculosis tariff* he has suffered, I might state. But what I seek to know is, Will Free Silver charm away The divers complications that he's troubled with to-day? If to-morrow he should take it, will the next day he be cured Of the aggravated ailments which so long he has endured? We all belong to Uncle Sam, and when he takes a dose, Our subsequent condition to his own is mighty close; In consequence it's just as well to watch with eagle eye The rabbit's-foot prescription it's proposed that he shall try.

If, when we have Free Silver, you are fortunate enough To own one thousand dollars of the good, hard, yellow stuff, And get for it two thousand Silver dollars in return, 'Twould seem as if thereafter you'd have cash enough to burn. And yet—sure fact!—you'd quickly learn the price of things you buy Had mounted in the interim to figures twice as high. And so instead of gaining, you would find the time you spent Had cost you double interest on cash you might have lent. And now suppose you haven't got a red cent, if you please You can't pick Silver dollars from the bushes or the trees. You must have something to exchange. 'Tis plain, without advice You surely cannot buy them if you haven't got the price. And as the world's divided into just two kind of folk— The fellows who have money and the fellows who are broke—I cannot see, with Silver Free, just where we're coming in. We might as well have copper or the cheapest kind of tin.

Tom Masson.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF A VIVISECTOR.



A LINGERING REGRET.

HELEN: Are you sure God will forgive me for slapping sister if I ask Him, mamma?

MAMMA: Certainly, dear.

HELEN (*reflectively*): Then I wish I had slapped her harder.

MOST men come to grief from having too much confidence in their own inability.

AMERICAN MILITARISM.



MR. E. LAURENCE GODKIN and other passionate patriots have called the Republic's attention loudly to the growing dangers of militarism, and we rise solemnly to echo the warning. This fatal American ambition to lick somebody, to wipe countries off the map, tribes off the earth, and spots off creation, will surely lead to a breach of the peace. This spirit is dangerously widespread. Parsons, politicians, populists, pie-eaters and policemen all exhibit this pugnacious strain, and the only peaceful and non-combatant persons left in the community are soldiers and prize-fighters.

The ensanguined eye is the type of the age; the passionate Godkin has not spoken too soon. Let us calmly examine into this red terror, as Mr. S. Crane would say.

The regular army is a body of professional fighters, who have their emotions well under control, and who love peace and quiet. Our militia is so busy all the year round trying to look like the regular army, that it has no time to be sanguinary or ostentatious; it is dangerous only while feeding. These are not the danger spots.

The voluntary aggregations of citizens, garbed in soldier clothes, who prance periodically through our streets, gorgeous, awe-inspiring, and militant, are composed of men whose hearts throb fiery and furious for war and slaughter. These are the storm centres from which go forth the waves of apprehension that make Europe pause, Asia quake, Africa tremble, and give America—including Godkin—spasms.

The Chicago Hussars—gay, haughty devils—shake the continent every time they vault lightly from a step-ladder into a saddle. The Philadelphia Horse Guards turn the steaming nostrils of their pawing Normandies towards Europe, and Russia's Asian advance is stayed; the terror of their clothes has gone before them. Yet even these fiery fellows may be restrained by the master hand of a corporal—if in society.

For pure, unrestrained, out-reaching militarism we must go to Boston, which is the lair, the habitat, of some of the most reckless military dare-devils ever cultivated under glass. When Boston reads of Xenophon's Ten Thousand, when her orators allude to Thermopylæ, or indiscreetly mention Napoleon's Old Guard, she raises her eyebrows and sniffs. These were well enough in their day; but she can point to her Lancers—men who can sit on horses and carry lances simultaneously; and she can, with heaving breast, name her immortals—her heroes of a hundred feeds—the Ancient and Honorable



Artillery Company. Concord had her embattled farmers; but Boston has her embattled grocers and marketmen, to whom even the glittering Codfish bows. Do you want the man who has unflinchingly faced a hundred fiery, red bottles? Seek him in the serried ranks of the Ancients. Do you seek the man who, unwinking, has watched the deadly batteries on South Boston's ball-fields? Hie thee to the Artillery Company. Here, then, is the wrinkled front of war, the hot-bed of militarism. Within its half-shot ranks are men capable of charging the bars of two continents with any amount—men who menace the peace of every vine-clad hill in California, every hop-strewn field in Oregon. Here is the Godkin germ—the microbe of war.

And yet it served the cause of peace in its recent invasion of England. Led by the dauntless Walker, with the Salem Cadet brass band round its neck, this corps of dare-devils went forth across the wild ocean, over the track of the Pilgrim Fathers, and boldly descended on English soil. Their grim helmets, their new coats, their baited breaths

made England quake as she has not quivered since Norman William landed at Hastings. They carried the American flag and palate up to the gates of Windsor, and shook the British breweries to their foundations. Lord Linsey Woolsey—a warrior as bold as the most cruel and relentless Ancient—saw them, supped with them, and hastened to the throne. "Your Majesty," he exclaimed, in agitated tones, "call off Salisbury; apologize to Venezuela; recognize Monroe; lend our gold to Cleveland. We cannot fight a nation of men like these; they are invincible; their legs are hollow; their palates are Saharas; they are more eloquent than our most eminent pugilists."

That visit cowed Salisbury, and settled England's war fever. Such is the A. & H. A. Company of Boston, which is now back in its home, more militant than ever, crouching like tigers in the shadow of the ancient Codfish, waiting to be hurled on an unsuspecting nation when the fateful hour arrives.

How can this danger be averted? How can militarism be dissipated? Only two methods of destroying the terrors of Boston are known. The A. & H. A. Company must be distributed over the land as campaign orators, to be torn to pieces by the enraged populace, or every brewery, vine-press and distillery in the land must be destroyed. The details of this patriotic work should be managed by a syndicate, and the task of luring these warriors to destruction be left to Mr. Godkin.

Only thus can American militarism be eradicated.
Joseph Smith.



*The Spirit of his Wife: BEWARE! BEWARE! BEWARE!
Gilligan: WHERE—D'YE—WANT—ME—TER—BE—MARY ANN?*

been said in regard to the attitude of the band. As Mr. Bryan left the platform, amid the thundering cheers of the Yale men (for McKinley), the band, with unusual forethought, played an appropriate tune, which was, "Arrah, go on; you're only foolin'."

The question has come to the minds of some people as to whom the band addressed its sentiment. Let the minds of all be at rest, for without doubt the band was absolutely impartial.

Although the sentiment was meant for both, it was received in a different spirit by each. The students knew they were "only foolin'." Mr. Bryan did not know that he was.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YALE AND BRYAN.

IN a national campaign, next to the stump speaker and the editor of a country newspaper, the brass band makes the most noise. But, strange as it may seem, the band spreads abroad more patriotic and less self-seeking sentiments than either of its rivals in this line of business.

In the late unpleasantness which occurred between Mr. Bryan and the Yale students we have heard the opinions of the followers of both sides, but little has





THE BLESSINGS OF NIGHTFALL.

When the shades of night have fallen and
The peaceful hours have come,
The oarsman, sleeping, rests his skull,
The giddy girl her gum.

The wagon maker rests his tongue;
The artist—pale and weak—
His palate rests at night; commercial
Travelers rest their cheek.

The hardware man doth rest his nails,
The watch his faint alarms;
The stovepipe man his elbows stiff,
The soldier rests his arms.

Coal miners rest their veins at night,
Indians their scalps do rest;
The packer his ribs and shoulders, while
The carpenter rests his chest.

And while we're resting let us all
This vote of thanks send in:
"Praise Morpheus that woman, when
She sleeps, must rest her chin!"

—Chicago News.

"Do I think the bicycle is a proper thing for a woman to ride?" repeated one schooner captain of another down at Charley Ellis' the other day.

"B'gosh, I've got to think so for the old lady rides one."

"When I went home last voyage she says to me:

"John, come an' see my wheel and watch me ride."

"She's a trim-lookin' little craft, my old lady is, but

she didn't know how to ride, so she must have me to cast off the lines and give her a tow until she got pretty well under headway.

"Away she started, a reef in her sheet on one side a-showin' too much of her spars, but a-gettin' along pretty good. She struck a squall and I shouted to her:

"Hi, there, put your wheel hard a-port and shift your ballast to starboard." That's what she did, and by the eternal hurricanes the rudder turned clean over the bowsprit and I shouted:

"Woman overboard!"

"John," says she, reproachfully, 'you don't know anything about it. Of course it's all right on a ship to shift your ballast over to the opposite way you are careening, but on a wheel it's different. When your wheel is leaning to port you lean that way too.'

"And I'll be durned if she didn't learn the thing on that unnatural principle, and now she rides the wheel like my old boat rides the billows."

—Florida Times-Union.

A YANKEE, upon eating his first meal of frogs' legs, asked the hotel proprietor how he accounted for the high price. He was told it was on account of the scarcity of the product. "Not at all," said the Yankee; "I can get you a million." "A million?" gasped the Boniface; "I should like to engage to find you a profitable market if you can produce them." "Why, I can get them to-day surely." At night the Yank came back with eight pairs, and declared the trick off. "I thought you said you knew where you could get a million," said Boniface. "Well, to tell you the truth," explained the other, "I formed my judgment of the number by the noise."—Argonaut.



CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK.

MRS. CLIFF'S YACHT. By Frank R. Stock.
A Book of Martyrs. By Cornelia Atwood.
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Bijou's Courtships. From the French of "Gy"
Katherine di Zérèga.
A Conspiracy of the Carbonari. By Louise M.

Our Humor. By Richard Shelburn. New
Columbia Book Company.
Daybreak. By James Cowan. New York:
H. Richmond and Company.

THE following story is related of a gentleman who invited a number of Sunday-school children to play in his beautiful grounds. Not the least appreciated among the many good things were the excellent berries and cream, of which there was a plentiful supply.

Seeing how the children enjoyed these, the gentleman, wishing to improve the occasion, addressed them, saying, "Well, boys," he said, "I hope you have thoroughly enjoyed your strawberries and cream."

"Yes, sir," was the reply, in lusty chorus.

"But suppose," he continued, "that instead of being invited here you had stolen over my wall and helped yourselves when no one was looking, you would not have enjoyed them half so much, you?"

"No, sir," again replied the chorus.

"And why not?" queried their benefactor.

To this question there was no immediate response, the boys being apparently shy of giving any answer. At length, however, a little urchin, rather bold than the rest, piped out, "Cause we shouldn't have helped ourselves to cream with them!"—*Tit Bits.*

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

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DRINK HUNTER RYE—IT'S PURE

Sold at all First-Class Cafes and by Jobbers.

WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

"JOHNNY," asked his teacher, "what must we do before our sins can be forgiven?"
"Sin," replied Johnny.—*Boston Beacon.*

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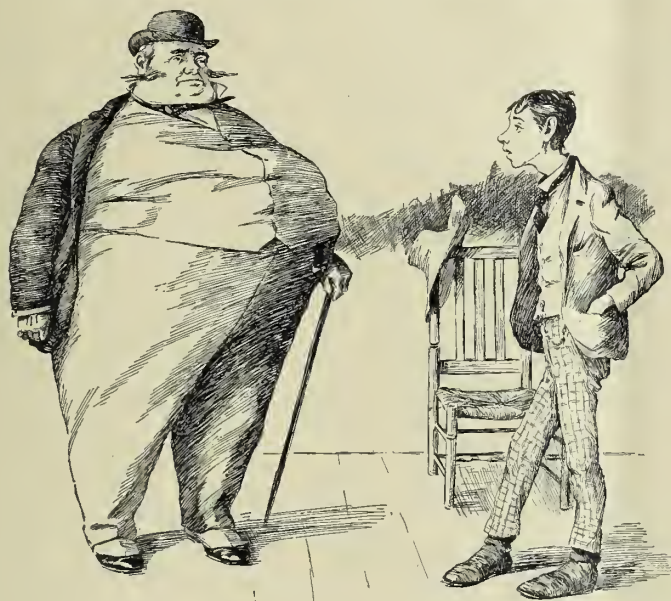
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"YES."

"WELL, IT'S TOO LARGE."

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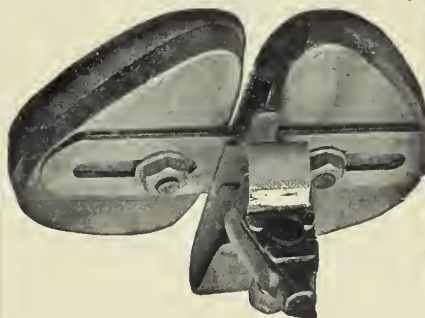
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WILL CURE IT.

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FRANCE
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EVOLUTION OF SILVER STATESMEN.

When I think upon the chasm,
Said the quivering Protoplasm,
That yawns 'twixt me and Protozoa;
When I view the bonds that link us
To the gay Ornithorynchus
Or the Steganopodes upon the shore;
When I see how things develop,
From the ugly oyster-shell up
To the fascinating young Cephalopod,
How the Deccapoda followed
To be subsequently swallowed
By the lobster-pot or hungry Thomas-cod;
How the first fruit of creation,
Spurning other recreation,
Confined itself to evolutin' up,
Till it stood in the regalia
Of the higher-class mammalia,
And was fondled as a barking brindled pup
When I think, too, how much bigger,
Is the present human figure,
And how much more symmetrical in shape
Than the first developed mammal,
Or the burden-bearing camel,
Or even than the anthropoidal ape,
I am filled with admiration
At the wonders of creation,
And I look upon my progeny with pride;
But for my contribution
To the scheme of evolution
The experiment might never have been tried.
And yet, said Protoplasm,
With a meditative spasm,
As he gave himself an instant's thoughtful pause
I am sometimes led to wonder
If we haven't made a blunder
In developing such loosely swinging jaws.
They are well enough for eating,
But in every place of meeting,
And whenever there's an audience in reach,
There's a pair of them in motion,
Pouring out a perfect ocean
Of muddled and befuddled parts of speech.
There is Stewart, of Nevada,
Who can churn the language harder
Than Niagara churns the water at its base,
And that soporific zephyr,
The interminable Pepper,
When he opens up the wind-cave in his face.
Then, there's Allen, of Nebraska,
Who was never known to ask a
Moment's rest because his mouth was getting
tired,
And there's Alabama Morgan,
With a powerful vocal organ,
Much too active to be constantly admired.
There is Wolcott, Jones, and Teller,
Who can stand all day and beller
That fifty cents in silver's worth a dollar,
And there's Voorhees, and there's Vest,
Call, and Cockrell, and the rest,
And the cuckoos wearing Grover Cleveland
collar.
In fact, I think the Senate,
In those dreadful minutes when it
Sees an orator like Pepper take the floor,
Offers proof and demonstration
That the whole scheme of creation
Has ended in an everlasting bore.
The higher class mammalia
Seem to me an utter failure,
From the time they left the protoplasmic cell,
In the Senate, House, and cloister,
They've done nothing that an oyster
Couldn't do in decent silence just as well.
For the humor of the oyster
Is jucier and moister,
And it's wiser than the Senate any day.
For it doesn't howl and cut up,
And it knows enough to shut up,
When it really hasn't anything to say,

—Isaac N. Bromley in *The Argonaut*.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

MY LOVE'S REBELLION.

Her rebel mouth, her traitor eyes,
How many a soldier falls between!
Do sunny smiles 'neath cold gray skies
Conspiracy's arch signals mean?
In this old war of North and South,
With which enlisted shall I be?
To fight for freedom, with her mouth,
Or with her eyes for slavery?

—Boston Transcript.

TOOK THIRTY-SEVEN INSTEAD OF TWENTY-NINE.

LOBSTER BILL MIXED THE MEDICINE UP, BUT A DOCTOR PULLED HIM THROUGH.

ANNA BELLE JOHNSON TAYLOR, a softshell crab vender, well known in the Tenderloin, went to the West Thirtieth street station a day or two ago in a state of mind.

"What's the trouble, Aunty?" inquired Acting Captain McDermott, who was at the desk.

"Terrible orful!" exclaimed the colored woman. So dreadful terrible, Capt'n, I liked ter died. You know my husban', 'Lobster Bill?' Well, sah, he

scart me most to def, an' I 'clare ter all dat's good Ise der frightenedest woman in dis hyer town."

"What did he do?" asked the police official.

"Do? Why, he took thirty-seven instead of twenty-nine, an' den he hol-lered worse'n a steamboat whistle. He jest biled over dat 'ere kitchen floor an' kept a rubbing his stomach like he done gone out of his common senses. Dat's what Bill did, an' der tenements from all ob der houses on der block came 'round to see what der discussion were about. Den we got a doctor, an' Bill came 'round all right.

"Afterward he sot in der rocker chair, pale'n a ghost, an' I sez 'Bill, how did it come?' He tole me an' Sis Nelson dat he took thirty-seven when he oughen er took it, as he wanted twenty-nine, a 'Sis an' me laughed like we'd have fits. So Bill throwed a hammer an' a cup in' a plate an' a saucepan, an' he then ups an' chases us into der bedroom wif der carvin' knife. Dat's where I frightened. Now he sez he's not goin' ter 'low me in der house no mo', an' I wants a officer as ken quiet him down."

"Let me understand this," said McDermott. The trouble began by Bill taking thirty-seven instead of twenty-nine. Was he playing poke or shooting crap?"

"Lawsy goodness, no; dese yer number are from der patent medicine book. Yer see, thirty-seven am de opposition rescription of rescription twenty-nine. Bill, he was sick of twenty-nine, an' in cose he can't read, so he took dat ere patent medicine book, Dumphy's Pacifics or what you call it, and showed it to Mister Madden. Dat gentleman marked out rescription thirty-seven, an' Bill had der medicine cashed at der drug shop. Den he took it. Den der doctor had ter come. Den Sis an' I thought it were a good joke, an' Bill got madder'n a mad dog in dog days. Now he's in der house swearin' he'll cut ma heart out, all on 'count ob takin' thirty-seven for twenty-nine."

A policemen was sent around to quiet Bill, and Mrs. Anna Belle Johnson Taylor went back to the house and threw the patent medicine book into Mrs. Lucinda Jones' fire escape garden on the third balcony.

CALIFORNIA.

PARTIES will leave New York in October and frequently thereafter for California. The tickets provide for all traveling and hotel expenses for the outward and return trips, all railroad tickets for the side trips in California, with privilege of reduced rates at the hotels in that State, and give the passenger entire freedom of movement. Special Vestibuled Trains with Dining-Cars. Choice of routes.

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REV. MOSES D. HOGE, D.D., of the Synod of Virginia, Richmond, Va. (Spring No. 2): "I have used with highly-beneficial results for Uric Acid Trouble. Indeed, I now use no other water, and since using it have enjoyed the best health of my life."

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All ready for use, require no mixing. Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions, the one bottled and aged must be the better. Try our York Cocktail—without any sweetening—dry and delicious. For sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the U. S., and all druggists and dealers.

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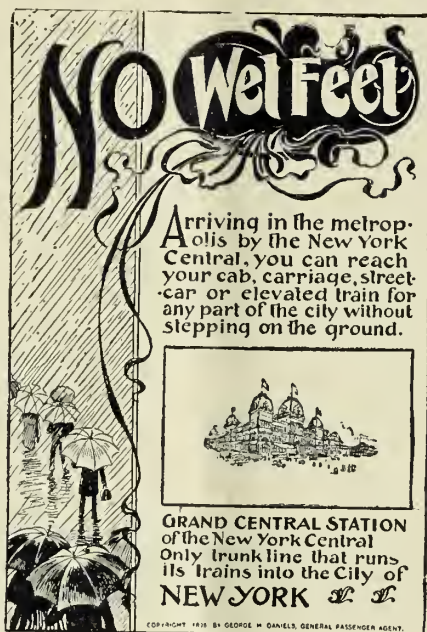
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"YES. I LOOKED IT UP IN MY CHECK-BOOK THIS MORNING."

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"WHY, MOTHER DEAR, WHAT HAS HAPPENED, A CABLE-CAR ACCIDENT?"
 "NO. I'VE JUST BEEN TO A BARGAIN-COUNTER SALE WHERE THERE WAS A LITTLE OVERCROWDING."

BRYAN AND THE POETS.

Newspaper Note.—Candidate Bryan says all the poets are for free silver.

FELLOW Poets, hear the speaker,
 He who speaks by words of mouth,
 Through the frosts of coming winter,
 Through the sunshine of the South;
 Filling all the air with speeches,
 Which instruct us and inspire
 All our quills to higher effort—
 Let us rise and strike the lyre.

We have heard the soulful measures
 Of his sweet, mellifluous tones,
 Which have moved our waiting spirit,
 And have reached our marrow-bones;
 We have heard the cords of language
 He has piled up for the fire
 That may warm his cause—and brothers,
 Let us rise and strike the lyre.

We have caught the soft insistence
 Of his arguments, and when
 We have felt the spirit moving,
 We have followed with the pen;

He has said it in the papers,
 Sent it home to son and sire,
 With a nerve that ought to make us
 Love to rise and strike the lyre.

We have heard his taper language
 Sweep the silver harp-strings, and
 We have thought it was the music
 Of a white-winged angel band;
 We have heard him say free silver
 Was the one thing to inspire
 Poetry—and fellow poets,
 Let us rise and strike the lyre.

W. J. Lampton.

P. S.—There is another way than the
 above of spelling lyre, but it is not so
 poetic. *W. J. L.*

A DOUBTFUL EXPERIMENT.

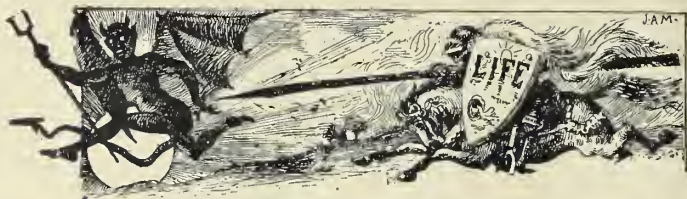
HOWSO: Why don't you take a
 wife, old man?

CUMSO: Her husband might object.

IT is not the lining, but the cloud,
 that seems to be silver.



SIGNOR GESTICULETTI NOW TAKES HIS
 DAILY DUMBBELL EXERCISES DURING THE
 OPERA.



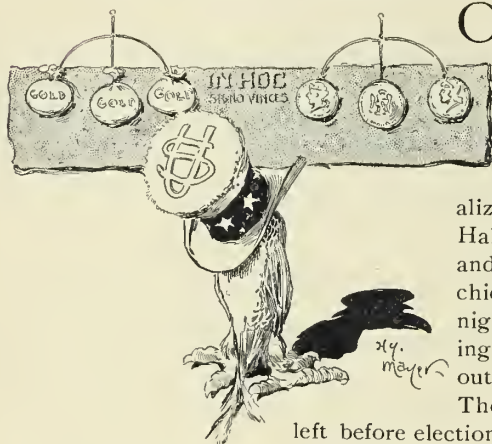
"While there is Life there's Hope."

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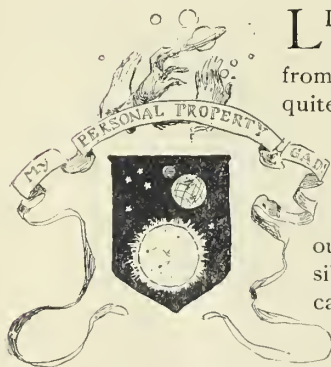
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ONE good result that promises to follow the capture of the Democratic party by Bryan and his incendiary gang is the utter demoralization of Tammany Hall. John Sheehan and the other little chiefs are sitting up nights, nowadays, reading the bigger chiefs out of the organization.

There are still ten days left before election, and such progress has already been made that we may confidently expect that when Tammany carries its Bryan ballots to the polls there will not be a leader left in the organization of ability, influence, or clear action. Amos Cummings still abides. Amos is able in his line of business, but how much character and influence will remain to him after election is a matter of nice calculation. Besides, Amos hardly counts. His trade is not to lead, but to be present and report.



LIFE congratulates its Roman Catholic friends on getting a new boss from Rome who gives promise of being quite as intelligent and affable as the able gentleman whom he succeeds. A cardinal goes; an archbishop comes. There is some temporary loss of rank to the ecclesiastical outfit in this country, but very possibly Mgr. Martinelli may be made a cardinal presently, and dignities be equalized.

The deposition of Bishop Keane from the direction of the Catholic University in Washington seems to be promoting thought and discussion among our Catholic brethren. It was most urbanely done and most submissively received, but it makes the dis-

passionate observer speculate as to how long our Catholic countrymen will continue to be Roman Catholics and take their orders obediently from a throne across the seas.

* * *



THERE are, of course, greater Englishmen than George Du Maurier, but LIFE cannot think of one who would be so much missed and so much lamented in the United States as he. Very many of us who have been grown up through his drawings ever since we were children. Thirty-six years ago he began to contribute to *Punch*, and since he succeeded Leech as a member of its staff his pictures have been in every number. How much of what we think we know about the British and their manners and modes we owe to those pictures! Thanks to them, Du Maurier was already the familiar friend of many of us, when, only six or seven years ago,

he began to write books, and demonstrated that the qualities of mind that had made him charming as an illustrator, served him to still more delightful purpose as a teller of stories.

No Englishman since Dickens has sent us a story that found so promptly so many American readers as *Trilby*. Perhaps it was a lucky book rather than a great one, but it deserved its good fortune, for it made its readers the happier for having read it.

Du Maurier was only sixty-two years old. We wish he might have filled out the full span of human life. He was a very pleasant man, who had charming ideas, and delightful thoughts and memories, which he was admirably successful in bringing home to the comprehension of his fellows. Such people are very scarce. We can never spare them, and when at any time we lose one of the foremost of them, we have abundant reason to lament our loss.

* * *



THE interest which ladies of fashion and social activity are taking in the game of golf is one of the interesting features of the fall.

Their recent tournament at Morristown for the championship and Mr. Robert Cox's cup, was as ardently disputed and quite as earnestly watched, and as fully reported as any of the tournaments of the men. There is something that is somewhat new-womanish in the enlistment of ladies in athletic contests of so much moment, but, after all, the new woman has her good points, and very likely her interest in golf is one of them.

NO CONNECTION.

UPSON DOWNES: I wonder why it is that, when you are examined in supplementary proceedings, they ask you all about what money you spend?

PUPSON POWNES: They do it to find out your income.
"I don't see what that has to do with it."

WHICH ARE THE LIARS?

WHY should a vivisector take offense at being called a liar? If he knows anything he must know that "a good lie well stuck to" is immeasurably more decent and manly than cutting up live animals. And to cut up live animals and then lie about it—why, that is a combination to be handled with tongs. There are several lies—good, fat, able-bodied lies—that these gentlemen are never tired of telling; one is that animals can be cut up alive without suffering.

Dr. Borel, a Swiss vivisector, in a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette* says:

I have vivisected birds, horses, frogs, rabbits, monkeys, and above all, dogs; and I can affirm three things: (1) That it is nearly completely impossible to employ anaesthetics upon them so as to render them insensible. (2) That the sufferings of the animals after the experiments are so great that they are almost stupefied, showing the apathy and indifference of the martyr. And (3) that the employment of *curare*, far from diminishing sensibility, augments it exceedingly; more than that, the use of it necessitates tracheotomy beforehand, to make them respire artificially, because the *curare* totally paralyzes all voluntary movement, and thus they would otherwise suffocate.

Anyone who is accustomed to a laboratory, to physiology, or to pathological experimentation, knows that animals suffer when vivisected, and greatly, until they die.

Which we have always believed and have no reason for doubting.

"MAUDE, don't you think my new gold pin is a beauty?"
"Oh, yes, dear; and it matches your teeth so nicely."



"IT'S ONLY YOUR GRAY HAIR THAT SAVES YOU FROM A GOOD THRASHING."
"VELL, NOW DOT—"

RECREANT.

HE ran down the gang-plank and kissed her. "Henry!" she exclaimed, "where is the poodle?"

"Dearest," he said, "it fell overboard."

She wrung her hands.

"Why did the steamer not stop to rescue it?"

"They only stop to save human life," he explained.

"Then, Henry, why didn't you jump overboard?"

MANY people go to church more because they think the church needs them than because they think they need the church.

A HEROINE.

IN church to-day she wore her last year's hat,
And wore it as a queen might wear a crown;
Methinks such bravery deserves renown
Greater than Saragossa maids, or that
Rash Molly Pitcher, Joan of Arc, or strong,
Determined Semiramis—hating wrong.

Talk of Boadicea, talk of girls
And matrons whose heroic mold is made
The theme of song and story—all will fade
To nothingness compared with her brave hurls
At fashion's stern decrees. Brave little lass;
Did she gain courage from her looking-glass?

Lawrence K. Russel.

"THEY are thinking of introducing the Fifth Avenue stages in Philadelphia."

"No!"

"The inhabitants want better service."



MAJOR MCKINLEY
WITH A POPOCRATIC BEARD AND



WITH WALL STREET GROWTH.



I HAF REMOVED DOT OBSTACLE, SAIL IN."

BOOKISHNESS

DU MAURIER'S LAST NOVEL.

THIS is the beginning of the season of literary events—or rather, of publishing events. Time only can reveal how many of them have a literary reason for being. Most of the handsomely illustrated books which have been a year in preparation are saved for these autumn months, and will come tumbling from the press in the next few weeks so rapidly that the average buyer will lose all standards for comparison, and buy on the cover. The big serial guns of the magazines for the past year are now crystallizing into books, some of them to be even less read as books than as serials. And this is not a happy destiny for so much effort and advertising.

And the new batteries of the magazines for 1897 are now being brought into position. Already the first gun has been fired by *Harper's* with Du Maurier's "The Martian." It is safe to say that it is a serial that will be read from the first page. The opening chapters show all of the expected charms of style and fascination of character. There is no doubt of the reality of *Barty* after the fifth page. He steps into the firelight glow of your fancy and domesticates himself at your hearth. The task which Du Maurier set himself—to depict "the greatest literary genius this century has produced"—is not an easy one. Such an announcement on the first page of a novel rather staggers the credulity of the reader and puts him in the attitude of unbelief. If the rest of the book really succeeds in making the reader believe that *Barty* possessed the qualities of a transcendent literary genius, it is to be a very great novel.

Since these lines were written Du Maurier himself has passed beyond the echo of popular applause or literary appreciation. It is good to know that he left "The Martian" completely finished; that his great public is, for a year, to read his words as he would have them read; that every month there will still be new drawings, signed in the

old familiar way, and that, before the great silence falls, the work of his maturity is to be before the world, completed by him to the final word.

THERE is a suggestion of Du Maurier's lighter vein in "The Sprightly Romance of Marsac" (Scribner's), by Molly Elliott Seawell. It is a tale of Bohemian life in Paris, and is pure farce-comedy from the first page to the last. Moreover, it is surprisingly good farce-comedy; it goes snapping along through the pages with the bubbling vitality of "Too Much Johnson" or "A Trip to Chinatown." In addition, it is written (as they are not) with a great deal of literary art. The fun is spontaneous; the artifices and deceptions of *Marsac* never make you doubt that he is a good fellow, without a touch of the charlatan about him. It has been a long time since an American novel has so successfully caught the true spirit of fun, and has been content to be rollicking and witty.

IT is superfluous to tell the patrons of *LIFE* that the handsome folio volume in which Mr. Wenzell has collected nearly a hundred of his best drawings, under the title "In Vanity Fair" (R. H. Russell & Son), is one of the indispensable books of the autumn season.

Mr. Wenzell has a surprising genius for decorative effects in wash-drawing. His backgrounds are sumptuous, his rich fabrics "stand alone," and his women are gorgeously beautiful. Their shoulders are the despair of all but the most favored maidens, and their eyes have the wide-open gleam and glitter that jealous actresses ascribe to belladonna. They are all brunettes, and blonde men will hang over these pages in rapt admiration.

As for his old men, soldiers and horses, they have the manner and the unmistakable style of a continental capital.

The whole volume is in excellent taste, as to printing, binding and arrangement.

Droch.

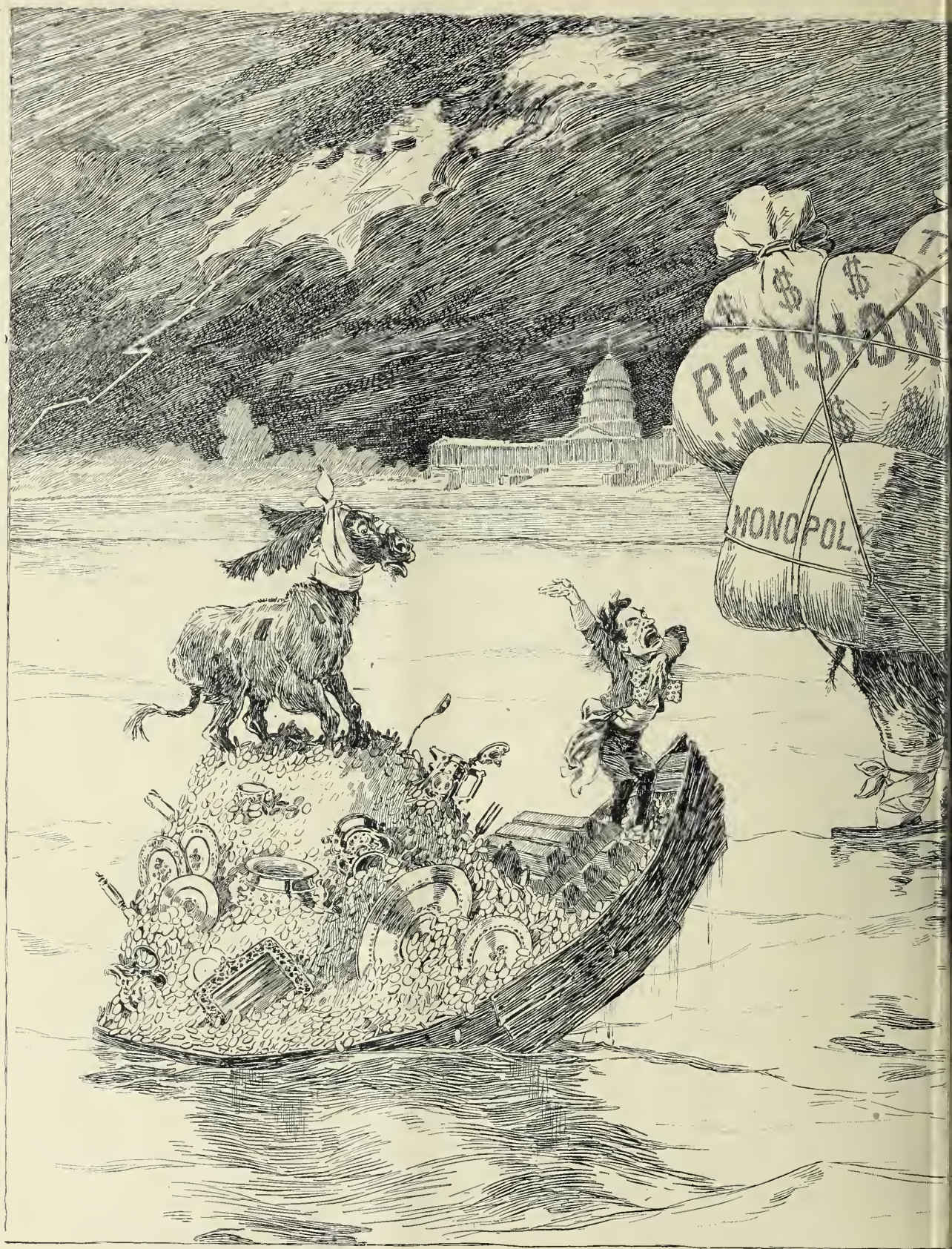


H. J. Nelson

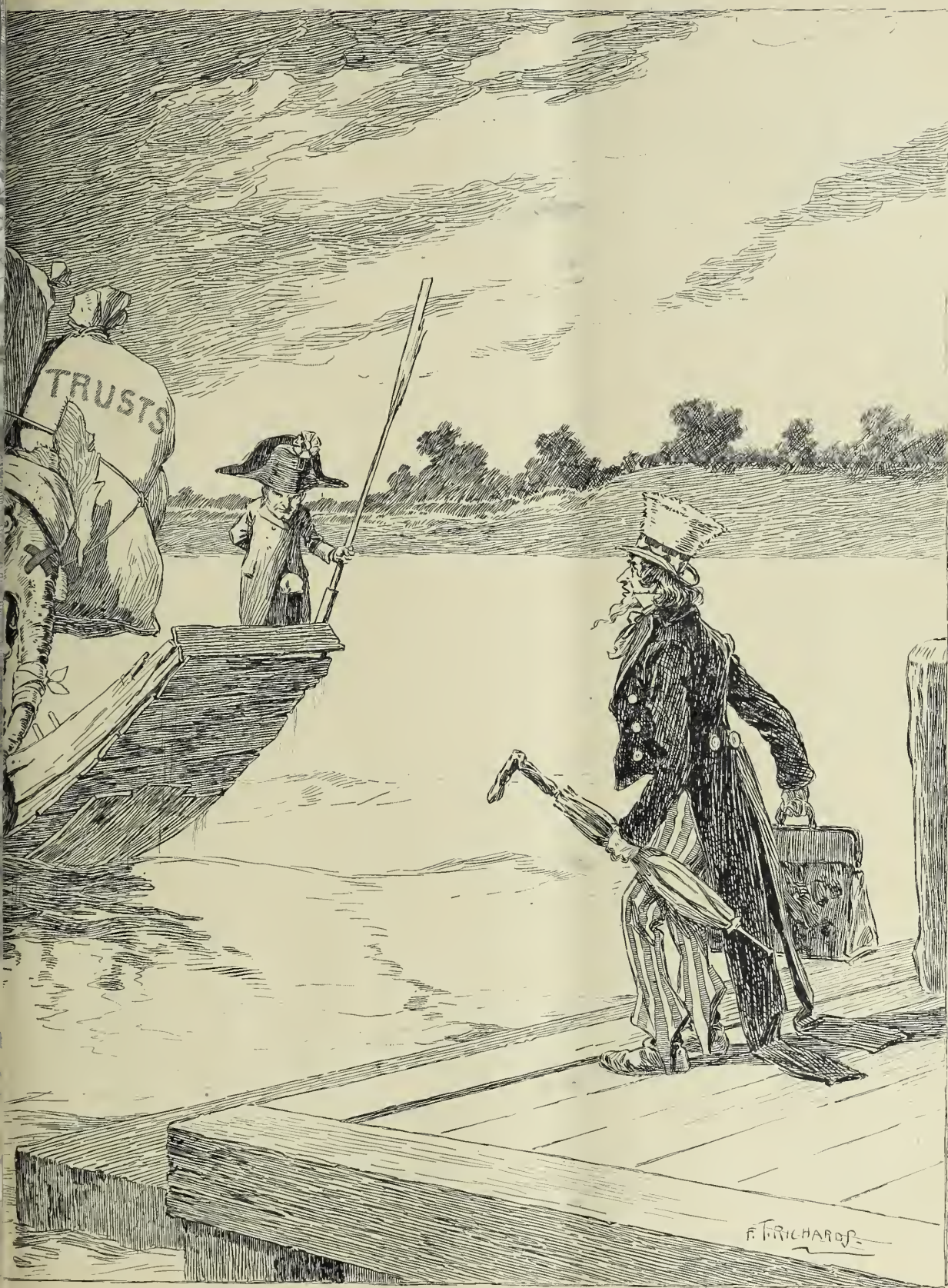
"OH, COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS."



"DID YOU HAVE YOUR BREAKFAST, COLONEL?"
"YES, FOR A LITTLE WHILE."



THE FA
WITH BEST WISHES TO OUR U



N.
OR A PROSPEROUS VOYAGE.



JOHNNY REB.

WHATEVER one may think of the artistic side of the only surviving American theatrical manager, one cannot question Mr. Charles Frohman's shrewdness. He places on his theatrical bargain-counter only dramatic goods that are likely to sell. For a long time the blue uniform of the Northern soldier served him well as a leader, but it became somewhat faded and shopworn, and, presto! he changes his shop windows, and the grey of the Confederate service is made to furnish a new theme for his advertisements and barkers. (As the dictionaries do not define the word "barker," it might be well to state that the "barker" is a person who stands outside a shop to tell of its attractive wares and drag in hesitating customers. In theatrical matters he does his work through the columns of the daily press.)

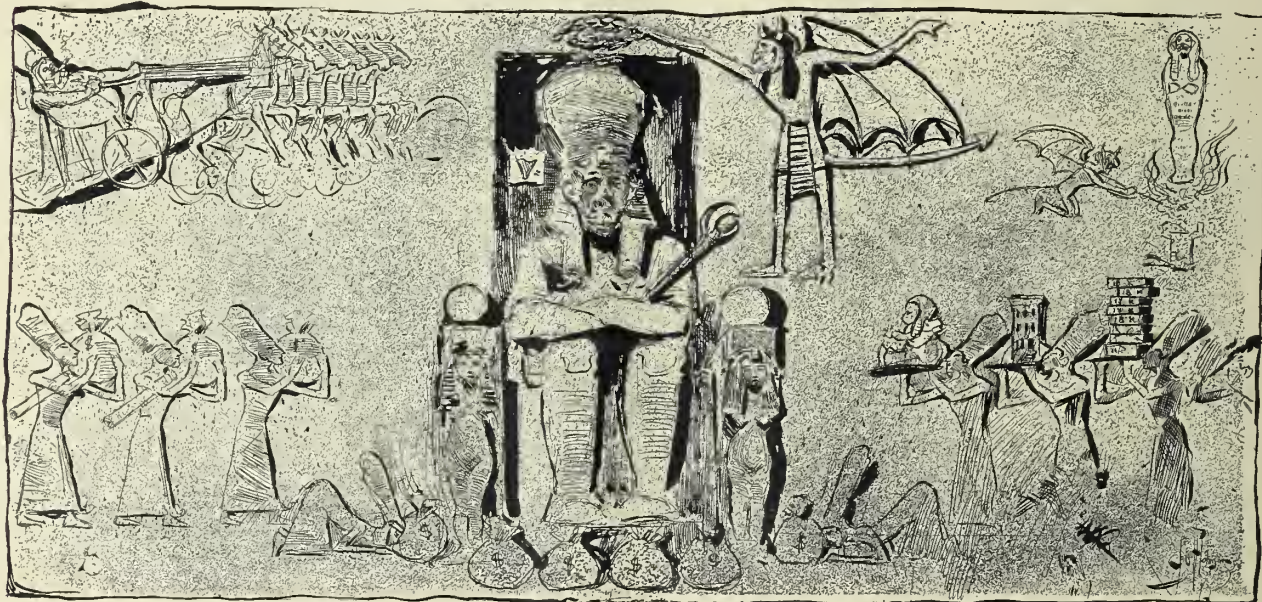
Mr. William Gillette is a clever playwright who writes ingenious plays which usually contain a cigar-smoking part suited to his individual qualifications as an actor, and which are interesting even if they do sacrifice nature and truth to dramatic effect.

Mr. Frohman's commercial necessity for a war play in which the Union uniform should not appear, and Mr. Gillette's ability, have combined to produce "Secret Service," now running at the Garrick. There is no denying the interest of the piece any more than there is its utter improbability.



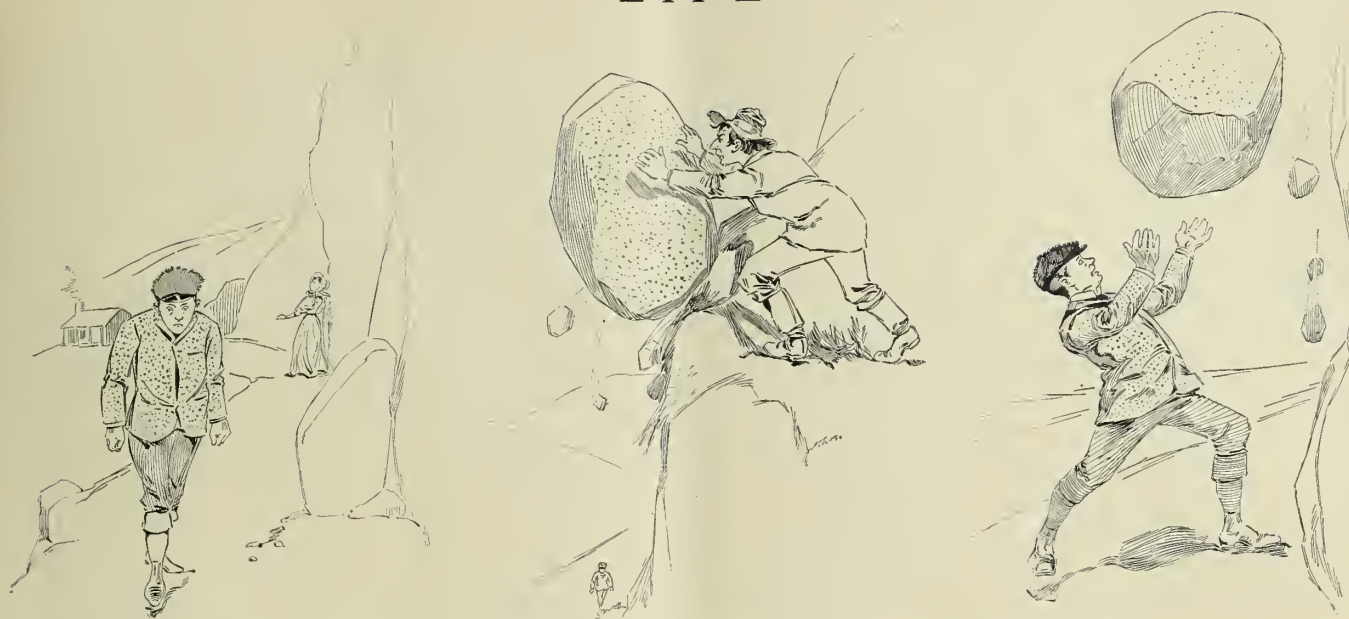
"THAT COLLEGE DUDE'S GOING TO SAL'S HOME."

On this latter point nothing would be more interesting than the comments of an audience composed of veterans of the Army of Virginia, for the scenes are located in Richmond during the closing days of the Rebellion. Some of our Confederate friends would be greatly interested—possibly amused—at Mr. Gillette's pictures of the way the Southern cause was upheld by its government and soldiers. Perhaps the gush in the piece, the white-haired mother, the brave Willie-boy who



THE PLUMBER.

FROM LIFE'S RECENT DISCOVERIES OF EARLY EGYPTIAN JOKES.



"REJECTED!"

"REVENGE!"

THE CATCH.

PRINCETON, AHoy!



insists on going to the front and gets run over by a cable-car in his first battle, and the Eden-Musée Confederate general, are Mr. Gillette's, but they seem a good deal more like the usual Frohmanesque appeal to the pockets of the matinee girl and second-gallery god.

In the details of its mounting the piece seems true to life. The military atmosphere is strongly apparent, and, to the generation after the war, seems accurate. The cast is fairly good. Mr. Gillette assigns his own abilities to not quite the usual number of cigars, and to the part of a Northern secret service officer whom President Lincoln, with his knowledge of human nature, would have doubtless put in command of the Damphool Brigade instead of giving him a commission in the secret service. The typical Southern girl is really typical, and is charmingly portrayed by Miss Odette Tyler. An excellent bit of work in a small way is the *Lieut. Foray* of Mr. W. B. Smith, who reproduces most faithfully the characteristics of the old-time telegraph operator. Except that Miss Amy Busby is unusually weak as *Edith Varney*, the heroine who causes all the trouble, the rest of the cast is not noticeable either way.

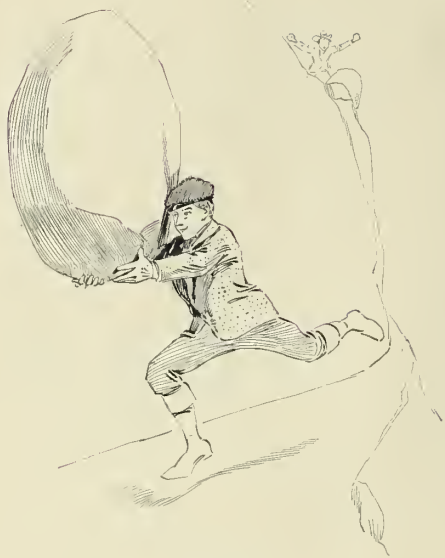
With all its faults, "Secret Service" is interesting in these days of nambi-pambiness, and is particularly noticeable because it is a Southern war play without a sound of "Dixie," and has no choruses of plantation darkies.

* * *

THOSE two noble organizations, Anthony Comstock and the Women's Christian Temperance Union, have just had a falling out because each one thought it was purer than the other. The result is the production at Hoyt's Theatre of a play by Mr. Archibald C. Gunter, entitled "A Florida Enchantment." Mr. Gunter is a gentleman who is in literature for revenue only, and some of his books have had large sales. The book from which the play is taken was bad enough, but the piece itself is so disgustingly filthy that it is the only thing which could make one wish for a reconciliation between St. Anthony and the temperate ladies.

Metcalfe.

THIS week Princeton College celebrates her attainment of the mature age of one hundred and fifty years. Seven notoriously erudite professors from foreign parts lectured to her last week and filled her choke full of the most abstruse learning. This week her purpose is to have fun. Her sons will come to her in crowds and mightily extol her in their utterances. Her fatted calf will be killed, and any jars of New Jersey Falernian that may happen to be in her cellars will be broached and kept open. Her old men will make speeches and her young men will see visions. She will swell out from the collegiate condition into the full stature and dignity of a university. She will recall the modesty of her origin, and all the record of her glorious progress under Burr, Witherspoon and McCosh; she will dwell on her fidelity to Calvin, her Revolutionary patriotism, the wisdom of her elders in council, the might of her younger sons in football and in war. Hurrah for Princeton! *Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero pulsanda tellus, nunc* high in the air let the hat be cast, and the waistcoat with orange and black alternations be encircled. We are with you, Princeton. Whoop it up! May your shadow never diminish nor the lustre of your stripes be abated. Respectable as your maturity may be, in your vigor you are young. Glorious as your past is, your future will be still greater. Be good, be great, be wise, be happy, and good luck to you!



THE RUN.

COMPARATIVE.

"DID you have any trouble in learning to play the flute?"

"Two gun-shot wounds and a law suit."

"I WANT to be an artist."

"Can you draw at all?"

"No."

"Then begin by making pictures for the Sunday papers."

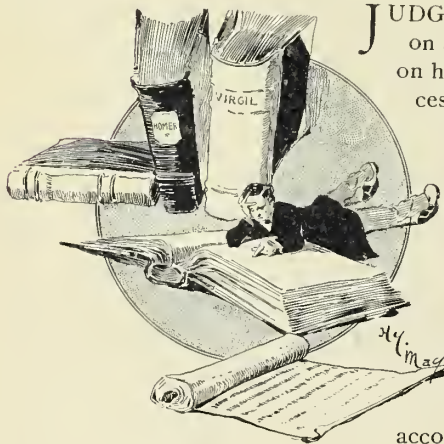
IN the chess of hard luck there are too many pawns.



THE PUNT.

BRYAN'S POSSIBILITIES.

JUDGING from the way Mr. Bryan is going on and the immense demands he is making on himself, he does not anticipate the necessity of hoarding his strength for the labors of government. He is a remarkably sturdy, as well as vociferous, person, and with more education, more maturity, and a change of heart, he might become a useful citizen. His main effort at present seems to be to rouse the poor against the rich, and the West against the East, which is as mischievous a job as any American since Benedict Arnold has set himself to accomplish.



"TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT."

politicians who are trying to get all there is to be had from the public service, and he means to circumvent these rascals even at the cost of using every cent of the public revenues for pensions. He has not, himself, any particular hankering after a pension; he knows, of course, that it is his inalienable right, but his natural inclination to self-sacrifice would lead him to refuse it were it not for his ardent desire to keep the civil service free from the disreputable classes who enter it for the loaves and fishes.

Again, the G. A. R. man is animated by an unselfish desire to preserve the good name and character of his country. Republics are proverbially ungrateful, and he is determined to save the U. S. from this reproach even at the cost of his own modesty and self-respect. It is



GOAL.



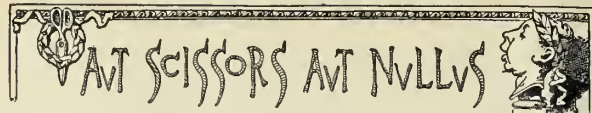
PAN AND THE SATYRS.

"BOYS, BOYS, YOU'LL HAVE TO STOP SLIDING DOWN THAT HILL; I CAN'T GET YOU NEW PANTS ALL THE TIME."

painful to him to be obliged to call public attention to his own merits so frequently, but to save the country from the sin of ingratitude he will sacrifice his feelings to the extent of spending the greater part of his time in dilating on his own valor and the strength of his claims on the public treasury.

To be sure there are old soldiers, and those not the least favorably known on the field, who do not take this public-spirited view of their obligations. They gave their services willingly, and see no reason why the fact that they came at their country's call should entitle them to a free maintenance for the rest of their natural lives. They realize that the nation may be trusted to remember what it owes them, and do not feel that becoming "old soldiers" has freed them from the restraints of ordinary good taste and self-respect. In fact, there are some so sunk in sentimentality as to feel that in offering their lives for their country's defense they were performing a service of love, and they will not cheapen it by clamoring for payment in dollars and cents. They go so far as to imagine that it befits an old soldier to be even more mindful of his dignity and self-respect than if he had never borne arms, and they would have died in prison or on the field far more willingly than they would class themselves among the pension-seekers and mutual-admiration society members, who have done what they could to bring the name of the G. A. R. into disrepute. But it is evident that these are mere sentimentalists, unworthy of serious consideration, and quite incapable of appreciating the lofty motives that animate the average pension-seeker.

THEY tell us now very confidently that Bryan is beaten. Bryan does not admit it yet, but the end is near, and in two weeks more even he will be convinced.



EVER THUS.

A pretty girl,
A crowded car,
"Please take my seat,"
And there you are.

A crowded car,
A woman plain,
She stands, and there
You are again.

—London Answers.

"A GOOD story is told on the late Senator Vance, who died two years ago," said Senator Jones of Arkansas. "As I remember it, Vance was traveling down in North Carolina, when he met an old darky one Sunday morning. He had known the old man for many years, so he took the liberty of inquiring where he was going.

"I am, sah, pedestrianin' my appointed way to de tabernacle of de Lord."

"Are you an Episcopalian?" inquired Vance.

"No, sah, I can't say dat I am an Epispokapilian."

"Maybe you are a Baptist?"

"No, sah, I can't say that I's ever been buried wid de Lawd in waters of baptism."

"Oh, I see; you're a Methodist."

"No, sah, I can't say dat I's one of dose who hold to de argyments of de faith of de Medodists."

"What are you, then, Uncle?"

"I's a Presbyterian, Marse Zeb, just de same as you is."

"Oh, nonsense, Uncle, you don't mean to say that you subscribe to all the articles of the Presbyterian faith?"

"Deed I do, sah."

"Do you believe in the doctrine of election to be saved, or of being saved to be elected?"

"Yes, sah, I b'lieve in the doctrine of 'lection most firmly and un'quivcatin'ly."

"Well, then, tell me, do you believe that I am elected to be saved?"

"The old darky hesitated. There was undoubtedly a terrific struggle going on in his mind between his veracity and his desire to be polite to the Senator. Finally he compromised by saying:

"Well, I'll tell you how it is, Marse Zeb. You see, I's never heard of anybody bein' 'lected to anything for what they wasn't a candidate. Has you, sah?"

—Chicago Times-Herald.

ON Sunday, as a certain Scottish minister was returning homeward, he was accosted by an old woman, who said: "Oh, sir, well do I like the day when you preach!" The minister was aware that he was not very popular, and answered: "My good woman, I am glad to hear it. There are too few like you. And why do you like it when I preach?" "Oh, sir," she replied, "when you preach I always get a good seat!"—Tit Bits.

PROFESSOR STOWE, the husband of Harriet Beecher Stowe, often said that he saw visions of people in whom he was interested. On one occasion Mrs. Stowe was in her room when it was supposed she was out of town. Professor Stowe came in, looked about him with a pre-occupied air, but did not speak to her. She thought his behavior strange, and amused herself watching him; at last the situation became so extraordinary that she began to laugh. "Why," he exclaimed, with a most astonished air, "is that you? I thought it was one of my visions."—Argonaut.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

HARPER AND BROTHERS, NEW YORK

IRAS: A MYSTERY. By Theo. Douglas.
The Gray Man. By S. R. Crockett.
Amyas Egerton, Cavalier. By Maurice H. Hervey.
A Primer of College Football. By W. H. Lewis.
Aspects of Fiction. By Brander Matthews.
Reminiscences of an Octogenarian of the City of New York. By Charles H. Haswell.

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Modern Political Orations. Edited by Leopold von Ranke.
The Island of Cuba. By Andrew Somers Rowe.
Marathon Montrose Ramsey, B.S., A.M.

THE CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Break o' Day, and other stories. By George W. Edwards.
Gobolinks. By Ruth McEnery Stuart and Bigelow Paine.

The Story of Aaron. By Joel Chandler Harris. Illustrated by Oliver Herford. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

Little Journeys to the Homes of American Authors. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Charades. By Norman D. Gray. Boston and New York: Lamson, Wolfe and Company.

APPROPOS of "Othello," it is related that the Col. Jack Gambill of San Francisco went to see Forrest in that character along in 1866. Coming to the theatre somebody asked Col. Jack, who was a secession sympathizer, what he thought of the "What do I think of it?" roared old Jack. "I think it is one of the legitimate consequences of Lincoln's emancipation proclamation."

—Los Angeles Times.

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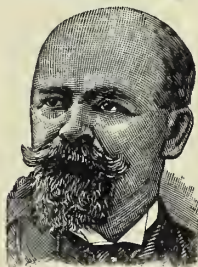
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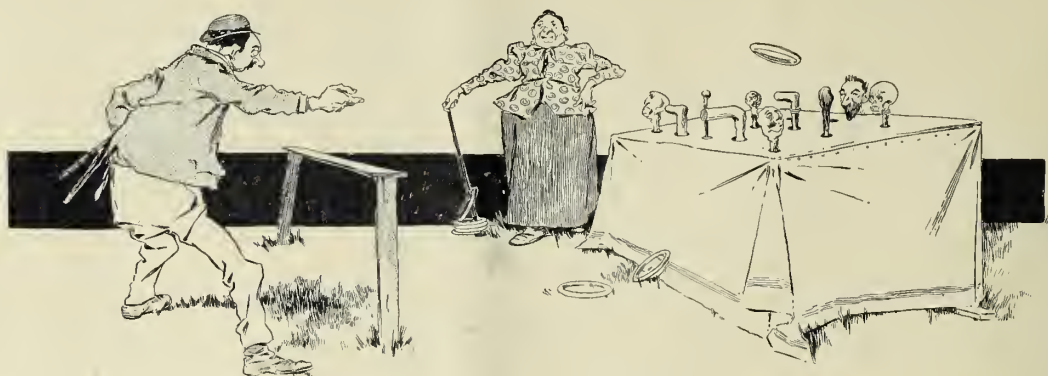


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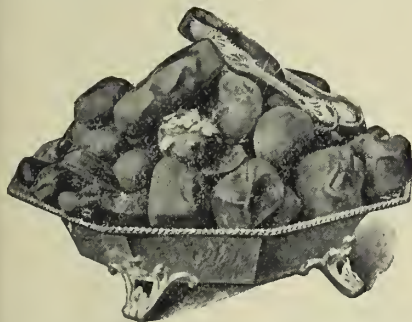
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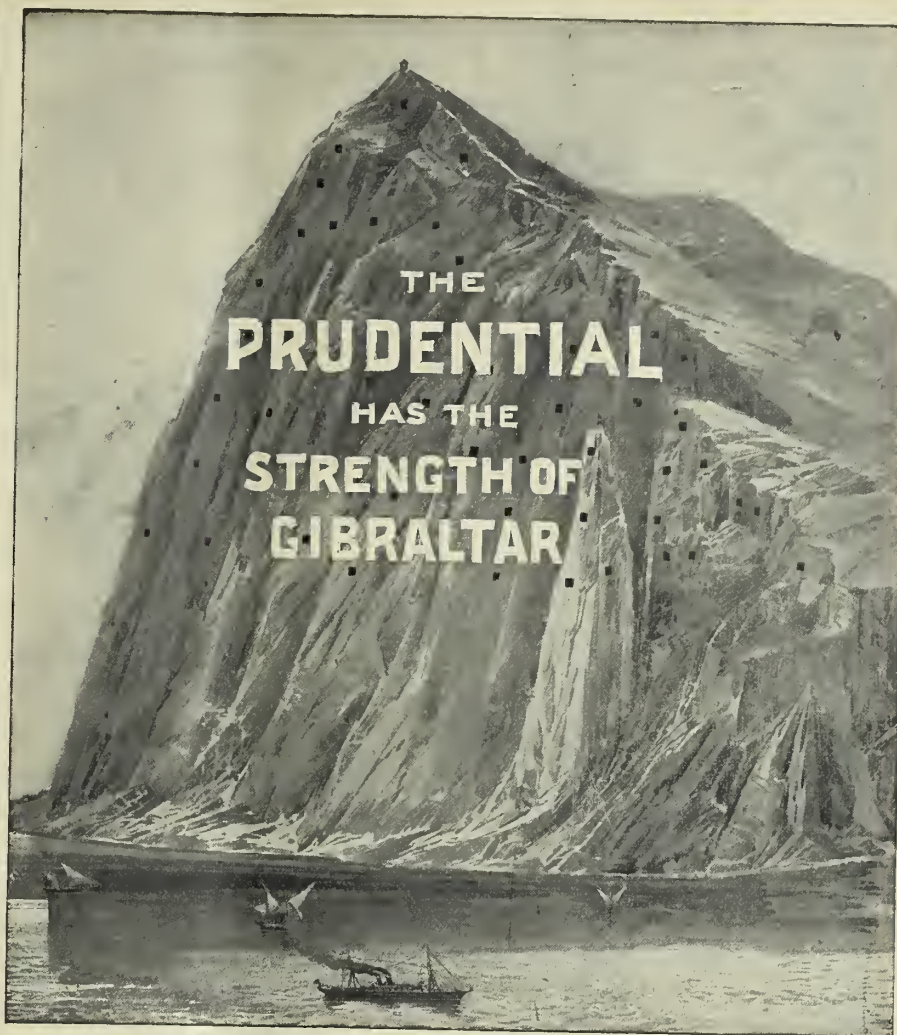
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A LIMIT.

The W. C. T. U. has declared against root-beer.—*Daily Paper.*

O LADIES fair, desist, I pray!
You know not what you do.
You must have viewed a mouse the day
Root-beer you did taboo.

Of rum I could not touch a drop,
And champagne was as bad.
To gin I had to put a stop—
Root-beer was all I had.

I've felt its subtle poison steal
Up to my eager brain;
And now to know I cannot feel
Its deadly power again!

To know each morn as I awake
With system out of gear,
That I no more may hope to take
My cocktail of root-beer!

This is too much! If I must drag
Myself intemperate down,
O, ladies, on a root-beer jag
Pray let me paint the town.

Tom Masson.



VAGUE.

MACK: What do you think of
Scribbler's new book?

ROBBINS: I haven't formed an
opinion.

"You must have been reading
the criticisms."

THE poor man buys his books
to read; the rich man is a
book collector.



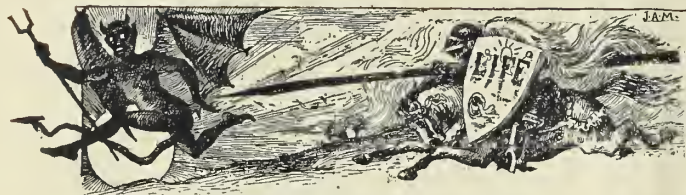
A MARTYR TO THE CAUSE.

"YOUR TEACHER TELLS ME YOU WERE NOT AT SCHOOL YESTERDAY. NOW, YOUNG MAN,
YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE GOING TO GET."

Bob (firmly): I DO, POP; AND I AM WILLING TO BE LICKED ANY DAY FOR A CIRCUS
PARADE LIKE THAT.

A CHRISTIAN should not only forgive his enemies, but, when the occa-
sion arises, he should forgive his friends.

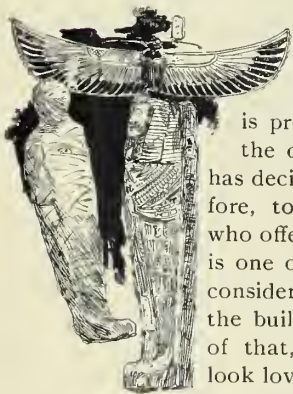
THE prospects that prosperity will be restored in this country by the
payment of bets won on McKinley is clouded by the reluctance of the
Bryan hosts to give their hopes a financial backing. Money promises to be
easier after election, but the relief will be due to the restoration of confidence,
and not to the fact that large amounts of capital have changed hands.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVIII. OCTOBER 29, 1896. No. 722.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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THE Boston Art Commission, which has decided that Mr. Macmonnies's dancing Bacchante is unsuited to adorn the Public Library, is presumably a body competent to decide the question referred to it, and no doubt has decided it wisely. We ought not, therefore, to carp at its opinion. Mr. McKim, who offered the statue to the Library trustees, is one of the architects of the Library, and considered the statue especially fit to be in the building. He ought to be a good judge of that, and doubtless the Bacchante does look lovely in the Library's court, and doubtless the building is the more charming for her presence. The Art Commission would probably agree to that, for it does not disparage the dancing damsel's looks. What it really has decided, therefore, is that the statue is not harmonious with the purposes for which the Library building is used, and with the mental attitude of the people who use it.

BOSTON unquestionably takes pleasure in its Library, but the inference from the Art Commission's decision is that it is a pleasure that it prefers to take somewhat sadly, and with full appreciation of the solemnities of existence and of the expediency of going duly clad in cold climates.

LIFE begs to offer its sympathy to the descendants of the Puritans for having inherited an attitude towards mundane existence which interferes now and then with lawful pleasures, and compels them occasionally to shake out of their aprons a treasure which a beneficent Fortune has dropped into their laps. It's an ill wind that is not fair for some one. Perhaps Boston's self-denial may result in the domestication of Mr. Macmonnies's cheerful masterpiece in New York.

MR. STEPHEN CRANE is learning a good deal about New York, and *vice-versa*. Mr. Crane is an interesting gentleman, who has the courage of his age, and has given no hostages to fortune. It has not at this writing appeared whether or not he has been able to convince the police commissioners of the injustice of

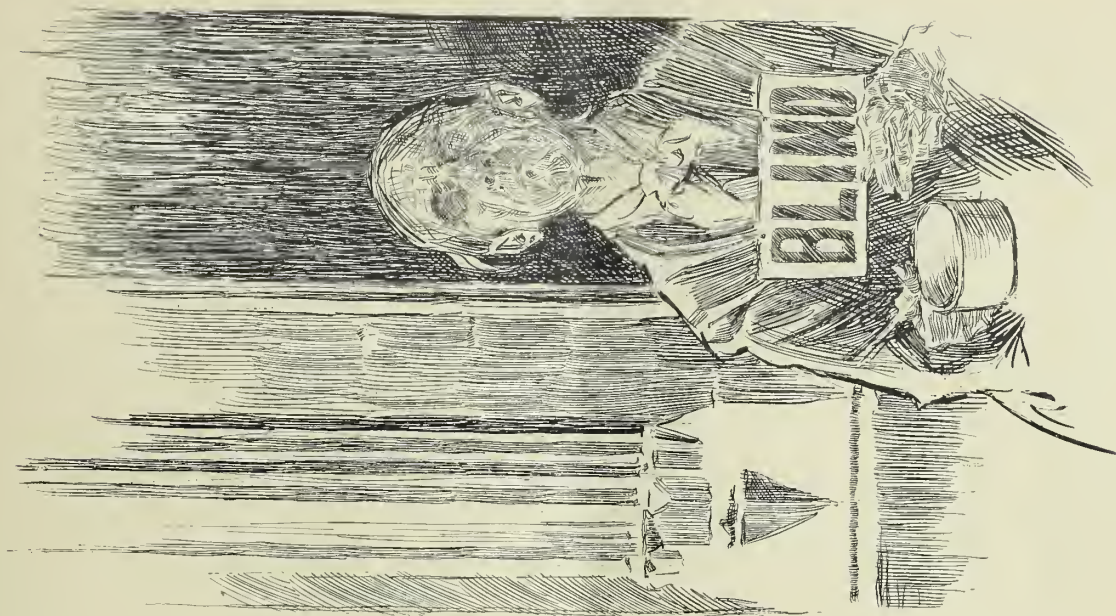
one of their myrmidons, but he has shown zeal enough to make up for some lack of discretion.



NOT the least instructive of the many instructive incidents of the remarkable political campaign which is nearing its close was the appearance of Governor Altgeld in New York. He has been reckoned to represent, much more than any other single person, the brains of the conspiracy that culminated in July at Chicago. The vindictive Tillman, the ludicrous Sheehan, the misguided St. John, the vivacious Mrs. Lease, and a great many others, would doubtless show energy and efficiency in wrecking the ship of State if they could get her navigation into their itching hands; but of the whole crew, the one who could best be trusted to get ashore with his share of the wreckage is the anarchistic governor of Illinois. It is well that New York should know him and appreciate his quality. Not very many reflecting persons heard him speak in Cooper Union, but his talk was reported and widely read, and will not be without its effect at the polls.



A CORRESPONDENT of the *Evening Post*, who believes that the *New York World* "is beyond question one of the most degrading influences of the time," expresses his wonder that so decent and distinguished a gentleman as Mr. Howells should reconcile it to his conscience and his sense of propriety to contribute occasional articles to that paper. There is a basis for the *Post's* correspondent's surprise, yet it is a fact that there are respectable men in the employ of the *World*, and have been ever since Mr. Pulitzer owned that paper. Their theory is, no doubt, that the responsibility of a newspaper writer is limited to his own work, and if that is honest it will do good rather than evil in whatever sort of vehicle it is carried to the public. A man may be known by the company he keeps, but the writings of an author are not in all cases to be estimated by an analogous comparison. To be employed to impart a gleam of distinction to a medley of rubbish is one of the perquisites of success in letters, and the perquisites of literary success are not so abundant that any that are fairly lawful may be spared. LIFE sincerely wishes that Mr. Pulitzer's blandishments might avail to induce Mr. Howells to write the whole of the *World*, especially on Sundays.



TWO BLIND WOMEN.

BOOKISHNESS

CAN A CLEVER WIFE LIVE HAPPILY IN THE SUBURBS?

AMONG the younger English writers who have recently come into prominence, W. Pett Ridge has the somewhat unusual distinction of being both bright and decent. He has not shown, as yet, any of the earmarks of genius, but he has written a novel or two that is entertaining, cheerful, and touched with sincerity of feeling. "A Clever Wife" (Harper's) deals with the old problem of a man who draws marrying a woman who writes. In romance and in real life the combination is believed to spell Unhappiness. The reasoning which leads up to that conclusion is logical. The pursuit of Art is a selfish business; you can't have two selfish people in the same family; therefore two people engaged in the pursuit of Art should not marry.

Of course many writers have taken the other side of the question, and have advocated the "sympathy of souls" that follows from the marriage of two people with artistic temperaments.

There is probably no word so misused as sympathy. What the people who demand it usually want is a kind of sauce to their vanity—a consolation for disappointment in the shape of exaggerated expressions of personal appreciation and affection. Now the artist or writer who really succeeds is a per-

son of self-centred enthusiasm and capacity for concentrated effort. He gets his "sympathy" from the work itself. The joy of achieving something better than he ever accomplished before warms his heart; and if he does not do it, no amount of coddling can deceive the man of real talent into believing that he deserves success. The real artist has insight, and he can see what he is after better than any outside soul, even if she has also the artistic temperament. Suppose she has? Then she also has insight, and sees some other phase of art clearer than he does. The very acuteness of her insight stands in the way of her "putting herself in his place."

No. What the artistic temperament demands for itself, in fiction and real life, is a buffer from the world, a reservoir of good spirits and good sense, and a houseful of practicability. Mr. Pett Ridge takes 298 pages to prove this, but breaks down on the last two pages and advances the agreeable doctrine that Love is all-powerful and paves the way for living in domestic happiness, even in the suburbs, with a clever wife. The unrepentant realist will, however, still insist that it is going to be pretty stupid for both of them bye-and-bye, and that they will probably quarrel and make up a score of times before old age has taught them the advisability of making the best of a blunder. There are few fates reserved for men in fiction worse than banishment to the suburbs with a woman who writes!

* * *

THE fate allotted to "Artie" (Stone & Co.) by his clever creator, George Ade,

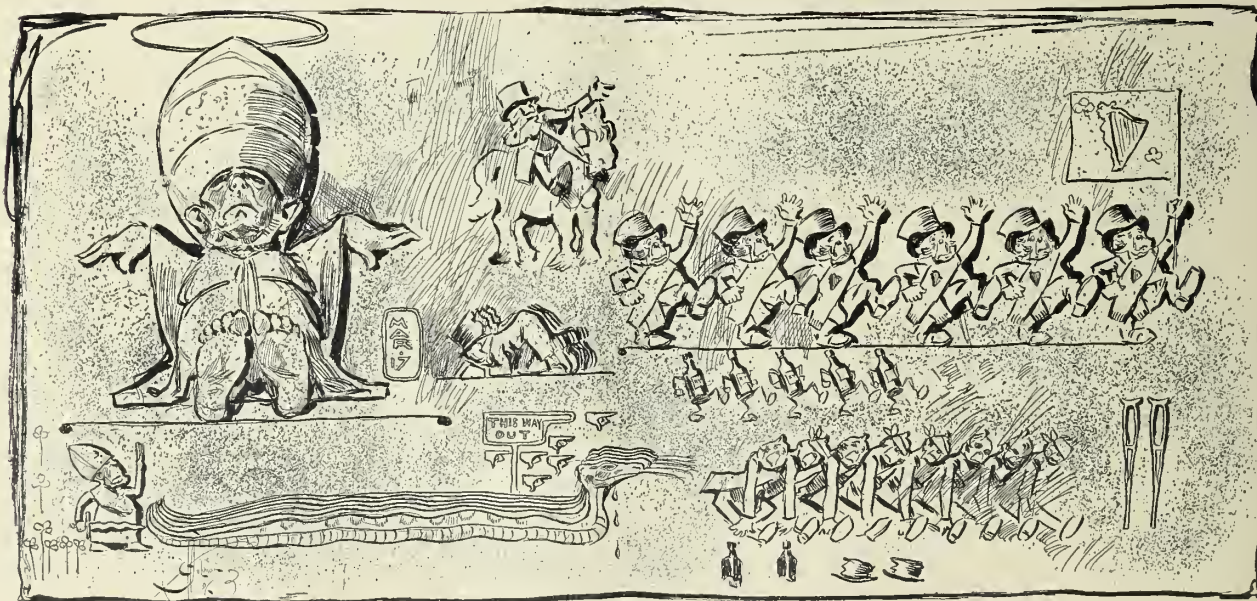


A GREEK FRET.

is a much kinder one. The marriage of *Artie*, a Chicago clerk, to *Mamie*, who works in a printing-house, has all the elements of success back of it. They are both simple, direct, crude creatures, who take their pleasure from day to day energetically, and ask no odds of fate.

Artie is the *Chimmie Fadden* of Chicago, but—as he would say—"several cuts" higher in society. His slang is said to be a "careful transcript from real life," which probably means that it was picked up in music halls and bar-rooms. There is really nothing more artificial than this sort of "tough" dialect, which, though spoken by real people, is for the most part acquired by them at cheap shows and out of flash novels, or papers with a half-million circulation.

Artie is, however, a well-elaborated character, and most amusing for book or stage purposes. *Droch.*

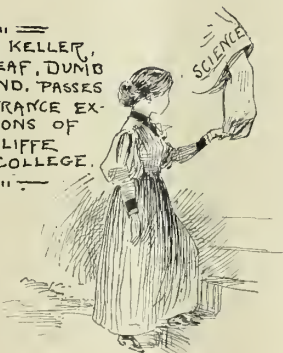


ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

FROM LIFE'S RECENT DISCOVERIES OF EARLY EGYPTIAN JOKES.



HELEN KELLER,
BORN DEAF, DUMB
AND BLIND, PASSES
THE ENTRANCE EX-
AMINATIONS OF
RADCLIFFE
COLLEGE.







C. G. Brown



"IN MEXICO—1848,"

THE gradual narrowing down of "The Bostonians" from the practically "all star" organization which they and the "Ideals" used to be, is strongly to be deplored. Each recurring season shows a defection from their ranks, without the substitution of material up to the old standard. To-day they have only three voices worth considering, where formerly there were six, seven, or eight. It is to be hoped that this increasing weakness does not mean final decay, for the organization has a high place in the public regard, not only for the pleasure it has given, but as well for what it has done in the way of popularizing good music.

The latest venture of "The Bostonians" is a strange mixture of good and bad. Its libretto is principally the latter, consisting of a commonplace story poorly told. The entire production is a serious one, and the misguided librettist fortunately attempts to be funny in only one or two spots, and then fails so utterly that we congratulate ourselves that he didn't try oftener. Weak gags on that target of destiny, Mr. W. J. Bryan, do not conduce to entertainment anywhere, and least of all in a composition which musically, is very serious indeed.

In the score, by Mr. Oscar Weil, there is much that is really excellent. Some of the themes strike one as more than usually familiar, but the concerted numbers are of a high order of merit. The music is too ambitious and too good to be tied to its wretched book. The combination forms an unholy union, which is bound to be repugnant to the clientèle of "The Bostonians."

Mr. Cowles's voice is the conspicuously good one of the organization. It has evidently had a rest, and is true and strong and wonderfully sweet for its register. To him and Mrs. Jessie Bartlett Davis are assigned the parts of Mexican peons, and they present an artistic and truly pathetic picture of the lot of the peasant class arising from a long period of Spanish rule and from a debased silver currency. To Mr. Macdonald is assigned the part of a Mexican guerilla, so conventional that from it he seems to get no inspiration, dramatically or vocally. Mr. Barnabee, who is nothing if not humorous, struggles with a rôle which no one could save from dolefulness.

During some performances the public has a perfect right to be interested in the back of an orchestral conductor's head. It is about the only part of him one ever sees. Mr. S. L. Studley, the conductor of "The Bostonians," whose denuded pate has been a familiar sight for years, seems to have reversed the usual

process of nature. The back of his head has developed a new growth, which would make an excellent advertisement for the Steven Slutherland Slisters.

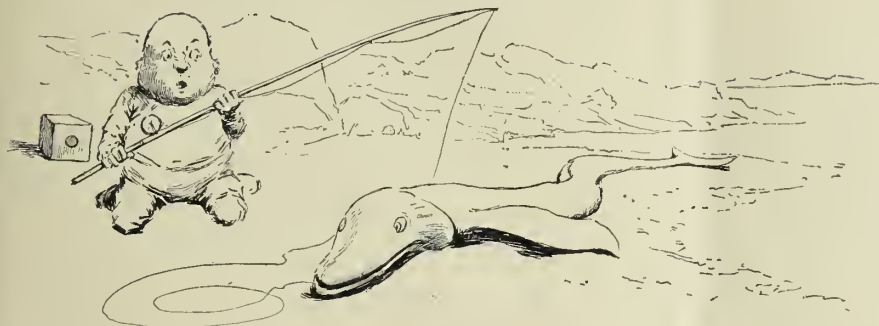
"In Mexico—1848" is—there is no use denying it—tiresome, and it is a pity "The Bostonians" wasted their time on it.

THE piece was produced over on the east side, in a very pretty little new theatre called "The Murray Hill." Just why so dainty a playhouse should have been put in so out-of-the-way a locality is hard to imagine, unless it was to encourage traffic on the Lexington Avenue branch of that philanthropic concern, the Metropolitan Traction Company. Architecturally and decoratively, the new house is most commendable, but it does not deserve well of the public, because its rows of seats are so close together that to sit in them is torture for the person of average length of limb, its management permits flowers to be passed over the footlights, and allows (if not encourages) speculators to do business at its doors.

THE only partially successful movement on the part of some managers to raise the price of seats to two dollars—two dollars and a half for the good ones, which



THE ONLY WAY, IN THESE SKEPTICAL TIMES.



can only be secured through speculators—might be made the basis of a compromise which would also kill two birds with one stone. The good seats might readily be sold at the box-office for the speculators' price if with each seat so sold there were given a positive guarantee that no loidy (with the size of her head-gear in inverse proportion to her breeding) should be permitted to obstruct the view of the purchaser.

* * *

IT is rumored that in case of his non-election in November, Mr. Bryan, the Popocratic nominee for the presidency, is going on the stage. "The Fool's Revenge" would doubtless be his selection for a play, and, in the interests of the theatre-going public, just recovering from its attack of prize-fighters and divorcées, it might really be wiser to elect him and confine his appearance to the White House.

Metcalf.

PROGRESS IN ENGLAND.

PROFESSOR LAWSON TAIT, the foremost abdominal surgeon of England, received two hundred letters from his professional brethren, commending his action in showing the uselessness of vivisection as a method of scientific research.



A HEBREW CHERUB.

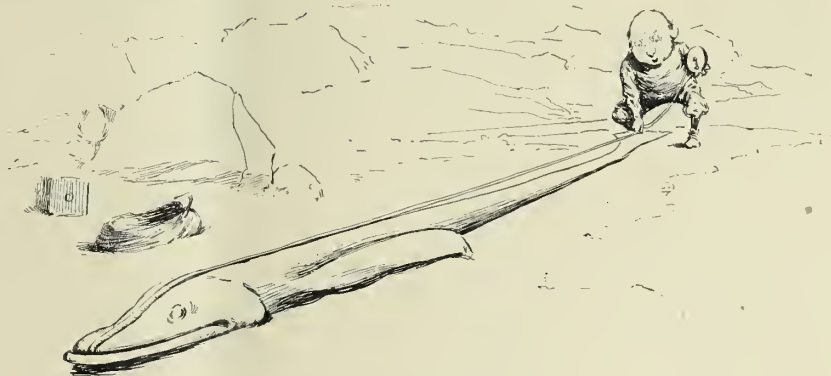
THE HARD PART.

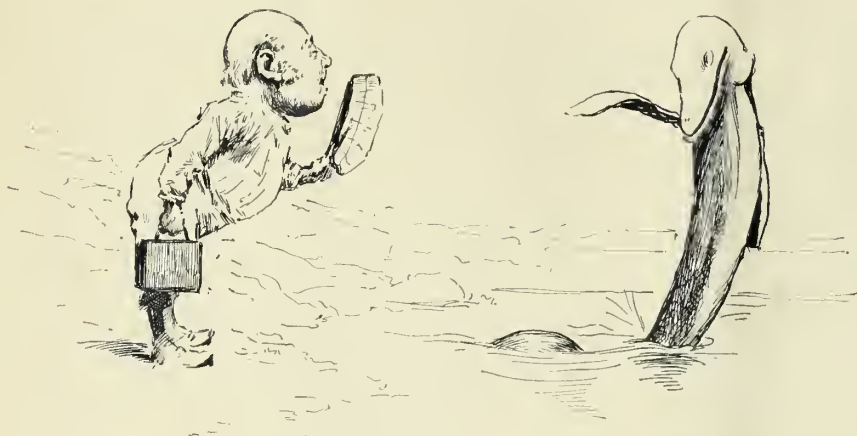
ALL summer long no chilling lack
Of raiment did I feel;
Now, when I want an overcoat,
I cannot sell my wheel.

IN the course of a recent political speech, a Quaker minister of Glens Falls made the following remark:

"My friends, however hard the times have been, whatever we have had to pass through, there has not been a day when every dollar in our land couldn't hold up its head and say: '*I know that my redeemer liveth!*'"

WE waste so much time thinking we are thinking that we really don't think what we think we think.





NOT HIS PREFERENCE.

"WELL, Mr. Benedict," said the physician, "you scarcely expected triplets to begin with."

"No, I didn't," replied the disconsolate man. "I prefer my family on the installment plan."

ADVICE.

I THE poet, mused my hair,
Then turned me to my muse in gingham
And said: "My love, prythee repair
And hunt my fillets up and bring 'em."

The dear girl thought, and thought, and thought;

And high and low she vainly sought 'em
Where they should be, where they should not;
Then thought at last: "The rag-man
bought 'em."

My tripod? Gone, too; for therein
The soup was cooking for our dinner.
Set-backs enough, I wot, to win
From rhyme the maddest rhyming sinner.

But not for me the chair of ease,
And not for me the lotus diet;
I took my rhymster on my knees
While Thalia kept the baby quiet.

* * *

The rhyme was finished, but, alack!
Less something—even I detected;
And, like the cat, it wandered back
From every editor, rejected.

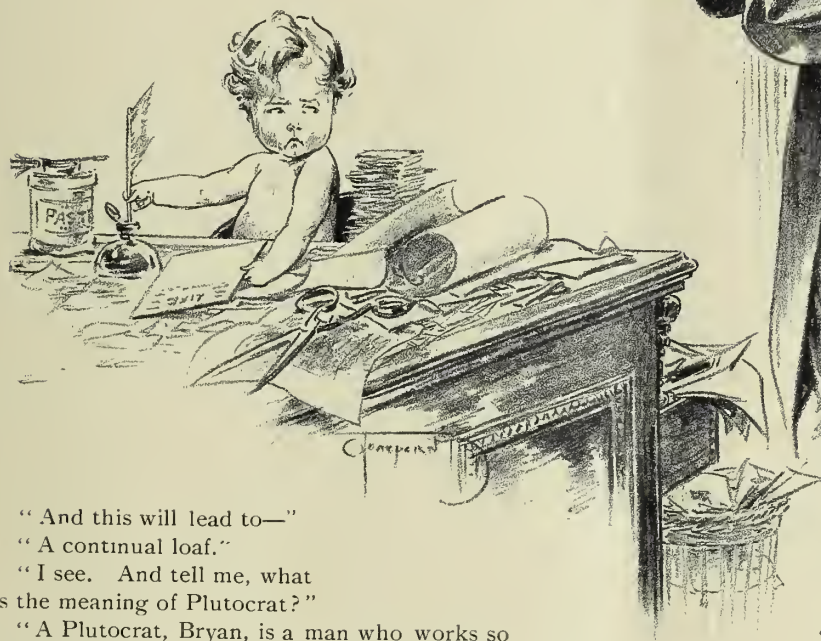
And so conviction comes to me,
And, if "available," I'll give it:—
The man who'd write his poetry
Would better not attempt to live it.

L. L. H.

ANY of us can think up almost unbearable personal troubles if we devote our attention to it.

IF the women who do not want to vote were to set about obtaining the ballot, there is little doubt as to the result. The women who now want the right of franchise are not of the sort who have much influence with men, and their open advocacy does not always add strength to the cause. The women for whom men fight and commit suicide, or embezzlement, are never stump speakers. They usually get what they want, however, which is more than can be said of Susan B. Anthony, Helen M. Gougar, and various other shining lights in the Equal Suffrage camp.

“GOOD morning, LIFE.”
 “Good morning, Mr.—er—”
 “Bryan. We are alone?”
 “Certainly. You came—”
 “To ask a few questions privately.”
 “To be sure. And they are?”
 “First, tell me the real meaning of Free Silver.”
 “Free Silver, Mr. Bryan, means half a loaf where formerly a whole loaf could be bought.”



"And this will lead to—"

"A continual loaf."

"I see. And tell me, what is the meaning of Plutocrat?"

"A Plutocrat, Bryan, is a man who works so hard when he is young, that when he is old he can employ others who haven't been so smart."

"How true. I never thought of that."

"There are many things, Bryan, that you haven't thought of. Anything else?"

"Yes. What is a syndicate?"

"A syndicate is a combination to reduce the price of a product for the sake of coining money. For instance, a combination of silver mine owners might properly be termed a syndicate."

"So they might. How you have helped me out. I seldom have time to read the papers, you know."

"But, W. J., you are not going to tell anyone that you saw me?"

"Oh, no. All this is merely for my private information. I wanted to know, you know. By the way, let me ask you why I am called the Boy Orator?"

"Merely to distinguish you from one who is grown up."

"Indeed! Well, I must be going. Oh, one thing more. They say—"



"What do they say, William?"
 "They say I am dangerous."
 "Don't believe them. You are, I assure you, entirely harmless."
 "Thanks, ever so much. I feel better now. Good morning, LIFE."
 "Good morning, Willie."

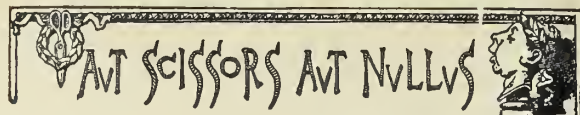
"WHY have you charged me twice as much for burying my second wife as you charged for my first?" asked the indignant widower.

"I regret to say, sir," said the undertaker, "that the death rate has decreased fifty per cent in the meantime."

SENTIMENT is a noble thing, but it must be kept on a paying basis to exist.

LITTLE KANSAS BOY: And is Heaven such a beautiful place, mamma?

"Yes, Willie. Why, in Heaven the streets are paved with silver."



WHERE ARE YOU AT.

R U 4 B. and silver?
R U 4 McK. and gold?
R U 4 A 2-foot yardstick?
R U 4 A robber bold?
R U 1 2 bolt without notice?
R U 1 4 business or for fun?
R U—say, now, frank and honest—
R U 4 16 2 1?—*New York Sun.*

"EX-GOV. WAITE of Colorado is an original character, and, while he has broad theories as to national finance, he has never been able to make a personal application of these theories to the extent of accumulating much filthy lucre," said Stanley Wood of Colorado. "The ex-Governor's son-in-law is a highly respected newspaper editor and proprietor, and has always been a staunch Republican in politics.

"When Waite became the candidate of the Populists for Governor his son-in-law had a hard proposition to solve. As a Republican he could not consistently vote for the Populist candidate, much less could he advocate his election editorially, but as a loyal and affectionate relative he was bound to give both his vote and his voice to his father-in-law. While the struggle was going on in his mind a friend approached him and said:

"Your father-in-law is a Populist, you are a Republican. Are you going to support your father-in-law during this campaign?"

"The editor pondered a moment and then replied: 'As I have supported him for the last five years I don't see any reason why I should change my course now.'"

—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

THERE is a story current in the London clubs that a relative of the late General Gordon, in order to keep

alive in the memory of Li Hung Chang the recollection of his former coadjutor, sent him as a gift an uncommonly fine bull pup. Li Hung Chang, it appears, has a keen sense of humor, for, in his acknowledgment of the gift, he stated that he was not in the habit of eating that variety of dog, but that his suite had it served for breakfast and accorded it unqualified praise.

—*Argonaut.*

Two amateur hunters in the northern woods, not long ago, saw a deer, and both fired at once.

"That is my deer," said A. "I shot it."

"No, you didn't," hotly replied B. "It is my deer, because I killed it."

A third party was approaching from the opposite direction, with fury in his eye and a club in his hand.

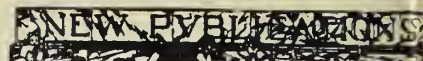
"Which of you two rascals shot my calf?" roared the farmer.

"That fellow just told me he did it," said A.

And B, now thoroughly alarmed for his personal safety, answered:

"He lies. He shot it himself. I saw him do it, and I'll swear to it."—*The Interior.*

NOT many years ago, according to the annals of the India Office, a queen's messenger, or some other inferior official, was robbed, though not injured in any way, on his road to Cabul, and the British Government, of course, wrote to complain of it. No reply was received for months; but at last the Emir wrote: "The matter you mention has been thoroughly investigated, and not only have the robbers of your messenger been put to death, but all their children, as well as their fathers and grandfathers. I hope this will give satisfaction to her majesty the queen."—*Argonaut.*



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BIKE, and the world bikes with you;
Walk, and you walk alone,
And you can't get into society
If you have no wheel of your own.

—*Cleveland Leader.*

CORONER—Is this man whom you found dead on the railroad track a total stranger?

WITNESS (who has been told by the company, careful in his statements)—No, sor. His leg was intoirly. He was a partial stranger, sor.

—*Texas Sift.*

"MAY I kiss you, Miss Jane?"

"I am sorry to see, Mr. Briggs, that you, too, affected by the prevailing cause of business depress

"And that is?"

"Lack of confidence."

Then he kissed her.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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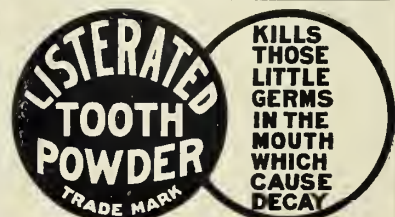


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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

A FULL DAY.

A DIPLOMAT stationed at Washington, who has spent the season at Bar Harbor, was asked by a correspondent what amusements they had up there and what they found to occupy their minds with.

"Well," he replied, with undiplomatic frankness, "we always had something to occupy our minds. We had to give considerable thought to the problem of what we should wear. Then every morning we had to decide whether we should go driving in the landau or the cart. In the afternoon we had to decide whether we should play tennis or golf." "But what did you do after dinner?" "Well, in the evening we generally discussed the question whether we should get full at home or at the Kebo Valley Club."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

"Well, sir?" said the great editor.

"I have called," began the visitor, who was visibly agitated, "on a rather painful errand."

"Hum," said the editor, guardedly, foreseeing a poet with a tale of woe and a manuscript.

"My name," continued the visitor, fingering a blotter, "is Gillespie—Henry W. Gillespie. I live in Waukegan—have lived there twenty years last March. I am a barber, and I have a son, Archibald."

"Yes," assented the editor, wondering what the deuce.

"My son Archibald," continued Mr. Gillespie, "is an idiot—that is to say, feeble-minded, although perfectly harmless—wouldn't hurt a child, you know."

"Aw, yes," said the visitor, vaguely.

"He has worried me a great deal lately by writing things, you know."

"Idiot always do," snorted the editor.

"Yes. Letters to the papers on politics and the tariff, poems and stories, you know. He gives them to me to post, and I burn them, you understand."

"Quite right."

"Yes. But last week he sent a story away himself, and I've just found it out, and that's why I came here."

"What do you—you mean that he sent it to this paper?"

"So I understand, sir. Of course I want it destroyed and anything else he sends."

"I'll make a note of it," said the editor, kindly. "You say his name is Archibald Gillespie?"

"Yes, sir. But he doesn't use that name when he writes. He calls himself—he's an idiot, you know—Arbald Glasp."

The editor caught his breath in a surprised sort of way and reached for a pigeonhole.

"And the story?"

"Just a lot of misspelled words jumbled together. He called it—poor fellow—let me see, 'Muss Angloss Jour,' I think it was."

The great editor spread a manuscript before him on the table.

"Great heavens!" he muttered. "I have just accepted it as a French-Canadian dialect story!"—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

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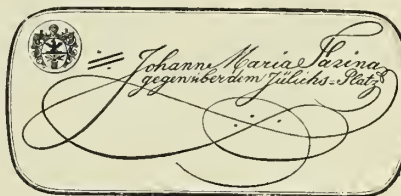
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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 5, 1896.

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VOLUME XXVIII.

LIFE

NUMBER 723.



IN CHICAGO.

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"WHAT IS IT, DEAR?"
"DO YOU BELIEVE IN LONG MARRIAGES?"

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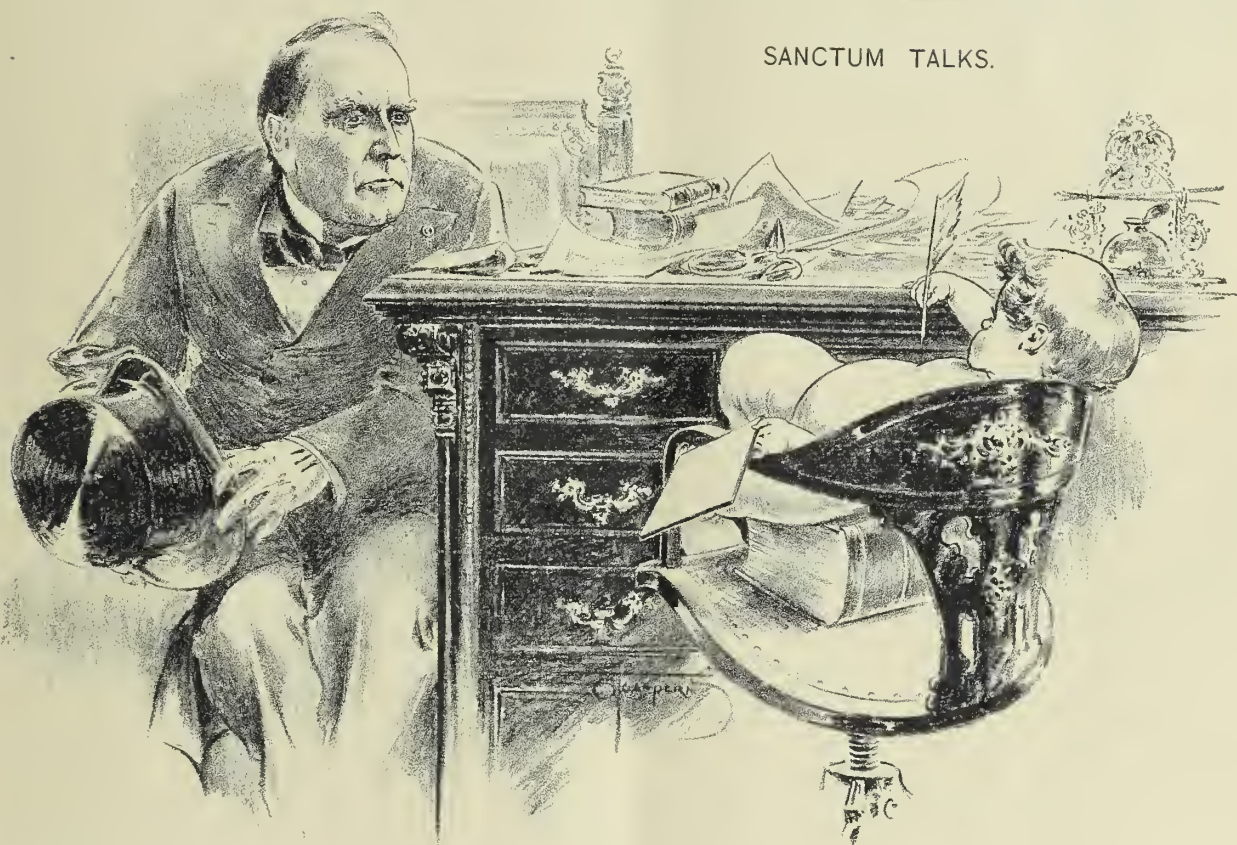
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SANCTUM TALKS.



"HELLO, LIFE."

"Why, how are you, Major? You look tired."

"Yes, these daily delegation talks, you know. But I'm more than that. I'm—"

"Not worried?"

"Yes, I am."

"Pooh, Major, what have you got to be worried about. Not Bryan?"

"Oh, no."

"Hanna is running things all right?"

"Oh, yes. Mark couldn't do any better."

"No trouble about money?"

"Mark says not. The boys have all chipped in. It's about—"

"Yourself?"

"Exactly. My record, you know—"

"Is against you. Too true."

"But that isn't all. They say I've talked too much about the tariff."

"You have, Major, you have."

"And it—"

"Counts against you."

"Yes."

"Major!"

"Yes, LIFE."

"Don't be cast down. Of course things could be better. It might have been—"

"Reed, perhaps."

"Yes, or any other G. O. P. pale-face-not-afraid-of-his-party. But, Major, you'll win."

"In spite of—"

"Yes, Major, in spite of yourself."

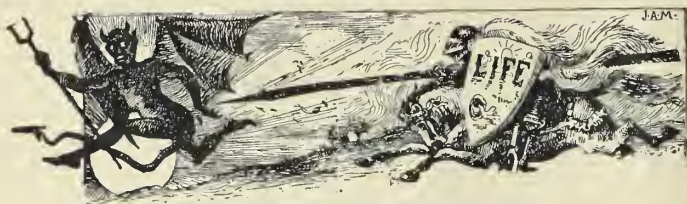
"Thanks. It's a great relief to hear you say so. Good morning, LIFE."

"Good morning, Major McKinley."

CONSIDERING HIS HEALTH.

CLEVERTON: You didn't take any vacation this year, did you?

DASHAWAY: No. I thought I needed the rest.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

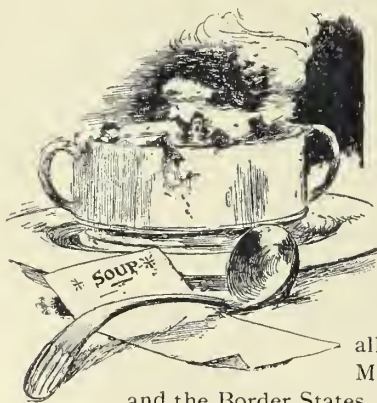
VOL. XXVIII. NOVEMBER 5, 1896. No. 723.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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LIFE finds most of its friends this week knee deep in newspapers, and with eyes and ears for nothing but election returns. Speaking with all the reserve which befits a commentator whose observations must be made before the event, it still finds ample grounds for venturing to wish

its readers joy in a great political victory. Assurances abound at this writing that Bryan is beaten, and that free silver coinage and the spectres of anarchy and populism are effectually banished. But it is one thing to hope, with even the best founded confidence, and it is another thing to read the actual returns. Only the older citizens of the Republic can remember an election that compared with this year's in importance or in interest. Gradually, during the four months of the campaign, apprehension had died away, but interest has known no abatement. As hope has risen, the desire for a conclusive and overwhelming sound money victory has increased.



and the Border States, and some from the South, will

LIFE trusts that its readers are happy in the realization of this honorable longing. It trusts New York has given to Order and the Gold Standard by far the greatest majority it ever gave. It trusts that Illinois has not only buried Bryan, but Altgeld, the arch-conspirator, too; and both deep. It trusts that all the Northwest, all the Middle West, all the old Middle States, the Pacific States

count their electoral votes in the same column. That is the sort of victory LIFE hopes for. Not an electoral vote will Bryan get that LIFE will not grudge him, but it is prepared to allow him one hundred and ten. Go look again at the returns, and see if he has so many; and if not, hang out another flag, and raise another cheer.

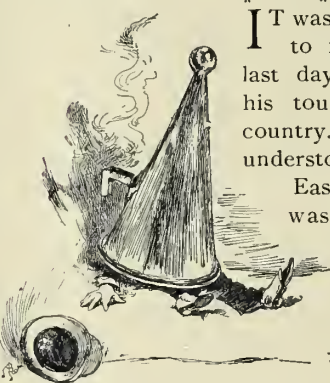


AND what now? Election being over, what next? Now, for one thing for a change of thought and some variety in matters under discussion.

Now, most of all for business.

Everything has waited until now. Now will everything please resume as promptly and as vigorously as possible, and let us see some results. Whoever has been hoarding gold, let him pay it out; whoever has been waiting to invest, let him invest before the best

chances are gobbled up; if any stocks have been waiting to rise, let them rise; all those orders for goods and work that we have been reading about that were conditioned on McKinley's election, will they please get themselves filled now as expeditiously as possible? We want to hear all the wheels go round again; to see the sellers sell and the buyers buy; the working people toil with new hope; the seekers after pleasure pursue their arduous chase with easier minds. Now, if there is a boom waiting anywhere for us, let it come, for we are ready for it.



IT was notable how Bryan seemed to fade out of sight in the last days of the campaign after his tour through the "enemy's country." He seemed to be perfectly understood and estimated in the

East, and not much thought was taken about him afterwards. The story about his having applied last January for a job as theatrical press agent was very widely credited at first, because it corre-

sponded with the idea that thousands of Eastern voters had of the bent of his mind. He seems versatile, fluent, and of a superlative assurance. It will be interesting to see whether he will be able to turn the advertising he has had to profitable account.

Altgeld gained attention while Bryan lost it. Altgeld, Debs, Tillman and Jones came at the last to be the foremost representatives of what the saner voters did not want. They will not be forgotten, but if they are beaten as thoroughly as LIFE trusts they are, it may not be necessary to keep them very prominently in mind.



"I WONDER IF HE REALLY WANTS TO MARRY ME FOR MY MONEY?"
"IT MUST BE THAT, DEAR."



SUGGESTION FOR A

"THIS 'free silver' craze seems to be a disease."
"Yes. Skin."

BOOKISHNESS

THE WHITE PIG GIVES UNCLE REMUS POINTS.

PEOPLE have become so used to good stories from Joel Chandler Harris that a new book by him is accepted as a matter of course. Instead of amazement and applause at a new achievement, readers are apt to say placidly, "What else did you expect?" A tale for children like "The Story of Aaron" (Houghton) from a new hand would be greeted with self-satisfied nods from the favored wise ones who would acclaim a new genius.

But as it is, you say it is only "another Uncle Remus story," and you let your children bury their curly heads in its pages with perfect complacency. You don't know what you are missing—for *Aaron* is as different from *Uncle Remus* as Brer Rabbit is from Brer Terrapin.

Aaron's story is told by a lot of domestic animals—but not in the language of *Uncle Remus*. The animals speak perfectly characteristic English, spelled in the proper way. The individual eccentricities of the Gray Pony,

and the White Pig, and the Black Stallion, appear in all that they say, but the individuality is not created by contortions of spelling—which is a relief to all children and a cause of satisfaction to grown people, who find straightaway spelling difficult enough at times.

The way in which the tale is pieced together by the animals (who let you view the stirring episodes in the life of a plantation family through their eyes) is a triumph of story-telling. It is one of the simplest, and, at the same time, most artistic tales for which Mr. Harris has put the public under obligations.

For those who find unfailing delight in Uncle Remus's own quaint language there has been reprinted, in convenient

form, "Daddy Jake, the Runaway, and Other Stories Told After Dark" (Century Co.), including that gem of Remus stories, "How the Terrapin Was Taught to Fly."

The beautiful talent that goes ahead producing these marvelous stories, year after year, without any attempt at the arts of contemporary seekers-after-applause, is a constant example to the younger generation of writers in that kind of literary sincerity and modesty that makes for permanent success.

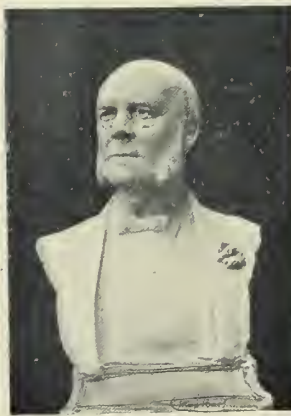
It may be said, by the way, that if *Sweetest Susan* and *Buster John* had been asked to choose the right artist for drawing the Gray Pony and the White Pig, they undoubtedly would

NASAL EXPERIMENTS

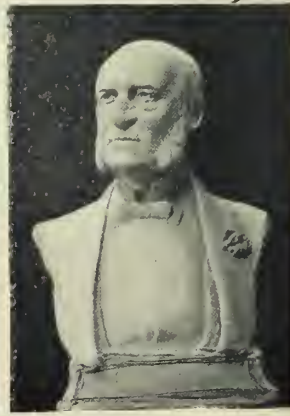
AND THEIR EFFECT UPON A WELL-KNOWN CITIZEN.



AS HE IS.



WITH A HIBERNIAN NOSE.



WITH A HEBREW NOSE.



HER THURSDAY EVENING "AT HOME"

KITCHEN FRIEZE.

have named Oliver Herford. The publishers have had the good fortune to be of the same opinion.

* * *

A NOVEL of adventure in a new field—Australia in the early days of convict life—is provided by E. W. Hornung in "The Rogue's March" (Scribner). The author has a surprising talent for realistic description. What he has to describe is often unpleasant, but it is never awkwardly pictured. All the wild hopelessness and degradation of the life is made so vivid that it seems the record of actual experiences.

When this is combined with ingenuity of plot and a continuous chain of exciting episodes, the result is a romance of the kind that Charles Reade taught a great public to devour with eagerness. It has the advantage of a fine discrimination in the use of effective words. A sensational novel that is well written is rare enough to demand admiration.

Droch.

THE campaign contortions of the *New York Tribune* during these trying times fill the mind of the average reflective citizen with wonder, and a steady perusal of its editorial page is calculated to make Reason totter on its throne. If this thing continues, all the idiot asylums within range will have to turn away applicants clamoring for rest and admission. According to the *Tribune*, there is a creature named Bryan, to whom the devil himself is a saint on earth, who is engaged in a base conspiracy to rob and murder all the innocents in the country, to sack and pillage and destroy, until one stone is not on top of another.

Of course, Bryan will not succeed. We learn from the *Tribune* that out of some 14,000,000 voting citizens of this Republic, he is not expected to receive one vote. Not only this, but all the women and little children are weeping night and day because they are not allowed to cast any ballots for that noble repository of all the virtues, the god-like McKinley.

This rather confirms us in the sneaking admiration for Bryan that we have had all along, and if election day were postponed and we could stand it to read the *Tribune* for two weeks longer, we should probably vote for him.



THE SUMMER GIRL'S DREAM OF AUTUMN.

DIAMONDS

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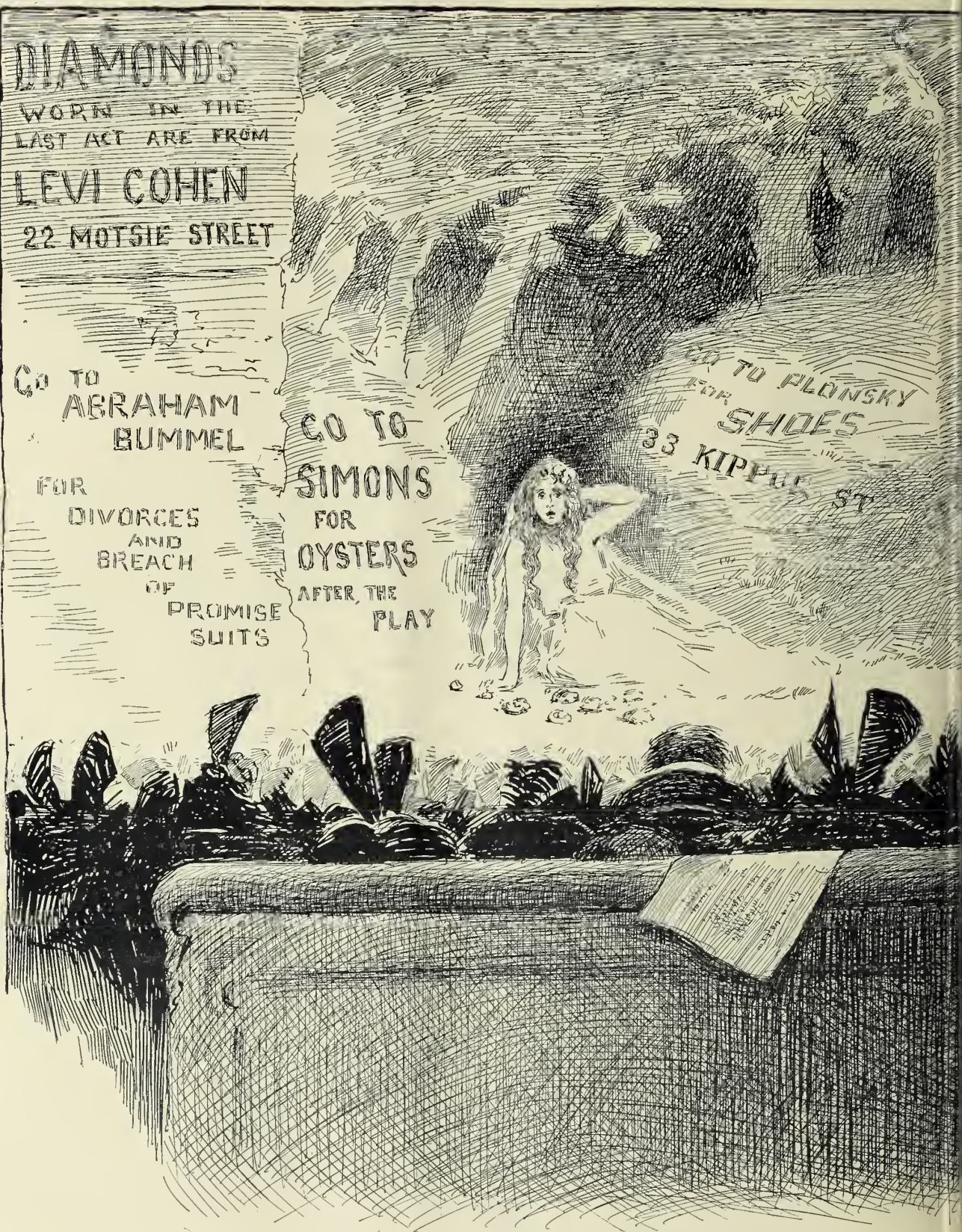
GO TO
ABRAHAM
BUMMEL

FOR
DIVORCES
AND
BREACH
OF
PROMISE
SUITS

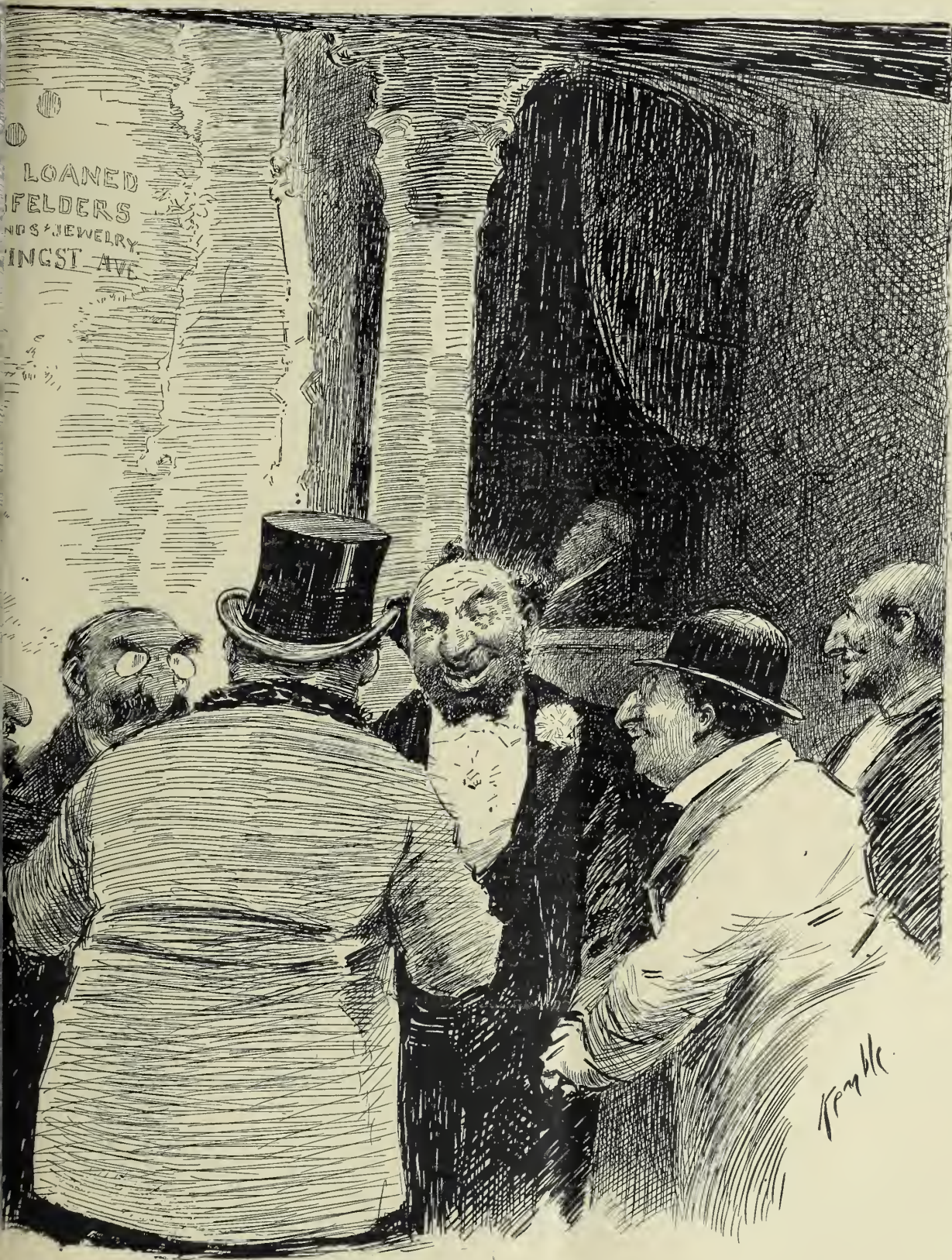
GO TO
SIMONS

FOR
OYSTERS
AFTER THE
PLAY

GO TO PLONSKY
FOR
SHOES
33 KIPPOUR ST



ON THE ADJACENT SCENERY MAY BE OBSERVED
AMERICAN (1)



F AN IDEA ALREADY ADOPTED BY CERTAIN
NAGERS.



THE RIVAL OPERA.

THE boxes are not an essential to the artistic success of grand opera in New York, no matter how necessary they may be to the financial and fashionable sides of the opera problem. There are boxes, to be sure, at the Academy of Music, but they are not in any sense as ostreperous as those at the Metropolitan Opera House. Their absence as an architectural feature of the Academy permits the real audience to be concentrated on the performance, and adds to the enthusiasm, although not to the extraneous chatter, which at the other house has so often awakened the hisses of disturbed multitudes.

The New Imperial Opera Company is simply another device of the plutocratic Briton to lure American gold into his own coffers. As a rule, grand opera has not been a great success as a gold lurer, no matter under what auspices it has been undertaken. As an aid to the attainment and maintenance of social position it may have paid dividends to its Metropolitan backers, but as a purely commercial enterprise it remains to be seen whether the generous Englishmen who have sent the new opera to this country, without asking the permission of New York's Four Hundred, will get any returns on their investment.

Judging the enterprise from its initial performance, and purely from an artistic point of view, there exists no reason why it should not be as successful as its competitor. "Aida" was given with a completeness of effect which left little to be desired. The orchestra was competent and well-conducted. The mounting was effective, and the costumes fresh and in character. The chorus was large and well-drilled. The terpsichorean requirements of "Aida" are not extensive, but the ballet was more than sufficient. With these things so good as they were—and except to the hypercritical they count for the larger percentage of an operatic production—

the battle between success and failure was practically won.

The principals, who have not been heard here before, and were not loudly heralded, were an agreeable surprise. This was particularly true of Mme. Parsi, who sang *Anneris*. She not only has an excellent voice for the part, but her dramatic work was most commendable. The *Aida* of Mme. Bonaplata-Bau was not great, but was thoroughly satisfactory. The same can be said of Signor Durot's *Rhadames*. Signor de Anna, the only exception to our statement that the singers were all new to America, has a pleasing voice and sufficient dramatic ability for the part of *Amonasro*.

The fact is that the opera-going public has been making idols of the Metropolitan high-priced artists, largely because they were high-priced, and because the daily newspapers have catered so extensively to what has been largely a fad. To the proper enjoyment of grand opera—not the hysterical frenzies which have taken the place of genuine appreciation—the new company seems almost as well adapted as its predecessors at the other house. At its performances the genuine lovers of operatic entertainment certainly have better opportunities for real satisfaction. The Academy of Music is a most comfortable theatre; its auditorium is not so large as to call for sustained tremendous effort on the part of the artists, and its acoustics are practically perfect for this class of performance. Better than all, the best parts of the house are open to the general public, instead of necessarily being reserved for the heavy financial supporters of the scheme.

The reception given to the new company was as enthusiastic and appreciative as the management could have desired. In addition to the slight feeling of sympathy for the under dog, there was the gratification arising from agreeably surprised curiosity. Much the larger part of the audience had gone with the expectation of perhaps finding a shabby performance. The completeness of the appointments and rendering put everyone in good humor, and, therefore, gave the new performers a most appreciative audience.

No matter whether the British capitalists who sent the enterprise here win or lose, they have provided excellent entertainment of its kind for those who really enjoy the kind. There being two operatic Richmonds in the field is bound to stimulate both, and no matter what the event, the music-loving public is the gainer.

Metcalfe.



OPENING OF THE HUNTING SEASON.



"HARK AWAY!"

EDITORIAL IDEALISM.

THERE is an impression abroad that editors are shrewd men of business who run their papers on money-making principles. On the contrary, a little reflection will show that the average editor is an idealist of the purest type, on whom the actual facts of life make little impression. His ideal is an imaginary public which never did and probably never will exist, but whose supposed taste governs the editor entirely. This ideal public does not object seriously

to the insertion of the news of the day, provided it is carefully tucked away in obscure corners of the inner sheets. It much prefers rumors and opinions to facts, however, and is especially fond of having full accounts given for a day or two of some interesting matter, which must then be suddenly dropped without a hint of its termination.

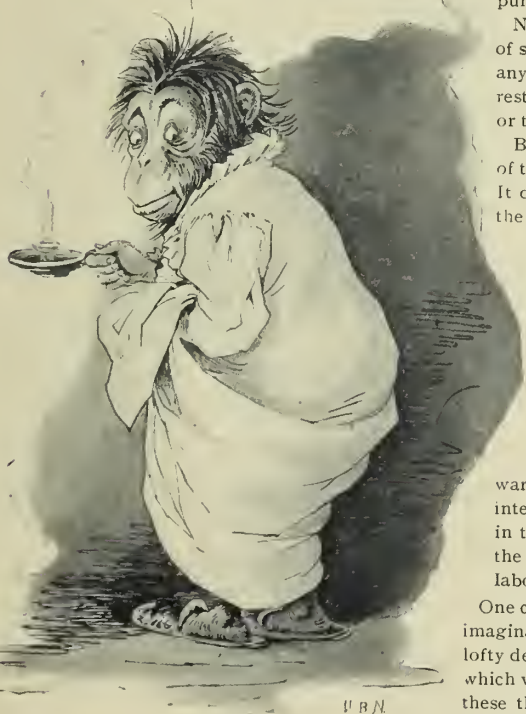
During a political campaign it does not care for any real discussion of the issue at stake, but revels in denunciations of the folly and rascality of the other party. Personal attacks on the character of the opposition candidate afford it pure delight.

Nothing else pleases it so much as a contest of some kind. It will cheerfully forego the news any day for a chance to vote for the prettiest restaurant girl, the most popular organ-grinder, or the best make of stove polish.

But it is in the Sunday edition that the taste of this imaginary public rules most tyrannously. It demands full details of scandals that even the police gazettes would touch lightly. It insists upon a full biography of the latest murderer, with pictures of himself and his victims, and diagrams of just how he committed his most famous crimes. It wishes to know the number of pieces, and the cost of each article in the last bride's trousseau, and it likes illustrated articles on "How Actresses Eat Their Suppers."

It revels in descriptions—with pictures, of course—of the accident and incurable wards of the city hospitals, and it is especially interested in photographs of the toughest girl in the 'steenth ward, or of the baby burglar of the South End. And all these tastes the editor labors assiduously to gratify.

One cannot but admire the strength of the editor's imagination and his fidelity to his ideal, but this lofty devotion is rather hard upon the actual public, which wants the news and distinctly does not want these things. There is a fortune waiting for the editor who, abjuring idealism, caters to the taste of the real instead of an imaginary public.



A NIGHT ALARM.



A CONJUGAL LAMENT.



UPON the stairs his loud tip-toes
Arouse me from a troubled doze,
As staggering bed-ward late at night,
He thrusts himself upon my sight,
With eyes a-squint and ruddy nose.

Would'st thou not feel impelled to blows,
When, breaking on thy night's repose,
His maudlin gaze, in full gas-light,
Upon thee stares?

Quite long enough I've borne these woes,
The doors and windows I will close,
And bolt them hard and fast and tight,
And leave him there in sorry plight

To sober up, next time he goes
Upon these tears!

Samuel N. Pond.

AN URGENT CASE.

PATIENT. If you don't get me well, doctor, you are likely to be stuck.

DOCTOR: How's that?

"I haven't enough money to pay both you and the undertaker."

SUCCESS always travels in the direction you are going; it cannot be met, but must always be overtaken.

UNSELFISH.

SHE: Why is it, dear, that when you get seats at the theatre you always get them so far back?

"On account of your hat. I like other people to see the play."



"HELLO, THERE! DID YOU HAVE A SILVER SPOON IN YOUR MOUTH?"

"NAW. I'M A GOLD MAN!"

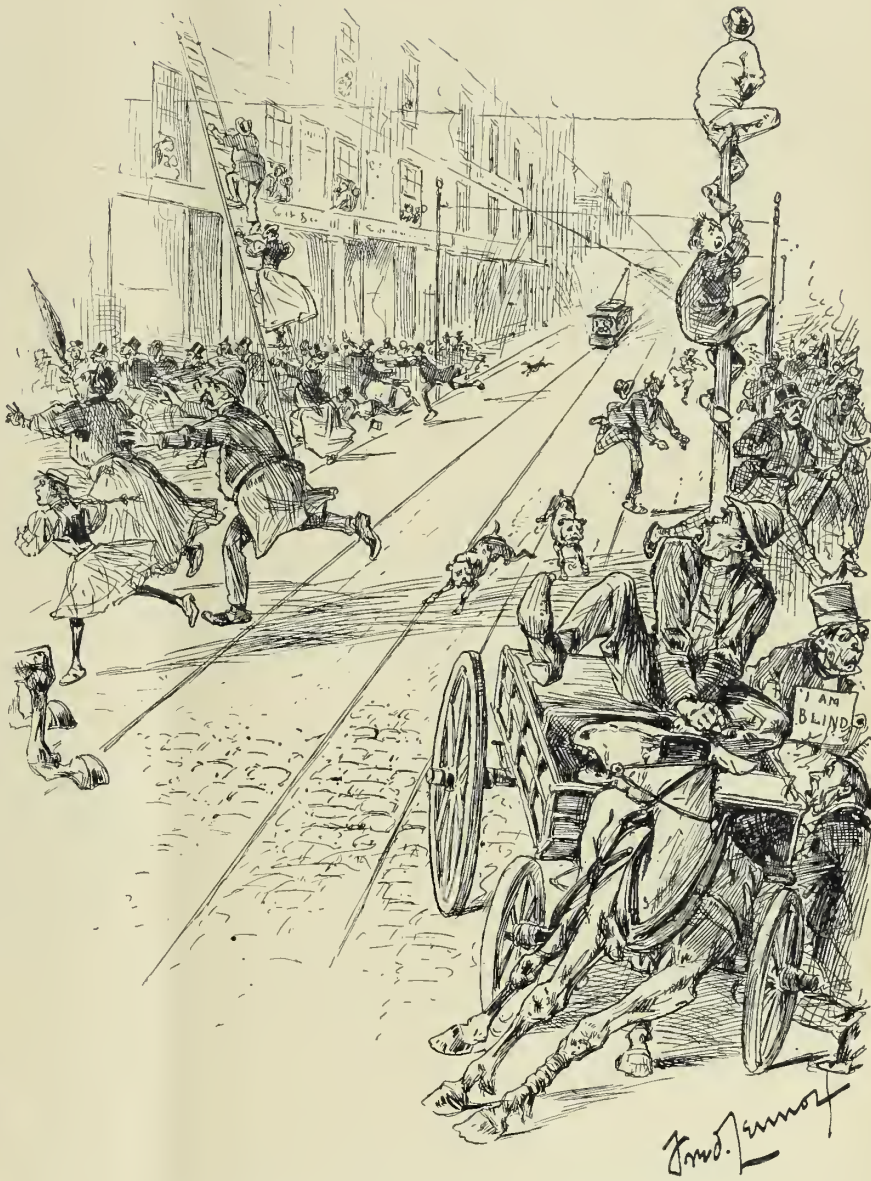


WHEN SHE GETS TO JAPAN.

A MYSTERY.

WHY do women wear dead birds as ornaments? There is a general impression that the custom is due to ignorance, thoughtlessness or vanity, but a moment's reflection will show that this is a very superficial explanation. Ignorance cannot be the cause, for the subject has been so fully exploited that it is an insult to the intelligence of any woman who knows how to read to suppose that she is not fully aware of the cost in suffering and bird life of her so-called ornaments. Nor can it be due to vanity or deliberate cruelty, since many of the offenders stand high in their local humane societies.

Evidently there must be some deeper reason which causes tender-hearted women to encourage cruelty, and makes women of taste and refinement willing to deck themselves like savages with the trophies of their unoffending victims. Perhaps the women of our country cherish a profound belief that life is not worth living, and so, as an act of friendship, wish to help out of it whatever they particularly like and admire; though why, in that case, they should have fixed on birds, rather than on such generally liked and easily attainable pets as kittens and puppies, is not apparent. Possibly, however, these will have their turn later. Or perhaps the theosophic theory of reincarnation is more widely diffused than has been supposed, and women, being especially fond of birds, wish to



SUDDEN ACTIVITY IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE APPEARANCE OF A MOTORMAN FROM BROOKLYN.



"GIF ME TWO WHOLE TIGGETS UND VON HELLUF VON."

"YOU'LL NEED THREE—CHILDREN ONLY ARE HALF PRICE."

"DOT'S ALL RIGHD, YOUNG FELLER; DER OLD LATY IS IN HER SECOND CHILTHOOT."

secure for them a favorable Karma in their next life. It is, in this case, a question of much interest whether the involuntary altruism of, for instance, a brood of young herons starved to death that some fair lady's hat may be trussed with aigrets will really secure them a fortunate reincarnation. It would be a thousand pities if our matrons and maids are sacrificing their taste and feelings, to say nothing of the birds, to no purpose. Or, again, it may be that such adornments are worn on the principle that led the monks of old to wear haircloth and put peas in their shoes. Possibly their wearers feel that these ornaments are so tasteless, and so suggestive of pain and suffering, that to wear them is at once a penance atoning for many sins, and a means of moral elevation of such value that it is worth the cost of silent groves and slaughtered birds and desolate nests.

These are only suggestions, of course, but LIFE commends to the Audubon Society the solution of this mystery. Some weighty reason must lie behind it, and when that is found it may be possible to combat it to the saving of much bird life and the rehabilitation of what were once our bird haunts.



BILL OF PARTICULARS.



GOOD MINISTER (*to a man wishing to be married*)—Do you wish to marry this woman?

MAN—I do.

MINISTER—Do you wish to marry this man?

WOMAN—I do.

MINISTER—Do you like the city as a place of residence?

MAN—No; I prefer the suburbs.

MINISTER—Do you like the suburbs?

WOMAN—No, indeed; I prefer the city.

MINISTER—Are you a vegetarian in diet?

MAN—No; I hate vegetables. I live on beef.

WOMAN—I can't bear meat.

I am a vegetarian.

MINISTER—Do you like a sleeping-room well ventilated?

MAN—Yes; I want the window away down, summer and winter.

MINISTER—Do you like so much fresh air?

WOMAN—No; it would kill me. I want all windows closed.

MINISTER—Do you like a light in the room?

MAN—No; can't sleep with a light; want the room dark.

MINISTER—Are you afraid in the dark?

WOMAN—Indeed I am. I always have a bright light in the room.

MINISTER—Do you like many bed-clothes?

MAN—All I can pile on.

MINISTER—Do you?

WOMAN—No; they suffocate me.

MINISTER—I hereby pronounce you man and wife, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls.

—New York Weekly.

AN Englishman at a dinner once told a tale of a tiger he had shot which measured twenty-four feet from snout to tail-tip. Every one was astonished, but no one ventured to insinuate a doubt of the truth of the story. Presently a Scotchman told his tale. He had once caught a fish which he said he was unable to pull in alone, managing only to land it at last with the aid of six friends. "It was a skate, and it covered two acres." Silence followed this recital, during which the offended Englishman left the table. The host followed. After returning, he said to the Scotchman; "Sir, you have insulted my friend. You must apologize." "I dinna insoolt him," said the Scot. "Yes, you did, with your two-acre fish story. You must apologize." "Well,"

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NEW PUBLICATIONS

HARPER AND BROTHERS, NEW YORK.
IMPRESSIONS AND EXPERIENCES. By W. Howells.

Green Fire. By Fiona Macleod.

Limitations. By E. F. Benson.

A Rebellious Heroine. By John Kendrick Bangs.

DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Kate Carnegie. By Ian Maclaren.

Captain Shannon. By Coulson Kernahan.

A Book of Scoundrels. By Charles Whibley. York: The Macmillan Company.

Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Not Without Honor. By William D. Moffat. Philadelphia: Arnold and Company.

The Epistolary Flirt. By Esmerie Amory. Chicago: Way and Williams.

Letters of Victor Hugo. Edited by Paul Meier. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

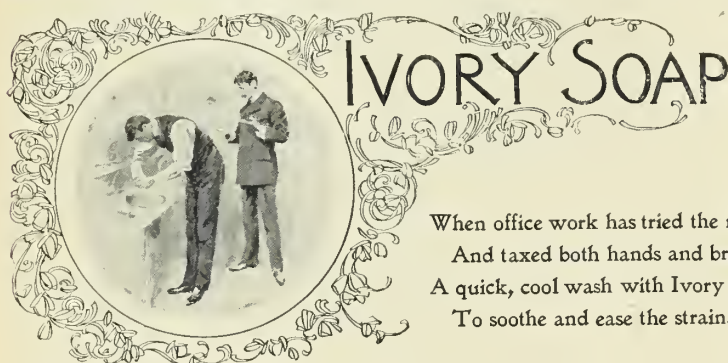
said the offender, slowly, with the air of one making a great concession, "tell him if he will take ten feet of that tiger, I will see what I can do with the fish."

—Argonne.

In a dreamy, abstracted manner Pygmalion put up a robe and threw it over the lovely figure in which the warm blood had scarcely more than begun to sate. "What is it, my master?" asked Galatea, was thinking," replied the sculptor, rousing him from his reverie, "what a frost you would have if I had offered to set you up in the Boston library."

—Chicago Tribune.

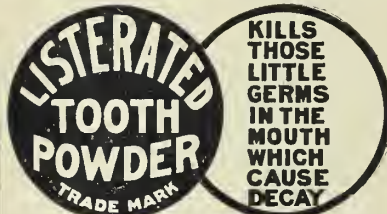
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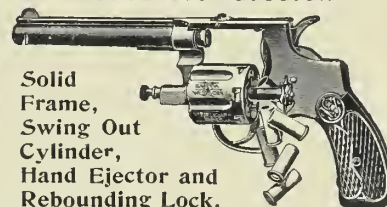
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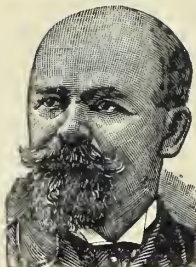
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A DISTINCTION.—"What will it cost," asked young Cholly's father, "to give my boy an education?" "The Lord only knows," replied the Professor, eying the youth thoughtfully; "but you can put him through college for about \$2,000."

—Chicago Tribune.

DANIEL WEBSTER was once sued by his butcher, and the man did not call upon him afterward to trade with him. Webster met him in the course of a few days, and asked him why he didn't call. "Because," said the man, "I supposed that you would be offended and wouldn't trade with me any more." To which Webster replied: "Oh, sue me as many times as you like, but for heaven's sake don't starve me to death."—Argonaut.

It was not necessary for the men in line at the bank to turn their heads in order to be informed that a good-looking young woman was approaching. The winsomely bland smile which flowed across the countenance of the clerk at the window conveyed the information swiftly and conclusively.

"Excuse me," she said as she took her place at the head of the procession—a place which strong and brave men could have reached only by wading through gore—"I would like to ask you a question."

"Certainly."

"Are times really hard?"

"There isn't any use of trying to conceal it. In a good many branches of industry the depression is very serious."

"I'm ever so much obliged to you," she responded, and turned to go away.

"If you were worrying about any particular investment I might be able to give you some advice."

"No. It wasn't about anything especial. I just wanted to satisfy myself that times are hard. I don't really wish to annoy my husband with my expenses, and I thought the best thing to do was to come and find out for certain whether times are hard or whether it is merely the same story that he has been telling me every year when the fall styles come in."—Washington Star.

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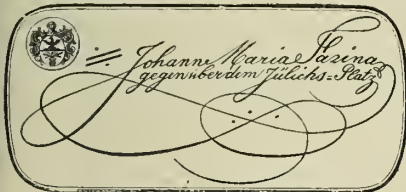
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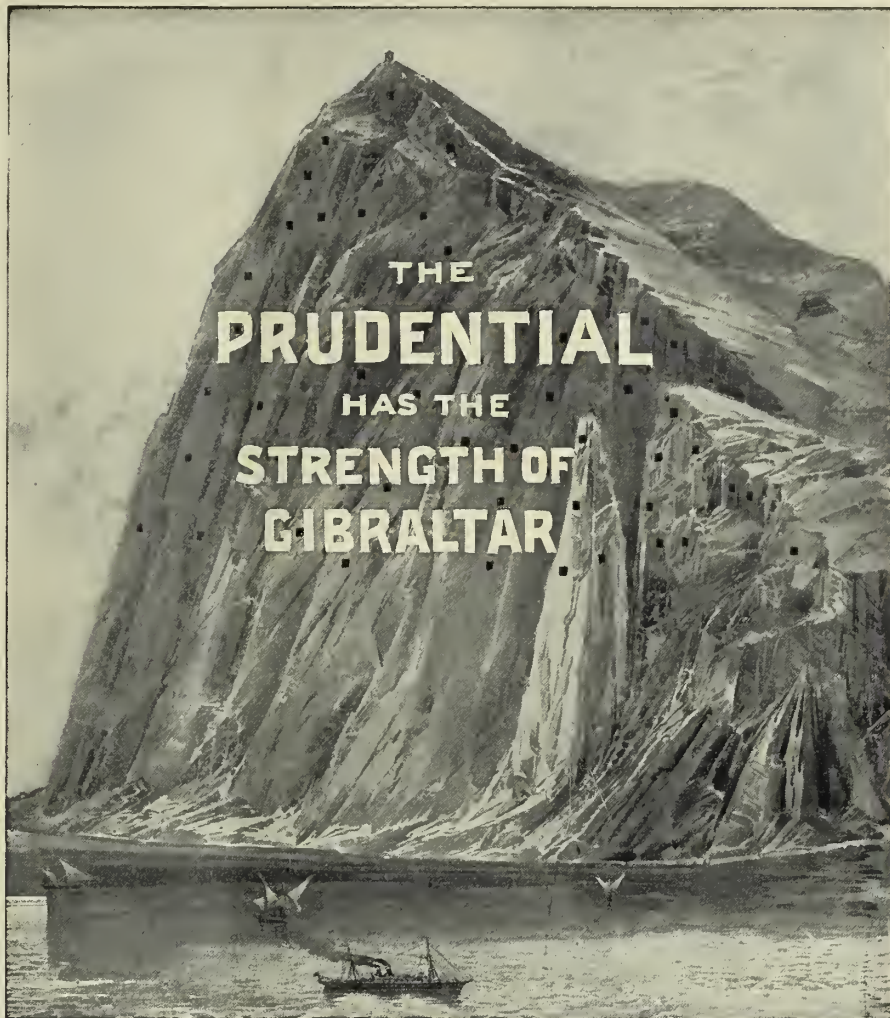
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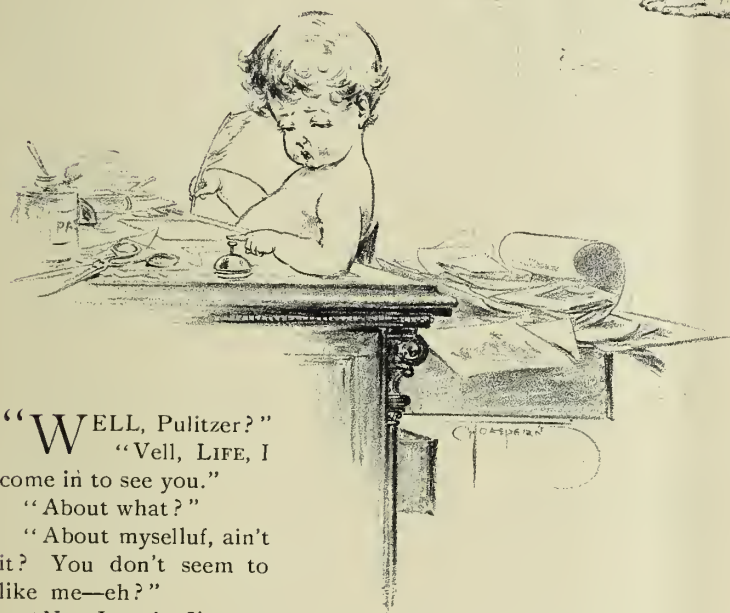
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SANCTUM TALKS.



"WELL, Pulitzer?"

"Vell, LIFE, I come in to see you."

"About what?"

"About myselluf, ain't it? You don't seem to like me—eh?"

"No, Joseph, I'm not in love with your peculiar personality. No nearer, please. Your methods, you know, are not altogether what decent people—"

"But my circulation! Is dhe e anything like it—hein?"

"The circulation of blood is something like it. Red, you know. Have you ever thought, Joseph, what your relation to respectability might be termed?"

"Vot is dot?"

"You might be called a rank outsider. Very rank, you—"

"Ah, but my circulation!"

"The same thing might be said of the devil himself. He claims a great deal. Have you no thought, Joseph, of the homes you have desolated, of the revolting crimes against decency you have committed, of the dishonor—"

"Vot is dot?"



"I see it's no use, Joseph. Purely a waste of time. But you came in to know why I don't like you?"

"Yes."

"You will never know, Joseph. You are not built that way. Your perception is—"

"Ah, but my circulation!"

"Good morning, Pulitzer. Don't come again."

A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

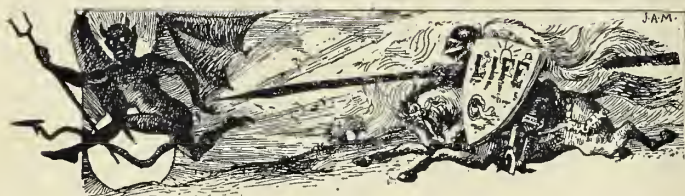
"WERE you surprised at McKinley's election?"

"No. I thought Mark would get there."

AT THE VERY TOP.

"YES, sir. Twenty years ago Tillinghast began as a train boy, selling newspapers and candy, but he gradually worked up until now he is at the top of the railroad ladder."

"What railway is he receiver of?"



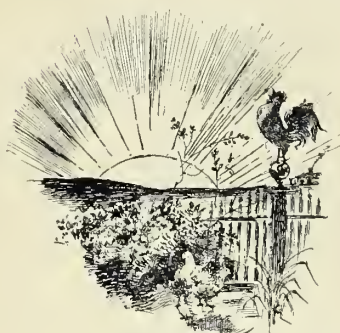
"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVIII. NOVEMBER 12, 1896. No. 724.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents.

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AND so, at last, McKinley has really been elected, and we are authorized to fall on one another's necks and proclaim that the country is safe. For several months we have been confident that it would turn out as it has, but there has been so much at stake that, firm as our confidence was, we have been anxious, and have longed and labored to have our assurance made sure. If we have been jubilant over our victory, that was the natural and momentary reaction after a long strain.



IT has been a prodigious satisfaction to see Bryan beaten, to know that there would be no repudiation, no scaling down of honest debts, no demoralization of our currency, no interference with private contracts, no meddling with the Supreme Court, no populism, no socialism, no anarchy. Of course we are glad; of course we show it. Nevertheless, the feeling that is deepest in the hearts of good Americans is one of thankfulness rather than exultation. The fight that has been made has been for order and honesty. The victory that has been won is not a partisan success. It can hardly be called a Republican victory. It is undoubtedly favorable to high protection, and it is possible that Mr. McKinley may think it expedient to declare that Protection won it. But it didn't. It was a victory of the American people for the American republic. It puts the Republican party in office, bound by much more than ordinary obligations to administer the government for the benefit of all the governed. We have been near a great peril, to the like of which the present generation, at least, will not wish to be exposed. We look to the

party that will come into office next March to carry us just as far away from the danger-line as possible. We want the fight against the silver barons to be fought out to a finish, and an important part of that contest is for the coming Administration to give us the best and most economical government it can effect.

* * *



MR. McKINLEY was not originally the man whom LIFE preferred for President, but, since he is to be President, LIFE wishes that he may adorn his office and show himself really equal to the situation in which he has been placed. He will be tempted to countenance extravagance, to encourage radical changes in the tariff, perhaps to sanction untimely and improper extensions of the pension list, perhaps to consent to rash changes in our foreign policy. LIFE trusts that his wisdom and his patriotism may prove commensurate with his task, and his strength sufficient for the labors that await him.

* * *



THE use of eggs in the closing days of the presidential campaign, now happily past, was an odd and novel feature of the agitation from the effects of which the country still quivers. The first eggs used were thrown with the intention of disparaging the cause whose representative was the target for them. It quickly transpired, however, that these missiles were retroactive in their effects, and prejudiced the side whose partisans used them, the measure of the damage done being in a direct ratio to the number of eggs thrown, and, inversely, to their freshness. When reports began to come from Kentucky about the number of votes gained to sound money by the eggs hurled at Secretary Carlisle, it seemed to dawn on the less scrupulous supporters of both candidates what the true use of eggs in an American election was. To egg one's own speakers and lay it to the other side appeared to be the proper trick, and it promised to grow so popular that, possibly, the prompt arrival of election day saved the country from an egg famine.

There has rarely been a campaign so notable as this year's for the eagerness of both parties to profit by outrages committed by the other side. It speaks well for the orderliness of American voters that irregular interference with speakers or voters should be so unpopular as actually to create a demand for it for use against its alleged projectors.



OVER THERE.

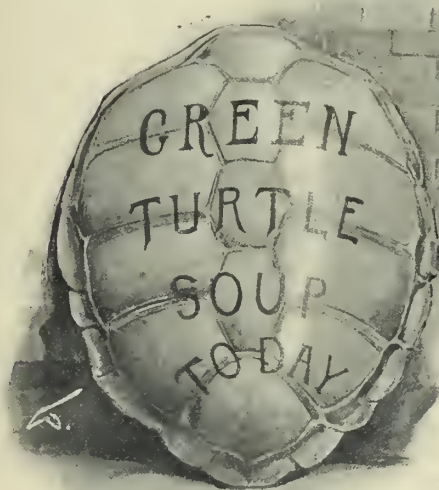
The Duchess (U. S. A.): DO YOU EXPECT ME TO PAY THIS ABSURD FLORIST BILL OF YOURS?

The Duke: MY DEAR, WHAT DO YOU THINK I MARRIED YOU FOR?

MODEST WORTH.

HE always shunned society
With self-containing mind;
No fitful notoriety
Marked him among his kind.
In modest ease, without reproach,
Alone he chose to dwell;
And, at a stranger's rude approach,
Withdrew into his shell.

His neighbors never knew his worth—
He moved outside their strife;
And yet, I think he left this earth
Much better for his life.
He gained no puffing paragraph
When he had passed away,
But read his noble epitaph—



Harry Rowaine.

NOTHING is more discouraging than unappreciated sarcasm.

AMERICANS who are horrified at some of the cruelties practiced by the Comanches and other tribes would do well to drop in at some of the laboratories and medical schools where vivisection is under way. They would find that the North American Indian, while an experienced vivisector himself, is by comparison only a clumsy hand at that gentle sport.

The Med. has science to back him, and he can wring more agony from his victim because he knows how to keep him alive longer.

That sort of a "scientist" can give points to the untutored aboriginal.

BOOKISHNESS

THE TRESSADY FAMILY JARS.

IT would be quite appropriate for a Malthusian society to circulate Mrs. Ward's "Sir George Tressady" (Macmillan) as a powerful monograph against marriage. The author did not mean it that way, but every bachelor who reads the book will thank the fates for being kind to him. Two distinct types of married couples are contrasted throughout the story: *Lord Maxwell* and his wife *Marcella* who represents "the grand style" of character; and *Tressady* and his wife *Letty* who represents the petty style of character.

At the end of the story an unprejudiced man would probably choose *Letty* as the easier solution of the difficulties of matrimony. For, with all her faults, *Letty* is a most human little creature, who can be coaxed, and petted, and cajoled into being agreeable.

But a lifetime in the company of *Marcella*, with her "grand style," would drive a man of heart and fair intelli-

"BUTTING AGAINST FEARFUL ODDS."



gence into permanent melancholy at the thought of all that he was missing in the beautiful spectacle of life. The author sets up *Marcella's* idolatrous absorption in her husband's schemes for social reform as the highest ideal of wifely devotion. Poor *Lord Maxwell*! How he ever pulled through a long Parliament as Cabinet Minister, with a never-resting wife who thought she could run the whole universe by parliamentary enactment, is one of those problems that can only be solved satisfactorily in six hundred pages of learned romance, with scientific interludes.

The trouble with *Marcella* and her distinguished sponsor, Mrs. Ward, is that they have not one drop of a sense of humor. That is what troubles all the characters in the book, and gets them into difficulty. With a touch of humor the hansom cab episode would have been amusing to everybody, instead of breaking up the peace of two families. How any woman could be an object of passionate adoration with her head

bandaged up in a white silk handkerchief, ought to have aroused the risibility of even so silly a woman as *Letty*.

And the endless bickering of the *Tressadys* becomes tiresome, and even offensive, for the same reason. A little wit to make the sparks fly, seasons up and makes endurable a great many family quarrels. But there was no such luck in the *Tressady* family. Their rows were of the commonest, stupidest kind.

* * *

BUT when one's mind is freed of these obvious dissatisfactions with the book, there still remains enough of fine idealism, lofty thought, a winning interpretation of character, to make the story far above the level of the ordinary novel.

It is undoubtedly the product of strength, intelligence, and literary skill. It has breadth of subject and intensity in the treatment of it. *Tressady* himself is a fine, pathetic figure. There is something about him and about the whole course of the story that suggests vividly Meredith's great novel "*Beauchamp's Career*." The tragic ending of each is a proof of the futility of the imagination as a solution of our "moral predicament." Both authors let Fate cut the knot at the end of the story. Fate seldom steps in so grimly and so opportunely to rescue us from inevitable consequences.

To an American reader the most interesting chapters are those picturing parliamentary life in England. The fascination of government by people who have great houses and inherited traditions of leadership is always potent with citizens of the Republic.

But it is not as majestic as a host of honest people rising up everywhere to protect a nation's honor. *Droch.*





Uncle Sam (to Young Jonathan): I WOULDN'T PLAY WITH THOSE FOREIGN BOYS MUCH, THEY ALL CARRY CHIPS ON THEIR SHOULDERS.

A PUBLIC NUISANCE.

NO doubt a man carrying a cane or an umbrella over his shoulder is a dangerous being, but he isn't a marker to the man who carries an umbrella or a cane run through the straps of a valise. If one is looking ahead, the chances are that he will see the cane that is carried high; but how can he, in a crowd, see the cane or umbrella carried

low? It isn't so bad if the carrier moves straight ahead and at moderate speed; but if he is impetuous, or if he is curious and turns to look at something in a window, then the rigidly held cane and umbrella may suddenly become scythes of destruction, destroying tempers, if not human lives.

There ought to be a law forbidding the carrying of canes or umbrellas under the arm or over the shoulder; and there ought to be at least two laws prohibiting all persons from carrying in the streets of the city any valise, carpet-bag, telescopic or extension box, bag or case, or any other sort of traveling bag or satchel whatsoever, having attached thereto or run through the straps thereof, any cane, umbrella, walking-stick, parasol, hoe-handle, liberty-pole, or any timber of any kind projecting beyond the frame of the valise, and so forth as aforesaid; and there ought to be two policemen, at least, at every ferry landing and railroad station, to see that no person escapes into the streets carrying cane or umbrella, and so on, in the dangerous manner herein set forth.

SMALL MAN (*calmly*): You're a liar.

LARGE MAN: What!

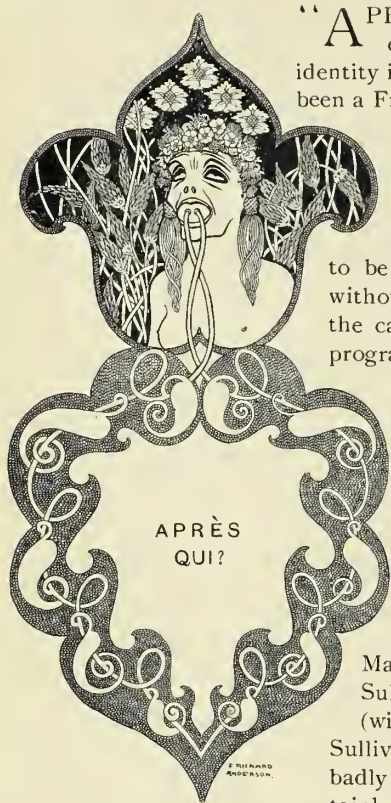
SMALL MAN: Hold on, hold on. I smiled.







LASS.
IN.



"APRÈS moi le déluge," said a certain French person, whose identity is strongly disputed. Had he been a French composer, or any other composer, for that matter, he might have said 'After me, Reginald De Koven,' since most of Mr. De Koven's compositions seem to be after some other composer, without the customary apology. In the case of "The Mandarin," the programme gives credit in the usual way to the tradesmen for the plush furniture, the crystal chandeliers, and the cuspidores, and even Mr. Smith lays part of the blame for the libretto on poor, old Plautus, but from Mr. De Koven comes not one word of credit to any one but himself. "The Mandarin' (after Sir Arthur Sullivan)" or "The Mandarin' (with apologies to Sir Arthur Sullivan)," would not have looked badly on the programme, and certainly would have been more honest.

Musically and dramatically, "The Mandarin" is commonplace. The management of the Herald Square Theatre has given the opera a handsome setting and a competent cast, but with all the aid of brilliant costumes, a chorus far prettier in its composition and better trained than usual, and attractive stage pictures, the piece is fatally uninteresting. At times it is interesting to strive to remember just what other opera certain strains remind one of, but puzzle-solving grows wearisome to almost every one after too much of it.

The opera is Chinese, of course, but not so faithfully Chinese that the galleries are likely to be crowded with homesick sons of the Flowery Kingdom from Mott and Pell streets, seeking to get a breath of their native land. An occasional sound of the cymbal or the xylophone (at last we know where that fatal instrument comes from) seeks to lend a sort of Chinese tinge to the music, but it bears about as much resemblance to the real thing

as pigeon-English does to the native vernacular of Li Hung Chang.

Miss Bertha Waltzinger easily leads the company in vocal ability. Time has improved her greatly, and, since the days of her appearance here with "The Bostonians," she has acquired a confidence which enables her to show her really good voice to far better advantage. Miss Adèle Ritchie as *Ting-ling*, the *Mandarin's* favorite wife, has a most becoming rôle, which gives ample opportunity for her sprightliness and good looks. Mr. George Boniface, Jr., as *Fan Tan*, a vagrant, and in personal appearance the *Mandarin's* double, has the comedy part, and, without being actually bad, gives another demonstration of the lamentable fact that the position of the really funny comedian on the American light opera stage is still conspicuously vacant.

Mr. Smith's book is far below other things that he has done. He seems to have reached his high-water mark in "The Wizard of the Nile," an effort so good that he may be forgiven several attempts that are no worse than "The Mandarin."

The production of a comic opera is such an expensive proceeding that it seems strange there is so often capital forthcoming to back up the usual type of this enter-



A POINT IN ETIQUETTE.

"KIN I GIVE HIM FLOWERS IF I'VE NOT BIN INTERDOOCED TER HIM?"

"NO, IT AIN'T GOOD FORM EVEN TER RECKERNIZE A MAN WOT YER DON'T EVEN KNOW. THE BEST WAY IS TER GET ACKWAINTED WITH THE DUTCH GROCER WHERE HE BUYS HIS 'TATERS AN' HERRINKS, AN' LET THE INTERDUCTION COME THROUGH HIM!"



"GET SOME GOOD PREPARATION AND WASH THEM YOURSELF AND YOUR FLANNELS WON'T SHRINK."

tainment. So many comic operas are just like their predecessors, or worse, that one would imagine capital, with its usual caution, would once in a while insist on something new, something original, or at least something different.

NOW that election, with its turbulent and financial interests, has passed, it becomes possible for the American public to turn to more peaceful pursuits, like football and the drama. In the last-named amusement there is nothing promising in the near future, and there remains the always golden opportunity for the long-expected but not-yet-arrived American dramatist.

Metcalf.

AN INSTANCE.

"DON'T you think things are magnified at night?"

"I know it. My baby seems twice as big."

THE reason some men do not succeed is because they try to use a pull where push is necessary.

GREAT POSSIBILITIES.

IN all probability, the smoke nuisance will soon float off into the problematic whither. A Boston man claims to have perfected a method by which the smoke will not only be entirely con-

sumed, but will add fifty per cent. more power in the operation.

His smoke-consumer doesn't consist in the employment of a host of cigarette fiends, but is a scientific arrangement which, with a little more development, is expected to be able to subsist exclusively on smoke. Now, if in the burning or consumption of the original smoke a new smoke should be generated, and so on *ad infinitum*, a marvelous cheapening of power would result.

This discovery will doubtless even change the location of the manufacturing districts of the country. New England will soon be inhabited only by its famous abandoned farmers and wealthy descen-

luxury, furnish power to run a bicycle. A four-ounce package of cheap tobacco would give the farmer power to run the fanning mill half a day. And so on indefinitely.

Welcome, millennium of smoke!

THE NEW PIERROT.

IN "Gay New York," a vaudeville belle

Before the footlights tinkles;
Of lineage long, though not her song,
This Lady Tribune-Twinkles.

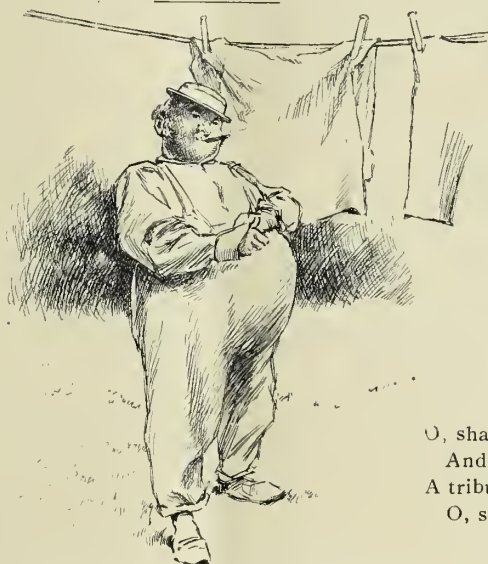
She twinkles, twinkles, Lady star,
She winks with wondrous joking,
But she's too old to be thus bold,
Such antique fun a-poking.

Red, white and blue her starry
hose,
As well befits the loyal?
Red, white—and green, quite
new her sheen,
Ah, "very green," though
royal.

Nine flights above the *World*
her den!
Where dear old parrots
screeching
(Whose feathers red ascend her
head),
Quack-quack "The *Sun* we're
reaching!"

O, shades of Horace, sail the Styx,
And speak your mind out freely!
A tribune brave, your *Tribune* save,
O, shades of Horace Greeley!

Lucy Cleveland.



THEY OUGHT TO BE THOROUGHLY DRY IN AN HOUR FROM NOW."

dants of the *Mayflower* crew. Model City, at Niagara, will soon collapse like a punctured balloon, and its city limits disappear from sight like a rail fence laid in the wrong time of the moon. You wonder what will do all this? The superior facilities offered by a good, vigorous volcano for the generation of power from smoke would speedily create in the neighborhood of each of those gigantic puffing institutions a great city.

This discovery can be applied to every phase of work. A man can smoke a cigar before breakfast and generate enough power to grind the coffee or black his shoes. A mechanism can be perfected by which a man can enjoy the luxury of a five-cent smoke, and, with the hitherto wasted remains of that



"HIS DUDS ARE DRY ENOUGH. I'LL GIVE THE BABIES A CHANCE."



"SHRUNK, BY GOSH!"

A NEW SOURCE OF POWER.

AMONG all the defects which must necessarily creep into the body politic of a great and glorious republic, there is, perhaps, none so apparent to the compassionate student of our institutions at the present time as the lack of public spirit shown in erecting statues to our prominent living citizens. Hundreds of hungry sculptors are even now walking the side streets of our principal cities, with rare patience and inimitable grace, extracting the substance of to-morrow's *cart de jour* from the ubiquitous ash barrel with an iron hook, or expending all the spontaneous art of their natures in wielding into fanciful forms the dainty spaghetti that serves to bind us more closely to the Italian renaissance, when they might be doing better work by moulding into perpetual remembrance the wind-swept whiskers of a Kansas congressman or the solemn grandeur of a New York State assemblyman.

This is what we need. It is painful to have to record it, but as a nation we sadly lack the proper reverence for those great ones among us who, toiling and striving all their lives, by dint of their native ability finally arrive at such prominence that their names appear almost constantly in *Munsey's Magazine*, and they are asked to write hymns for *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

It is true that a few hundred crude specimens of the handiwork of our more industrious stone-masons, all properly labelled, so that recognition is instant to those who can read, now render Central Park uninhabitable to all except the unwarned stranger and the innocent child. But these, alas! are but the warped, weather-beaten and time-worn exponents of past glories, long since faded from the mind of man. They awake no sentiments. They arouse to vibration no chords of chilled ambition. They inspire us not. Why should we

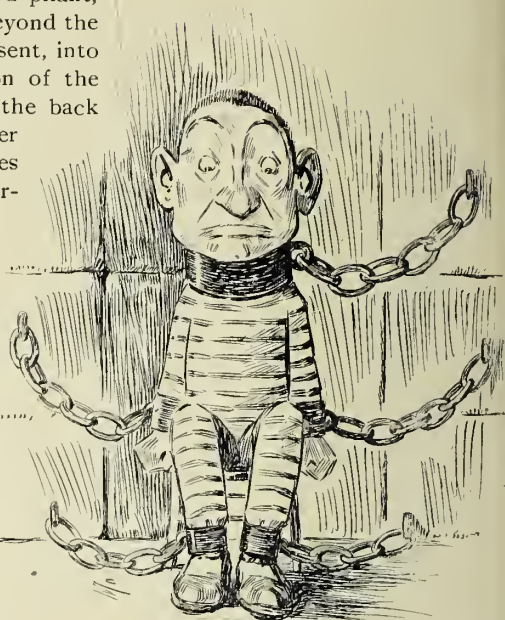
dwell on the Washington of the past, when we have the McKinley of to-day, alive and pliant, whose far-seeing eyes can even gaze beyond the staked-out pension districts of the present, into the protected and trust-laden horizon of the future—one who is allowed to play in the back yard every day; a good boy, who is never kept in at recess, who faithfully studies the text books provided for the purpose, and learns his lessons by heart?

We need to have the heroes who are now doing their life work among us perpetuated in bronze or other base metals, and their counterfeit presentments placed on lofty pedestals in full view of all, where they may inspire and be an incentive to the weak and faltering.

We need to have in perpetual



AND THERE IS CONVERSATION WITH THE SELLER.



A SAFE ROBBER.



"SURE, SUR, YOUR CLOTHES HAVE BEEN IN THE HOUSE DRY THIS HALF HOUR."

remembrance a statue of W. J. Bryan, mute, that all who gather near may do so in safety, and made of silver and brass, one-half the size of life. The silent countenance of David B. Hill should surmount our public squares, filling us with reverence and a humble sense of our own unfitness, and noble Anthony Comstock, with cast-iron features and arrayed in a brass health band, should rise above the common throng, inspiring us to chaste thoughts and high aims. Let there be over the mouth of every sewer in town a cast of the pungent Pulitzer, to constantly remind us of the fact that he is still doing his work "in our midst." Let us look more often on chestnut vender Depew, the lady-like Bok, and the sublime Talmage.

There are also others.

Thus may a new industry be founded, moulding and casting factories start up on every hand, and the laborer, whistling at his work, may feel that he is not only supplying his family with the luxuries of life, but furnishing to a free people a hitherto unknown source of inspiration and energy.



ANYWHERE BUT THE WHITE HOUSE.

The shade of Horace Greeley: "GO WEST, YOUNG MAN, GO WEST, AND GROW UP WITH THE COUNTRY."

AT THE HOSPITAL.

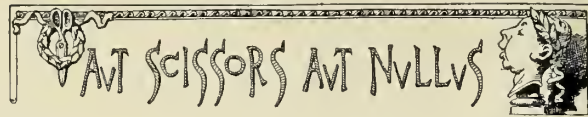
ASSISTANT (to House Physician): We have just received an aeronaut who fell two thousand feet, and a football player who got tangled up in a rush. I am the only doctor who is not engaged. Which shall I attend to first?

HOUSE PHYSICIAN (impatiently): I have often told you that in a case like this you should first attend the man who is most seriously injured. Look after the football player, of course. The balloon man can wait.



H. E. N.

ON THE ROAD.



ARCADIE.

I traveled many winding ways
That weary seemed to me,
In cloudy nights and windy days,
To find sweet Arcadie.

The shepherds stand on either hand ;
" We fain would go with thee,
Save for our sheep, to that sweet land,
That far-off Arcadie."

Along the self-same way I fare,
And shepherds ask of me :

" Hast found those green fields anywhere ? "
" Yea—but the people dwelling there
Know not 'tis Arcadie."

—Arthur Willis Colton in *October Century*.

LOGAN CARLISLE'S JOKE.—Mr. Logan Carlisle, chief clerk of the Treasury Department, and son of Secretary Carlisle, is famed among his intimate friends for his wit.

It was during this Administration that Secretary Carlisle issued an order that no two members of a family should be employed in the Treasury Department at the same time. This caused several dismissals and forced resignations, and one young woman, whose mother had been forced to leave, entered indignant protest with Logan.

She pleaded, threatened, and finally said : " Well, Mr. Chief Clerk, it's a poor rule that won't work both ways. Both your father and yourself being here the rule is violated, and I think it a shame that such favoritism should be displayed."

Logan drummed on his desk with his pencil and wore a far-away look. Finally he said : " Well, I guess the old man will have to go."—*Atlanta Journal*.

GOVERNOR THOMAS T. CRITTENDEN, who succeeded Phelps in the Executive chair, was inaugurated in January, 1881, with more ceremony and frills than any other Governor since the war. There were military bands galore, and special trainloads of people came from Kansas City and St. Louis to witness the pageant. The military features were in charge of Captain Hawley, of St. Louis, who was grand marshal of the day. Brockmeyer, who, as Lieutenant-Governor, was presiding over the Senate, was lolling back in his chair on the President's stand, smoking a cob pipe and awaiting notice of the time for the Senate to proceed to the hall of the House of Representatives, where the two bodies in joint session were to receive the new Governor, and the inauguration would be consummated. The Senate lobby was crowded and the Senators were in their seats, on the tiptoe of expectancy, for martial strains could be heard on the outside. At this juncture a figure in a glittering and brilliant uniform pushed through the crowd and marched half-way up the aisle. It was Marshal-of-the-Day Hawley. Drawing his sword, he made a military salute, and pompously announced :

" Mr. President, the Governor of Missouri and his staff now approaches."

Without removing his pipe from his mouth, Brockmeyer replied :

" Vell, let him coom ; dot is what we are here for."—*Kansas City Times*.

At the convention of the Irish race held recently in Dublin, two speakers, who had come from the United States, contributed the following sentences in the course of their speeches. One of them, in giving some details of personal history, informed his hearers that " he had left Ireland fifty-three years before, a naked little boy, without a dollar in his pocket." Said the

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other : " Until last week, I had never set foot in land of my birth."—*Argonaut*.

MRS. G. (as her husband departs for a club meeting)—" If you're any later than midnight, I shall speak to you !"

G.—" I hope you won't, dear ! " *Bazar*.

" PAW," asked the little boy, " what is a comicalist ?"

" An optimist, my son, is a man who believes everything is for the best."

" A man must have lots of money to be a optimist—he, paw ?"—*Indianapolis Journal*.

ACQUAINTANCE with too many learned ladies have led Talleyrand to answer, when asked why he had married such a stupid woman : " Sir, because I could not find a stupider."—*Argonaut*.

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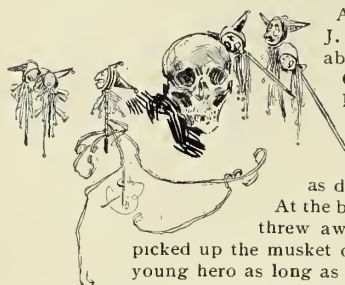
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TOO MUCH.



A CONFEDERATE captain recently told Mr. J. A. Watrous, a writer of "war stories," about two small boys, who, during the Civil War, found their way into the Louisiana regiment to which the captain belonged. Both were from ten to twelve years old, and both had run away from home, and were serving as drummers.

At the battle of Shiloh, one of these little fellows threw away his drum early in the engagement, picked up the musket of a wounded soldier, and fought like a young hero as long as the battle raged.

Not long after the battle, while the boy-soldier's laurels were still fresh upon him, his mother learned where he was and came after him. The regiment was drilling at the time, and the boy was with it. The mother rushed upon the drill-ground and seized her boy.

"Run away from home, will you?" she screamed; "why, you are nothing more than a baby. You come right home with your mother."

As the boy showed some unwillingness, she took him across her knee, and, in the presence of the whole regiment, gave him a sound spanking. Then she

led him away, the boy crying and boo-hooing at the top of his voice.

She had to wait some little time for a chance to get away, and meantime one of the soldiers saw the boy, who was still crying, and asked if he was crying because his mother hurt him.

"No!" he shouted. "Do you suppose a soldier like me would cry because he was hurt? Didn't I fight just as well as the best of them at the great battle?"

"Yes, Johnny, but what are you crying about?"

"I'm crying because my mother spanked me right before the whole regiment"—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

A STRANGE recontre was that which occurred recently at the meeting of the Bimetallic League, at McMinnville, eastern Oregon. It is the custom there for the delegates to mingle freely with one another, whether previously acquainted or not, just to promote cordiality. Among the guests of honor was a handsome man of forty, whom the chairman was introducing as Mr. Booth, of McMinnville, who was made known as "Mr. Booth, the son of the Sheriff who hanged John Brown, of Ossawatimie, at Harper's Ferry." All of which caused people to take more than a common interest in Mr. Booth. Finally Mr. Booth was introduced to a man of excellent appearance, whose name was Solomon Brown. After the introduction, Mr. Booth and Mr. Brown chatted very pleasantly for a minute or two. "Mr. Booth," said Mr. Brown, "was it your father who hanged John Brown at Harper's Ferry?" "Yes," said Mr. Booth. "He was Sheriff at that time, and it was his duty to officiate at the execution. No relative of yours, I hope?" "Only my father," was the quiet reply.—*Wave*.

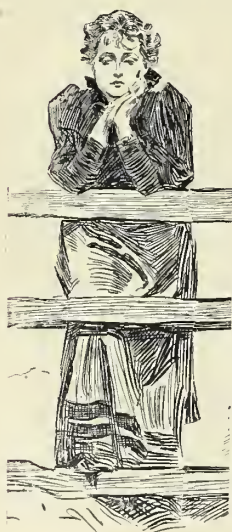
AERIAL NAVIGATION.

An autumn day,	A sudden breeze,
A sunny sky,	A bloomer filled,
A hill that's steep and dusty;	A rise with naught to guide her;
A bloomer girl,	A soaring maid,
A shining wheel,	A lonely road,
A wind both strong and gusty.	A wheel without a rider.

—*Jeanette Elizabeth Fowler in New York Sun.*



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On Decorated China.

"THERE'S a Christmas feel in the air,"

As Riley sometime said;
Especially is this true when near
Us Christmas LIFE is spread.

AN old lady applied at an employment office for a maid.

"I want a little girl between ten years and fourteen years of age who is fond of mushrooms."

"Fond of mushrooms?" inquired the employment agent. "That is something I never inquired about of applicants. I don't understand."

"Well, I always require it," replied the old lady. "I am very fond of mushrooms myself, and there are so many mistakes made. The idea came to me several years ago, and it was a dispensation of Providence that it did, or I would have been killed. I have my maid eat a portion of all mushrooms brought to the house, before any are served to me. I have lost two excellent maids from toadstools during the past five years, and, of course, I could not think of taking the chances of eating mushrooms unless I have a maid to test them."

—Washington Star.

DURING a performance at the Lyceum Theatre in London, Sir Henry Irving was rather distracted by the remarks of two well-dressed women occupying adjoining stalls. At last, in the course of their conversation, one of them said: "Quite too nice, isn't it?" "Oh, quite more than too nice!" answered her companion; "only doesn't it strike you—a little weakness in the knees?" "Weakness!" retorted her friend; "my dear girl, that's his pathos!"—Argonaut.

SHE was from Boston, and was on her way to the geysers. She had rendered the stage driver thoroughly uncomfortable by throwing great chunks of botanical and geological information at his head, and he had about reached the determination to frighten her with stories of highwaymen till she would get inside the coach, when some gnarled and twisted oaks attracted her attention.

"Do you know how old those trees are?" she asked, and was preparing to launch a whole row of figures at him when he surprised her by answering very promptly:

"Yes'm."

"How old are they?"

"Three thousand and six years."

"How do you arrive at such accurate results?"

"Well, a smart young woman from Boston what knows all about it told me they were 3,000 years old, an' that was six years ago, so they must be three thousand and six now—goin' on three thousand an' seven."—San Francisco Post.

A STORY is told of an English nobleman who was showing two or three of his beautiful watches to a friend. Being jostled by a passer-by, the friend accidentally dropped two of them on the floor. He was very profuse with his apologies for his awkwardness, to which the nobleman replied: "Oh, pray don't mention it, my dear friend. It's the first time I ever saw them go together."—Argonaut.

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Farina Cologne bears the word

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make a silk purse from a sow's ear, neither will you find a decent whiskey among any of the imitations of

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Respectfully,
JAMES L. McEWEN.

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"AH! TRAINING FOR ANOTHER POLAR TRIP?"

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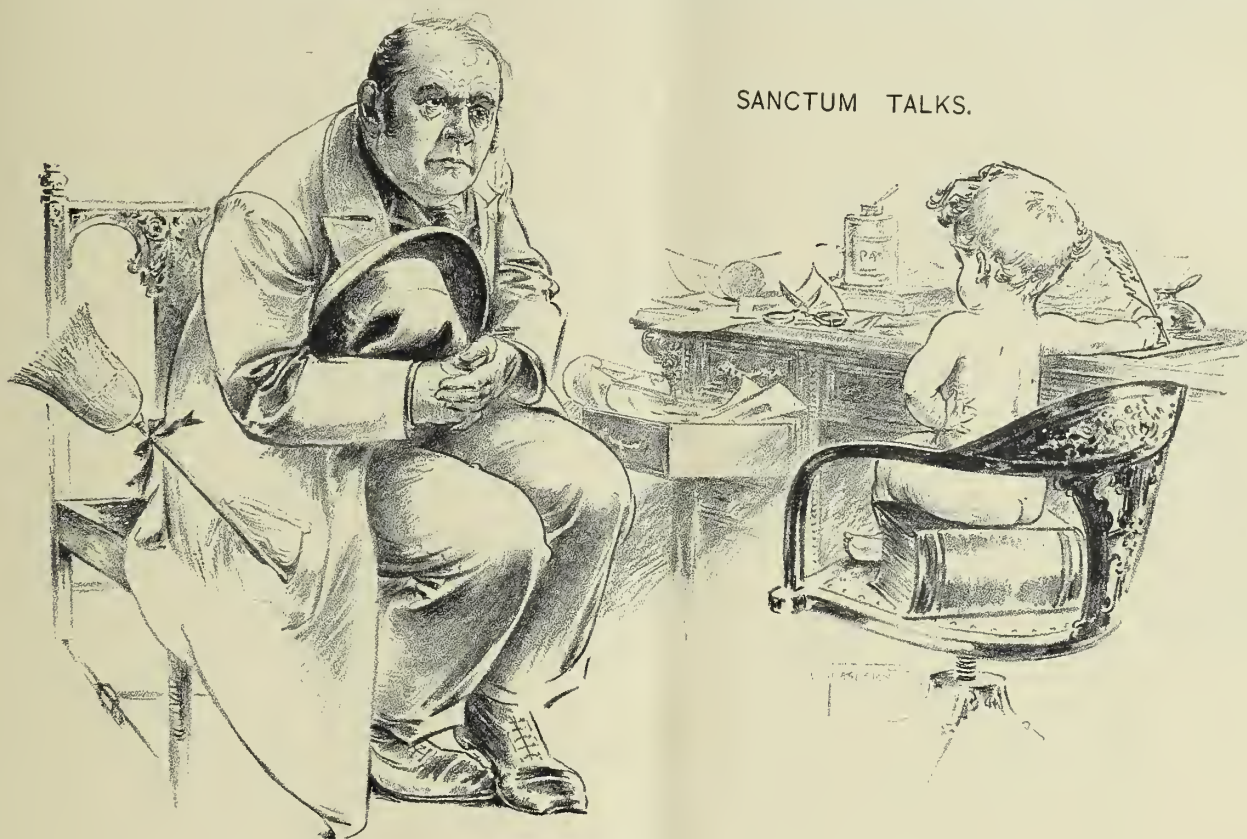
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Price FIVE Dollars.



SANCTUM TALKS.

"GOOD morning, LIFE."

"Why, good morning, Mr. Hanna. You are welcome. I suppose I ought to—"

"Congratulate me. Thanks. It is, however, a big responsibility to—"

"Run this Government. Of course it is, Mr. Hanna. But you must remember that you have friends."

"True, true."

"Good friends, too. Friends who will stand by you. Barrels of friends, Mr. Hanna, and also friends with barrels. Besides, there's Major McKinley. He'll be a great help, no doubt. He—"

"Oh, yes, the Major is all right. He has already made several suggestions which I am considering favorably."

"Still, there is always more or less worry. The tariff, for instance."

"Exactly. What do you think? Is it advisable to—"

"Well, hardly, Mr. Hanna. You see your victory

wasn't so altogether overwhelming that you can now afford to—"

"Gloat over it, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Or revel?"

"Precisely."

"We must go slow, you mean?"

"Yes. I want you to make a record, Marcus, and that is my advice."

"Well, you may be right. Still, it's hard to—"

"I know it, but you must, you know. Otherwise—"

"I can't count on you?"

"Never!"

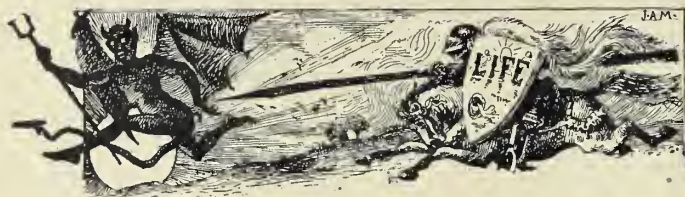
"Well, good morning, LIFE."

"Good morning, Mark. Always glad to see you."

A HIGH EXAMPLE.

WILLIE: I should think you would be ashamed to have your mother put you to bed.

BOBBIE: I don't know why I should. She does the same thing to father.



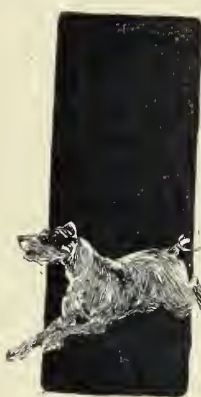
"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVIII. NOVEMBER 19, 1896. No. 725.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents.

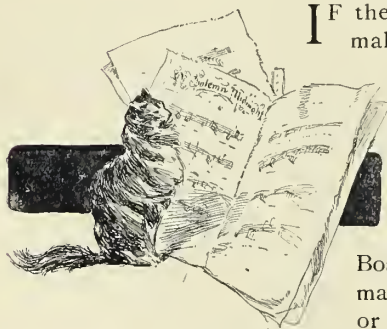
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THE Board of Health of New York has requested its Sanitary Committee to consider the propriety of an ordinance requiring that dogs be kept upon and within the premises of their owners, and forbidding them to run at large in the streets or on the sidewalks, or to be led in any public street without a permit from the Board. Inasmuch as the Board's Sanitary Committee may be imperfectly acquainted with canine habits, LIFE hastens to assure it that the ordinance suggested is unfit for its approval. Too sedentary a life is not good for dogs, and to rule them off the street would be to cause them discomfort, and in many cases ill-health, and to distress and embarrass their owners.

* * *



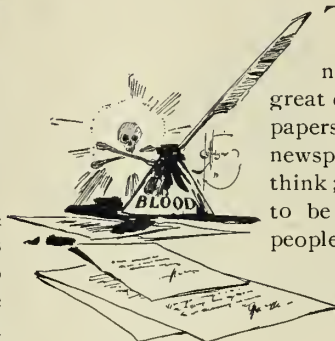
IF the case concerned cats it would make much less difference, as every one knows that cats, from preference, take most of their air and exercise in back yards, along division fences and on the roofs of buildings. But dogs are not adapted to roof-life (as the Board of Health's Committee may easily ascertain by inquiry, or even by observation), and to

shut them out of the streets would be practically to turn them out of town. Many of them, if they should have to go, would take their owners along with them, which would result in a loss of population, and incidentally of trade, to the city.

The complaints about dogs which are understood to have instigated the Board of Health's resolution, allege that they are not in all respects nice in their habits in the street. But what of that? People who spit on the sidewalks are not nice in their habits, either, but it has not as yet been proposed to turn them out of town! Of course the dogs will stay. The Board of Health

probably realizes that a city whose streets were kept absolutely undefiled would be too nice for either man or beast, and that a city might even have somewhat too many dogs in it, and still be much pleasanter to live in than a city with too many regulations.

* * *

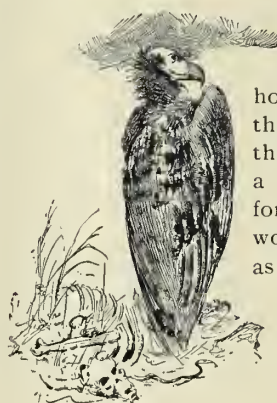


THE newspaper business in New York tends just now to be classified under two great divisions. There are newspapers for people who think and newspapers for people who don't think; papers for people who want to be informed, and papers for people who want to be startled; papers for people who want the news of the world, and papers for people who want sensations; papers

for people who have not time to read rubbish, and papers for people who will buy and read anything that is cheap.

It would seem, from the apparent circulations of the *Journal* and the *World*, that an enormous number of people will pay one cent for a paper who won't pay two; that vast numbers of people estimate the value of a newspaper more by its size than its contents; that great numbers of people read newspapers rather to prevent thought than to promote it, and that the majority of readers prefer sensation to properly digested news, and would rather take their sensation in pictorial form than be at the pains to spell it out. The class of readers which the big one-cent papers catch nowadays must include nearly all of the class that used to feed its mind almost exclusively on story papers and dime novels.

* * *



IF the makers of cheap papers like their business and can find a profit in it, there is no hope of luring them to better things. It is surprising, though, that they should like it, for to be a purveyor of slop and sensation for people who don't want to think, would seem to be as tiresome a job as an intelligent man could well undertake. Yet Mr. Pulitzer is certainly intelligent, and probably Mr. Hearst is also; and both of them are rich. That they should find a pleasure in

publishing the *World* and the *Journal* is really about as strange as if they took pleasure in driving garbage carts. One can understand a man's pleasure in coaching, even though it may be hard work; but why any person not under acute stress of penury should find satisfaction in collecting garbage passes ordinary understanding.



Rising Journalist: YOU ARE HARD ON US. SOME REPORTERS ARE GENTLEMEN.
"YES, BUT I WAS SPEAKING OF THE SUCCESSFUL ONES."

ASHES.

O H, throbbing pain,
That grips my heart with death-
like clutch;
It goes, and then it comes again
With stronger hold,
As if Death's hand did life enfold
With knowing touch!
Must I give up? Then joy were slain,
Then nothing left to me but woe
And life unsolaced! Ah! 'Tis so—
I smoke too much!

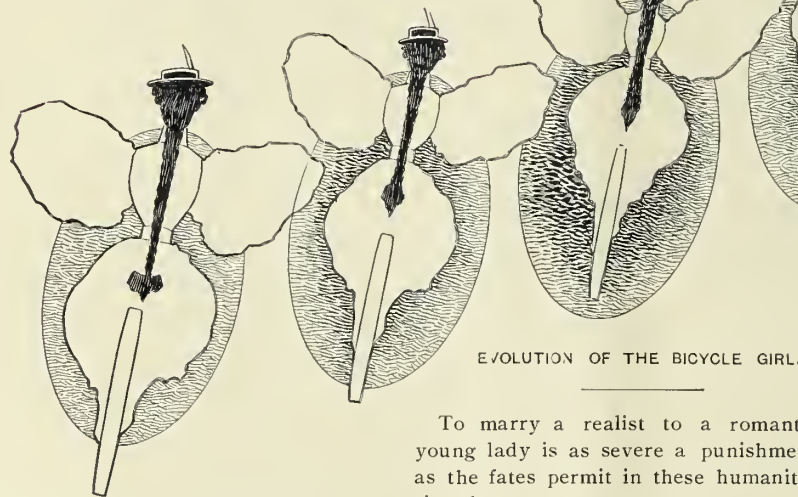
Wood Levette Wilson.

"THE King of the Cannibal Is-
lands had a letter held for
postage, and got mad and roasted
the postmaster. What time was it?"
"Give it up."
"Ate P. M."



"SINGING NONSENSE."

TO write clever nonsense is a difficult
art. A dignified subject, a mas-
ter passion, or a question in dispute, will



EVOLUTION OF THE BICYCLE GIRL.

To marry a realist to a romantic
young lady is as severe a punishment
as the fates permit in these humanita-
rian days.

* * *

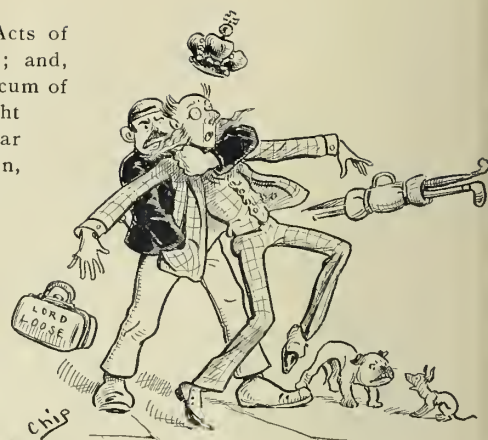
IN the sequel (which Mr. Bangs is no
doubt writing) he will probably
start the ill-assorted pair off on a wedding
journey with Robert Howard Russell's
book of travels, "The Edge of the
Orient" (Scribner), for a guide. The
book is calculated to mitigate the trou-
bles of uncongenial wedding parties,
for it tells of some charming regions

(Century Co.)—described as "Three Acts of
Singing Nonsense." It *is* nonsense; and,
moreover, it sings. A man with a modicum of
stage imagination can read it with delight
and fancy certain favorites in the star
parts. It is good fun, gracefully written,
and two or three of the lyrics could call
themselves poetry without offense.

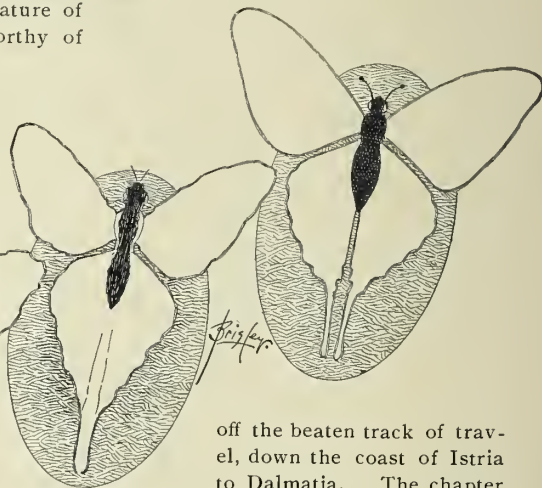
* * *

MR. BANGS has an excellent lot of
extravagant ideas in store as
germs for eccentric stories. That is what
made his *Idiot* a popular young man.
He looked at things in an original way.
In "A Rebellious Heroine" (Harper's)
the author has sprung another surprise
on his public. A heroine who refuses
to be at the beck and call of a realistic
novelist, and runs the story to suit her-
self on romantic lines, is a creature of
enough originality to be worthy of
wedding the *Idiot* himself.

Mr. Bangs, however, with
more poetic justice, marries
her to the realist whose plot
she spoiled.



"SEARCHING A TITLE."



off the beaten track of trav-
el, down the coast of Istria
to Dalmatia. The chapter
on Montenegro is one of the most pictur-
esque in the book.

Those who take the winter Mediterra-
nean trip will find the latter half of
the book full of information and graphic
description about Constantinople, Smyr-
na, Damascus, Egypt and the Nile.

The illustrations are very abundant
and beautiful, most of them from the
author's own photographs.

* * *

ANOTHER indispensable volume for
the European traveler is Lau-
rence Hutton's "Literary Landmarks
of Venice" (Harper's), which shows the
same careful research, accurate observa-
tion and description, and graceful style,
that have made his books about Literary
Landmarks in London, Edinburgh and
Jerusalem accepted authorities, as well
as pleasant to read.

Droch.

often, carry to success indifferent writ-
ing. But nothing will float nonsense
except a craft constructed with skill on
graceful lines.

Very few comic opera libretti, except
Gilbert's, will bear reading. It takes
lime-light, scenery, and a bedizzened
chorus to carry off the doggerel.

Miss Merington was trying a risky ex-
periment when she printed "Daphne"



HIS EXPERIENCE.

She: IT MUST BE A TERRIBLE THING TO BE PARALYZED.
"IT IS. YOU FEEL SO MEAN THE NEXT MORNING."

AN EARLY START.

"AREN'T you giving your boy dancing lessons at a very young age?"
"But we intend him for the army."

THE following letter seems worthy of a place in LIFE's columns, as a frank expression from a Boston girl is usually a matter of some interest:

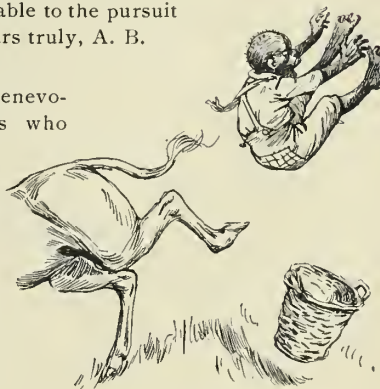
DEAR LIFE:

Here is an extract from the letter of a Boston maiden, describing the mural decorations of Puvis de Chavannes in the "Public Library:"

"Some say the pictures are the crowning effort of his life, others criticise the drawing severely. I believe they are great, but don't care for the figures representing 'Chemistry,' which seem a little French and undignified.

An unclothed woman and two or three charming cherubs are intently watching a retort in which some experiment is being tried. The French title for the picture, '*Chimie*,' seems to suggest the vital need of all the figures in it! Our climate is not favorable to the pursuit of chemistry in the costume of Eden." Yours truly, A. B.

THERE seems to be timeliness as well as benevolence in the suggestion that ladies who are availing themselves of the result of scientific inquiry to give their tresses the fashionable reddish tinge leave their work incomplete, and produce a defective illusion, when they omit to punctuate their complexions with a due equipment of freckles. Nature invariably puts up freckles and red hair in the same package. The art that produces one without the other fails to make a reasonable approximation to fidelity.



A FLANK MOVEMENT.



Kemble.
May. 96





IS CHRISTIANITY A COMMODITY?

SOME years ago—between ten and fifteen—one Salmi Morse, a religious enthusiast with commercial instincts, roused all Christian New York, including the daily press, the grand jury, and the Tammany police force, by his efforts to produce a play founded on the tragedy of the death of Christ. He spent considerable money, but his sacrilegious enterprise was nipped in the bud. He claimed, and his claim was not controverted, that the entertainment was to be conducted in a thoroughly respectful and even devotional spirit. The idea was too much for the New York of those days. That things sacred should be represented on the secular stage was a proceeding not to be tolerated.

But we have changed all that. Mr. Charles Frohman, a theatrical manager who can hardly be accused of Christian enthusiasm, produces without a particle of opposition a play in which Christianity on the stage is the leading motive, and the one which is very apparently calculated upon to attract public interest.

Concerning the legality of the production there can be no doubt, any more than there was in the case of poor old Morse's attempt. His was legal enough, but the officers of the law strained a point in deference to public sentiment; at any rate, he was frightened off. Either times have changed, or Mr. Frohman's personality is so imposing that both public sentiment and the majesty of the law defer to him in a production which trades very largely on the sensibilities of Christians.

To avoid actual offense to the religious element of this and other equally or more Christian communities—if there exists a more Christian community than New York—the religious features of the piece are more imitative and suggestive than exact. The music is an imitation of Church music, the exhortation is an imitation of the Sermon on the Mount, and the young lady martyr is, in appearance and speech, a very high-flavored imitation indeed of the pure and spotless virgins who hid in the catacombs and were afterwards butchered in the arena to make Roman holidays. But it must be remembered that Mr. Charles Frohman's name is starred on the programme, and, therefore, we must not expect too much artistic exactness in matters Christian.

Taken as a dramatic and spectacular work, "The Sign of the Cross" is interesting. The sombreness of the Christian

side is relieved by the gorgeous voluptuousness of pagan Rome, with its undercurrent of savagery and cruelty. The picture of woman, when the sex was at its acme of power and lowest depth of morals, would form a magnificent background to the Christian woman, were the latter better drawn by the dramatist and less Frohmanesque in her present depiction.

It would have been too conventional, perhaps, to have made *Mercia*, the Christian maiden, a blue-eyed blonde of the angelic type, but even that would have been better than to have had her of the stage, stagey, as Miss Lillah McCarthy makes her. The make-up box is far more apparent in this young lady's face than any look of Christian simplicity or fortitude. It is a difficult part, but a strong one if properly cast, and one on which the artistic success of the piece largely depends.

The *Marcus Superbus* of Mr. Charles Dalton is excellent. In appearance, voice, carriage, and conception of the part, he is all that could be desired. His lines are delivered in a way that carry absolute conviction, and yet is free from the tricks of the elocutionist. Our stage could stand several Daltons, and not groan with the burden.

The mounting of the play is handsome, and the accessories, especially the music, excellent. Altogether the piece is extremely interesting, although rather serious for a community which, like this, wishes only to be amused.

Mr. Wilson Barrett has made a success of his play in London, where the power of religious sentiment makes itself strongly felt, so it ought to prosper here, where we are more tolerant in some ways. The success of the piece makes the Christian religion as available for dramatic material as the mythology of the Greeks and Romans, or the dead religion of the Scandinavian races. "The Sign of the Cross" is quite as religious and far more interesting than the Sunday-school panoramas of our youth, and we have no doubt that Mr. Frohman will send it out among the rural parishes and Sabbath schools when we shall have finished with it here.

Metcalf.





OUR DAUGHTERS IN POLITICS.

"PAPA, MR. WESTERN PROPOSED LAST NIGHT."
 "GREAT SCOTT, MOLLY! YOU DON'T MEAN THAT YOUNG RASCAL? WHY, HE'S A FREE SILVER MAN."
 "YES, I KNOW IT. BUT I MADE HIM PUT A GOLD CLAUSE IN BEFORE I ACCEPTED HIM."

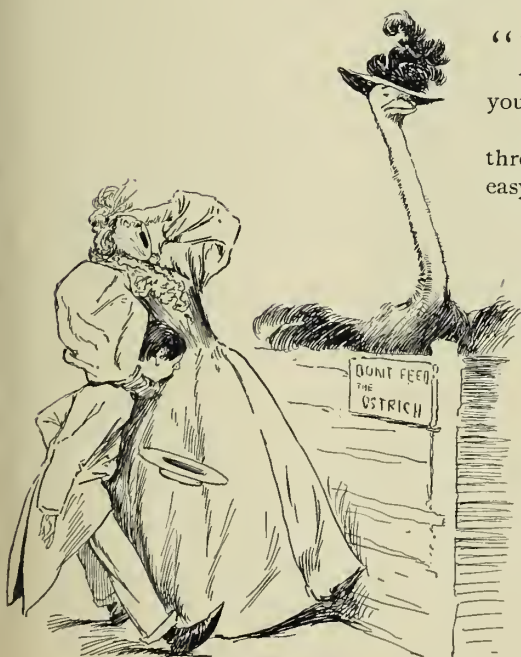
THE FIRST STEP.

"I WISH you would tell me," said the kind old judge to the lady burglar, "how you came to adopt such a disreputable profession. How did you begin?"

"Your honor," replied the miserable woman, "my first step was to go through my husband's pockets while he slept. After that the descent was easy."

IT'S pretty hard to admire a man who has succeeded where we have failed.

THE public mind, being relieved for the present of political anxieties, would gladly be still further eased by some assurance as to the intentions of the lady in the bath-tub. The extreme prevalence of her portrait in the soap and lotion romances in the rear end of all the magazines has carried her into every American home, and made her the intimate acquaintance of every family. Opinion is a good deal divided about her. There are those who think we cannot see too much of her, and again there are those who think that we already see more of her than we should. The latter faction declares that we see a little more of her every month (which is true), that she is now higher up in the world by a head and shoulders than she should be, and that families ought to have some reliable assurance as to her intentions. LIFE takes pleasure in calling the attention of the friends of the lady to this reasonable desire. Perhaps a substantial bathing suit would serve as well as anything to allay distrust and make worrying people comfortable.





"AN ACTRESS! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO APPEAR IN?"
"TIGHTS."

LATELY the Cause of American Education was holding its breath, for fear that Uncle Sam would gobble up the Stanford estate and Stanford University would lose its endowment. Now, not only is Stanford's endowment assured and confirmed, but there is a tale that the University of California is to be enriched to the extent of four millions by a number of donors, chief among whom is the widow of Senator Hearst. California is in no present danger of being over-educated, so this is good news; but since in the East the name of Hearst naturally suggests competition, there is a natural expectation of news that Stanford has seen this raise and will furnish education on a one cent basis until further notice. It is proper to state that this expectation is not well-founded and will not be realized.

WHAT IT IS.

JUST a little sunshine,
Just a little rain,
Just a freezing atmosphere,
Then it's warm again.

Just a little hacking cough,
With us for a day;
Just bronchitis, tonsilitis,
Or pneumonia.

Just a little maiden,
Just a word or two,
Just a case of married life—

That's the thing to do.

Just a score of hungry mouths,
Open night and day;
Just a hustle, brain and muscle,
Countless bills to pay.

Just a few friends here and there,
As things ebb and flow,
Just a little lingering,
As we see them go.

Just a little laughter,
Just a little song;
Just a tired feeling,
Lasting all life long.

Just a little sunshine,
Just a little rain;
Just a sojourn here awhile,
Then we're off again.

Tom Masson.

WHY NOT?

"DO you suppose," thundered the irate father, "that I am going to give my consent to the first man who asks my daughter to marry him?"

"I don't see why you shouldn't," replied the suitor. "She did."

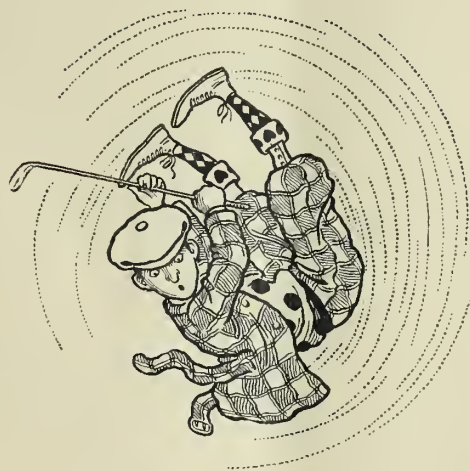
SIGNS.

CLARA: Sadie must have been talking about me.

MAUDE: Why so?

"When I met her she kissed me twice."

A SHOWY PLAYER.



THIS little story from the *Paris Figaro* seems too good for the readers of LIFE to miss, so we give it in the original:

CONFRATERNITÉ
OU

LE VOLEUR ET LE GENDARME À BICYCLETTE.

LE GENDARME (*monté sur sa bicyclette, il pédale avec rage à la poursuite d'un voleur qui, à bicyclette lui-même, s'enfuit sur la route; les deux bicyclistes sont près l'un de l'autre; l'acharnement redouble des deux parts.*)—Je crois que je te tiens! (*Dans un emballement suprême, il fait "du quarante" et va touche presque l'adversaire.*)

LE VOLEUR, *pédalant, courbé sur sa machine.*—Pas encore!

LE GENDARME.—On va voir...

LE VOLEUR.—Vois! (*Un coup de pédale d'une vigueur inouïe le pousse à dix mètres du gendarme.*)

LE GENDARME.—Le b... m'échappe! (*Il perd du terrain.*)

LE VOLEUR.—Ah! ah!

LE GENDARME, *haletant.*—Tu dois développer plus que moi... sans ça je te rattraperais...

LE VOLEUR, *laconique.*—Peut-être.

LE GENDARME.—Sûr... Qu'est-ce que tu développes?

LE VOLEUR.—Cinq quatre-vingts.

LE GENDARME.—Moi, cinq à peine... Tu n'as pas de mérite. (*Il perd du terrain de plus en plus.*)

LE VOLEUR.—Tu as tort de parler à bicyclette. Mauvais...

LE GENDARME.—Ah! si je développais cinq quatre-vingts comme toi... tu n'en mènerais pas large... (*Apercevant le voleur qui ralentit brusquement.*) Qu'est-ce qui t'arrive?... (*Il se hâte.*)

LE VOLEUR.—Flambé! Mon pneu vient de crever... (*Il est forcé de s'arrêter.*)

LE GENDARME.—Tu es pris, mon vieux. (*Il lui met la main au collet.*)

LE VOLEUR, *digne.*—On n'appelle pas cela prendre quelqu'un. Si mon pneu ne s'était pas crevé, tu ne m'aurais jamais attrapé. (*Avec un certain mépris.*) Moi, je rougirais d'arrêter quelqu'un dans ces conditions-là. Ce n'est pas chic.

LE GENDARME, *touché dans son amour-propre de bicycliste.*—Tu as raison. Je vais t'aider à regonfler ton pneu et on recommencera. La loyauté avant tout.

LE VOLEUR, *ému.*—Vous avez vraiment une âme de bicycliste!... (*Il lui serre la main. Puis le gendarme et le voleur, tout en causant records, réparèrent la machine. Après quoi, la course continue loyalement...*)

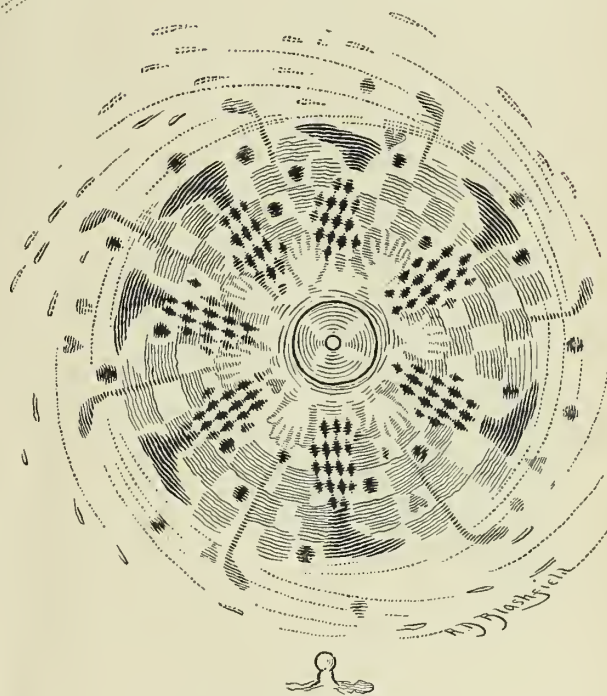
ALFRED CAPUS, in *Le Figaro*.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

"THOU shalt not steal,"
Smith, banker, said
In Sunday school,
And shook his head
Before his class.

Next day, aboard
A Pullman car,
Proud as a lord,
He rode afar
On Jones's pass.

H. L. Preston.



A SERIOUS MATTER.

IT appears that:

Professor Martens, director of the institute for the examination of paper at Charlottenburg, made a scientific examination of the paper used in about ninety-seven modern reviews, and of these ninety-seven only six were found that could be guaranteed to last for a long period; the greater part would certainly decay during the first century of their existence.

This is indeed serious. We had hoped that most of the stuff printed in America would decay more rapidly. If the material on which certain New York dailies are printed could decay before it reached the hands of the purchaser it would be a splendid thing for the community. Possibly the filth of the subject matter of the *New York World*, for instance, is too offensive for the destroying bacilli, which, after all, may have a sense of smell.



CONSOLATION.

'Tain' no matter what yoh does,
Ner to whah yoh strays,
T'ings'll make yer wish dey wuz
Dif'unt, lots o' ways.
When I's done de bes' I can,
Weary ez kin be,
Wisht I was some yuther man,
'Stid o' being me.
But, when maw'nin' fin's me strong,
Ready foh de day,
Strikes me dat I may be wrong,
Pinin' dat-away.
Ef folks changed aroun' so free,
Comfort might be slim;
P'raps I'd wish dat I wuz me,
'Stid o' bein' him.

—Washington Star.

A LADY recently took into her service a Chinaman, and began to Christianize him. Shortly afterward some silver spoons were missing. Then she taught him the Apostles' Creed, and it was discovered that a valuable piece of plate had been stolen. His benefactress, loath to suspect her new convert, started in to teach him the Ten Commandments. By the time he was able to repeat the First Commandment, the scamp stole her watch. Then the philanthropic lady's son rebelled. "Mother," he exclaimed, "for heaven's sake don't teach that pig-tailed scalawag any more, or by the time you've

got him to the Tenth Commandment he will have stolen the house and taken the cellar along with it."—*Argonaut*.

IN preaching funeral sermons clergymen often have a hard course to steer, but here is an instance where it was all plain sailing:

Elder Baker, who flourished in a rural district of New England a good many years ago, was a strictly honest but painfully frank old man. One day he was approached by old Zeke Bill, a man of doubtful reputation, who said:

"Looke here, elder, I want to make a request of you, an' it is this: I want you to promise me you'll preach my funeral sermon, if you outlive me."

"Why, certainly, Zeke, certainly."

"An' I want you to preach it from the text, 'An honest man is the noblest work of God.'"

"I'll do it, Zeke, I'll do it; and I'll add that I'm sorry there's such a poor specimen in the coffin."

—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

A WHOLESALE house in New York started a drummer on the road, giving him a hundred dollars for traveling expenses. A week passed, and nothing was heard from Mr. Traveler. Still another week passed, and still no word from Mr. Traveler. Finally the house wired him as follows:

"Nothing from you since you left. Are you still with us?"

An immediate answer came:

"Yours of this date received. Have made a draft on you for \$200. Am still with you."—*Texas Sifter*.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK AND LONDON.
Soldier Stories. By Rudyard Kipling.

Gutter Snipes. By Phil May.

HERBERT S. STONE AND COMPANY, CHICAGO.

In Buncombe County. By Maria Louise Pool.

A Child of the Jago. By Arthur Morrison.

COPELAND AND DAY, BOSTON.

Songs of Exile. By Herbert Bates.

An Outland Journey. By Walter Leon Sawyer.

GEORGE H. RICHMOND AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Tales From a Mother-of-Pearl Casket. By An

France. Translated by Henri Pène DuBois.

Andria. By Percy White.

The Epistolary Flirt. By Esmerie Amory. Chicago and Williams.

Cake, Decorations and Desserts. By Charles H. Philadelphia: Arnold and Company.

PALACE-CAR PORTER: Kin I brush de dust yer clothes, boss?

TRAVELER: There's no dust in my clothes, Sam.

"Well, yer doesn't look like yer was dead boss."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"I INTEND to preach a sermon upon football Sabbath," said the tall caller in the white choker; I shall be pleased to furnish you the manuscript if have any wish to use it. I know a number of readers would be glad to see it in print." "All right," said the busy editor; "you will have to get it here, though. Our sporting page is the first to close."

—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

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ISRAEL ZANGWILL relates that when the notorious Lueger, whose platform was the extinction of the Jews of Vienna, was up for election as burgomaster, a poor Jew took a bribe of a couple of florins to vote for him. "God will frustrate him," said the pious Jew; "meantime I have his money."—*Argonaut*.

"BENSON, you know, went to Africa, and there met his death." "Poor fellow! But his body was brought home and given a decent burial, wasn't it?" "Well, they hanged the cannibal, and then brought home his body and buried it."

—*Philadelphia North American*.

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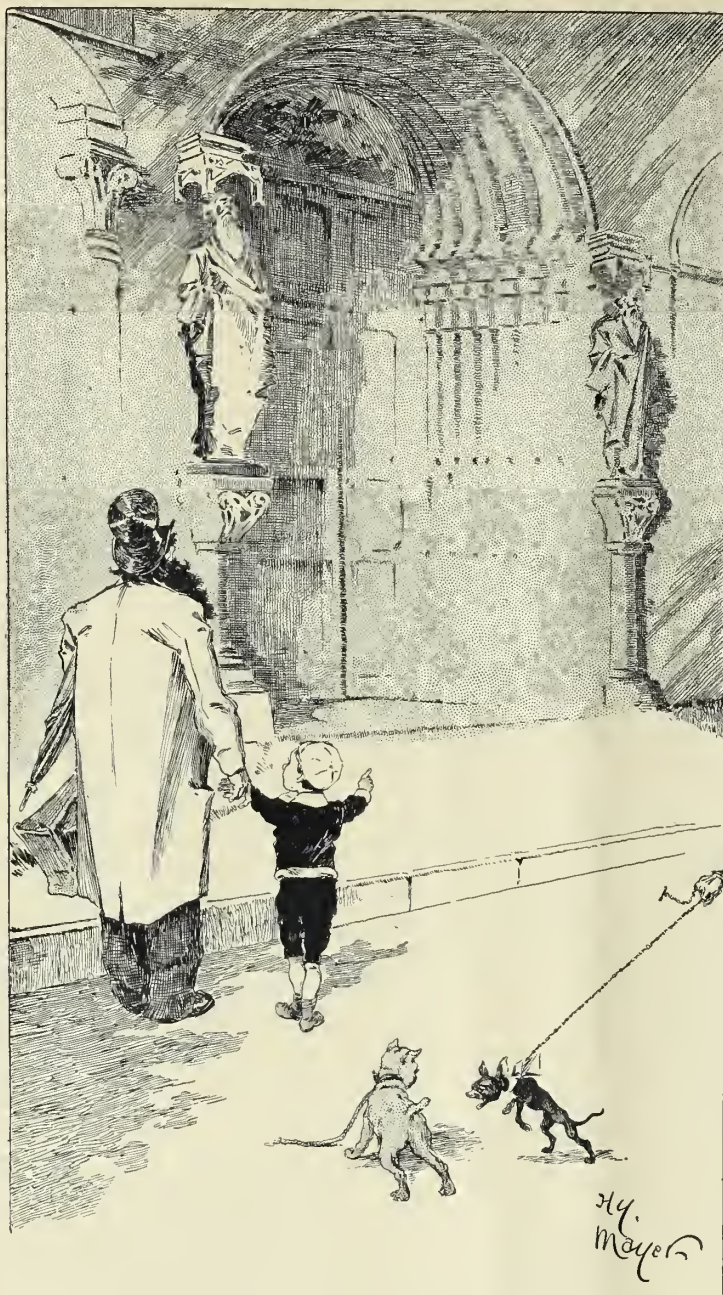
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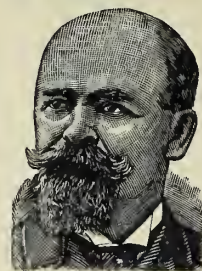
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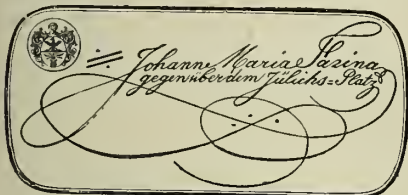
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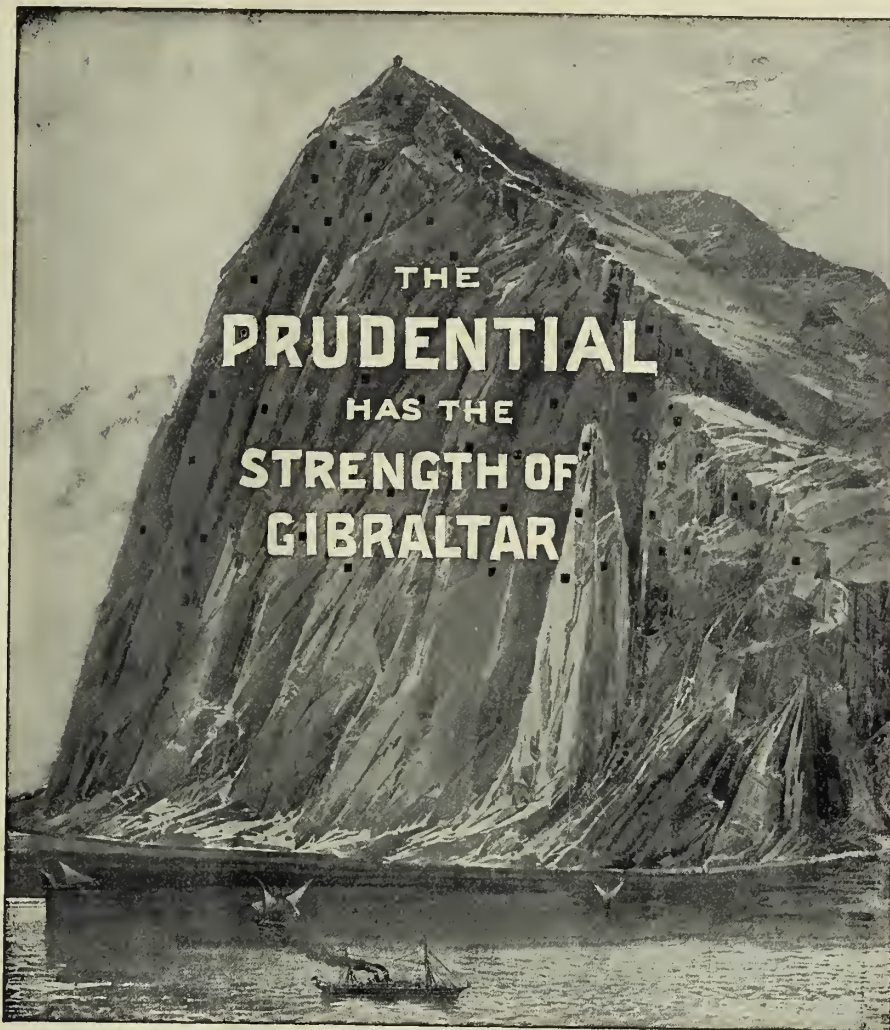
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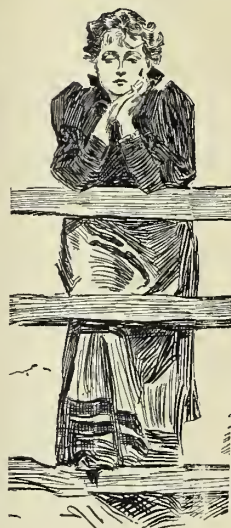
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VOLUME XXVIII

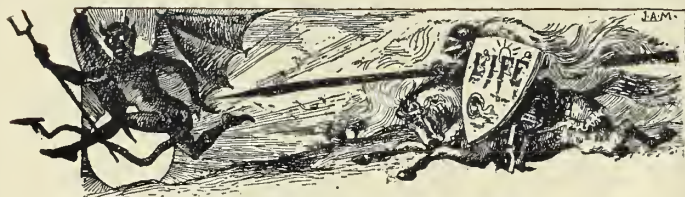
·LIFE·

NUMBER 726



A GREWSOME VISION.

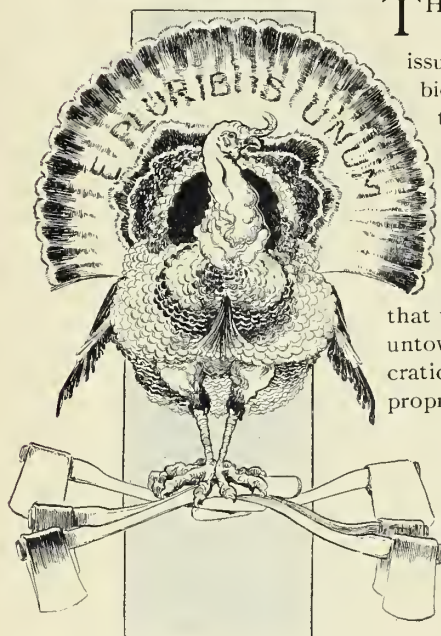
He : DO YOU KNOW, WHEN I CAME NEAR BEING DROWNED LAST SUMMER, I SAW ALL MY PAST LIFE IN AN INSTANT.
"OH, AWFUL!"



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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THE President's Thanksgiving proclamation, issued the day after election, bids us all stop work on the 26th of November and go to church, and thank God—"Who has shielded us from dire disaster"—for our preservation as a nation, and for divers blessings that we enjoy. It makes the untoward grin to see a Democratic President proclaim the propriety of national thankfulness so hot on the heels of a huge Democratic defeat, but Mr. Cleveland is not, and has never assumed to be, the kind of Democrat who was defeated.

It is many a long year since the American

people have eaten their Thanksgiving turkey with so near an approach to pious minds as a large majority of them will have this year. They have been scared, and nothing makes us poor humans appreciate Providence so much as a sound fright.

Fall to, brethren. Mark Hanna might have scared up votes enough to elect McKinley, but even he could not have compassed that timely rise in wheat and the inflow of gold to buy it. That was where the Lord seemed to line up on our side.

* * *



THERE has been a Horse Show in New York. It went off about as usual. There were a good many horses, a number of people who knew a horse from an elephant, and were interested in horses, and a great lot of people who knew one another, more or less, and were interested in people, manners and clothes. Milliners and

dressmakers make it their business to go to the New York Horse Show because of the opportunity it gives them to compare and scrutinize the current achievements in their line of industry. It is an amusing exhibition, and is always worth the price of admission to a contemplative observer. It must grow tiresome to the people who sit in the boxes all the week and make the show, but they are tough, and bear up well. They did their duty this year as sturdily as ever.

* * *



IT is proposed that the Aldermen of New York shall presently be invited to pass what is known as the curfew ordinance, a municipal law which provides that children under sixteen years old shall not be allowed in the streets after eight o'clock in winter or nine o'clock in summer, unless they are in charge of some authorized elder. This curfew ordinance originated in the same

city which gave the Popocrats their late candidate for President. It is said to be in force in as many as two hundred Western towns and cities.

A law that presupposes that children are best off at home in the evening may be a useful ordinance in a Western village, and still not be helpful either to the health or morals of children in the tenement-house districts of New York. There are sound objections to such laws as the curfew ordinance, in that they are meddlesome and restrictive of liberty, and make the public assume responsibilities that should fall upon parents. Such objections are not necessarily conclusive, but an ordinance that is open to them should show very clear and important advantages if it is to be justified.

* * *



MR. GEORGE FRED WILLIAMS, of Massachusetts, has gone to Jamaica for rest. It is good to know that Mr. Williams can be spared for a time from the Bay State, but it seems a pity that he should not have rather taken his vacation in Hayti than Jamaica. He has exerted himself during the past three months in the endeavor to turn the wheels of civilization backward in New England. In

Hayti he would have found a society in which the processes he favors have been perfected. Civilization has been running backwards there for several generations, and the results could not but have been edifying to Mr. Williams.



== ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL ==

== THANKSGIVING ==



== NOW, OR NEVER! ==

== HAVING SOME FUN. ==

== MICROBES ON THE BRAIN ==



They reveal in a simple way the singleness and intensity of his affections. There is not a touch in them of the literary genius writing letters for posterity. It is simply the adoring husband protesting his undying love in a hundred forms of expression—and that, too, after years of marriage. A similar loyalty of affection is revealed in Hugo's letters to his father and to his children.

There are some amusing and trivial things chronicled in these letters. It is an anticlimax to the youth of a great poet, to read that he is worried over borrowing knee-breeches and a sword in order that he may attend the coronation of Charles X. in proper style; and that he borrowed a thousand francs from his father-in-law, who in turn raised it from one of his friends—this to help



AUTUMN COLORS.

But even in those days of his economies, poetry was not such a very bad trade. He confesses that his publishers gave him \$450 for four indifferent odes—"which is good pay," he generously adds.

THE fine simplicity of the young poet is not so apparent when he writes outside of his family circle. His letters to Sainte-Beuve are petulant, suspicious, jealous, and altogether irritating. Several of them show him in the guise of a literary log-roller, working Sainte-Beuve for a handsome notice of one of his books.

That Hugo knew how to flatter an actress who was to take the leading part in one of his plays is shown in his letters to Mlle. Bertin, and when it came to working a King, he revealed a colossal gift of flattery. He writes to King Joseph: "If your Majesty has honored me by reading what I have hitherto written, you will have noticed that in each of my works my admiration for your illustrious brother has grown deeper and deeper, more and

THANKSGIVING ODE.

T'-MORRER'LL be
Thanksgivin',
'N thankful we must be,
For there ain't goin' ter be no school
Ter bother you 'n me.
'N there'll be lots of eatin',
Of turkey 'n pie 'n stuff;
'N if I don't get crammed jest full
It will be strange enough.
I'll get sick 'nough frum eatin'
Ter stay home a week 'n more,
'N so I say dat teacher 'n me 's
Got lots ter be thankful for.

Dallett Fuguet.



HUGO AS FOND HUSBAND AND WIRE-PULLER.

THERE has seldom been a franker revelation of the human nature that all are heir to—even a great man and a poet—than the recently published "Letters of Victor Hugo" (Houghton). One may question the good taste of those in authority who consent to the publication of such intimate domestic letters as those which Hugo addressed to his wife and children. But Hugo's memory does not suffer from them.

Hugo over the financial straits of the coronation ceremonies. No wonder that he confesses: "It is difficult to combine smartness with economy."

There is adroit flattery in the following from a letter to his wife: "Mlle. Zoé, who is charming, and whom I love because she loves you, made me up a collar, and begged me to tell you she was taking your place (but of course only in this)." O wise poet, you were early an adept in the use of the parenthesis!

And a little later there is another letter, where he tells his trusting wife that he read her letters with rapture "during a heavy shower which I hardly noticed. I arrived at the Cathedral without looking up, and I had been there ten minutes before I saw it. I was reading your letter, my beloved!" Hugo must have had unbounded faith in his wife's affection to expect her to believe this.

more heartfelt, more and more free from the royalist alloy of my early days."

Which shows that even a poet is not wholly without the wisdom of the serpent. Indeed, the Hugo of these letters is a wirepuller of the first order.

Droch.



THAT FIRST AFFAIR.



IT is bad enough to be alone in a big house, and there is yet more solitude, the poets tell us, in being alone in a great city; but the hero of this simple scandal was alone on the surface of the earth, the only man, absolutely single and unique—solitary—all by himself.

Of course there were animals, but no record exists of dog, or cat, or parrot; and what hope for boon companionship with the mylodon, the ichthyosaurus, or the ornithiornites giganteus? But, worst of all, he had no memories, for he started already brought up. He had never been a boy. Selkirk and other solitaires, either in heart or trousers pocket, bore memories of mother, or proof of maiden's love; but this young man knew not mother, maid, nor memories, and had never seen a pair of trousers.

His education was limited, as history had not yet begun. Botany was trying her first experiments. Reading, writing, and geography were still unborn; and, thus far, no vulgar fractions had shed their blight upon a peaceful earth. However, being the first of the kind, and never having seen his like, he probably regarded this as the usual condition of affairs; the proper thing, in fact. But the goings on of other animals could not fail to start him on a line of thought that was sure to be upsetting. They were pairing off in twos, and, with their individual families, seemed to get the upper hand of an unpleasant isolation that threatened to make his own existence a melancholy failure. And doubly depressing was the gradual discovery that while among other

animals there were at least two of a kind, thus rendering these partnerships an easy business, for him there seemed no such hope. Day after day he searched, but found no biped similar to himself. Meeting, one tranquil eve, a palæotherium with his bride, he asked the happy groom where he found his mate, and if, in that locality, there were brides in human shape. "No," the palæotherium answered, "I have seen them nowhere; but off to the south I passed maidens of the gorilla family, who walk on their hind legs and use their front paws just as you do; and they also bear a certain resemblance in physiognomy."

"Yes; I know those maidens," replied the solitary one; "but somehow they fail to fascinate me. They are hasty-tempered and too muscular. I should never be master in my own

late bachelor beneath his feet.

"I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed. "I came within an ace of walking on you."

"I wish you had."

"Why, what has happened?"

"Oh, nothing has happened, and nothing ever will!"

The big traveler failed to understand, but his business that morning was too interesting for delays. Being of a sympathetic nature, however, he made one attempt at consolation.

"Let me put you on my back, and I'll take you to my wedding. You shall be best man."

The invitation was declined, but incidents of this kind only increased the bitterness of a lonely spirit, and aggravated a situation already painful. The most dismal hours of all were during those regular intervals



"The Most Dismal Hours of All."

house; and they are such restless climbers! No; home would not be home with those girls."

Two squirrels, newly wedded, threw nuts at him as he wandered melancholy by, and twitted him on living by himself. "Get a girl," cried the groom, "and go to housekeeping. There's nothing like it, really!"

And later a mastodon, hurrying ponderously, yet joyfully along, with an enormous bunch of flowers in his trunk, nearly trampled the disconso-

when the light went out, leaving the earth in darkness. This joyless condition lasted many hours, and was only alleviated by a smaller and much colder luminary than the sun, which, as the lone one gazed upon it, filled him with uncontrollable longings. The evening zephyrs breathed exasperating secrets, always of a tender and mysterious nature. And during these dusky hours the frogs and turtles intensified his woe by their vociferous courtships.

But a surprise was awaiting him, and it came in a novel way.

Early one afternoon, our hero, yielding to a heavier drowsiness than usual, reclined in the cool shade of a fern—an antediluvian fern, about a hundred feet in height—and fell straightway into a deep slumber. When he awoke the surprise was there! She was close beside him, leaning over and gazing down into his face, and he, in unspeakable rapture, looked up into another pair of human eyes. Fearing it a dream, he blinked and looked again. It surely was the prayed-for girl! Her eyes, surprised and timid; the delicate contour of her face and neck; the luxuriant locks that grazed his cheek as she bent forward—all filled him with a gentle ecstasy.

He smiled; she returned the smile, and, either from embarrassment or alarm, edged further away. Still sitting among the flowers, she watched him intently, as if trying to comprehend the situation. As for him, so great was his joy that he found no words to express it. He continued, however, to manifest his intense delight by a series of welcoming smiles, but these at last were disconcert-



"A MASTODON, HURRYING PONDEROUSLY, YET JOYFULLY ALONG."

ing to the maiden, compelling her to turn away in some confusion. For it must be remembered that this was not only her first appearance in any society, but it had come with unprecedented suddenness. Her wardrobe, being a thing of the future, might also have troubled her under different circumstances, but at this informal period no fashions had been set in clothing; in fact, no standards of any kind were as yet established for the guidance of beginners.

She seemed even more amazed than he, and stared at everything about her in a charming bewilderment.

"Where did you come from?" he finally asked.

"I am sure I don't know!" she answered; "I just found myself here."

Her voice was gentler, more melodious than his own. He put his hand to his side as if something were missing, but his face expressed no regret.

"You are very beautiful! far more interesting than anything in this garden."

"Thank you," she replied, with a blush; "I have never seen myself, but it is very kind of you to think so."

"I am glad enough you have come," he continued. "I have lived here some days, and it's dull being alone."

"Where are the others?" she asked.

"The other animals?"

"The other people."

"There are no others."

She seemed disappointed. But this brief conversation had given her more confidence in herself, and she replied, with a suspicious look, "So you are the only man!"

"Yes."

Now this was an unacceptable truth to a belle who was making a brilliant *début*.

"How do you know that?"

"Because I haven't seen any, or heard of any; and I have inquired far and near."

"Have you been everywhere yourself?" and then, as her eyes swept the distant hills, she added, "It seems quite a place! There must be *some* variety in the way of men."

"Well, it's what all the animals tell me, and the birds, too; and some of them are tremendous travelers."

As he gazed in admiration upon this new companion, he could not conceal his contentment in being able to make such a reply. But she was evidently far from satisfied. After a pause, during which she caused him to feel that he was taking an ignoble advantage of a trusting girl, she inquired, without looking toward him, "Then what on earth do you do with yourself?"

"Oh, nothing much; generally as the others do."

"Then there *are* others?"

"I mean the other animals."

"And how do they pass the time?"

"Oh, stroll about and eat things, mostly fruit and berries; and take naps."

"What a life!"

"It *is* dull."

"Dull! I should die!"

"There are some fine views."

But she made no reply, and there was another silence, in which he felt her contempt. At last, in a consoling manner he remarked, "But then *you* will have *me*!"

"Really!"

He blushed and tried to assert himself against a foolish diffidence that was constantly possessing him ever since he had met this person.

"What I mean is that you will have one companion, such as it is, while I have been all alone by myself."

She put her hand to her mouth as if to conceal a yawn, then sighed as she asked:

"And the neighbors? Are they pleasant people?"

"But there *are* none, I say."

"Not hereabouts, perhaps, but further away. Off there, or there," she exclaimed nervously, pointing in different directions.

"There is nobody anywhere. I have inquired and hunted, and we are the only ones."

"Impossible!" and she arose to her feet with a look of alarm. "I can't believe it. It is terribly inconsiderate; and I am sure it's unusual."

"Unusual!" he repeated; "why,

what is the usual custom?"

"I don't know, but it seems queer. Are you sure it's all right? I was never in such a position before."

"But you never were in any position before," he answered with a smile.

She made no reply, simply expressing by her manner an increased distrust, and strolled slowly away.

He hastened after and did his best to make her cheerful; he told her how delicious was the fruit; how refreshing to lie down when tired; of the delightful heat of the sun when the wind blew cold, and how welcome the cooling wind and the shadowy places when the sun was over-hot. But she paid little attention, and appeared thoroughly depressed, turning away as if mankind had ceased to interest. She gazed about at the sky, the trees, the birds and butterflies, fixing her eyes, at last, with an absent look, upon a towering megatherium nibbling tree-tops in the distance.

Passing her hands through the long tresses that hung about her shoulders, at first in an idle way, she at last began to gather them into a definite shape. "Your hair is very beautiful," he remarked. "How fast it must have grown; and you so young!"

She looked up at his own head and asked, after hesitating a moment, "What happened to yours? Did something bite it off?"

"No; it was never any longer."

"That's too bad!"

"Oh, I don't care; I supposed it was the regular thing until you turned up."

"I wish I could see my own face. I have no idea how I look."

"You look like me, in a general way; but you are far more beautiful, of course, as I was only an experiment."

"How do you know how you look?"

"I have seen my reflection in water."

This was quite exciting; and she showed a livelier interest than in any subject they had yet approached. So together they started off to find the mirror.



"I FELL OFF MY TANDEM YESTERDAY."

"HURT YOURSELF?"

"NO. FORTUNATELY, MY WIFE WAS UNDER ME."

Beneath a certain apple-tree he paused a moment, and told her this was the forbidden fruit; that of all else in the garden they could take what they wished, but if they tasted this there would be a serious punishment. Then, continuing their walk, he brought her to a quiet nook by a river's bank, and there, surprised and delighted, she gazed upon a fresh young face smiling back at her from the water.

"Why, how lovely! I am not at all like you, and my hair is beautiful—simply beautiful!"

Then she began to arrange this hair in different fashions, trying new effects, he watching her like a creature

beneath a spell. At last, turning toward him, a little color in her cheeks, she inquired with a smile of various meanings, "How many men did you say there are in the world?"

"One."

"That's a great many, isn't it?"

"You think one is a great many?"

"It seems so just now."

He laughed and strolled away. She called after him, "And I will let you know when you are needed."

After a while, when tired of her own face and of re-arranging her hair, she looked about for other pleasures. The world was young, and so was she, and there were fresh surprises on every side—in the colors and per-

fumes of the flowers, in the clouds, the birds, and the whispering trees. For a happy period, no one knows how long, she played about, until at last, throwing herself upon a shady bank to rest a little, she recognized in the branches above her head the apples of the forbidden tree. But she was a good girl—so far—and resisted a temptation—quite a strong temptation, just to know how it tasted. As thus she lay, a languor came stealing through her brain; her eyelids shut out the light; her senses seemed to float away, and then—all was as nothing.

(To be concluded in next number.)

REGRET.

MALEDICTIONS upon this new style coming in!

Bitter tears for the fashion that goes!
For the first is a subject of sore chagrin
To myself, and of joy to my foes.

For the halcyon days that have been
and are gone

My heart unconsolingly grieves;
The loss of the sweetest of duties I
mourn—

That of tucking in Dorothy's sleeves.

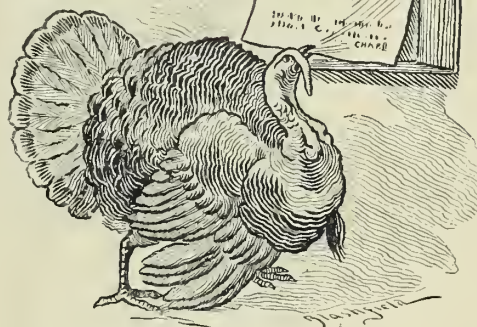
Charles Ashley Hardy.

A WOMAN waits until she is very sure of her man
before she begins to amuse herself by arousing
his jealousy.

A PLAUSIBLE REASON.

O'MIKE: Phy do they always make the
lasht Thursday in November Thanksgivin'
Day, Oi dunno?

McPAT: Shure, ut's because the Thursday
after thot ain't in November at all at all,
ye gomeril.



IF MY WIFE SEES THAT, SHE WILL HAVE
NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

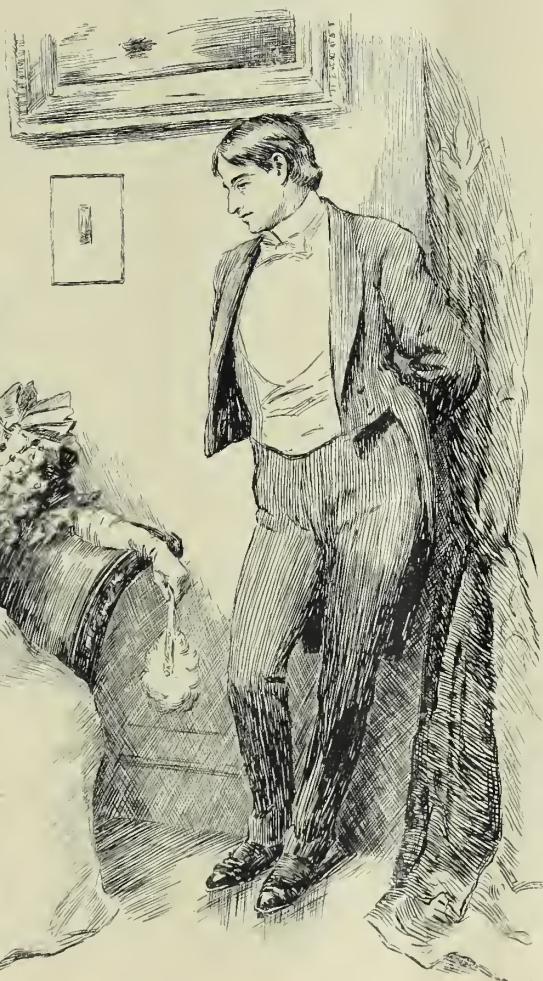
STARTING A BLAZE.

HE: It's hard to be rejected all around.
I spoke to your father first, and he
swore I could never marry you.

SHE: Then why didn't you say so? I
am beginning to love you already.



THE REASON.



Wm. H. Allen

"MR. RUSHER, I DID NOT RECOGNIZE YOU IN THE FOOTBALL GAME TO-DAY."



F. RICHARDS





AN IMPORTANT COMMUNICATION CONCERNING THE OPERA.

THE WALDORF,
MONDAY MIDNIGHT.

MY OWN, DARLING, PRECIOUS BESSIE:—I am the happiest girl in all this whole, entire world. I have been to the first night of the opera at the Metropolitan and sat in a box. If it hadn't been for the names of the people printed in the programme no one could have told that I wasn't an Astor, or a Boldt, or a Wormser, or something like that, instead of just plain Mayme Smith from Rochester, N. Y.

The way it happened was this. You see, papa's broker down in Wall street had taken a box for the season—papa says he doesn't know how he had the nerve to do it—and last week his wife's mother died, and as papa is a good customer of his, he sent us the tickets for the box.

It was just simply too lovely for anything. We knew who all the people in the boxes were, because we could read their names on the programme. Papa said it made him think of the catalogue at a live-stock show. Of course we couldn't tell who the people were downstairs, but the men in the next box

knew everybody, and as they talked about them all the time, it was just as good as the programme was for the box people.

One of the men said, "Hello, there's Reggie de Koven over there."

"I wonder how he got in!" said another. "I should think they'd be afraid he'd steal all the jewels out of the jewel song."

"He would," said another, "only he doesn't know the difference between paste and the real thing."

Wasn't that mean

But the house itself looked perfectly lovely. I never saw so many diamonds in my life, even in Tiffany's. Papa said if Bryan had been elected a good many of them would have been in hock, whatever that means. Then one of the men said, "Why, there's Nettie Van Santvoord. Thought she was out in Sioux Falls."

"So she was, but she got her decree Friday. Don't you see she's in half-mourning? That's the swagger thing now—wear half-mourning for six months after a divorce, and then go into colors."



CALVÉ.



JEAN.

Papa said they were only joking, because, if that were the style, there would be more violet in the house.

The opera people had asked ladies in the orchestra chairs not to wear hats, but one or two women did, and you can't imagine how funny they looked, and how people stared at them. Almost all the ladies wore low-necked gowns—not very low, you know; but, across from us, there was a little fat woman in a box who made me think of the lady in the bath-tub in the Pears' soap advertisement. Down below us, in the chairs, was a scrawny woman in a very low bodice. One of the men said she was a woman of many fine points, and she didn't care who knew it. She had on a lot of diamonds, and one of the other men said she reminded him of one of those hat-racks for jewelry that stand on dressing-cases.

But it's all over, and I'm getting sleepy. When I get back to Rochester I'll tell you more about it. I wish you could have been with us, you dear, old thing. With lots of love,

Your loving
MAYME.

P. S.—The two de Reszkes and Melba sang. I send you their pictures, as well as those of Mme. Eames and Mme. Calvé.

P. S.—The opera was "Faust."

* * *

IT'S only a small matter, but if managers would print the hour at which their performances begin, both in their advertisements and on their tickets, they would convenience the public and save the Recording Angel a lot of bookkeeping.

And why shouldn't there be some uniformity about the hour? The day has gone by when people decide whether they are getting their money's worth from the length of time they stay in the theatre. Eight fifteen seems a happy compromise between eight o'clock and eight thirty.

It gives fifteen minutes more

at the dinner table, and yet doesn't make the close of the performance too near to midnight.

* * *

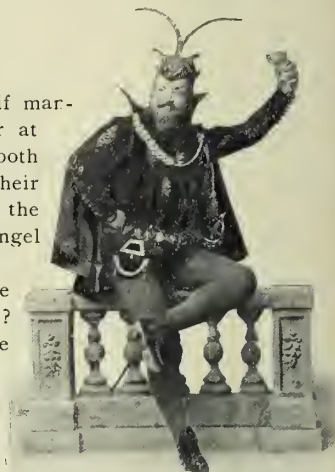
MR. MAURICE BARRYMORE is a difficult actor to fit with a part, but, judging from its title, "Roaring Dick" ought to fill the bill. His personality contains such an inexhaustible fount of physical vigor that it bubbles over into his speech and gestures, and nothing short of most energetic work comes within his limits. Barrymore's trouble is not lack of intelligence, but excess of vitality.

* * *

THERE has recently been a sale of some of Mr. Richard Mansfield's



EAMES.



EDOUARD.



MELBA

effects. It was a pity it could not have included his entire stock of irascible speeches. These were a mistake, as have been some of his appearances. Far be it from us in these days to decry artistic ambition, but if Mr. Mansfield would only curb his to his powers, and let sincerity and good taste take the place of efforts for notoriety, he would have the moral support of the large number of theatre-lovers who recognize his ability.

* * *

SO far, the dramatic season has been a most uneventful one. The fingers of one hand would be a liberal allowance for counting the pronounced successes. It would be difficult to state the exact reason, but it might be found some-

where between the long-continued hard times which made capital timid for new ventures, and the degenerating effect of concentrating theatrical enterprise in the hands of a few sharks who are in the business only for what money there may be in it. It may be a too despondent view, but, judged by the present season, the profession of acting is going to the dogs—or the vaudeville stage.

Metcalfe.



"QUACK! AIN'T I CHIC?"

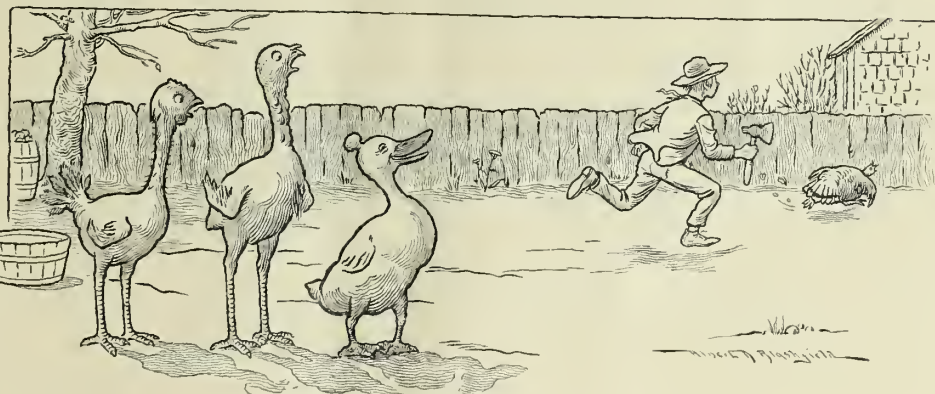
HER PROCLIVITY.

MR. DOLLEY: She is always running people down.

MR. GURLEY: A gossip, eh?

"No, a scorcher."

KANSAS seems to have taken it upon herself to serve as an object lesson of the effects of Popocracy. She has been given over to Pefferism, Leaseism, and every kind of noxious political whim for some years, and has steadily lost wealth and population. Now she has chosen Bryan electors, a Populist State government, and a Socialist Chief Justice who has recorded his conviction that the rights of the users of property are paramount to the rights of the owner of it. Keep watch of Kansas; read the statistics of her progress and notice which way it tends. The experiment she is making is far too costly to be wasted. No state that needs the lesson she is learning should miss the chance to get it at her expense.



The Duckling: THERE GOES THE OLD TURK THAT LAUGHED AT US FOR BEING KIDS. OH, SAY!

THE RECENT EXHIBITION.

EVERY earnest lover of the horse will feel a keen delight in perusing these echoes of the recent show.

They are clipped from the *N. Y. Tribune*, whose veracity we have no reason to doubt:

Miss Blight was accompanied in her circuits about the tan bark by Mr. and Mrs. Belmont, the latter looking very well in a gown of dark green cloth, combined with velvet. Her hat of green felt was dressed with large, black feathers. Mrs. James L. Kernochan wore a handsome costume of brown cloth, heavily trimmed with chinchilla fur, and small hat to match, trimmed with steel.

Mrs. T. Suffern Tailer and Mrs. J. Lee Tailer have been conspicuous at the show since the opening day from their beauty and handsome costumes.

Mrs. Charles G. Francklyn, in a gown of silver moire, the front of the corsage of canary-colored * * * Mrs. William Burden was another of the newcomers. She sat with Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr., and looked unusually well in a gown of black satin, touched with bows of carmine satin, a cape which seemed to be made of bands of sable black velvet and white lace, and a black velvet bonnet. Mrs. Dyer looked very handsome in a gown of pale, fawn-colored silk, the corsage ornamented with bows of cerise satin.

How would it do, another year, to award a series of supplementary prizes—for millinery? And then, really, when you come right down to it, don't you know, all that space in the centre now taken up by some sort of a horse performance could be occupied by those women who have the money to spend on clothes, and who are, and always have been, the main exhibit.

Don't you know?

A NOBLE EFFORT—To marry an heiress.

ANYTHING BUT THIS.

IF every day'll be Sunday bye-and-bye,
Then let me to oblivion quick be hurled;
Before that happens let me swiftly fly
To fate unknown, than to each day be nigh
The *Sunday Journal* or the *Sunday World*.

VIVISECTION ON BABIES.

FOR a vivisection, the step from an animal to a baby is slight, as one has certainly as many rights as the other. The *Philadelphia Polyclinic* recently printed the following:

HUMAN VIVISECTION.

Recent numbers of the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* contain a paper recording some experiments made on infants to determine whether lumbar puncture of the subarachnoid space is dangerous.

Before the inauguration of these experiments, the author had performed lumbar puncture—a proper therapeutic operation—on a case of doubtful tubercular meningitis. The child's pulse, on that occasion, rose to 250. "She clutched at her hair, tossed herself about the bed and uttered sharp cries." He "was unprepared for such a result and did not know but that it would terminate fatally." The patient, however, recovered from these alarming symptoms and finally left the hospital well.

If the needs of science seemed to him to irresistibly demand that normal cerebro-spinal canals should be punctured, why did he not courageously bare his back to the aspirator needle? Then we could honor him for his fearless love of science. Now we despise him for his cruelty to the helpless.

NOTHING HUMOROUS ABOUT IT.

"HERE is a joke about a plumber who never overcharged," said the contributor.

"That's not a joke," replied the editor. "That is a lie."

"DOAN' SAY NUFFIN', HONEY!"

THANKSGIBIN' Day will soon be heah—

Doan' say nuffin', honey!

We'll hab a scrumptious spread dis yeah—

Doan' say nuffin', honey!

Potatoes sweet an' 'possum fat,

An' nice, young 'coon what doan' taste flat,

An' turkey an' all such as dat—

Doan' say nuffin', honey!

I know right wheh de little 'coon—

Doan' say nuffin', honey!

Am playin' 'neath de silbery moon—

Doan' say nuffin', honey!

An' I know wheh de 'possum stays,

So fat he sleeps all fru' de days,

An' runs erbout at night an' plays—

Doan' say nuffin', honey!

An' when Thanksgibin' Day comes round—

Doan' say nuffin', honey!

We'll hab a turkey weighs ten pound—

Doan' say nuffin', honey!

An' if some stealin' hab occurred,

An' boss, wif indignashun stirred,

Should ax wheh we done got dat bird—

Doan' say nuffin', honey!



EDWARD L. DELANEY

A GRATEFUL FAMILY.



THE FIRST THANKSGIVING.



CHOOSING A WOILD-CHARNAL REPRESENTATIVE.

SCENE: A newspaper office on the umphth floor of a Park Row skyscraper, under a tinfoil dome.

(Enter First Candidate.)

First Candidate—I should like to be sent as representative of the Woild-Charnal to Cuba, sir.

Editor—M'm! What are your qualifications?

First Candidate—I was born there, speak Spanish perfectly, and am thoroughly acquainted with the country.

Editor—Dear, dear! That's too bad. Had any experience in writing?

First Candidate—I have been a contributor to most of the great magazines and reviews for years.

Editor (impatiently)—Yes, yes; but that's no use. I mean fiction—a hysteric novel like the "Red Bunch of Corsage," or something erotic.

First Candidate—I have never written fiction, sir.

Editor—Don't believe you'll do. Ah—how would you report an interview with a Spanish general?

First Candidate—How? Why, tell what he said, certainly.

Editor (in disgust)—Well, the Woild-Charnal doesn't want any such school-boy rubbish as that! What do you suppose we pay our correspondents for, anyway? You haven't the first conception of journalism! Why don't you write almanacs? James, show this young man the way to the elevator!

(Enter Second Candidate.)

Editor—Want to see about that Cuban correspondence?

Second Candidate—That's right!

Editor—Do you know anything about Cuba?

Second Candidate—Not on your life!

Editor (rubbing his hands)—You talk as though you'd do. Do you speak Spanish?

Second Candidate—Nit!

Editor—Fine! Fine! Had any experience in journalism?

Second Candidate—Me! Well, say! I've been writing Hell's Kitchen dialect sketches for three years.

Editor (eagerly)—You don't tell me! Young man, you've a great future before you. How would you report an interview with a Spanish general?

Second Candidate (winking)—Interview? Say! I can write interviews at the rate of a mile an hour. I'll do them on the steamer going down.

Editor (with a howl of delight)—You'll do, young man! You're just the one I've been looking for. Name any salary you want. Here's a check. Take the first steamer to-morrow! Spare no expense, and send no dispatch in which the Woild-Charnal is not mentioned at least eighty times! You know about that, I suppose.

Second Candidate—Am I on? Well, say!

(Goes out, leaving the Editor hugging himself.)

—New York Press.

A PARTY of Kentuckians were in Washington some years ago and called on the congressman from their district. During the conversation the visitors asked about Colonel —, a former neighbor who had been living in Washington for some time. "I am very sorry to tell you, gentlemen," replied the member of Congress, "that Colonel — is in hard luck. He is very poor, indeed, I assure you. He does not complain, and it was only by accident that I learned of his straitened circumstances. He has a room across the hall from my room at the hotel. A few nights ago I went across to borrow his corkscrew. Would you believe it, gentlemen, Colonel — is actually so poor his corkscrew is rusty?" —Argonaut.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

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Bill Nye's History of England. Philadelphia: J. Lippincott Company.

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TRAMP: Madam, something I haven't eaten has disagreed with me.

—London Truth.

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"Look here," said the girl in the crash suit. "I want to know what is the matter at your house. I hear—"

"Don't," said the girl in the linen gown. "It makes me feel sick. I've given up athletics forever, given my gymnasium suit to a beggar, and now I'm busy reducing the size of my waist and learning to scream if anybody says 'mouse.'"

"Good gracious, what on earth is the matter? Are you losing your mind or are you engaged to a poet?"

"Neither, dear. But I've decided that feminine bravery is not appreciated in this world. You know I wrote you that my brother Tom had asked me to come to town and keep house for him for a week?"

"Yes; but you didn't tell me why you had suddenly become such a good sister that you would leave Delavan just when it was gayest in order to soothe your brother's loneliness."

"Didn't I? Well, Tom wrote me that his friend Fred Innit was on his way to the Pacific slope and intended to stop over with him for a few days; also that the house looked like a residence in one of the buried cities we read of. I temporized until he offered me that lovely ruby pin of his, then I agreed to come."

"I should think so, especially since you have been dying to meet Fred Innit ever since his rich uncle died and—"

"Mhm—but Tom didn't know that. Tom writes an awful hand, but I made out that Mr. Innit would arrive on Thursday, so I came to town Tuesday to set the house in order, going straight there without stopping at Tom's office."

"Oh, well, he expected you."

"I hadn't said when I'd come, but I had a latch-key, so it was all right. I wish you could have seen the house; it was worse than I ever dreamed. The woman had not yet come to clean, but I hunted up an old wrapper, tied my hair in a towel and started to get things ready for her. As I passed Tom's room the door was ajar and I glanced in. There stood a man in front of the bureau, evi-

dently just about to rifle it of its contents!"

"My goodness, what did—"

"I turned cold all over, for I thought of the ruby pin, and I knew that Tom was just mean enough not to buy me a new one if that was stolen."

"And did you scream?"

"No; I just stepped into the next room and got Jim's revolver, and then I marched into Tom's room, and before the burglar knew I was there I had him covered. Then I ordered him to throw up his hands."

"Goodness me, did—"

"He did. He had taken off his coat, evidently meaning to dress in Tom's clothes and take everything he could lay his hands on."

"And what did he—"

"He said coolly: 'My good woman, you are quite mistaken. I am not a burglar. I—'"

"He thought you were the woman who had come in to clean and he would pretend to be a member of the family. I've often read—"

"So have I. I was all ready for him, and with that revolver pointed at his head, I made him march out of that room, down the stairs and out of the front door, protesting at every step."

"Evidently a hardened professional; he—"

"Yes. Then I didn't know how many more there might be in the house, so I sat on the bottom step of the stairs waiting for Tom. He rushed in in about half an hour."

"And wasn't he proud of your bravery?"

"He was not. The fact was that it was not a burglar, but Fred Innit himself. I had mistaken the day of his arrival; Tom had left him home to rest a bit while he went down to the office, and I had driven him, hatless and coatless, out of the house at the point of a revolver!"—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

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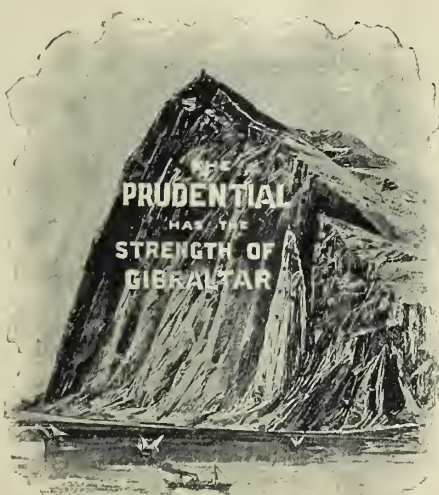
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Once I was naughty—ran away
To see what I could see;
It was a horrid poky day—
My mother punished me.

She didn't whip me—wisht she had,
So hard she left a mark!
She shut me up for being bad:
The room was big and dark.

It was so dark I thought I saw
Strange creatures' awful eyes,
And I was scared and couldn't draw
My breath for screams and cries.

I wisht something would gobble me,
And so I didn't stir;
Then I'd be *gone*, and mother, she—
Guess that would punish *her*!

—William S. Lord, in *Chicago Record*.

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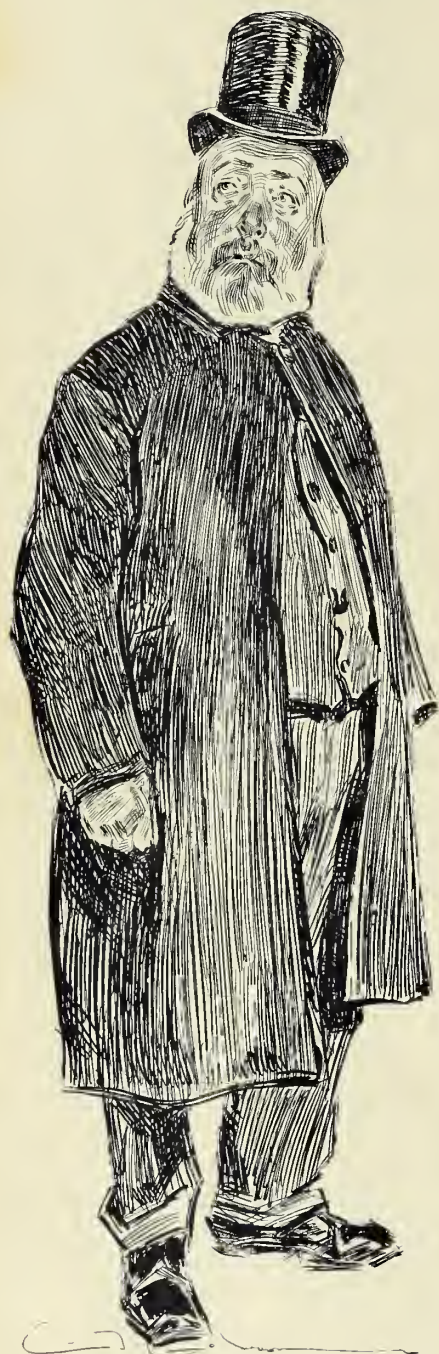
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"SO YOU TOLD MISS POPLIN THAT YOU THINK HER PRETTIER THAN I."

Young Tutter (hastily): BUT YOU MUSTN'T THINK ANYTHING OF THAT, MISS CLARA! I NEVER DID THINK SHE WAS VERY PRETTY, ANY WAY!

HER WISH.

THREE maids together sat one eve
And chatted, in the gloaming,
Of what they'd wish for, most of all,
Through all their fancy roaming.

The first one said, and heaved a sigh,

"Could I have one wish granted,

I'd long for wealth; I am so poor,

'Tis what I've always wanted."

"But I have wealth," the second said,

"And still I'm sad and lonely;

And so I long for lover true,

Who'd love me for love only."

"And I have wealth and lover both,

Yet I don't think it wrong or

Wicked," the third one said. "But, oh!

I long for something to long for!"

E. H. Graham Dewey.

THE STRUGGLE OVER.

WHEELER: Wobbles acts like
a man who has nothing to
live for.

McSCORCHER: No wonder; he has
just paid the last installment on his
bicycle.

YOU can make lots of headway
sometimes by admitting you are
wrong when you are not.

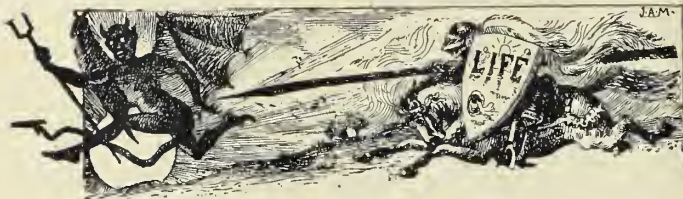
MEMORIZED.

CATTERSON: I suppose you are
pretty familiar with the country
from New York out to your suburban home?

HATTERSON: Yes, I know every
inch of the advertisements.



"THE PLAY'S THE THING!"
—Hamlet.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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SIGNS abound of the increased interest that is felt by our cousins in Europe in our activities, morals, sentiments and prospects. Within the last five years it seems to have been gradually coming to the knowledge of large numbers of intelligent Europeans that there was a settlement on this side of the Atlantic in which the processes of civilization were far enough advanced to be worth watching. Europe has long possessed a certain amount of information about the United States which was within reach of the curious, but anything like a general and continuous interest in this country, as a contemporary nation, is new. Within the last year, especially, that sort of interest has developed remarkably. European newspapers have actually begun to print an appreciable amount of American news. When we had an election the other day Europe really wanted to know how it had gone. Some London newspapers now maintain capable correspondents in New York, as all important New York newspapers do in London, and it is getting to be matter of common knowledge, even in Paris and Vienna, that Chicago, though a port, lies inland some distance from the seashore. The upshot of all this is that the United States is getting into society! It doesn't make any very vital difference to us, but as a sign of the world's progress it is interesting.



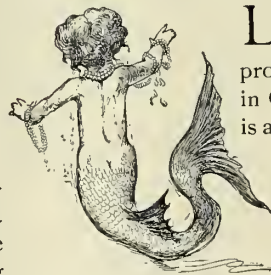
THERE is another bit of knowledge that is coming to be very generally appreciated, but which begins to prevail, not in Europe, but here at home. As the Europeans grow to know the Americans, so the Americans are coming to have a profounder acquaintance with themselves. One of the fruits of this latter process is the gradual disappearance of the time-honored theory that the greatest peril to the success of our experiment in popular government was the influx of too

many ignorant and irresponsible Europeans into our land. We have been used to flatter ourselves that the native born Americans who had grown up under our institutions could safely be trusted with the suffrage, but that if we let too many ignorant foreigners vote they might get us into trouble.



OF late, and especially during the last year, we have come to realize that right here at home, under our own flag and on free soil, we can develop theories and theorists that have quite as much mischief in them as any we are likely to import. The old idea that our biggest job was to educate foreigners up to our own level is largely exploded. Our recent experience is that the foreigners who come here are, for the most part, orderly people, who respect law and honest government, and will support them by their votes, and that our chief concern must be with voters who are the sons of our own soil, to see that in the exuberance of their habitual freedom they are not misled by demagogues or confused by political heresies.

If Europe presently achieves a real acquaintance with us, so much the better for Europe; and if we presently attain a sound understanding and appreciation of ourselves and our own qualities, and our own weaknesses and dangerous tendencies, so much the better for us.



LIFE congratulates the children of New York on the immediate prospect of having a good aquarium in Castle Garden. A good aquarium is a first-rate show, as everyone knows who inspected the fisheries exhibit at the Chicago Fair. The one at Castle Garden is to be maintained by the city for the entertainment of every orderly person who can get to see it. Children in New York have little enough wholesome sport at the best. The more the city can do to make up to them for living here instead of in the country, where they ought to be, the better. The fact that the aquarium will incidentally amuse the grown-ups is not an argument against it, since a good many grown people, even in big cities, retain a childlike capacity for innocent amusements.

A CITIZEN of Des Moines, Iowa, is dead in consequence of injuries received in being initiated into a lodge of Elks. Initiation fatalities stir the same sort of impatience that greets the didn't-know-it-was-loaded homicides. They are usually the work of boys, but the Elks are grown men, plenty old enough to know better.



ADVANTAGES OF A CANINE CADDY.

Recipe: SOAK THE GOLF BALLS IN QUAIL GRAVY, AND THE POINTER CAN NEVER LOSE THE SCENT.

BOOKISHNESS

THE GOLD STANDARD IN LITERATURE.

CARLYLE in his essay on "Burns" (which has been recently put in a volume for students [Longmans], with a capable and sympathetic introduction by Wilson Farrand), explaining one of the results of the strong national feeling in Burns and Scott, says: "Our chief literary men . . . no longer live among us like a French colony. . . . Our literature no longer grows in water but in mould, and with the true racy virtues of the soil and climate."

If Carlyle were to utter similar sentiments in America to-day he would be called a provincial. That is the final taunt of the kind of criticism that considers itself "large," "detached," and all the other adjectives that go with an admiration for what is foreign and contempt for what is native.

Color has been given to this criticism by the kind of braggadocio that asserts that American books must be esteemed because they are American. An American book can no more be declared good because it is

American, than a depreciated dollar can be made whole by national fiat, "without the consent of any other nation on earth." The gold of good literature passes current the world over, not because it is national, but because it is good literature. The American eagle stamped on its back cannot make a bad book good, either here or "abroad."

* * *

WHAT Carlyle was praising in Burns was "his sincerity, his indisputable air of truth. . . . A Scottish peasant's life was the meanest and rudest of all lives, till Burns became a poet in it, and a poet of it; found it a *man's* life, and therefore significant to men. . . . He does not write from hearsay, but from sight and experience."

The best book of a man must grow out of what he really is—and the best book of an American writer ought to be an American book—not an imitation of an English or French model. That is all that the "eagle's scream" can ever accomplish in our literature.

And there is a side of this sensible Americanism that touches readers, as well as writers. It is very effectively put by Brander Matthews in one of the essays in his recent volume, "Aspects of Fiction" (Harper's).

He says: "If we accept the statement that, after all, literature is only a criticism of life, it is of value in proportion as its criticism of life is truthful. Surely it needs no argument to show that the life it is most needful for us Americans to have criticised truthfully is our own life. *It is only in our own literature that we can hope to learn the truth about ourselves.*"

No doubt Professor Matthews would liberally interpret the "only" in the above sentence—for all his writing shows that he is a believer in the illumination that comes to any man from a comparative study of other literatures than his own. He has written very charmingly, himself, of French dramatists and Scotch novelists. But what he objects to is American writers who think the only path to fame lies in writing after some foreign model. He has no admiration for American "Lorna Doones" or American Dickenses and Kiplings.

The gold standard is as good for American letters as for American finance. We ought not to tolerate any fifty-three-cent writers posing as real dollars. Neither ought we to give any preference to gold sovereigns over American five-dollar gold pieces.

Droch.

THAT FIRST AFFAIR.

(Continued from last number.)

FROM this sleep she was gently awakened by the pressure of a diminutive hand upon her heart, and warm lips against her own. Opening her eyes, at first slowly, and then wider in alarm, she looked upon a curious little being who leaned over her with a mischievous smile. He was short, very plump, and quite a handsome boy. She sat up and pushed him back. But he continued to smile.

"Oh, don't be angry. You will understand it later. You don't know me yet."



"No, I do not."

"I am the serpent."

"The serpent?"

"Yes. Do I look it?"

She did not answer, as she felt he was not serious, and she had begun to fear him. In his face and manner there was a recklessness and audacity that augmented her distrust; moreover, his lips were amorous and his eyes were bold. The impression given was of an impulsive, happy person, warm and open-hearted perhaps, but who loved the Devil and was full thereof. Had he worn a halo, it would not have been straight upon his head, but cocked to one side, and he would have doffed it to every girl he met.

"Yes," he went on, "I am the tempter, the thing that is to bring disgrace upon you—upon you—the mother of the human race."

His speech was meaningless, at least to her, and she began to regard him as some evil spirit.

"Are you a man?" she whispered.

"A man? No; I am the essence of all men—of the millions yet unborn. I am the sap and soul of human life, the realization of lovers' dreams. I am the absorbing and resistless passion; the one undying thing; the everlasting joy and tor-

ture. That's what I am!"

He smiled as he spoke, yet there was enough of earnestness to convince his listener that he was something of importance. The more she studied him the more she yielded to an indefinable bewitchment. He seemed to exercise a dangerous spell, and she looked uneasily about. Her thoughts flew to the man, whose absence she now regretted, and she remembered him with a warmer interest and a deeper longing than she had yet experienced.

"You kind of

half know what love is, don't you?" exclaimed her new acquaintance.

"Whenever you think of that fellow you feel this way." And, reaching out his arms, he moved them slowly up and down, wiggling every finger; "and it goes tingling all through you, up your spine, along your drunken nerves, and into your nice little heart. It brings the color to your cheeks and the light of Heaven to your eyes. Oh, it is the big thing of creation!" and then, as she tried to hide her embarrassment by a careless smile, finally putting her hands before her face, he laughed aloud, a triumphant, mocking laugh, threw himself upon the grass, and repeated, as he rolled over and over among the flowers, "What fun this is!"

Then he sat up and said with a smile—an exasperating smile of superior wisdom:

"Tell me honestly what you think of him?"

In spite of herself, the color came into her cheeks.

"Who?"

"Who?" he repeated in a jeering tone. "Who, indeed! There are so many."



"You are an impudent little thing." "Worse than that," he replied. "I am the wicked thing that tempted Eve;" and he hunched up his shoulders and rubbed his hands in a kind of reckless glee.

"That tempted whom?"

"You. But tell me honestly if the world is not pleasanter since you took that nap. Isn't the sky bluer, the air softer? Aren't the flowers more fragrant? and isn't your heart a heap sight fuller since I had the honor of awakening you?"

Again the color came to her cheeks as she replied, with a frown, "I don't know why I should talk about it to every stranger who comes along."

"True; but you are not likely to encounter many strangers, and besides, I am an exceptional person. I am an institution by myself—a whole principle, in fact—and a huge one, too."

"You are here for mischief, I am sure of that."

He laughed again, "For love and trouble, that's what I am here for."

"Must they go together?"

"Well, yes; I suppose they must. You see, love requires that two shall be in it."

She nodded.

Then, with a solemn shake of his head, "There's trouble right away."

She reflected a moment, then replied, "I don't see why."

"Because one at least is in love.

If the man, for instance, could pine away for love of himself, for what is already his; if he could be satisfied with holding his own hand, sitting in his own lap, breathing love into his own ear, and after all, perhaps, changing his mind and throwing himself over at the end, you can see how much suffering would be avoided. And the same with a woman. No; it's having two



that will lead to complications."

"But how do you know all this when nothing has happened—before anything is tried?"

"By eating that fruit," he answered, pointing to the branches above her head. "By the way, have an apple," and he proffered one.

But she pushed it away. "That is the tree of knowledge, the forbidden fruit."

"Oh, come now! what do apples grow for? You will never have any fun, unless you know enough to take it. It's the best fruit in the garden. Do you want to be a brainless old goody, and never know what life is—to say nothing of blighting the hopes of the only lover in the world? Eat it, and trust me. I can furnish you more fun and tragedy, more poetry and life, than the deepest ignorance can ever offer. Besides, you won't get another such chance for a finished education with so little trouble."

She was puzzled. There were too many new ideas in this, and they came rapidly for a brain not three hours old.

"What do you mean?"

"This being the tree of knowledge, it follows that the more you eat the more you will know; and you will know things you oughtn't to know, which is considerable sport, as you can imagine."

Although she smiled and nodded in approval, she could not avoid a suspicion that, for inexperienced maidens, he was not the safest guide.

"But we are commanded not to eat it, and to disobey would be wrong."

"Look here," he said, cocking his head to one side and half closing his eyes. "You are inclined to be too superior. Now, beware of an excess of virtue. It is a good thing, like water, purifying while you are in it, but too much of it becomes the chill of death. Take my advice and eat that apple. It will bring

a scrap of wisdom, and that man will

like you all the better for being a little cleverer than himself."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure."

She still hesitated, but finally bit into it cautiously, and made a little face.

"Why, it isn't as good as it looks! It is bitter, and yet"—after another bite—"it has a sweet taste."

Then she finished the whole apple, and, as she tossed aside the core, inquired:

"If I eat another shall I be wiser still?"

"Yes."

"Then give me another."

But he squatted upon the grass in front of her and said:

"Just wait a minute, and hear a word before you go on. In the first place, wisdom and fun are two different things. Now, if you eat too many apples you will be too wise to fall in love with that man."

"I don't see why!" she exclaimed.

"I should love him all the same. He is not a fool."

"Yes, he is, or he would be with you now."

"But I sent him off."

"What did you say to him?"

She remembered her clever little speech, and smiled. "I told him one man was too many."

"One man too many for a woman! Well, that would make a holoptychius laugh."

Seeing that she failed to comprehend, he edged a little nearer and laid a hand on her knee.

"Excuse me; but you are still very simple in certain directions. However, if you eat any more of these apples you will be too far ahead of the man."

"But he can eat the apples, too."

The fatling shook his head.

"What you want from that man is an absorbing love, is it not?"

"Oh, yes!"

"And if that love were so tempestuous and all-conquering as to blind his reason you would not complain."

"No, never!"

"Well, it hurts me to say it, but

excessive wisdom is not a safe companion for that kind of love."

"Then he shall never taste an apple!"

"You had better let him have one—just one—or it may all end in a kind of toleration on your part, which is also dangerous. You don't want him *too* dull."

"Well, he shall eat one; but only one."

"You are a sensible girl. And there is one thing more I ought to tell you; that is, that you will have to leave this garden, now that you have eaten the apple."

This alarmed her, and she exclaimed reproachfully, "And you made me do it!"

"Yes; but you never could have lived without it. You see, this garden is laid out exclusively for frigid old maids—hard-headed, apathetic old maids—who abominate men. Now, I wouldn't live in it if I could, and I know that man wouldn't, either. And you are not the girl to be happy in here all by yourself, with us fellows outside."

"No, I certainly am not!"

"Good for you! I knew you were not. So there is no damage done. The fun begins earlier, that's all."

Now, good-by, for

I must leave you; but I shall be within call if you ever need me;" and with a knowing smile he added, "Don't be cruel to him."

And he skipped away, half running, half flying, singing as he went;

and she noticed that birds and animals pricked up their ears as if his song was interesting, certain of them following the singer, and always in pairs. She wondered who and what he was, and had little doubt of his being a person of importance.

He was hardly out of sight before she began upon a second apple. That clever little stranger might be correct in theory, but her instinct told her



that, in any relations between the sexes, there could be no possible disadvantage to the woman if she were a trifle wiser than the man. After the second apple she realized a mental change—a quicker insight, a clearer comprehension, and, not least, a splendid confidence in herself that alone was worth the price of all. She felt able to cope with any masculine adversary. And that second apple easily explains—at least in this writer's opinion—certain mental differences between men and women that have flourished ever since that day.

When the man returned, uncertain of his reception, for he had heard no call, he found the belle of the garden reclining beneath the apple-tree, weaving a sash of vine-leaves. For among the various ideas that had come to her since partaking of the fruit, was a yearning for personal decoration—that desire to wear something which has since developed into such unreasoning dimensions. Throwing himself upon the grass at her feet, he began with his old argument, that they marry at once, like the rest of the world, and go to housekeeping. For a time she made no answer, fearing he might suspect, either by her language or her manner, that she was not the simple maid he had known but an hour ago.

At last she moved her lips, raised her eyebrows, and held her head a trifle to one side, as if trying to think well of a poor suggestion.

"Come," he urged, "what do you say? It is a splendid idea."

"There is no hurry."

"As well do it now as later."

She shook her head. "This is all dreadfully sudden; and how do I know that your love for me is serious?"

"Indeed it is!"

"Am I worth a sacrifice?"

"Try me."

"Would you rather live alone in this beautiful garden, or with me outside?"

"With you outside, a thousand times over!" and he sat up with uplifted hand, as if taking an oath.

"Then eat this," and she took an apple from the ground beside her and held it toward him.

It was rather sudden, and he had a wholesome reverence for the garden authorities.

"No," he said, with a shake of his head; "I will not do that, for we can both live here by letting the apples alone."



"The Only One of Her Kind."

"But I have already eaten one."

"You have!" and he looked seriously alarmed.

"I have," she answered calmly, and in her voice there was a shade of contempt. "I hardly supposed your devotion would stand a very serious test."

"You didn't? Then you made a mistake. I will eat a dozen!" and he took half the apple at a single bite.

"No! you must eat but one!"

"Why? How many did you eat?"

She hesitated, then compromised with truth, and answered, as she looked calmly into his eyes, "One."

He finished the apple, then looked up with a smile. "Now are you satisfied?"

"Yes, partly. You have given a proof of your sincerity, but you cannot expect me to fall in love at such very short notice and with the first man I meet."

"Why not? You can't do better, no matter how long you wait;" and he added with a smile, "I am your only chance."

"A tempting assortment to pick from, but I must have time to consider. We never met before, and I know nothing whatever about you."

This style of conversation was evidently beginning to annoy the suitor; but she could not resist having a little more fun with him, and replied, with exasperating sweetness:

"But I don't ask you to marry me. I should certainly be rather hasty, to say the least, if I presented myself to

the first person I encountered, when others are surely coming later."

"Other women may come, too," he retorted.

"Then you can have one;" with which reply she arose and walked away. He remained seated upon the grass, also pretending to be more offended than he was, and thus came the first lovers' quarrel, similar in motive, execution and result to the unnumbered millions that have followed since.

There was a sense of triumph in all this, and a pleasant excitement, as the apples had taught her the importance of not yielding too easily. Of time she took no thought, until in sudden terror she realized what was going on about her. It had all been so gradual as to escape her notice; but now the trees, the sky, and all the flowers began to lose their color, and those at a distance disappeared entirely. They had vanished and ceased to exist. At least, so it seemed to one of her brief experience, and there was no one to explain.

In place of the blue sky with its shining clouds, there came, enveloping all things, a solid mass of threatening black, through which myriads of little eyes were glittering with a cold, unearthly light. She trod on unfamiliar things, and they tickled the soles of her tender, inexperienced feet. Twigs and branches and mysterious things seemed to reach out and touch her, like wicked fingers, and she shrunk and grew weaker with every step. She dared not call aloud, for he might be far away, and these other things would hear her voice and might eat her up.

At last, sinking to the ground, she wept from fear, for whatever existed was surely coming to an end. Crouching at the mercy of unknown things, with hope and courage gone, the approaching footsteps of some invisible creature brought a climax to her terror. But this terror changed to an overwhelming happiness as she recognized the outline of a human form.

With a joyful cry she ran toward him. The trembling figure found a welcome refuge in the encircling arms, and the encircling arms were exceeding glad to hold her.

The next morning as they were finishing a simple but beatific breakfast, a dignified messenger, with wings and snowy draperies, appeared before them and gave official notice that they must quit the garden.

The apples had opened two pairs of eyes, and the youth marched out with head erect and a smiling face, for he knew he carried with him the flower of the universe, the only one of her kind.

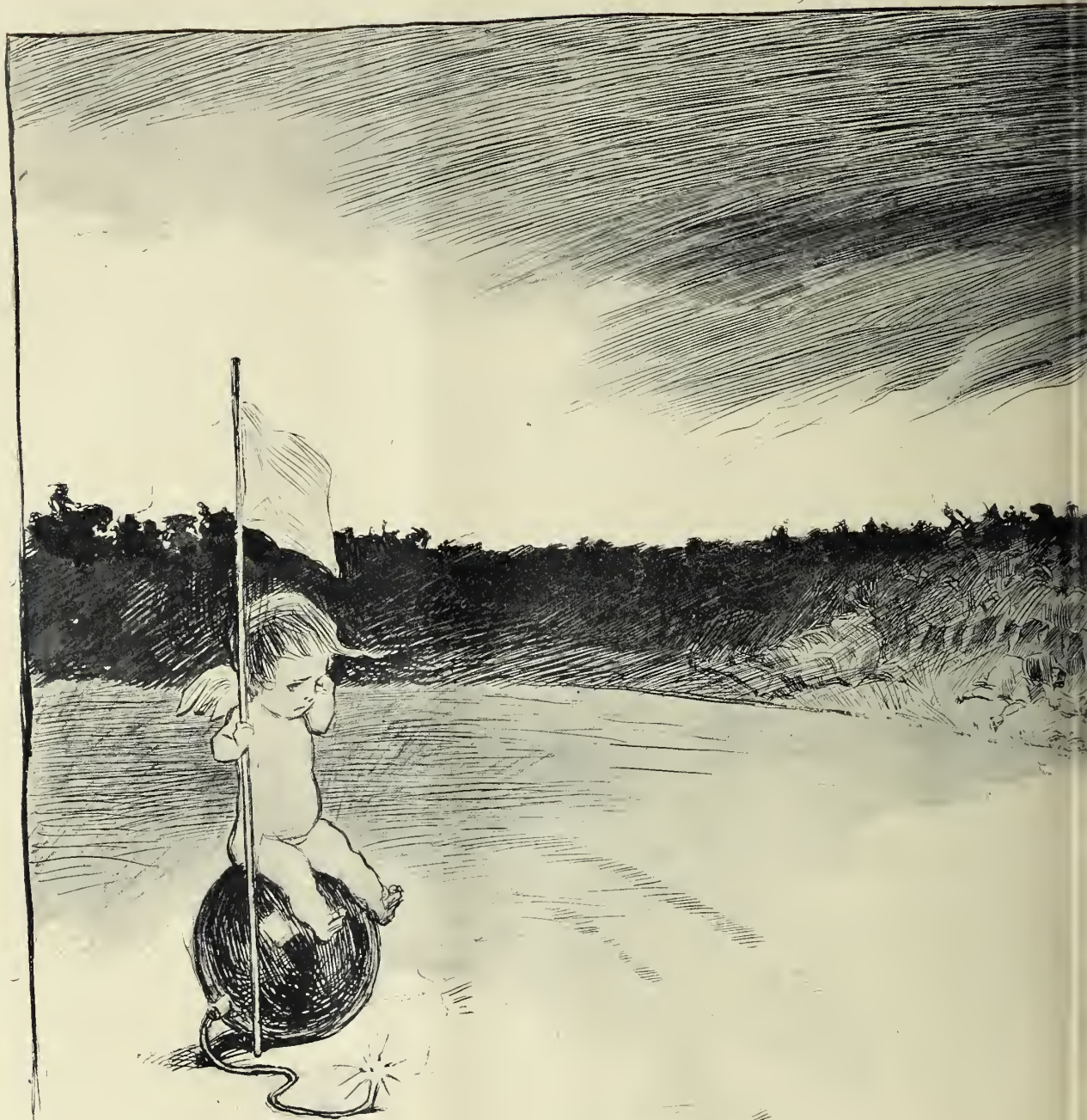
As for that loveless garden, nobody knows where it is. And nobody cares.

J. A. Mitchell.



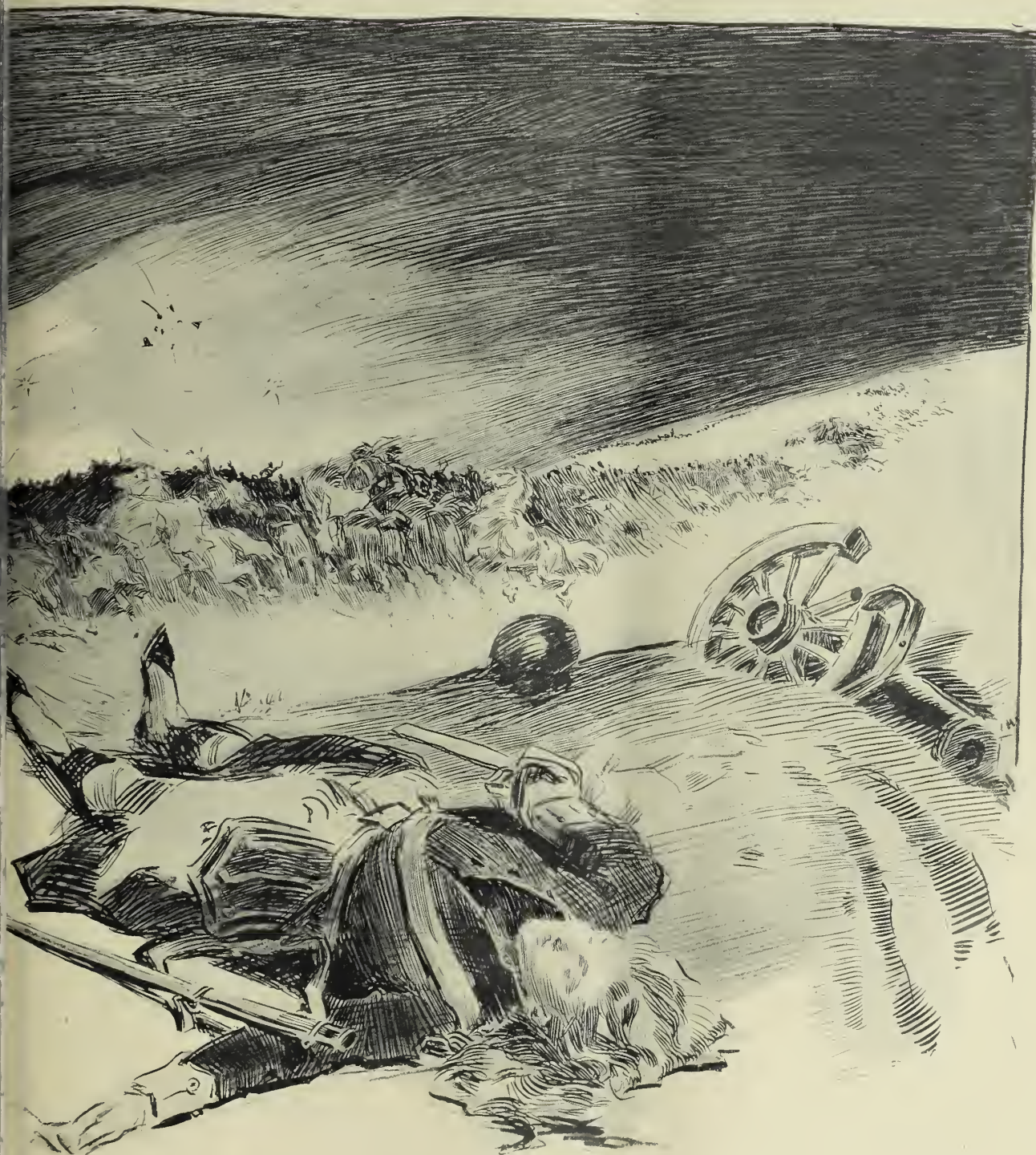
"HOW SOON DO THEY ELECT A PRESIDENT AGAIN?"
 "NOT FOR FOUR YEARS. WHY?"
 "DEAR ME! I WISH THEY ELECTED ONE EVERY YEAR. WHEN MY HUSBAND CAME HOME ELECTION NIGHT HE WAS SO EXCITED HE KISSED ME!"





Ch. B. 1850

E .



OME



A PLAY BY WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.



AFTER the palling trash of the contemporary dramatist—if he exists—to hear once more the thought-crowded speech of Shakspeare well-delivered is grateful indeed.

Of course we can't live on Shakspeare.

We must have contemporaneous drama. We must have the gentlemen who write sensational plays for the Bowery, just as we must have other gentlemen who write stage stuff for the various sections of Mr. Charles Frohman's constituency. But after all, when we get through with the Bowery dramatists, and the rising-star dramatists, and the matinee-girl dramatists, and the social-problem dramatists, we all, whether we live in the Bowery, Fifth Avenue, or Jerusalem, come back to good old William Shakspeare and his well-rounded lines, pregnant with thought, to be all stirred

and all refreshed by the real literature of the stage.

In these days of jaded palates, our dramatic food, like all other, must be highly spiced. Shakspeare, notwithstanding his merit and his wholesomeness, must be served up with every garnishment, and even then to many appetites he is dull and heavy. But, to carry further the gastronomic metaphor, he is the roast-beef of the English-speaking stage, and we come back to him after goulash and ragouts and sauer-kraut and buckwheat-cakes, and find that he is the real thing after all.

Mr. Augustin Daly's production of "As You Like It" is familiar to theatre-goers of any experience, and Miss Rehan's *Rosalind* is a portrayal that has been written of and pictured to the point of satiety. But to-day both bring a sense of refreshment that must arise largely from the feeling of weariness that comes from the increasing triviality of the contemporary stage. In both are found a sincerity and earnestness foreign to the catch-penny style of stage-work to which we are accustomed. People who make their living by providing stage entertainment for the public can't be blamed much for doing the things the public wants, and doing them in the way the public likes, but at Mr. Daly's Theatre there is a noble recklessness in paying some regard to stage art which is as commendable as it is rare.

The notable changes in the cast are the *Orlando* and the *Duke*. The former is an excellent rendering, forceful, sincere, and manly. Mr. Richman's personality lends itself better to the part in the more serious passages, but nowhere does he offend, and his delivery of the lines is a real joy in this day of affectation and mannerisms. Mr. Stevens's seriousness has always been a detriment to him as a comedian, but fits in with the character of the

Duke, and makes his portrayal more than an adequate one. Miss Maud Hoffman is a new *Celia*, and lacks the personal beauty which alone gives color to the part.

Shakspeare is a dangerous luxury for the manager of a theatre in New York in these days. Mr. Daly alone of American managers deserves to reap the reward if a revived interest should come, because he alone has dared to produce the works of the master in the face of almost certain loss.

* * *

A MOST suitable souvenir, if such it could be called in view of the abuse of the word, was given away at the first night of the production of "As You Like It." It is a compilation of the accomplishments of Mr. Daly's management, by Mr. E. A. Dithmar, and is an interesting history of an eventful career.

Metcalf.



F. RICHARD A. IERSON

AS SHE WOULD HAVE APPEARED TO-DAY.

PRICE, \$2.00.

To gaze upon the latest style
Sometimes one has to pay.
Last night I viewed a lovely hat,
But did not see the play.

A GENEROUS OFFER.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.,

December 1, 1896.

EDITOR OF LIFE.

DEAR SIR: Recognizing the enterprise of your paper, the writer is led to offer it the first chance at his brilliant scheme, which, if favorably considered, will cause to sink into insignificance all of the past undertakings of LIFE.

He proposes to make an illustration of the famous U. S. battle-ship "Texas," doing its regular periodical sinking act. The ship will be so drawn that its outline can be cut out and pasted on such one of several backgrounds that will fit the scene of the current disaster. Such backgrounds will portray the favorite localities that have and will be patronized by the "Texas" in its work, such as Newport, Norfolk and New York Navy Yards, and old Ocean herself.

The financial recompense of the inventor can be made by either one of two propositions hereby submitted:

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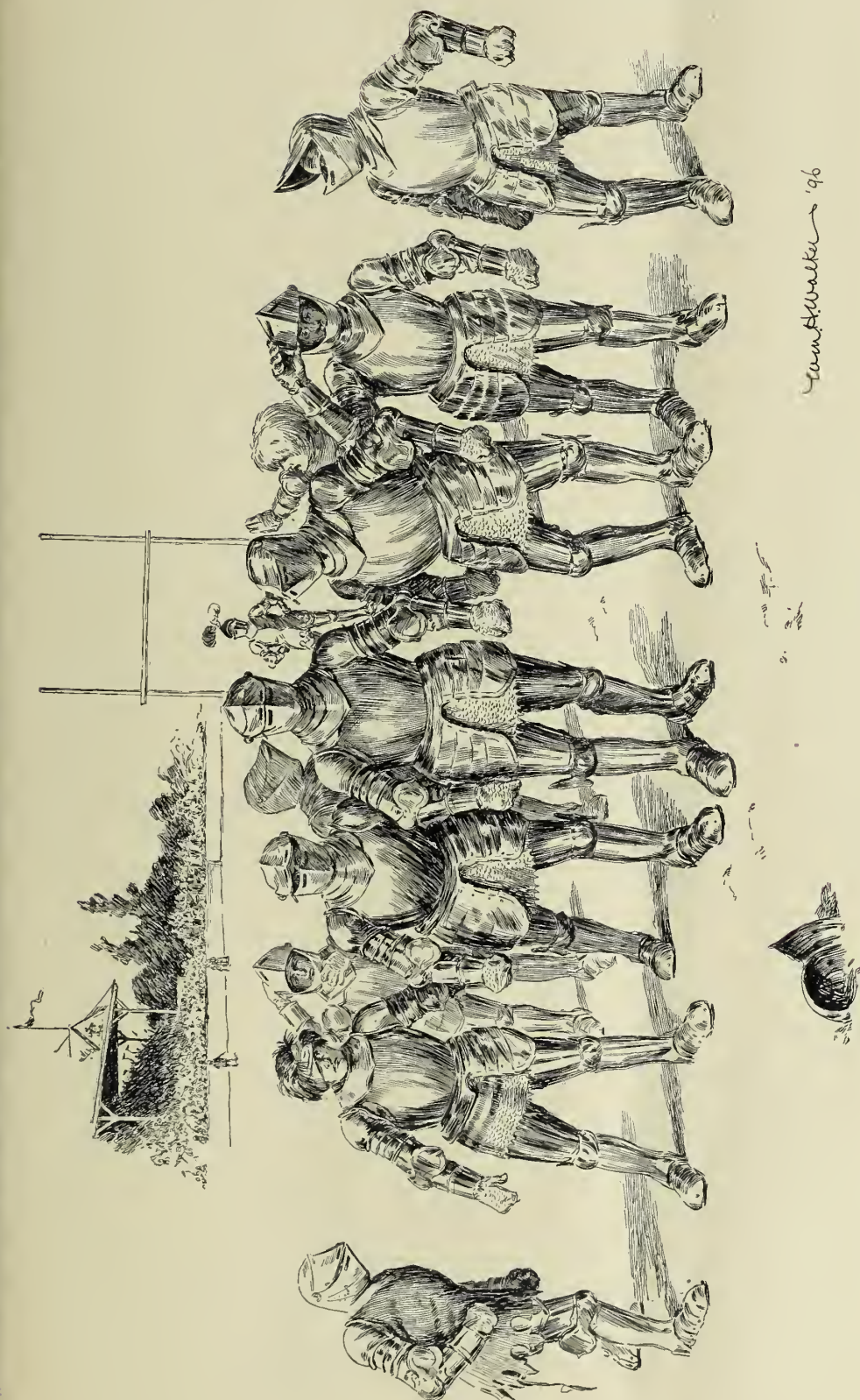
It is expected that she will choose as the scene of her next exploit the picturesque background of Tompkinsville, Staten Island, N. Y., and the date, as near as can be ascertained at this writing, will be the 15th inst., at 7.25 A. M.

You will therefore perceive the importance of choosing your proposition at the earliest opportunity, that the picture, with appropriate surroundings, may be delivered in good season by,

Very truly yours,
CARLTON S. MOORE.

A FOOTBALL TEAM OF THE FUTURE.

Sam. H. Walker '96





LOVE ON THE LINKS.

I SEE her face in the distance,
From under her jaunty cap;
They're over the run!—they've nearly won!—
My love, and the other chap.
They sit on a stile together,
And wait; it is still our "lie;"
I flourish my club, and the skin I rub
From over the caddy's eye.

Confound that chap who's with her—he will utter
The words I've had as yet no chance to speak;
The devil take the driver and the putter!
The lofter and the mashy and the cleek!

At last, on the green, we join them,
But what does he whisper so low?
I very much doubt if it's "you hole out,"
Or as to the score, you know!
Foursomes are gruesome, I'm thinking,
You've pain from the time you start,
When a winsome maid, in a gay Scotch plaid,
Tees off, and the ball's your heart!

You've lost the game—you fear you've lost the lassie,
Because of t'other fellow, and his cheek;
You mutter low—"the devil take the brassey!"
The lofter and the driver and the cleek!"

G. M. Winter.

"[AN MACLAREN" seems to be having a royal time of it in New York. According to an American paper, Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., his publishers, have turned their shop into a veritable temple, and filled the windows with statues, statuettes, bust, medals, and portraits of the famous "Briar Bush" hero. Well, there is no place on earth like America for hero worship, and if the New Yorkers do not "gae aboot taakin' braw Scotch for awheel, in honour o' the canny bit bairn that's come ower the watter," it will certainly be surprising.—*St. Paul's*.

Yes, we are silly enough, Heaven knows! And the worst of it is, there seems no chance of improvement.

It is interesting to guess at our opinion of the French, for instance, if Paris were thrown into a flutter of excitement at the approach of every American who had written a pretty little story.





"DO YOU THINK THE MOON HAS ANY POWER OF ATTRACTION?"
"LAST NIGHT IT DREW A MAN'S ARM AROUND MY WAIST."



THEY ARE SEVEN.

I met a dainty summer girl,
She was not old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had no rustic woodland air,
And she was smartly clad;
She wore upon her face so fair
A look that made me sad.

"Tell me what ails you, pretty maid,
That you so wan may be?"
"Alas! they're seven in all," she said,
And looked dejectedly.

"But what are 'they'? I prithee tell."
She answered, "Seven there be;
Two bruises on my ankle dwell,
And two upon my knee.

"Two of them on my arm do lie
(They came when with Fan's brother):
The seventh gave me this black eye—
You see how blue's the other."

"You go about, my winsome maid;
Your limbs they are yet whole!"
"Oh, yes." A fleeting smile betrayed
The sadness of her soul.

"Why do you ride the wheel, my dear,
If this is the result?"
She said: "I'd ride it without fear
Though 'twas a catapult!

"No matter if they're seventy,
Unto my wheel is given
My heart forever more. Yet still
Of headers I have had my fill,
My bruises they are seven."
—Mary F. Nixon in *New York Sun*.

JACKSON LOVE: Beautiful, isn't she? One may truly say her face is her fortune.
MISS CAWSTIK: An illustration of the self-made woman, I suppose.—*Baltimore News*.

ANGRY FATHER: What do you mean by being engaged to half a dozen men at once?
SHE: Nothing.—*Detroit Free Press*.

MRS. CRIMSONBEAK—Are you sure you came straight home from the office last night, John?
MR. CRIMSONBEAK—Well, as straight as I could, dear.
—*Yonkers Statesman*.

AUNT—Your bride, my dear boy, is delightfully rich and all that, but I don't think she will make much of a beauty show at the altar.
NEPHEW—You don't, eh? Just wait till you see her with the bridesmaids that she has selected.
—*Pick-Me-Up*.



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An Elephant's Track, and Other Stories. By M. E. M. Davis.
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Nine Love Songs and a Carol. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.
Sister Jane. By Joel Chandler Harris.

ESTES AND LAURIAT, BOSTON.
Field Clover and Beach Grass. By Susan Hartle Swett.

"Some Say." By Laura E. Richards.

The Golliwogg's Bicycle Club. London, New York and Bombay: Longmans, Green and Company.

Kemble's Coons. By E. W. Kemble. New York: R. H. Russell and Son.

The School for Scandal and The Rivals. By Richard Brinsley Sheridan. London and New York: The Macmillan Company.

"At our house the other night we had a Methodist minister to tea," said a friend. "The dominie saug and Bombay: Longmans, Green and Company. year-old daughter of the hostess, who sat opposite the minister, looked up and said: 'That's not the kind of grace my papa says.'

"No? What kind of grace does your papa say?" asked the minister. "Why, he came home last night and when he sat down to the table he just said, 'God God! what a supper,'" was the reply.—*Buffalo Courier*

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NOTHING LEFT BUT THE TOUCH-HOLE.

EX-GOVERNOR SIMON B. BUCKNER, in a signed letter to the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, gives his reason for opposing the Chicago ticket, and in the same connection tells this story:

"In viewing this remarkable relic of the Democratic party one involuntarily recurs to the story of the Revolutionary musket.

"Here," said an old gentleman to his young friend, "is a family relic of which I am proud, and the sight of which should inspire in your heart feelings of the loftiest patriotism. It is a musket borne by my father in the Revolutionary war, and before its deadly aim many a redcoat has bit the dust in that struggle for human liberty."

"The young man handled the venerable relic tenderly and reverently. After long and patriotic contemplation he at length ventured to ask:

"But, where is the bayonet?"

"Oh," said the old man, "one of the boys was poking for a 'coon in a hollow tree and broke it, and the pieces are lost."

"Where is the ramrod?"

"Why, that was splintered so badly that I had a new one made of iron at the blacksmith's shop."

"But," said his young friend, "these look like fresh marks on the stock."

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "Jim broke the stock last year cracking hickory nuts, and I had a new one made."

"Why, this don't look like a very old barrel."

"Well, the barrel bursted last hog-killing time, so I've got a brand new one."

"I didn't know," said the young man, "that they used percussion locks in the Revolutionary musket."

"I believe," responded the old gentleman hesitatingly, "that the touch-hole is left."—*New York Herald*.

SHE—Dear me! Why don't they teach choruses to sing intelligibly? It is so aggravating to be unable to distinguish the words.

HE—You don't know your luck. I have read the libretto.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

THE proud lips of the maiden curled.

"So, Algernon Thinklittle," she sneered, "you say that you love me! Do you love me better than Richard Winebiddel, who signed the temperance pledge for me? Do you care more for me than James Locust, who thrashed two men twice his size for saying that in my new theatre hat I looked like an animated feather duster? Do you—"

"Stop, Regina Blueblood," cried the young man, and the light of high resolve came into his eyes. "I love you more than all these. I swear it. I shall rest my head every night on that pine needle sofa cushion you gave me."

"Algernon," murmured the young woman, "I have been cruel. Forgive me. I don't think that I can get ready for the wedding in less than six weeks." And Algernon pined no more.—*New York Herald*.

A farmer traveling in a foreign land, becoming anxious about the condition of his live stock, telegraphed home:

"Is things all right at the barn?"

JOHN BREEN."

His stable-boy, whose conversation was proverbially laconic, immediately telegraphed back:

"JOHN BREEN. Things is.

ROBERT."

—*Youth's Companion*.

A COMPARISON.

The gay chrysanthemum is here once more;

Like to the mild skye terrier's shagginess

Its unkempt petals loosely wave before

The youth who peers above them in distress.

And ruthlessly into his eyes they get;

They also tickle him about the nose.

A blooming nuisance 'tis, i' faith; and yet

Without it none who seeks "the proper" goes.

Oh, humble cabbage, why do none rehearse

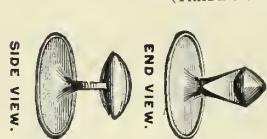
Your merits o'er this efflorescent cheat?

You cost a trifle while it drains the purse;

You're also larger and you're good to eat.

—*Washington Star*.

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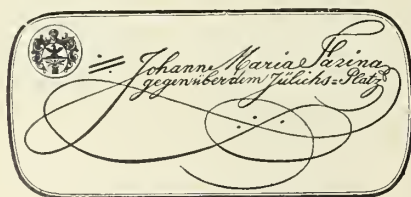
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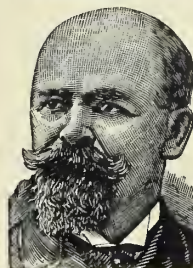
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Jacksonville tours, allowing two weeks in Florida, will leave New York and Philadelphia January 26, February 9 and 23, and March 9, 1897. Rate, covering expenses en route in both directions, \$50.00 from New York, and \$48.00 from Philadelphia.

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Tours, each covering a period of three days, will leave New York and Philadelphia December 29, 1896, January 21, February 11, March 11, April 1 and 22, and May 13, 1897. Rates, including transportation and two days' accommodation at the best Washington Hotels, \$14.50 from New York, and \$11.50 from Philadelphia.

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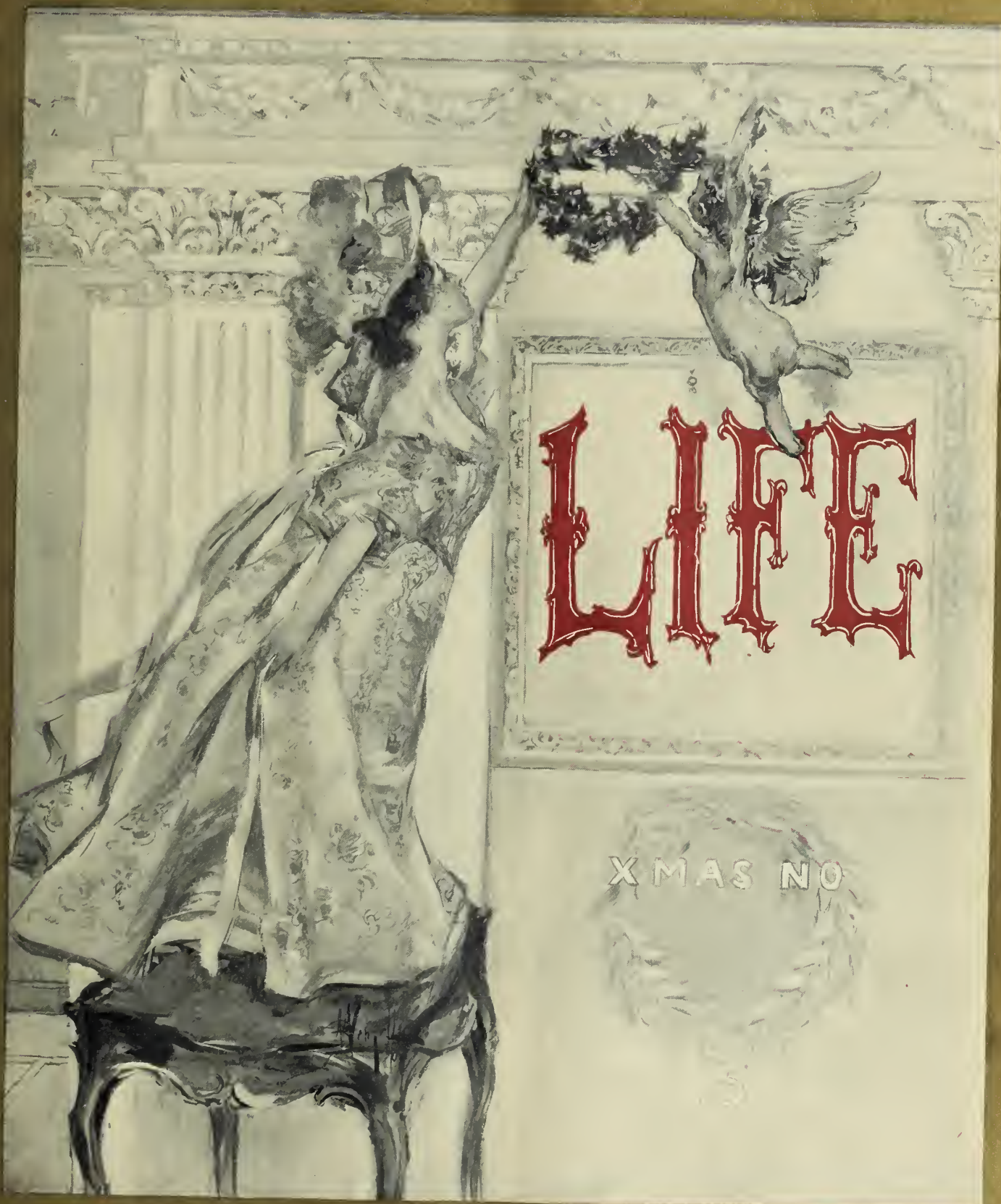
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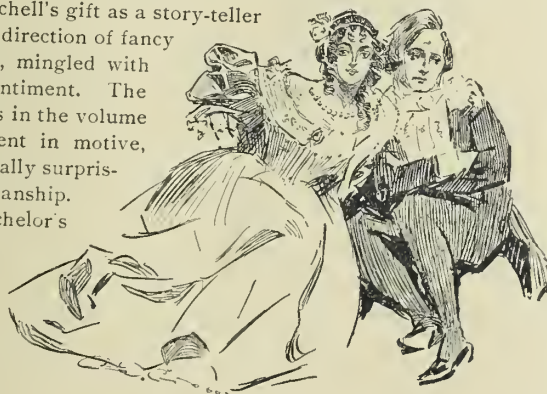
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A SUDDEN SQUALL.

AND THE YOUNG MAN IS THINKING THAT IT IS A POOR SQUALL THAT BLOWS NOBODY ANY GOOD.

BALLADE OF OLD LOVES.

WHO is it stands on the polished
stair,
A merry, laughing, winsome maid,
From the Christmas rose in her golden
hair
To the high-heeled slippers of spangled
suede?
A glance, half-daring and half-afraid,
Gleams from her roguish eyes downcast;
Already the vision begins to fade—
'Tis only a ghost of a Christmas Past.

Who is it sits in that high-backed chair,
Quaintly in ruff and patch arrayed,

With a mockery gay of a stately air
As she rustles the folds of her old
brocade—
Merriest heart at the masquerade?
Ah, but the picture is passing fast
Back to the darkness from which it
strayed—
'Tis only a ghost of a Christmas Past.

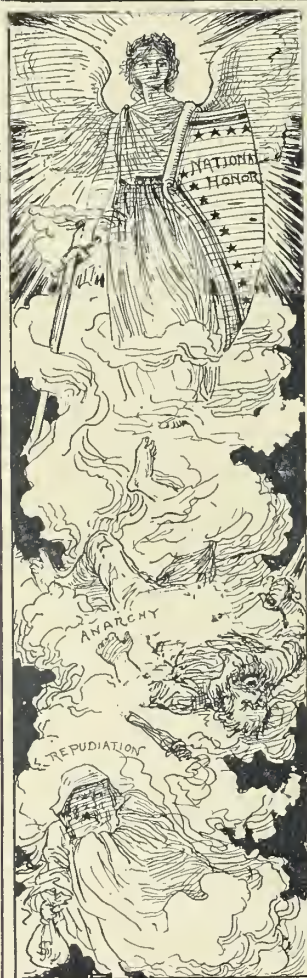
Who is it whirls in a ball-room's glare,
Her soft white hand on my shoulder
laid,
Like a radiant lily, tall and fair,
While the violins in the corner played

The wailing strains of the serenade?
Oh, lovely vision, too sweet to last—
E'en now my fancy it will evade—
'Tis only a ghost of a Christmas Past.

L'ENVOI.

Rosamond! look not so dismayed,
All of my heart, dear love, thou
hast.
Jealous, belovéd? Of a shade?—
'Tis only a ghost of a Christmas
Past.

Carolyn Wells.



A MERRY CHRISTMAS, brethren, to all of us. At the close of an anxious year, LIFE greets its friends. Many of us have been worried this past twelve-month by hard times, and scared by the prospects of political folly. Most of us, so far as has lain in us, have fought the fight of honesty and good government. Praise be to Heaven, we have won that fight, and may look forward to such a return of national prosperity as the vindication of our national honesty must procure. We have done our best for our country, and for ourselves as citizens, and great is our reward. Equally great, at least, will be our gain if we can bring ourselves, each for himself, to do our best for ourselves as individuals. We have to take ourselves as we are. We cannot all be rich, or handsome, or witty, or wise, by mere trying; but certainly, if we try hard enough, we may all be honest and kind. Those of us who are natural born fools may have to continue to be fools, but we need not be asses, too. If we endure our own folly with patience and good temper, and try to recognize the foolishness of it, and to mitigate it in so far as we know how, we may still be fools, but we will not be nearly such offensive ones as if our foolishness was intensified by callous self-conceit. We cannot justly be held responsible for our inborn defects, but no one but ourselves can relieve us of the inconveniences which those defects produce. If we are bores, people will shun us unless we learn to hold our

tongues. If we are born liars, our fellows will despise us unless we can manage to learn to speak the truth. If we are naturally mean, we must somehow learn to let go or take the consequences. No excuse that can be made for us is going to make us happy. If we are to be happy at all, we must contrive, by hook or crook, whatever our congenital drawbacks or our defects of education, to deserve it.

Come on, brethren. Let us recognize our fix, and try to get as far out of it as we can. First let us try to be honest; to recognize ourselves as nearly as possible as we are, and contract our expectations till they bear a reasonable relation to our abilities and our merits. And let us also be kind. To be tolerant of sin saps our own integrity, but we need not hate the sinner. We can be charitable to the defects of persons who know less than we do; we can tolerate the follies of the young, remembering that all flesh is grass at one time or another, and that we ourselves did not start in as baled hay. We can even be patient with our own shortcomings, for it is something if we recognize that they are shortcomings, and need to be endured until we can outgrow or mend them. Not many of us have a call to be saintly, but if we are willing to take the trouble, we may be fairly pleasant. We need not be hoggish, nor censorious, nor malicious, nor unduly quarrelsome. We can be modest, if we try hard, and courteous, and reasonably considerate. Most of us know how to behave like gentlefolks, and those who don't may get the tip, if they watch out for it, from those who do, for there is not so much greed and so much strife in the world yet but that there are always gentlefolks within hail whose hearts are sound and sweet, and their manners in harmony with their feelings.

It is a great boon to be a pleasant person; a boon to society; a much bigger boon to the individual who is pleasant, and who gets much more of his own company than any one else does. Be pleasant, brethren. Let that be your Christmas gift to the world and to yourself, and if you get no other, and can give no other, the Yuletide will enrich your friends and leave you blessed.

E. S. M.



ANNABEL LEE UP TO DATE.



'T WAS Christmas Eve in a brown stone front,
In the gloaming, as it should be,
That a maiden stood, whom you all may know
By the name of Annabel Lee.
That wasn't her name, but it's all the same
To anyone else but me.

And over her head, as the maiden stood,
In a manner quite negligentlee,
Was a mistletoe branch, not placed there by
chance,
But rather by Annabel Lee.
If you knew her as well as I, you could tell
That she did it while waiting for me.

Her parents at that hour were out of the way ;
This she said in her innocent glee,
And the place it was free, not only for me,
But also for Annabel Lee.
Which was not a mishap, but really a snap,
As you all will doubtless agree.

Of course, in a case like this, which was
A case of necessitee,
There really was only one thing to do,
And I did it incessantlee :
Thus constantly kissing, and never once
missing
The lips of sweet Annabel Lee.

'Twas but the beginning, and all things end
As this did eventuallee.
Her father was wealthy, while I was broke,
Which did not come home to me
Until I was shaken, before being taken,
By the beautiful Annabel Lee.

This happened some time ago, and now,
In her kingdom by the sea,
Sweet Annabel sits, while her lord has fits,
Due to many and many a spree.
And I, all alone on my bachelor throne,
Quite pity sweet Annabel Lee.

Tom Musson.

BEING A GHOST.

A STRANGE INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF HENRY MABERLEY, ESQ., PRESIDENT OF
THE BANGOR SOCIETY OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

*I never saw a purple cow,
I never hope to see one,
But, I can tell you anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one.*

SO wrote Mr. Gelett Burgess of San Francisco, poet, humorist, and standard authority on purple cows—and I am prepared to assert that, unlike many of our modern poets, Mr. Burgess, in this effort at least, has struck the note of sincerity with no uncertain touch. The directness and simplicity of the statement carries with it the conviction that Mr. Burgess spoke from his inmost heart, but for still other reasons the lines have appealed strongly to me. In a manner, my own relation to the spectral side of life has come to be very much the same as that of Mr. Burgess toward the empurpled kine, as Mr. Stephen Crane might put it in one of his most putting moods. And I hope that whatever statements I may make concerning the supernatural will bear that same impress of truth which is the hall-mark of Mr. Burgess's purple cow observation. I cannot adapt Mr. Burgess's powerful quatrain entirely to my own situation, however. Candor requires that I shall admit this. For instance, I cannot truthfully say that I never saw a ghost, for I have seen many, and have stood sponsor for not a few. I cannot, with due regard for facts, assert that I never hope to see one, for I do hope to see many another, and for two very good reasons: first, I find them excellent company; and second, I need them in my business. But

when it comes to the grand climacteric of Mr. Burgess's poem,

"I'd rather see than be one,"

then can I strike with him as truly and as forcibly the note of sincerity. I would, indeed, rather see than be a ghost, and when I say so I speak *ex cathedra*. I know precisely what I am talking about, for a gentleman of my acquaintance, a friend and a fellow Unnaturalist, if I may so term those who are making a scientific study of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of the spirit world, a man in whom I place the greatest confidence, Mr. Henry Maberry, president of the Bangor Society of Psychical Research; this gentleman, I say, has given me his experience in being a ghost, for which convincing story of woe I ask your attention. I will say here that Mr. Maberry is one of those men who are known as of "the old school," courtly of manner, dignified of mien, the soul of honor, and the very essence of refinement. His story, as contained in a letter to me, is as follows:

"It was one of the most curious experiences of my life," Mr. Maberry writes, "and of an extremely embarrassing nature. As you know, I am a man of sixty-five years of age, married, a father, and what is even worse, in view of the occurrence about to be narrated, a grandfather; and when I realize that I haunted in a most undignified fashion a very charming young woman whose good opinion I was quite anxious to acquire, it makes me almost sick at heart. The young woman was exces-

• LIFE •

sively wealthy and of high social position, and before the haunting episode was in a fair way to render my declining years easier by marrying my youngest son, John, a spend-

thrift of the worst sort, and a constant source of expense to me. The desirability of a rich marriage for my son John will doubtless appeal to you all the more strongly when

I say to you that I have had to deny myself many a rare book bearing upon psychological questions I have had in mind, to secure funds to pay John's poker debts! Miss Bunkerill—this was the young woman's name—was the daughter of Leverett Bunkerill and Priscilla Radcliff of Salem, and lived in Boston, where John was presumed to be in business, and there is no denying that he had created a very favorable impression upon her heart. A young man with little conscience and a great deal of manner, earning five dollars a week, assisted by credit and an occasional remittance from home, can cut quite a figure in Boston society if he makes the effort and avoids the right people, and this John did, giving it out that I was president of a national bank in my native city, and had money to burn. How or why it was that at the moment when my fondest hopes were on the point of being realized it was necessary that they should be blasted, seemingly by my act, I cannot even surmise; why a perverse fate should choose the method adopted to bring about the overturning of my ambitions, I cannot say. I chafe in my very soul over the part I was required to play—but it is done and gone, and I suppose I must make the best of it.

"As required by the rules of the spectral world, the experience came on a Christmas Eve, and a bitter night it was. We had all come to Boston for our Christmas spree, and were stopping with my eldest daughter, Janette, and her husband, at their house on Newbery

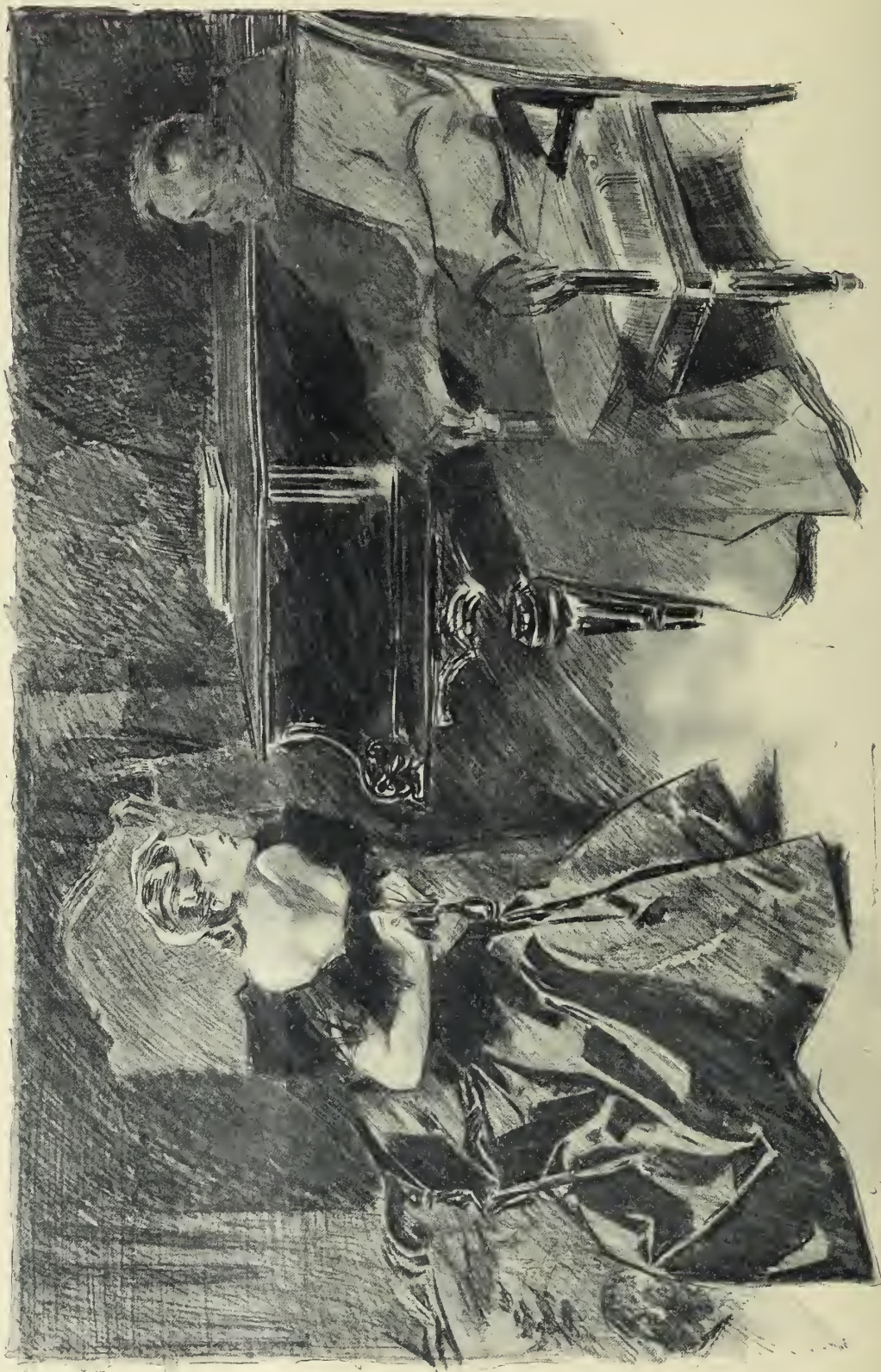


"I SHALL BE LATE! I SHALL BE LATE!"

street, not far from the Institute of Technology. John was absent from this family re-union, having gone to offer himself as a Christmas gift to Miss Bunkerill, but in view of the possibilities neither his mother nor I objected. Under other circumstances it would have seemed like neglect. As it was, however, we could not do other than approve.

"'We'll all be together next year,' said my wife. 'At the Bunkerill's on Beacon street,' she added, with a smile of pleasure.

"I hoped so—and expected it to be so—and then the thing happened that destroyed all our plans. The east wind came up and began to sough terribly against the ivy-covered walls of my daughter's house. The street was white with snow. The trolley cars were stalled up along Boylston street for half a mile, and upon Commonwealth avenue the bronze eyes of the sculptured Garrison alone peeped mischievously out of the snow that covered the balance of that famous effigy, as though challenging the boys from Cambridge to try to play their pranks upon him now. It was such a terrible night that, arrayed in my dressing-gown



"WH—WH—WHO ARE YOU?"

of Persian pattern, and the worsted slippers my daughter Peggy had made and so richly embroidered with her own fair hands, I was felicitating myself, sitting before the blazing fire in Janette's comfortable library, upon not having to go out into the storm, when all of a sudden, without warning of any kind, I found myself, gown, slippers and all, speeding along past the public gardens as if I were going somewhere, and in a tremendous hurry to get there, too.

"What the deuce!" I muttered, as I stopped and tried to get my bearings, and then, impelled by some power within me, I know not what, I hurried along again, whispering to myself, 'I shall be late!—I shall be late!'—though late for what, I hadn't an idea. The snow was blinding, but I did not seem to mind it. It was deep beneath my slippers, and the piercing wind played havoc with my dressing-gown, and yet I moved on silently, lightly as a feather tossed by the breeze.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" quoth I, as I turned into Beacon street and began eagerly to scan the numbers over the front doors of the houses thereon. What number I was seeking I had no notion. I was looking for some number—that was all I knew—and on a sudden I was satisfied that I had found it. In great, gilt letters in the semi-circular, leaded-glass transom over the front door of a certain dwelling, not far from the State-house, appeared the number 3098. Of course you will understand that it was not 3098. For the sake of the story, however, some number must be chosen, and as 3098 has always been one of my favorites I shall use it. Suddenly, then, as I say, the number 3098 flashed upon my vision.

"Ah!" said I, with a sigh of relief, 'here we are at last,' and blowing the snow out of my mouth, like so much smoke, I mounted the steps and tried to ring the bell. For a few minutes I was dreadfully puzzled. I could grasp the bell-handle, but I couldn't pull it! I pulled through it, but the handle itself remained stationary.

"You see, I did not yet realize I was only a ghost!"

"Had my hands been material hands the bell-knob would have come out. As it was, my efforts were as futile as would be those of a rising fog trying to push hard enough against an electric button to ring the bell below stairs.

"Well I'll be—" I began, and then, without the slightest effort, impelled again by the same mysterious influence of which I have already spoken, *I walked straight through the doors*, and found myself in a dimly-lighted hall, on the left of which was an equally dimly-lighted parlor—sitting-room, we call it in Bangor. As I stood there hesitating a moment, out through the portieres of the broad doorway walked John—he walked right through me, by the way, which impressed me as singular enough at the time, but the whole thing was so queer that I said nothing—and following closely to bid him good-bye was Miss Bunkerill, with a sweet look of loving interest in her eyes which made me for the moment somewhat envious of my son.

"I'll give you your answer to-morrow, John," she said softly, as though there could be no doubt that the answer would be yes.

"And then, the mysterious influence controlling me, in a sharp, nasal tone, which is as abhorrent to my ears as to those of any other person of refinement, I bawled out:

"Hello, Jonks!"—Jonks is the name John was known by at Bangor, and while it was vulgar enough, we had liked it because it was a pet name.

"They both started nervously, and John, with a wild look in his eyes, and a remark I did not catch, made a frantic break for the front door and disappeared into the night. Miss Bunkerill, much puzzled at the incident, ran to the window and peered out at his fast vanishing form for a moment, and then went to her piano and began to play softly upon it. She did not appear to see me, and my impulse was to vanish even as Jonks had done, but I couldn't. My self-control was gone. I walked into the parlor in obedience to the mysterious influence, and sat down until Miss Bunkerill ceased playing. Then she turned about, but still seemed not to see me; and there she sat, communing with herself, humming softly, and thinking, thinking, thinking. After a half an hour of reflective silence, which I found very embarrassing, for I could neither speak nor move, she turned out the gas, and then, on her way out of the room, for the first time caught sight of me. She gave a gasp and staggered backward into a chair.

"Wh—wh—who are you?" she cried.

"The accursed fates then loosened my tongue.

"Don't be afraid, young lady," said I, still in that frightful nasal tone. 'I'm Jonks's dad.'

"I thought that would reassure her, but it didn't seem to. So I spoke again.

"I haven't the slightest idea why I am here, especially in this here rig and talking through my nose, but now that I be, I may as well have the pleasure of meetin' you, seein' as we're likely to see so much of each other after you've married Jonks. How d'y' do?"

"Why I spoke that way I don't know. I do not speak to people that way as a rule. I am not a comic paper Maine man. I have manners, and some education, and should have been glad to leave the house and resume my natural attitude toward life, but I couldn't. I was still under the control of the foreign influence.

"The young woman looked at me with great, staring, bulging blue eyes. 'You John's father?' she gasped, in a terrified whisper.

"That's what," said I, 'and a darned good one, too, my lady. Not handsome, nor stylish, maybe, but solid and respectable. If Jonks behaves himself he'll have the grocery some day.'

"The grocery?" she cried, aghast.

"That's what," said I, growing more and more nasal as I went on. 'Me and my wife is tired of the business, though it does keep Jonks in collars and golf sticks, and I've promised that when Jonks is married to settle the

concern on him and his bride—dried apples and all,' I added, just to make her laugh, but unsuccessfully. 'Of course it isn't a swell business, groceries isn't, but with Jonks's pay of five dollars a week here in Boston it helps to keep him in T-carts and Obery, and provide roses in December for the gals.'

"As I delivered myself of these opprobrious periods I nodded toward a bunch of American beauties which Miss Bunkerill wore in her corsage, and Miss Bunkerill promptly fainted. I didn't blame her. Anything so vulgar as I was had never before been seen in that atmosphere. As she slid to the floor I sprang to my feet and endeavored to raise her to the sofa, but I had the same trouble in this effort that I had had with the bell-pull. I could catch hold of her well enough, but my hands pulled through. I couldn't summon assistance, and even if I could I didn't want to, because I looked so like the deuce myself. A man of sixty-five calling upon a young lady at midnight, in worsted slippers and a Persian pattern dressing-gown, is unconventional, even in Bangor; much more so is he on Beacon street. The only thing to do was to vanish, and, reasserting myself, I overcame the opposing influences which had hitherto controlled my actions, and vanished, as I had come, through the front door.

"What happened at Miss Bunkerill's after I left I do not know. I do know, however, that I floated madly

about the city in a frenzy of rage and despair for two hours, after which I returned home to the Newbery street house, took a long drink, and went to bed.

"The next morning I awoke late, with a beastly cold. My first thought was that the dreadful experience was all a dream, but my cough convinced me that there had been something in it, and the question that came up was, What? I couldn't have caught such a cold unless I had been out the night before, and yet how could I have entered the Bunkerill house through closed doors? It must have been a dream, I decided—and then I doubted again, and, as I doubted, there came a quick confirmation of my feeling that *something strange had happened*.

"Miss Bunkerill wrote to John, stating that her father did not allow her to accept Christmas presents from young men, and declined his hand!

"And later, it was rumored that there was insanity in John's family!!

"And later, John wrote me to say that Boston people had recently got an idea that I was in the grocery business, adding that the men at the club had acquired an accursed habit of calling him 'Jonks'!!!

"That is the story, and it is a strange one.

"You may say that in a moment of aberration I did go out and visit Miss Bunkerill, and give her this impression.

"To this I have only two answers to make—

"First: my wife insists I never left my room that night; and

"Second: on my way back home from Miss Bunkerill's, after wandering through the storm, I was knocked down at the corner of Boylston and Tremont streets and run over by a South Boston trolley car, and, in spite of the horror of the moment, rose up after the last wheel had passed over my neck, absolutely uninjured and unscratched.

"Could this have so happened if my material body was out? I think not.

"There is but one conclusion!

"*I have been a ghost.*

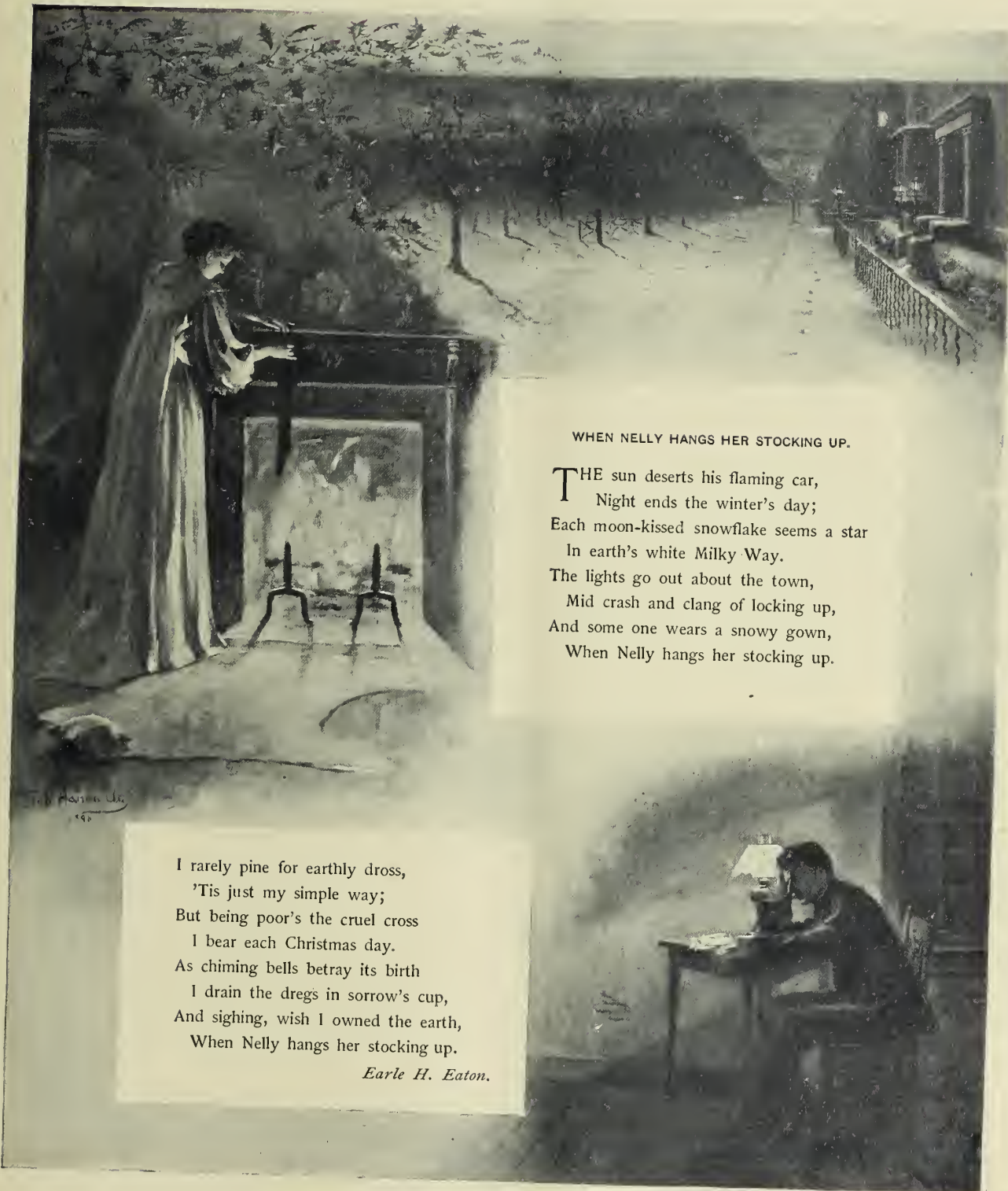
"Meanwhile, John is still in the market, earning five dollars a week and spending fifty. Can't you find some kind-hearted, rich girl at this season of 'peace on earth and good will to man' to gladden an old fellow's heart by taking him off his hands?"

* * *

Such is Mr. Maberley's statement to me. I give it to you for what it is worth, with the added statement of my own that, such is my confidence in the dear old gentleman's veracity, I believe his story from beginning to end as truly as though it had happened in my own experience. Furthermore, I cannot refrain from congratulating Miss Bunkerill on her escape from "Jonks." He certainly was a poor sort of a person, and not half good enough for Boston girls, as I know them.



THE CHRISTMAS TREE OF POVERTY FLATS



WHEN NELLY HANGS HER STOCKING UP.

THE sun deserts his flaming car,
 Night ends the winter's day;
 Each moon-kissed snowflake seems a star
 In earth's white Milky Way.
 The lights go out about the town,
 Mid crash and clang of locking up,
 And some one wears a snowy gown,
 When Nelly hangs her stocking up.

I rarely pine for earthly dross,
 'Tis just my simple way;
 But being poor's the cruel cross
 I bear each Christmas day.
 As chiming bells betray its birth
 I drain the dregs in sorrow's cup,
 And sighing, wish I owned the earth,
 When Nelly hangs her stocking up.

Earle H. Eaton.



CHRISTMAS MORNING IN THE NORTH-LAND.

TO A SPRIG OF MISTLETOE.

YOUR health, sweet sprig of mistletoe!

What subtle force compelled you
To charm her kisses from her—so—
As o'er her head I held you?

Enough to know you have the power
Love's tortuous way to soften.
Here's to you in this Christmas hour—
And may I hold you often!

T. M.

A PLATONIC AFFAIR.

THE world called them lovers, but they were simply friends, so she asserted, and surely she ought to know.

"It is so nice," she said, looking into his eyes with platonic frankness—"it is so nice to feel that we are really friends, just good comrades, you know, who enjoy the same things, and who do not spoil it all by falling in love."

There was a world of scorn on the word as it fell from her lips.

And she looked very pretty.

"Yes," he assented, not meeting the glance of the blue eyes, "it certainly is very convenient in many ways. For instance—"

His eyes returned from an intent survey of the costly bric-à-brac.

He studied the fair face, and noted the rosy flush slowly mounting to the white brow, with its softly curling hair.

"If I were in love with you I should be desperately jealous, and that would be uncomfortable, don't you know. As it is"—a furtive glance at the averted face and a shrug of his shoulders—"not being in love with each other, but only friends, it doesn't matter. I can come here and

enjoy your society, for you're rather bright, and deucedly pretty, you know; but I don't have to feel that I can't go and make love to the next pretty girl I meet. It must be tiresome to be tied to just one, and run the risk of being overhauled if you look at any one else—don't you think?"

A low murmur of assent, but her eyes were now fastened on a convenient picture opposite.

"Yes, you're awfully nice, as a friend," he said reflectively, then continued with brutal frankness, "but somehow I don't think I'd ever fall in love with you."

And then they talked of other things.

And when he had gone, she stood looking down at the petals of the rose her ruthless hands had torn to pieces.

There were tears in her big, blue eyes, and one fell and nestled among the white petals.

They were only friends.

Yet the world called them lovers.

Wise old world!

Harriet Caryl Cox.

ALL SHE NEEDED.

"HOW much mistletoe would you like, Miss?"

"Oh, just enough to be seen with the naked eye."

CLASSIFIED.

"UNCLE Julius, what is appreciation?"

"Appreciation? Well—it is a queer old thing something like malaria;—people always get it away from home."





OFF THE ROAD.
HOW OUR GREAT GRANDPARENTS TRAVELED.



AN UNWRITTEN PAGE OF HISTORY.

AS the Indian pilot climbed up the rope ladder on the side of the *Mayflower* when that vessel finished her first voyage across the Atlantic, he was closely followed by a reporter of the *Massachusetts Daily Post*, who had outstripped his fellows and gained passage in the canoe of the pilot service. The passengers, who were eagerly betting on which leg would be thrown over the rail first, found they had two chances, and much money changed hands on the result.

The reporter paid little attention to this eager throng, though mentally taking notes of the details for an extra column, but went directly to the newly elected Governor, John Carver, to secure an interview for the evening edition. He found this worthy man seated on his dress-suit case, that stood on end, and eagerly scanning through a pair of field glasses the land that was to be his future home.

"What are your first impressions of America?" asked the reporter, as he shook two or three drops of ink from his fountain pen and prepared to write.

"Well, this is rather early for that question," said the

Governor, "seeing that I have not yet landed; but I should say, from the view obtained through these glasses, that you are not greatly troubled with the smoke nuisance, and that the bicycle roads appear very poor."

After this little exchange of pleasantries the reporter settled down to business.

"Do I understand that you and your followers are on a strike with the Church of England, or that it is a case of lockout with the latter?"

"Neither," replied the Governor. "We are simply dissatisfied with things in general in the old country, and have come over, hoping to establish a nucleus of the A. P. A."

"I have been told that you intend naming the town you are to settle after one of the boats of the Fall River Line. Am I informed correctly?"

"No, sir. I wish to deny that emphatically. Not only is the proposed town named without reference to one of those boats, but none of the names connected with our party, either individually or as a whole, is taken from that source. It is merely a coincidence, nothing more."

"The rumor has been afloat here that the *Mayflower* is so loaded down with hall clocks, spinning wheels and straight-backed chairs to be handed down to posterity, that there has been no room between decks for the passengers."

"No," smilingly replied the Governor, as he lighted a fresh cigar, "that is a mistaken notion. We have very little furniture with us, and ample room for members of the party. I might say, however—though remember this is not for publication—that we have a full set of patterns for all *Mayflower* relics, and a syndicate has been formed to begin their manufacture as soon as possible after landing."

"What do you think of Yale's chances at football next year?"

"Don't talk to me about football. I'm never going to bet on Yale again. That crafty John Alden has been backing the right team every time. He has struck me pretty heavily, and I wouldn't dare to say how much he has won out of Miles Standish."

The reporter would have asked more, but the skillful pilot had brought the *Mayflower* within easy landing distance of the Rock, and the Governor begged to be excused that he might get his luggage ready for the customs inspectors.

John G. Morse.



TOO DREADFUL TO THINK OF.

"I SAY, TOMMY, IF EVERY ONE OF US WORE STOCKIN'S AS BIG AS THEM, SANTA CLAUS WOULDN'T HAVE ENOUGH TOYS TO GO ROUND."



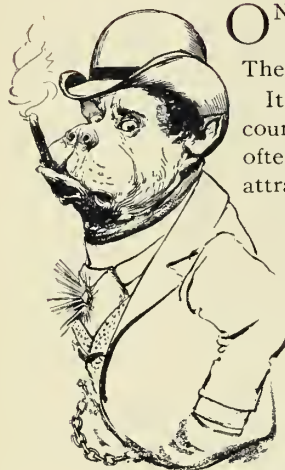
CHRISTMAS PUZZLE.

FIND THE TWO CHRISTMAS PRESENTS AND THE SANTA CLAUS.





THE SPIRIT AND THE MANAGER.



ONE night, once upon a time, the Christmas Spirit appeared to A New York Theatrical Manager.

It was the real Spirit this time, not the counterfeit one who had come to him so often before and told him how he could attract the weak-minded public by giving a Grand Silver Bunco Souvenir Christmas Matinee, with Christmas Gifts for the Children.

The Christmas Spirit took the Theatrical Manager by the nape of the neck, yanked him out of bed, and took him to a show.

The Manager sneered in his sleeve as they entered the portals of the wonderful Christmas Theatre, because there was not a single speculator on the sidewalk offering seats at advanced prices.

The Christmas Spirit went to the box-office, and the Manager sneered again as he heard the man at the window civilly inform the Spirit that the best he could do for him was two seats in the fourth row of the orchestra, instead of haughtily snarling, "Last row back."

As they took their seats, the Manager sighed with grief as he saw the tremendous amount of space wasted in making the audience comfortable. The seats were actually wide enough to allow a man of average build to sit in them without a feeling of constriction, and it was quite possible for a spectator to change his position without jabbing an elbow into his next-door neighbor. More than this, the rows were so widely separated that one might sit through a performance without temporary paralysis of the lower limbs.

A look of boredom crept over the Manager's face as the small but competent orchestra started in on a selection from "Faust." He couldn't understand it. His only idea of a theatrical orchestra was a dozen or two members of the Musical Labor Union executing "You Never Miss Your Mother Till the Undertaker's Come," or the overture from "Die Frankfurter" (by Dinkelspiel) with a xylophone solo.

As he looked through the programme—a small one,

decently printed, and without objectionable advertisements—he sniffed with disgust, because not a single line of acknowledgment was made to a Bowery furniture house for the beautiful plush parlor sets, without which no play under his own management could be completely produced.

He actually gasped with horror as he saw an usher come down the aisle and, courteously but firmly, request a woman to remove a large hat, which was obstructing the view of those behind her.

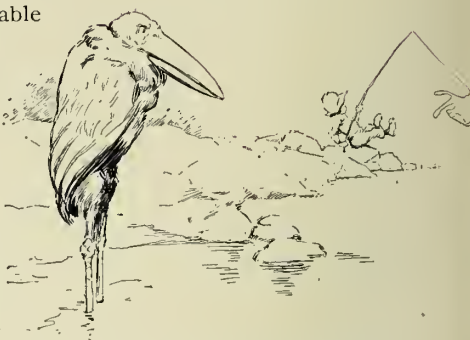
The Manager and The Spirit sat through one act, and then the kindly heart of The Spirit relented. The Manager's sufferings were too awful for even a supernatural being to witness without pity. The play was clean and interesting, and the speeches were written in good English. The actors actually enunciated well, and pronounced their words correctly. They made some effort to be like real people, instead of living up to stage traditions as The Manager understood them. The orchestra did not obtrude itself with creepy music at harrowing moments, and the electric light man was not permitted to amuse himself with moonlight and sunset effects whenever it pleased his fancy.

The Christmas Spirit had watched The Manager's hair gradually turn from a genuine sugar-of-lead black to a grizzly white, and then led him out through the spacious but not gaudy lobby into the fresh air.

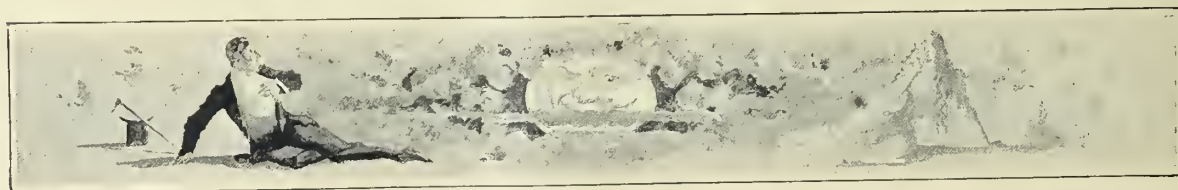
And then The Manager woke up, heard the Christmas bells ringing, and wondered whether it would be more money in his pocket to hire a forty-dollar soubrette in place of the fifty-dollar one, or whether he would better narrow the chairs in the orchestra circle one inch each, and concluded to do both.

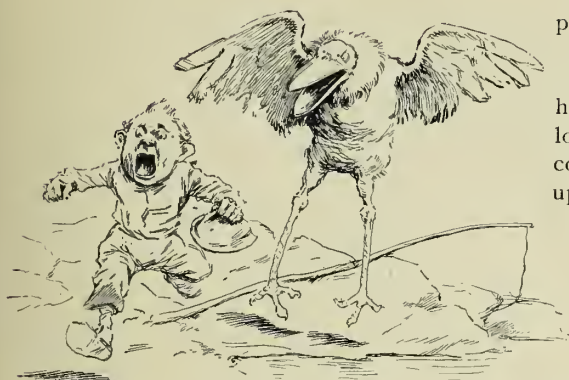
Metcalf.

THE BIRD'S MISTAKE.



"THAT YOUNG CUB OVER THERE SEEMS TO BE HAVING ALL THE LUCK. I MUST—"





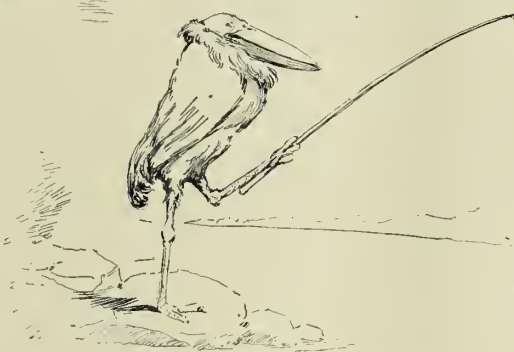
SCARE HIM OFF.

NOT SQUARE.

"I DON'T believe in Santa Claus. He's a fraud."

"Doesn't he visit you every Christmas?"

"Yes'm, but afterwards the men always call to collect the bills for what he has left."



WELL, NOW, JUST ISN'T THIS PIE! SEE ME GET A—

A MILLION.

THE door of the house was opened by a most respectable old chap in livery. He knew me at once, for as he helped me off with my coat he murmured, "You're early, sir." I scarcely glanced into the front rooms. They were handsomely furnished, but empty, and hardly knowing why, I strolled back to what in most houses would have been the dining-room. Here was a dining-table, sure enough, but upon it was a board cut up into odd figures, and fitted at one end with a roulette wheel, I think a little smaller than is usual. Evidently the whole affair could be suddenly removed on occasion.

The banker was turning the wheel listlessly, and a couple of young fellows, mere boys, were making small bets. I had wandered in, I assure you, without an idea of playing. Really, I have not played since my college days, and then only as a boy experiments, but my entrance made such a stir that it seemed natural to sit down. Everyone looked at me, there was a nod or two, and the banker straightened up and

produced a new box of chips, with—

"You play with the special chips, of course, sir?"

I took the chips without asking what they were. They were blue, and handsomely incrustated with silver. The wheel spun once and again. I lost a chip on the red, then gained one on the black. Then I threw a couple at random on the centre of the board. They landed together upon number eleven.

The wheel turned, and that provoking ball hopped round the other way. Trusting reader, you know, do you not, that in playing a number at roulette the chances are thirty-five to one against you, but if you win it is thirty-five times what you bet? So, though I really did not know what I was risking, I confess that I watched the ball with a certain interest. It was going slower now. I could

see the numbers on the wheel. The ball feebly skipped from fifteen to thirteen, almost in twelve, and landed safe in eleven!

The banker solemnly pushed me over seventy of the special chips. I fingered one carelessly. "By the way," said I, "how much is one of these?"

"A thousand dollars," was the reply.

Reader, did you ever win seventy thousand dollars? If so, I trust you had the sense at once to cash your chips and retire.

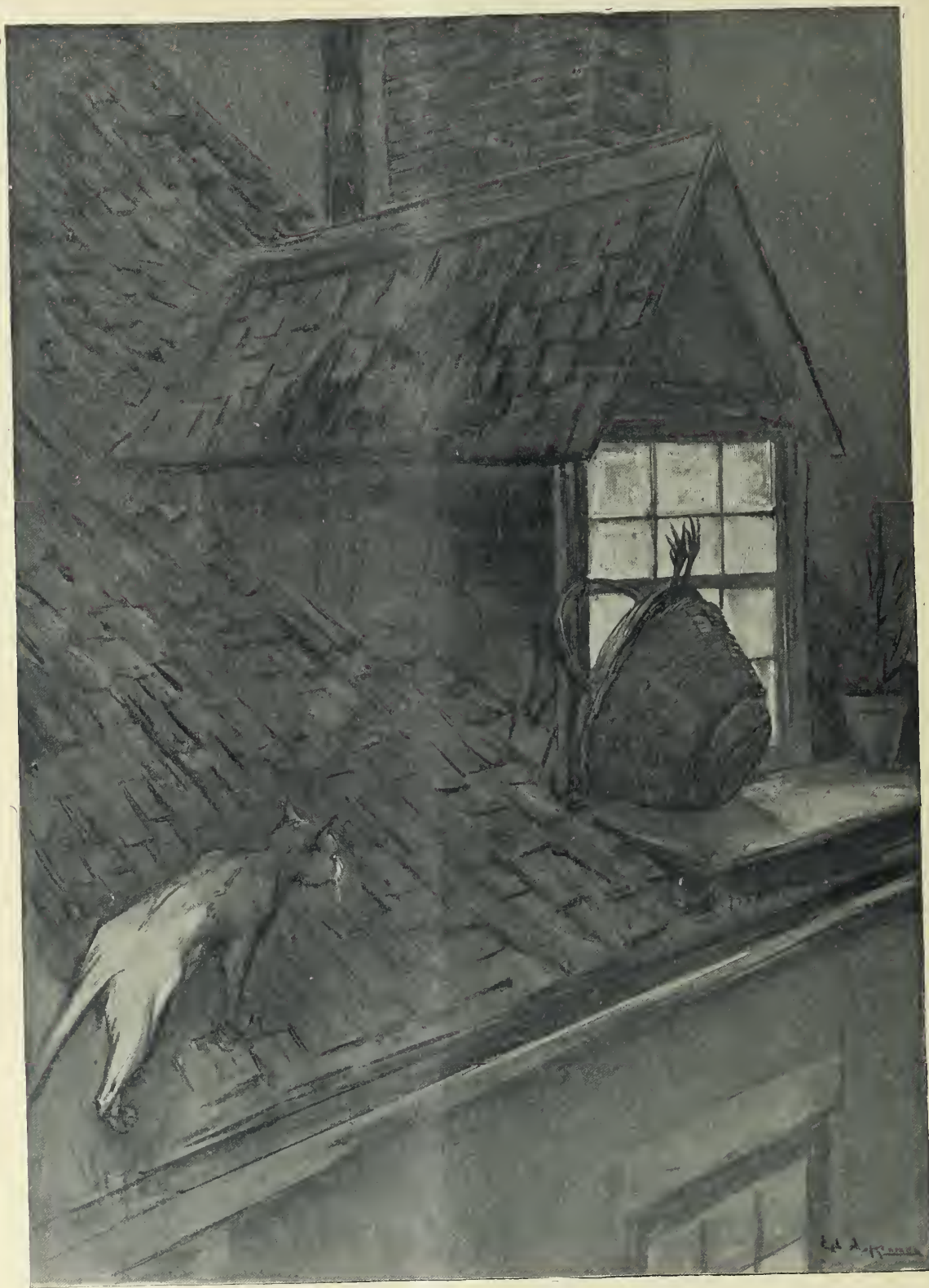
I know it's not sportsmanlike, but it is so sensible that I trust you did so.

I did not. Why I did not I cannot tell you; indeed, I cannot give a very coherent account of what happened in the next half hour. The wheel



BITE, BY GOSH, AND A BIG ONE.





WHY NOT?



turned and turned, and the pile in front of me rose and fell like a wave of the sea. There was paper in it, too, and I was half-conscious of scrawling my initials to bills of a fabulous amount. There was some objection to this on the part of one of those boys. But the banker frowned him down with a whispered, "He's good for anything." And really, my income is barely moderate.

So the bills went on, and the pile flowed hither and yon. I was conscious that there were more people watching the game; somehow my dearest friend was there, close by me, watching with a look of half-reproof. The man servant, too, came from the hall with a worried expression and fidgeted about, and there was a good deal of noise on the other side of one of the doors.

Then my dearest friend spoke, and reprovingly:

"This must be the last." And a firm hand was laid on mine, but with a madness I can hardly realize I broke away, crying, "Once more!" and I swept my whole pile, chips, paper and all, upon the black.

The tempting wheel whirled again, and the teasing ball bounded round and round till it settled—on a red number. I sat there, still. The servant seized the board and ran off with it, while the banker sorted out my paper. When the last pile was made I said, in quite a steady voice:

"What have I lost?"

"A million dollars."



There was a pause, and the banker continued:

"And really, papa, I think you ought to pay with a big—a really big box of candy. I have had hardly any this winter. For you know"—and here my youngest climbed up into my lap, while the old servant began to set the table with many marks of irritated hurry—"you know you did lose a lot, and I let you break all the rules."

So I picked her up in my arms and kissed her tow head, and we went upstairs to ask our dearest friend and the mother of them all how big a box we could buy. I was for a five-pounder. But I want to charge it to the child's grandpapa. Isn't he responsible if he makes such Christmas presents as roulette tables? *Ward.*

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

THE table groaned—as well-bred tables should
When pressed to service as a festal board—
Beneath a spread, much more, we knew, than could
Our lame digestion or weak purse afford.
Still, as a condiment to sharpen thanks,
And lull Desire to bow to Fate's decree—
To make us, for the time, forget the blanks
That we have drawn in Life's great lottery—
'Twould surely seem 'twere fully worth the fee,
When to our taste therein so much delight is,
Although the current purse-phlebotomy
But aggravates the subsequent gastritis.

Wood Levette Wilson.

WHEN success is left to support itself
it doesn't live long.

A HAPPY DAY.

HUSBAND: Well,
I've got a pleasant surprise for you.

WIFE: My Christmas present?

"No, but I've just paid for the one you got me last year."



HIS MISTAKE.

"I'LL JUST LEAVE THIS YOUNG MAN A SHAVING SET."

THEIR GREETING.

HE bought ten boxes of cotton white,
And a silver coat that was gleaming bright;
And onto the coat with a careful hand
He put the cotton, with smile quite bland.
Likewise he bought him a silver beard;
His face with appropriate paint he smeared;
And he toiled for hours in feverish way
To look like Santa Claus Christmas day.
The day came on and the shadows grew,
And into his costume he quickly flew;
And while the children were standing 'round
He entered the room with a frisky bound.
And they all looked up with their faces glad
To see him, and shouted: "Why, hello, dad!"

THE CHRISTMUS BLESSING OF NICODEMUS THOMPSON.

(The bare interior of the little cabin, the pine table loaded with the Christmas feast and surrounded by grinning pickaninies of various sizes, and the aged, white-wooled speaker, are all left to the reader's imagination.)

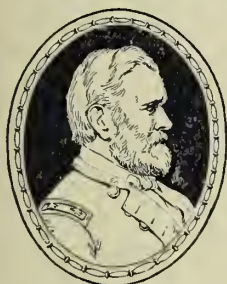
DEAH LORD:

Behold us assembled collectively togethah to praise and wo'ship Thee by partakin' ob de feas' ob condiments Thou habst pervided foh Thy humble servant an' his humble fam'ly on de birfday ob Thy son. (Amen!)

We 'proximate, O Lord, dat we're unwo'thy followahs and desserve to burn in hell-fiah fohevah, specially Julius Augustinius, a misserable, low-down niggah, who refused to fotch his ole fathah some sweet 'taties when he come right pas' de fields an' could 'a toted 'em well as not but foh his ornary selfishnessity. But de blessed Han'

The Century Co's Christmas Suggestions.

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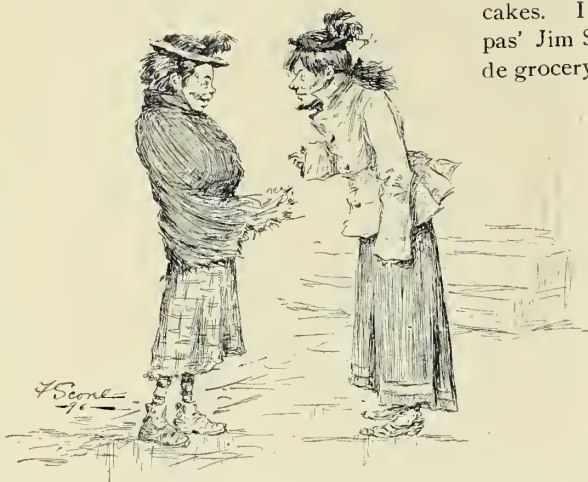
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"SAY, MAME, I HEARS YER GIVE YER STEADY THE ICY SHUFFLE."

"WELL, WHAT ELSE CAN YER DO WID A FELLER AS HAS A SKATE ON ALL DER TIME?"

ob Providence, O Lord, lef' Fa'mah Wilkinse's cellah doah on de latch, so as all de vegertables an' succerlents foh dis feas' could be pervided from his bounterful stoah.

(Tek' yoh fingers out'n dat gravy, Cephalenius Joe, or I'll skin yoh alive, shore!)

Deah Lord, we wants 'tickurlurly to thank Thee foh de fat goose which we owes to Thy lovin' kindnesses. Meh hea't were soah and downerd-cast as I come 'long pas' Widdah Belden's las' night, foh I were 'a cogitatin' what would ouah Chris'mus dinnah be 'uthout a goose. When all to wunst, I saw de Widdah's "Ole Whitey" waddlin' 'way from home as fas' as she laigs could tote 'er, an' I heard a still, small voice sayin', "Theah, good an' faithful servant, is yoh Chris'mus dinnah!" So I moked 'long behin' 'er, an' she runned straight inter ouah cabin, jes' like she knowed whare de Lord wanted she to go. An' when de Widdah come 'long dis heyah mornin' and asted ef I'd seed her ole white goose anywheres 'bout, an' instergated dat I were ole, brack thief an' son ob Ole Nick hisself, I kep' my quakernimity puffectly an' tole 'er to look in'r glass and she'd see 'er ole fat goose. De Lord's will is my will, and nevah will I cross His decreedations!

(Eucalyptusia, ef yoh poke Sinandeth Montgomery agin, I'll fotch yoh a slap that'll learn yoh suthin'!)

Deah Lord, we thank Thee for all Thy pervidations, foh de cranberries from Jedge Jenkinse's ma'sh, which do taste so pow'ful good with roas' goose, and 'specially foh de sweet hoe

cakes. I knows 'twar dat same benighted Han' ob Providence dat lead me pas' Jim Simonses' wagin whar de bag ob cohnmeal lay, jes' as Jim stepped inter de grocery.

(Ef Coroniferous Sal sneaks anothah hunk ob stuffin', she'll hab 'er hed took clean off!)

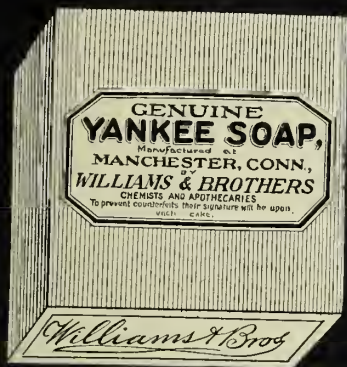
Bress dis fam'ly, O Lord, and bress dis dinnah, which Thou habst set befoah us in Thy own mysteriously miracelous ways. Punish ouah enemies, an' make 'em scorch fohevah in de flamin' pit! Fohgive us all ouah shortcomin's, deah Lord, an' long-comin's too. Mek' us perceptorble to good, an' send us anothah dinnah nex' yeah! Amen!

THE man who has all he wants also has a mighty poor memory.



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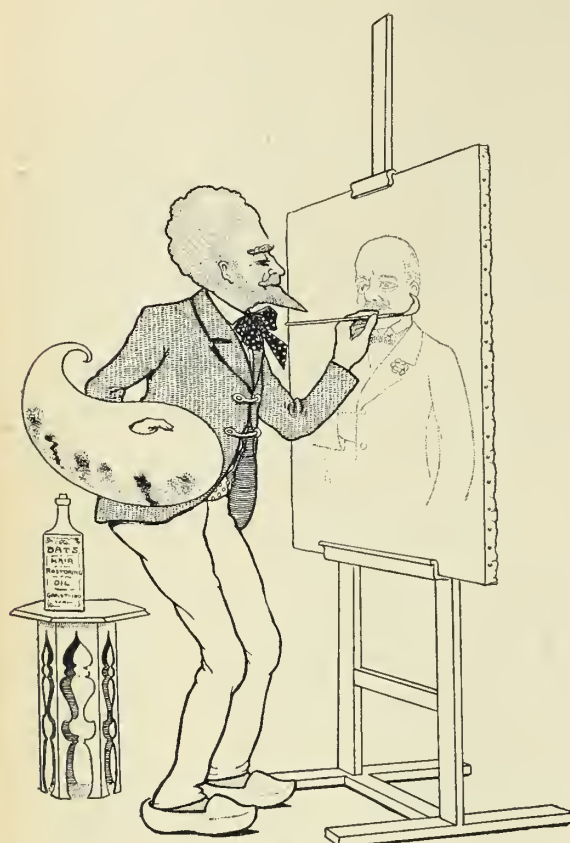
"Now, Billy, keep cool, and see if this isn't just boss"

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Teeth & Breath



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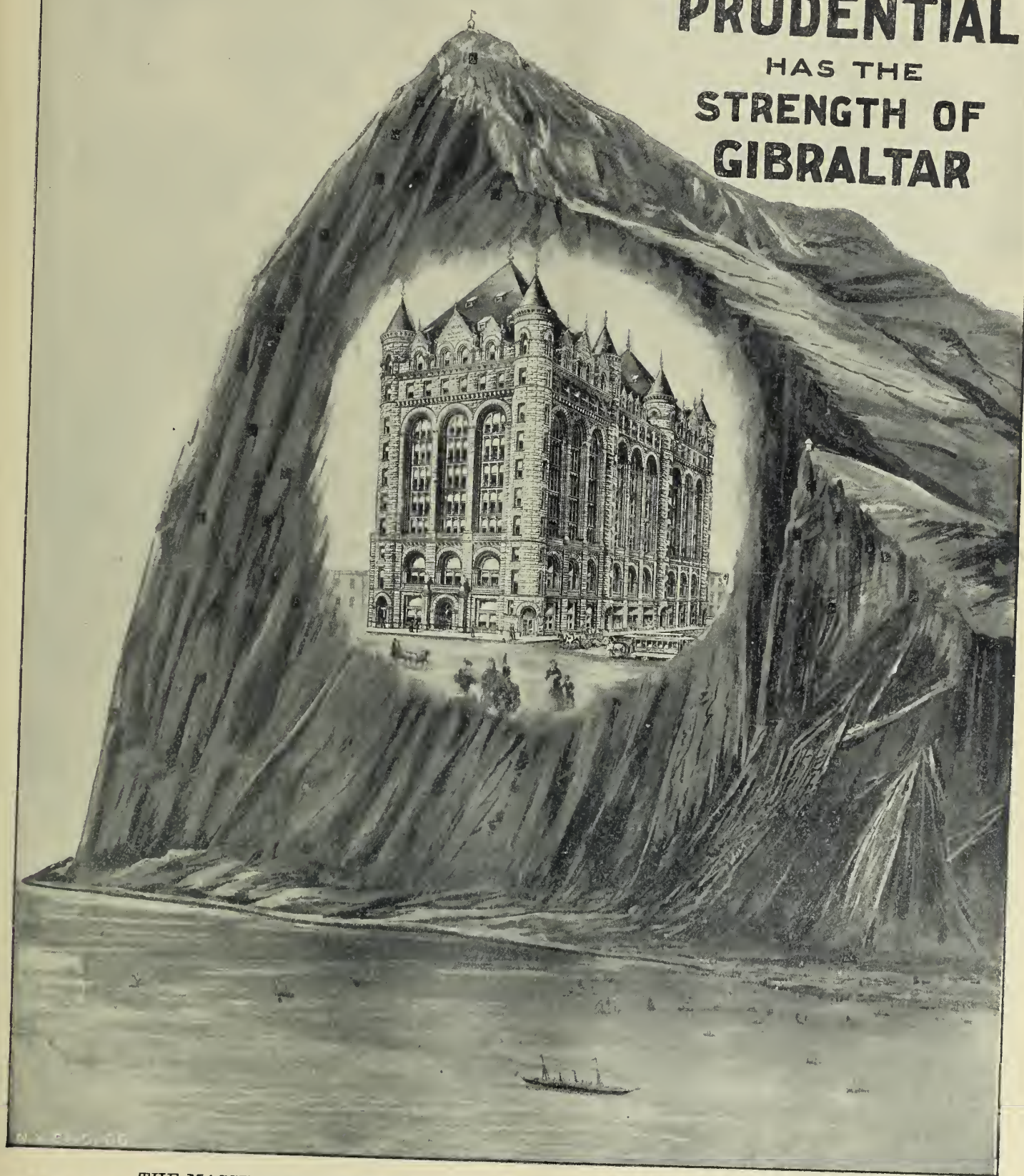
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I have tried all kinds,
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E-D-GIBBS



LI'S YANKEE WAYS.

THE *Courier's* private Pekin wire brings an interesting account of the audience which the Dowager Empress gave to Li Hung Chang last week on his arrival in the Celestial City. The Viceroy, approaching the effulgent preserve of the throne on his hands and knees, lightly brushed the dust from her majesty's diminutive sandals with his lips, and, rising to a kneeling posture, asked: "How old are—?"

The absent-minded Earl did not check himself in time, and his face grew ashy pale as the eyes of the Dowager Empress transfixed him. The courtiers held their breath, and a few who hated Li sniggered in their ample sleeves.

"What nonsense is this, Li?" asked the Empress. "How dare you ask how old I am? You have my birthday book, haven't you?"

"Pardon, pardon, O Light of Asia," cried Li. "For the moment I thought I was addressing Victoria of England."

"Well, that was stupid of you, I'm sure," said the Empress, drumming impatiently on the arms of the throne. "I hope you don't think I look like that dowdy old frump."

"Goodness, no," said Li, "but she was the last thing in the way of a royalty that I saw on my travels, and for an instant I forgot where I was at."

"Where you were what?"

"At. That's an Americanism, you know. Say, you ought to go to America. It knocks the eye out of any country I traveled through."

"Is that an Americanism, too, that optical observation?"

"Sure. Say, you can talk any old way in America and it goes. See? All you want is thoughts, and you can let your mouth make just the language it likes to

fit the thoughts. It's out of sight when you get onto it. But, talking about America, if you go there it'll kill you dead to—"

There was a shriek from the Dowager Empress. "Guards! Guards!" she cried. "Oh, what will? What will?"

"What'll what?" asked Li, petulantly.

"What'll kill me dead?" And the Dowager Empress shuddered.

Li uttered a blood-curdling American oath under his breath. Then aloud he said: "Nothing would, I guess. I simply meant that you would be amazed to see the tall buildings in America—twenty stories high, ten times as high as your Majesty's imperial palace. There's not a pagoda in all China half as high as the highest of these."

The Dowager narrowed her eyelids and smiled superciliously. "We always held you in high esteem as a liar, Li," said she, "but you seem to have added to your accomplishments during your sojourn in foreign parts. What'll you take?"

"Oh, any old thing."

"What's that?"

"Pardon again, O daughter of heaven. I meant that I left the matter to your unparalleled self. But if I be commanded to choose, let it be a gin rickey."

"What in the name of all that's celestial is that?"

"It's hot stuff, O Empress; a new drink lately invented by an American statesman. Lo Feng Luh can mix it to your sacred Majesty's exalted taste, to say nothing of my humble and wretched one."

Lo Feng Luh retreated backward out of the presence to mix the gin rickey, and Li continued: "Your Omnivorous—I mean omniscient—Majesty may doubt me when I speak of the tall buildings of America, but even they are not so amazing as the elevators in them. I had heard tell of these machines, but experience of them surpasses the wildest preconception. They are out of sight."

"There you go dropping into America again. Let's see, how is it you say it? Oh, yes: 'It'll kill you dead if you don't cure yourself of that habit.'"

"That isn't just the way they use it in America," said Li. "You ought to make it more figurative, so to speak."

"Well, I didn't mean it in a figurative sense at all. I meant it literally. Please to bear that in mind. Ah, there's Lo with the drinks. What do you call 'em ricketts?"

"Rickeys; gin rickeys. Here's to you, O light of Asia, flower of the sun, daughter of the gods, and so forth; and to America, and to Mr. Rickey. Down you go! May you live long and pro-wagh-br-r-r—"

The heads of the Dowager Empress and Li were tipped back, and were only tipped forward again when the glasses were drained. The Dowager Empress thoughtfully smacked her lips, and looked critically into the glass.

"Well," said Li, "it's great, isn't it?"

"I don't think—" said the Dowager Empress. A wild burst of laughter broke from the lips of Li Hung Chang. He doubled up on the floor and rolled mirthfully at the feet of the Dowager Empress. She, with wrathful eyes bent upon him, commanded him to speak. "Are you mad?" she cried.

"I don't think," shrieked Li, and rolled again in convulsive merriment. "I don't think." That's too good. Why, that's an awful Americanism!"

"I was about to say, when you interrupted me," snapped the Dowager Empress, "that I don't think I like your friend Mr. Rickey's drink."

"Oh," said Li.

"Yes. 'Oh.' You've got into too free a way of interrupting and doing the talking yourself, Li. You are banished from our presence for 30 days."

And that is why and how Li Hung Chang is in disgrace for disregarding the formalities in the Dowager Empress's palace.—*Buffalo Courier.*

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• LIFE •



LIFE TO HIS READERS.

GOOD greeting, gentle reader, and have patience to step aside a moment, and learn that among all the blessings of the coming year, not the least will be the joys of LIFE.

If LIFE in the past has been frank, fearless, and judiciously frivolous, do not hesitate to believe that LIFE in the future will breathe the same spirit as heretofore. But it will be something more to you than this. It will be bigger, brighter, and better.

It will contain new features to amuse, to interest, and to charm. It will take on an added wisdom and sprightliness, while of malice or uncharitableness there will be found among its pages no trace; rather, as in the past, a wholesome contempt of all fraud and humbug, for you will have read it in vain if you have failed to detect the true spirit of its being.

Those who know LIFE well will have no cause to complain. The old contributors, and many new ones, will be there to cheer the way, gladden the eye, and dwarf the spirit of dull care. But there will also be fresh departures and constant surprises to satisfy the wants of all.

LIFE will contain the best, in whatever line. Its pictures will be made by the first artists, and will not be cheap reproductions of popular photographs. They will depict flesh and blood ideas, and the lover of art, the student of humanity, and even the jaded reader who wishes only to be amused, will all be satisfied.

Its writers will be the best writers, and in its warfare against all that is cruel, and unjust, and wrong, the shafts of its wit will not lose their potency. Every line of LIFE during the coming year will be worth reading.



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THE New York Evening Post seems to have a stronger hold upon its advertisers now than ever before. It gets its rates every time, is less yielding in the matter of special positions than any other New York daily; but, nevertheless, it holds its advertising better than most, and as well as any.

✱ ✱ ✱ ✱ ✱ ✱ ✱ ✱

Extract from "How Many Copies," by George P. Rowell, in Printers' Ink, New York.

"TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY."

The following is a translation of part of a speech delivered in Switzerland, November, 1876, by M. Edw. Favre-Perret, the chief Commissioner in the Swiss department and member of the International Jury on watches at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, and is worthy the attention of every good American.

"Gentlemen, here is what I have seen. I asked from the manager of the Waltham Company a watch of a certain quality. He opened before me a big chest. I picked out a watch at random and fixed it to my chain. The manager asked me to leave the watch with them for three or four days that they might regulate it. On the contrary, I said to him, I want to keep it just as it is to get an exact idea of your workmanship. On arriving at Locle I showed this watch to one of our first adjusters * * * who took it apart. At the end of several days he came to me and said literally: 'I am astonished; the result is incredible. You do not find a watch to compare with that in 50,000 of our make.' This watch, I repeat to you, gentlemen, I myself took offhand from a large number, as I have said. One can understand by this example how it is that an American watch should be preferred to a Swiss watch."

The watch movement M. Edw. Favre-Perret picked out at random was a "RIVERSIDE," and all that he said of it then, and a good deal more, is true to-day.

Do not be misled or persuaded into paying more for a Swiss watch which is not so good as a "WALTHAM."

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Nor saw a secret there,
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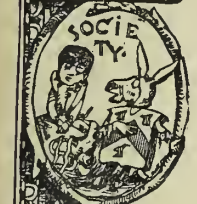
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"WHEN HE CALLS ON ME, THE FIRST THING HE DOES IS TO PLACE A PILLOW ON HIS KNEES."

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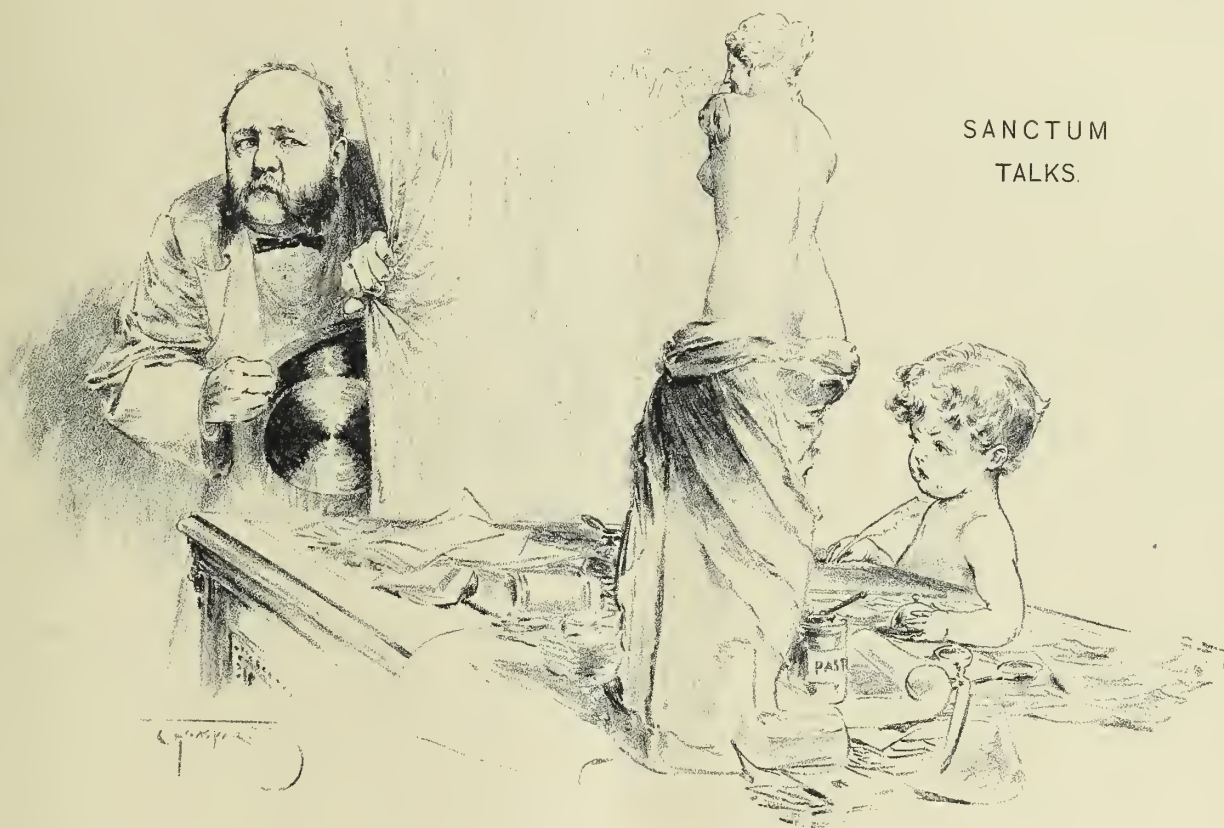
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SANCTUM
TALKS.

"HELLO, LIFE."

"Well, Anthony?"

"I came in to—"

"I am afraid I haven't got a thing to amuse you. Nothing that—"

"But—"

"Nothing that you haven't seen before."

"But I didn't come in for that."

"I see. On your vacation. You want some advice."

"Yes. Don't you think I am doing a great work? Truly now—"

"You are indeed, Anthony."

"Then why don't you say so? Why do you always say things—"

"Because, Anthony, I believe what I say, and I also believe you are doing a great work. We couldn't do without you, Anthony."

"Do you really mean that?"

"Certainly. There wouldn't be any standard of comparison."

"Ah! That's just it."

"Just it, Anthony. When we want to see—"

"That's it. See."

"How big an ass some one else is, all we have to do—"

"What!!!"

"Is to place him alongside of you. Good morning, Tony."

"G-g-good morning, LIFE."

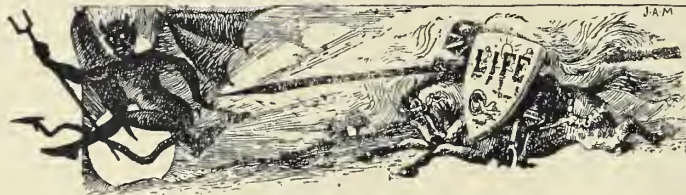
MUST BE ONE OR THE OTHER.

"O JACK, dear!" sobbed Mrs. McBride, as she fell on her husband's neck on his return from the office.

"What is it now, love? Trouble with the hired girl?"

"Y-y-y-e-e-s."

"What's the matter? Has she quit, or does she refuse to be discharged?"



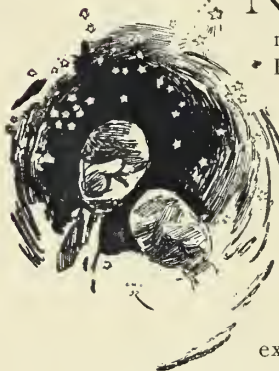
"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVIII. DECEMBER 10, 1896. No. 729.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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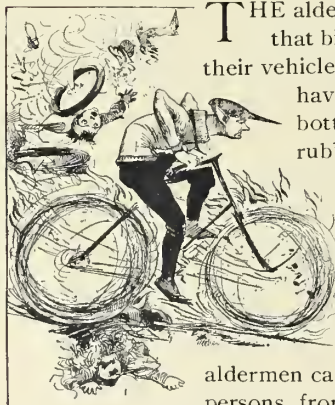
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NO American in public life puts up so continuous a combat as Police Commissioner Roosevelt, of New York. Every morning Mr. Roosevelt steps into the ring, and stays there all day. He does not go around looking for opponents, but to all who offer contention he is hospitality itself. Every gentleman who applies is accommodated, has his business attended to with neatness and dispatch, and is presently removed by his friends. In dull times Mr. Roosevelt gets his exercise in energetic passages with Commissioner Parker or Comptroller Fitch. But times are seldom dull in his business. His latest set-to has been with the celebrated Senator Raines, of the Raines law, who had asserted that his statute is not properly enforced in New York, and that rivers of unlawful rum course down the gullets of Gotham by connivance of the police. Mr. Roosevelt has attended to Mr. Raines. He says that whatever is amiss with the rum traffic in New York is the fault of Mr. Raines's legislation, and not of his policemen. At present writing Mr. Raines seems to be in seclusion, making some repairs either in his law or in his argument.

* * *



THE aldermen of New York have resolved that bicyclists shall not carry babies on their vehicles, and the aldermen of Buffalo have prohibited the sale of nursing bottles of the variety that have rubber intestines. The attention of city fathers to the interests of infancy is affecting, but it leaves much still undone. Maria Barberi's mother testified the other day that she was the mother of thirteen children, all weak-minded and epileptic. If the aldermen can take any action to prevent unfit persons from having unlucky numbers of defective children, it is a good work; let them go at it.



A BOSTON dispatch published in a newspaper believed to be veracious declares that this protest, adopted by the Boston Methodist preachers, has been sent to the trustees of the Boston Public Library:

Being deeply solicitous for the purity, sobriety and uprightness of the youths of our city, the Methodist Preachers' Meeting of Boston hereby urgently protest against the placing of the now noted statue, "Bacchante," in the precincts of the Public Library.

Oh, why, *why* do the preachers rage and the Boston Methodists imagine a vain thing? Undoubtedly these ministers are sincere and conscientious in their outcry, but have they taken the trouble to inform themselves as to what they discuss? It seems incredible that they can actually have seen Mr. Macmonnies's statue. If they have, and find that it endangers purity, sobriety and righteousness, then they are warranted in showing great concern. But it is not the statue that they should worry over, but themselves; for they are in darkness, and miscellaneously in a bad way.

LIFE's heart bleeds at the thought of the benighted condition of these Boston preachers! If the Sculpture Society of this town will undertake to send a missionary to the Methodist preachers of Boston, LIFE stands ready to subscribe not less than five dollars to the costs of the mission.

* * *



AT the meeting in New York the other day in behalf of Cuba, Mr. Cockran and Mr. Dana were the chief speakers. Both feel it to be the duty of the United States to help the rebel Cubans in their fight. It is not clear to LIFE that it is proper or expedient for Uncle Sam to meddle as yet in the Cuban struggle, but

the strength of the convictions of Mr. Cockran and Mr. Dana in the matter is a thing to admire, if not to share. One of the things that Mr. Dana believes the most obstinately in is that everyone should have just as much liberty of every kind as he can use without abridgement of the rights of his fellows. He wants every man and woman and child to have a fair chance in the world, and what he desires for the Cubans is of a piece with what he always has desired for all mankind. He is a real democrat, with an appreciation of what democracy ought to be and ought to yield, and as he can speak to every civilized man in his own language, foreigners are not so foreign to him as to most Americans, and he has less doubt of their ability to thrive under democratic institutions. Perhaps his zeal in behalf of Cuba outruns due caution, but it is the zeal of an indefatigable spirit.



LOOKING UP FIFTH AVENUE.

THE COMING.

"NINA'S Count has arrived from Europe, I hear. How did he come?"
"C. O. D., they say."

A GENTLEMAN was heard to remark, recently, that to search for an item in *The World* was like looking through the Morgue.

He must have a grudge against the Morgue.

SOMETHING OF A DELAY.

"HELLO, Central! I want to talk to the Honorable Benjamin Harrison, at Indianapolis."
"All right. There you are."
"Is that Mr. Harrison?"
"Yes. Who are you?"
"This is LIFE. We want to know whether you will accept the portfolio of Secretary of State?"
"Mark Hanna has not offered it to me yet. Good-by."
"Good-by."

AN IDOL OF AUTUMN.

H E'S the hero of the hour,
He's an autumn pet of power,
Though his canvas suit is anything but neat;
He is padded very plump,
So that other men may jump
On his frame with little damage to their feet.
He's the opposite of grace,
When he sets a scorching pace
Down the field upon his puffy, padded pegs;
When he slides upon his face,
When he forms a cushioned base,
For a pyramid of human arms and legs.
He's a man of mighty fame,
He's a man of giant frame,
Terra firma fairly trembles 'neath his tread;
He is very big of chest,
And he weighs two hundred, dressed,
But the largest thing about him is his head.
With a lot of other freaks,
He is trained for many weeks,
But he never fully gets the kicking knack;
Never wins a plaudit warm,
Never feels in proper form,
Till the golden hair is hanging down his back.

Earle H. Eaton.

BOOKISHNESS

FAMILY PRIDE, OR ART FOR LIFE'S SAKE.

ART books in the hands of the "literary editor" are apt to suffer, like the famous wedding which was assigned to the horse reporter. That is why Messrs. Gibson, Kemble and Sullivant will have chills when they see this exposition of their varied talents. But the readers of *LIFE* have for years seen so many of their pictures that they will discount any erroneous opinions here expressed. Every reader of *LIFE* knows what he thinks about these artists, because he has viewed them with admiration and laughter for so long that they are adopted members of his family. And when you can take each one of them into the family circle in a handsome book of his own making, you can feel a certain pride in your relations. The publishers responsible for all three books are R. H. Russell & Son, and the work is well done.

* * *

WHEN you get Mr. Gibson's recent pictures together you begin to feel certain that he has not been working at hap-hazard, but has patiently carried out well-planned schemes for artistic development. "Pictures of People" shows that New York, Paris and London are three progressive stages in his experience; that each one has added immensely to his gallery of types, and, moreover, that he has tried always a new method for grasping the new types.



From SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.—By Permission.

You may not like the Parisian types as much as you did the American, but you are bound to say that in Paris he learned a



From HARPER'S MAGAZINE.
By Permission.



ROSEMARY.—From "KEMBLE'S COONS."
Copyright by Robert Howard Russell.



IN THE LATIN QUARTER.—From HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—By Permission.

certain dash and freedom in drawing that he never had before. He makes a simple line do more things than ever before, and do it better. When you turn to the American drawings that followed the Paris residence, you see that the more nimble technic remains with him, and that his American types are not Frenchified, but simply liberalized and made more real.

But the gems of this collection are the London drawings. Gibson's highest ideal is the expression of character in a face, and every English drawing is full of new facial expressions—types that could exist nowhere else than in London. "In a London Theatre" contains eight faces that are marvels of expression, from the aristocrat in the fore-

ground to the "gutter-snipe" in the pit. That sort of thing is not good luck, but a revelation of technical mastery to which an artist grows through incessant labor.

The drawings of sentiment, telling a whole story with scarcely a word of explanation, are likely to be the most popular in the book. People who do not appreciate types will revel in "Fame," "The Last Guest," "The Old Tune" and "Previous Tenants." They are Praed and Frederick Locker translated into pictures.

WHEN it comes to "Kemble's Coons" the spirit of mirth is let loose. From big-eyed pickaninny to toothless old mammy the Southern negro goes laughing through the pages. The Northern man who gets his ideas of negroes from the minstrel stage will have a shaking up when he sees Kemble's real plantation darkies—as

various and "consequen-
cious" as white folks.

* * *
T. S. SULLIVANT
is the inventor

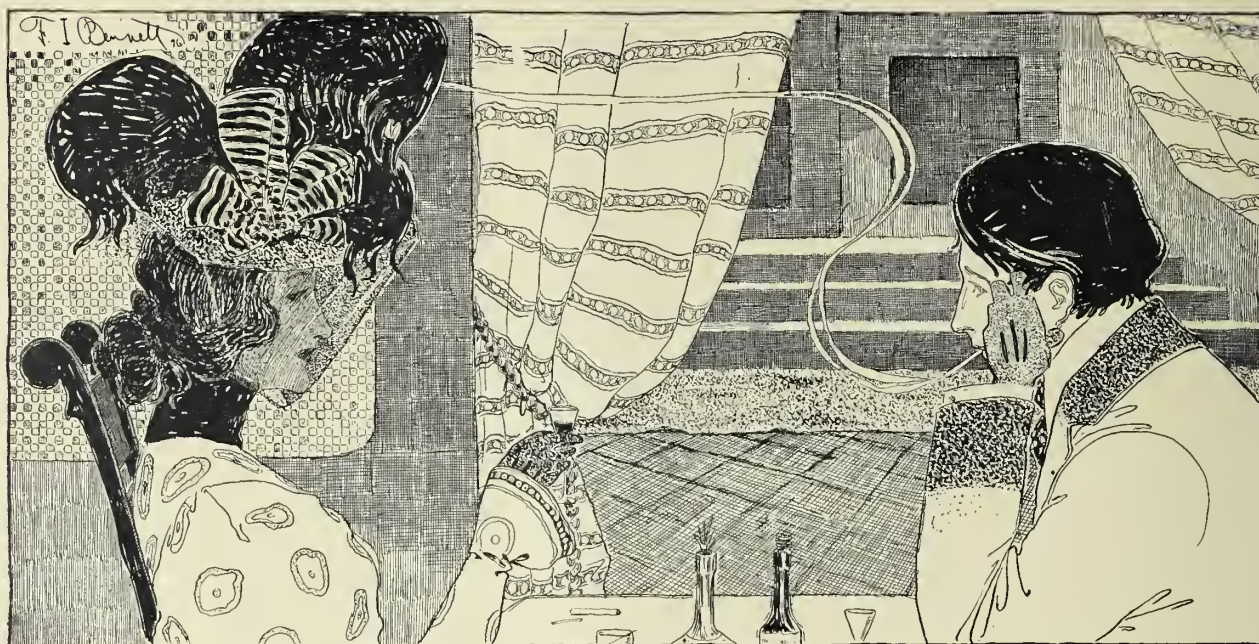


"FO' FORTY YEARS WIF DE BES' FAMILY OF VIRGINNY, YAAS SAH."—From "KEMBLE'S COONS."
Copyright by Robert Howard Russell.

of what may be called the Kodak perspective as applied to caricature. Every taker of snap-shots has been amused at times by the size of a foot or hand in the foreground as compared with a head in the background. Mr. Sullivant draws men and animals in this most amusing distortion. He can make funnier animals than any American except A. B. Frost, to whom he is certainly an artistic brother. H. W. Phillips's clever "Fables for the Times" (familiar to LIFE's audience) furnish him with just the subjects best suited to his pencil. *Droch.*



"DAT HAB DE SMELL OB GOOD LICKER."—From "KEMBLE'S COONS."
Copyright by Robert Howard Russell.



He: ONE SWALLOW DOESN'T MAKE A SUMMER.

"NO, BUT IF COPIOUS ENOUGH IT WILL BRING A FALL."

THE ETHICAL BATHTUB.

IT is the glory of America that in every great crisis a great man has arisen to save the land, and, sometimes, several of him.

When Literature was adrift and rushing headlong to chaos, Bok came; and though storms raged, he stood, serene and fearless, with his hand on the tiller and his eye on the Bok's office, steering the trembling bark of Letters into Philadelphia. Having placed Literature in that quiet haven, this unfaltering champion of right threw his gleaming eye over the landscape, and focussed it on Morals. He saw that Morals were getting shabby and shopworn, and were

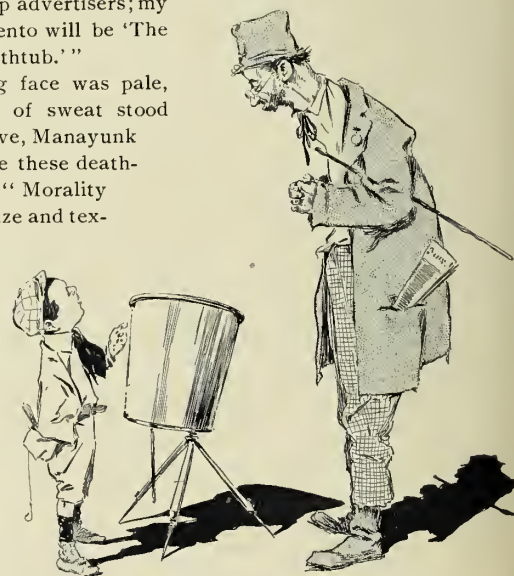
losing vogue; somebody must lariat them and restore them to their proper sphere. Morals properly presented were respectable, and he, Bok, the apostle of the respectable, must be the man to rescue them from public indifference. Fate pointed to him; he was the man of the hour. He reckoned the cost and was prepared to face the consequences. Noble fellow! The rage of the Boston Public Library Art Committee, the contempt of Zola, the jealousy of Parkhurst, the envy of Comstock, the alarm of the *New York World*—all these he must face; yet, he tore off his celluloid collar, locked his editorial boudoir, denied himself to fair pilgrims seeking photos, and turned doggedly to his herculean task.

The moral grandeur of that moment was sublime; a new epoch was about to be hatched out in Philadelphia.

Whistling down the tube to the foreman of the composing room, he asked with set teeth: "What was the last moral crusade stuff we had in the monthly, Angelica?" "Feather Boas and Foreign Missions," came weirdly up the tube in a strangely sweet mezzo-soprano.

He left the speaking tube and staggered to his chair, murmuring in a husky voice: "It must be done. America must be saved. The blow must be struck right here, and the war be carried into the penetralia of the household. I will stand loyally by my soap advertisers; my first pronunciamento will be 'The Morals of the Bathtub.'"

His fair young face was pale, and great beads of sweat stood upon his expansive, Manayunk brow, as he wrote these deathless sentences: "Morality depends on the size and texture of the bathtub. In proportion as we use the bathtub and recognized brands of soap, so do we attain to moral heights and advanced civilization. Turkey and Russia owe more to their national par-



"GIMME A QUART."

boiling systems than they do to Armenian literature. Where does the missionary shine more resplendent than in picturesque Hawaii, the home of the Polynesian bather? and where are morals so carefully preserved in cold storage vaults? Where do we look for morals in August, when churches close and parsons fly? Is it not by the sad sea wave, where brief and beautiful costumes and copious bathing point us to the stars—to Anna Held, whose bath is in the Milky Way?"

Thus are we taught the glory of the bath; thus do we recognize the plumber as a toiler in the vineyard of morals.

Is it any wonder, therefore, that the Plumbers' Union of Philadelphia has united with the Amalgamated Poets of East Boston and the Chinese Order of the Knights of the Flatiron, in passing uncompromising resolutions endorsing Bok, and hailing him as the Prophet of the Bathtub, the Confucius of the Washtub, the Soapy Sam—or more correctly, the Wilberforce—of Philadelphia? How unerringly he says that the moral fibre of a man grows coarse and crude who eschews cocoanut fibre and the soaps advertised in the illuminating columns of his great "Chambermaid's Monthly"! How that inspiring evangel of moral progress—the British tourist—makes the American blush and shrink into himself, as we see him circumnavigating the earth with a tin bathtub and seven umbrellas under his trenchant arm! Mr. Bok has placed his finger on the true source of moral uplifting, and



WHAT THE CENTAUR MIGHT DO TO-DAY.

his epoch-making essay will cause a great bathtub awakening in this republic; when the glad tidings reach the millions of homes permeated by the "Chambermaid's Monthly," hand-painted bathtubs will carry moral strength and chastened manners to the toiling proletariat, the horny-handed poet, the blizzard-battered populist, and the soiled millionaires of Brooklyn. The crime-stained burglar will call from his Tombs for a bathtub, and the heathen on India's coral strand will demand a Sanskrit plumber when the full effect of Bokian morals is felt.

On with the grand old work! All hail Bok, the Tupper of the Great Moral Wash Reform!

Joseph Smith.

STREET CLEANING MADE EASY.

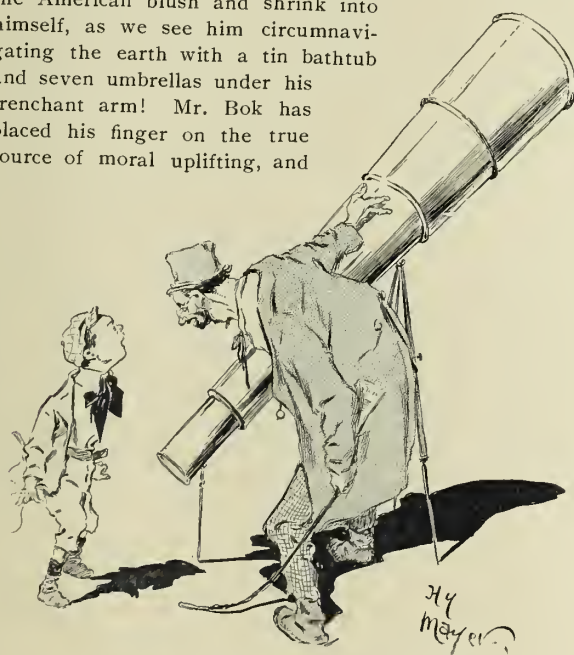
IS Colonel Waring another illustration of the disastrous results of a little authority?

There is certainly outward evidence that the holding of office has not only turned his well-shaped head, but has enlarged its circumference to an undesirable—and, we might say, somewhat offensive—extent.

If report be true, he has undertaken the banishment of the dog from the streets of the metropolis. That is a clever idea, and if this cheerful reformer could only have his own way the horse would probably follow. And by prohibiting the use of fuel there would be no ashes to remove, and we should have a nice, clean city. But this republic is not yet run on just those lines.

We are going to retain our dogs; also our horses, and even our rights to consume fuel.

And if this particular Colonel is unable to clean the streets unless the entire population turn to and aid him, he would better begin by gaining the support of the human hogs who spit upon the sidewalks and keep them in a constant state of filth.



"THEM AIN'T PEANUTS. IT'S A TELESCOPE."



HER CHOICE.

HER face was like a missal saint's
 Against the sunset's gold and red;
 An aureole seemed her shining hair
 And eve's first star gleamed o'er her head.

At far height we stood alone,
 As her pure eyes heavenward dreamed,
 In a woman and a man
 Measureless the distance seemed!

Message was she sending to
 Heavenly host that soars and sings?
 The thought that pierced my heart,
 "What would you do, if you had wings?"

In my anxious doubts and fears—
 Angel, but a woman true!
 "Add wings," she softly said,
 "Fold them close and stay with you."

Eliza Calvert Hall.





TWO IMPORTATIONS.

"THE Courtship of Leonie" is English in its origin, although it received its first presentation at the Lyceum Theatre, under the management of Mr. Daniel Frohman. (As a kindly office to Mr. Frohman, LIFE would suggest that he print his first name in italics, for there is this to be said about the Lyceum productions, that although they are aimed pretty directly at the matinee girl and the class of theatre-goers she represents, they show some regard to stage art, and do not sacrifice everything to catch-penny ideas.)



The play is by Mr. Henry V. Esmond, and its first act is calculated to drive a critical person, or a surgical person, to drink. An

improbable and impossible villain, almost as badly acted as he deserves to be by Mr. Frank R. Mills, starts the fun by receiving a bullet wound at the hands of the heroine.

The effect of bullet wounds is notoriously uncertain, and if any lecturer on surgery wishes to impress that fact on his students, he could do it in no more emphatic way than by holding a clinic at any performance of "The Courtship of Leonie." This particular bullet wound permits its victim to know instantly that he is fatally killed, but also enables him to sit elegantly in a drawing-room chair and write and dictate the letters on which hinge the plot. Having held itself in abeyance long enough to permit the dramatic necessities to get in their work, the bullet wound accomplishes its purpose, and the villain dies instantly, but so politely as not to offend the sensibilities of the most refined matinee girl that ever lived.

The heroine is almost as impossible as the villain, but her unnatural vacillations serve to hold the interest and redeem the play from the curse of its first act. Altogether the piece is crude and improbable, but it tells a story which is sufficiently coherent to keep people in their seats and absorbed in its development and denouement.

This year's Lyceum company is very much reorganized, and not for the better. Mr. Hackett, who created a favorable impression in the parts assigned to him last year, is mistaking stiffness for dignity and staginess for intensity. Mr. Joseph Wheelock, Jr., does fairly well as *Mortimer Wenlock*, the intense, young, would-be dramatist. Miss Mary Man-



"SO YOU ARE GOING TO MARRY YOUR EMPLOYER'S DAUGHTER?"

"BETCHERLIFE. THE OLD MAN HAS WORKED ME EIGHT HOURS A DAY FOR THE PAST TEN YEARS, AND NOW I'M GOING TO WORK HIM TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY FOR THE NEXT TWENTY YEARS TO GET EVEN."

ning is a decided acquisition to the company and to the American stage, for in the lighter parts of her work she is natural and unaffected, and in the emotional moments kindly refrains from setting one's teeth on edge. Miss Florence and Miss Tyree are as charming as ever, but one sadly misses the contrast afforded by Mr. Lemoyne and Mr. Fritz Williams. Miss Isabel Irving's name is also conspicuously absent.

In a day of strong plays "The Courtship of Leonie" would not last very long. As things are, it bids fair to have quite a stretch of life.

* * *

JUST why England gives Mr. Beerbohm Tree a high place among its actors is difficult to understand. His work is acceptable, but certainly nowhere approaches greatness. The only thing which could have saved "The Seats of the Mighty" from triviality would have been tremendous strength and earnestness on the part of the actor who portrayed the character of *Doltaire*, the natural son of Louis XV. As Mr. Tree possesses neither of these, the entire play seemed senseless and unreal, without one moment of actual conviction. Historical plays, to interest, have to be mighty well written and mighty well acted. "The Seats of the Mighty" is neither. A large company, and considerable scenic effect, are both wasted upon it.

Metcalf.



THE END OF LEAP YEAR SEASON.

A CRISIS.

IT was bitter cold; the snow lay in thin drifts on the sidewalks; the glare of the gas-lamps lighted the tiny form of poor little William as he trudged through the snow. The wind whistled through his threadbare jacket—his little blue fingers were like ice; but worse than all was that gnawing pang of hunger that brought the bitter tears to the lad's eyes; he knew there was nothing in the house to eat. His mother had given up hope and had lain down to die. Still, little William plodded on. Suddenly in a burst of light from an open door an elegantly dressed man stepped forth, clad in a fur coat and cap. As he drew on his warm, fur gloves, something bright slipped from his pocket and rolled glittering to William's feet. It was a ten-dollar gold piece. The stranger, ignorant of his loss, hurried off. A bitter sob shook William's breast; he thought of home, of his dying mother, and how the ten dollars would buy food and fire; then he thought of the rich stranger, and a noble resolve seized him. Stooping down, he grabbed the shining piece, and——put it in his pocket.

To-day William is a United States Senator.



THIS IS NOT SANTA CLAUS. THIS IS THE POPULIST WHO VOWED HE WOULDN'T HAVE HIS HAIR OR WHISKERS CUT TILL SILVER BECAME THE BASIS OF NATIONAL CURRENCY.

THE man at the bottom of the ladder cannot fall and hurt himself.



THE METROPOLITAN STAGE.

THE drama is nowhere in the wide world presented as it is in New York, and the young and ardent stranger, with a love of art burning in his bosom, can here slake his thirst at that fountain of refinement and purity, the Metropolitan stage. For the paltry sum of \$2 he can secure a good seat in the orchestra, where, gazing above the *flora* and *fauna* of the hat in front of him, he can read upon the curtain between the acts the thrilling announcements of some of our leading tradesmen; or, when the play is on, he can at times hear snatches of the conversation

carried on in low monotonous by the principal actors, or even catch brief glimpses of the stage at unexpected intervals. There are, of course, various degrees of Thespian art as exemplified by the Gotham stage, from the unexampled purity and supersensitive refinement of Hammerstein's right down to the pulsating periods of Daly's, where lay figures are provided at great expense to cater to the requirements of readers of the New York *Tribune*, who throng the lobby during the brief periods of recreation between the acts, and gaze with rapt admiration upon pictures of Ada Rehan in her youth. Between these two extremities of art we have all the various degrees of excellence. One can pass a pleasant evening at the Harlem Opera House, where the guests of the evening, flecking flies from their imaginary dress suits, sit and spell out with their fingers upon the programme the names of the actors with an ease that comes only from long practice. One can join the pleasant little family gathering at the Lyceum, where only plays with pedigrees are allowed, and where pure rain water from the roof is



FROM ROMEO AND JULIETTE.

THE COSTUME OF JULIETTE AS NOW MODIFIED
TO SATISFY A NEW YORK AUDIENCE.



LADY MACBETH.

AS WE SEE HER IN THE METROPOLIS.

furnished at regular intervals to all ladies between the ages of fifteen and thirty-five.

One can go to the Empire, where realism is carried to such a point that real fruit is exhibited on the tables at meal times, clothes are worn by the participants, and at the end of the performance Mr. Drew is only too glad to furnish the address of his tailor.

Provided with an overland lunch basket and a change of clothing, one can fritter away his life at the continuous performances placed at convenient intervals throughout the city, or spend profitable evenings at the Metropolitan Opera House waiting through the long, anxious interval between midnight and dawn for the curtain to rise, and gazing at the pristine outlines of the few members of the four hundred left over from the last financial frost.

With these places of amusement, and many more always open every night during the week, there is no excuse for the visitor to be idle in the great metropolis, and even on Sunday there is always Dr. Parkhurst.

There are a few carping critics who claim in subdued whispers that the Drama in New York is not what it used to be, that it suffers

from the commercial spirit introduced into it by the hard-working Hebrew, that its morality is not calculated to produce the best results, and that, instead of amusing and instructing, it tends rather to disgust and alienate the decent people, who have some remote conception of what they really desire in a dramatic performance. But this is a stilted and narrow-minded view, and is only held by a few gentlemen and ladies who really have no voice in the matter. For themselves they claim that they should prefer when they go to the theatre to see something decent. They are not especially interested in a continuous and universal display of the human form. They do not care to pay their money to see some poor creature who, upon her reputation for ribald songs or some other indecent accomplishment, is heralded from the other side with a blast of trumpets. Because she is advertised as drawing more salary than has ever been paid before is no reason to them why she is a desirable person to amuse them. They are tired of cheap humbug, clap-trap, and imported third-rate talent, and they turn away from this sort of thing when it is presented on the stage in precisely the same way that they would not soil their hands with the *World*. But these people, as has

been said, are comparatively few and an unimportant part of the community. That is, according to those

engaged in the theatrical business, and they ought to know, because they in turn have the dramatic critics for a guide, and what more fitting guide to public decency, morals, and the highest expression of art could there be than the dramatic critic of an average New York newspaper?

DONALD MACSLUSHEY.

THIS popular dialect writer, the author of *My Wee, Wee Galoot*, *Sentimental Soosie*, *Me Bonnie Prafits*, and *O'Scots Wha' Whiskey!* is about to avail himself of the present popularity of Scotch dialect in this country, and, before it gets into the ash barrel, will visit the United States and favor us with his views on Americans.

It is confidently expected that we, as a nation, will turn out and pay this august visitor the usual hysterical honors.

Incidentally, he will amass more lucre by well advertised lectures than he could gather in Scotland during a lifetime.

IT is a satisfaction to record that Harvard and Yale seem to be on the point of resuming the competitive relations which were interrupted two years ago. The representatives of these two universities had squabbled so persistently over their sports that an intermission in the contests between them seemed decidedly advisable, and occasioned little regret when it came. Absence seems to have made their hearts grow fonder, and the undergraduates of both universities are understood to desire now a resumption of play. It is probable that they will have their wish, and that there will be Yale-Harvard baseball games again next spring, and a boat-race in which the value of the instructions of Harvard's altruistic and sportsmanlike British coach will find its first test.



THE AMERICAN WOMAN.
AS REPRESENTED ON THE NEW YORK STAGE.



THE USUAL HERO IN A MILITARY DRAMA.



It is her opinion at the present time that no reform movement is fully equipped unless it has brakes on it.

"You see," she said, "I tried to reform George."

"Of course," said the engaged girl; "that's what you married him for, wasn't it?"

"Well, not entirely," answered the young married woman, hesitatingly.

"And, of course, you didn't succeed," put in the older married woman, who had some experience in that line herself.

"But that's just the trouble," replied the young married woman. "I did—at least, I got him started, and now there's no stopping him. You see, I got him to stop drinking first. He didn't drink much, anyway, but I got him to stop it entirely, and for a few weeks he was cross and irritable. But he got over that, and I was so pleased with my success that I undertook to get him to stop smoking. He said he felt so much better since he stopped drinking that he was beginning to believe there was a good deal of benefit to be derived from abstinence, and he stopped smoking. It was three months before he was in a fit condition to inhabit the same house with a human being, and two or three times I begged him, for heaven's sake, to go to smoking again, but he wouldn't."

"You ought to be gratified to think that you have so much influence with him," said the engaged girl.

"It must be very gratifying to have a husband who neither smokes nor drinks," said the older married woman. "There are not very many of them."

"It's a good thing," returned the young married woman, bitterly.

"Good thing!" exclaimed both the others.

"Yes, a good thing," repeated the young married woman with emphasis. "A reform movement that you can't stop when you want to is one of the most annoying and disagreeable things that it is possible to have around the house. My husband thinks he feels so much better that he has become a crank. He doesn't believe in pepper or condiments of any description any more, and has instructed me to dispense with them entirely in the house."

"Outrageous!"

"He considers coffee injurious and won't have it on the table, and he insists that candy will drive any woman to an early grave."

"Preposterous!"

"Isn't it? But there doesn't seem to be any help for it. He says that now he's started he's going to reform that household from top to bottom."

"That's the way with men, my dear. You marry one to reform him, and he thinks you have married him to be reformed," and the older married woman looked very wise, while the engaged girl looked in the direction of a box of bonbons on the table and began to think that possibly she would better not try to reform Harry at all.—*Chicago Post*.

"Do I love George?" mused Clara, softly, "or is it simply a sister's affection that I feel for—" Just then Bobby burst noisily into the room and interrupted her meditations. "Get out of here, you little brat!" she shouted, and seizing him by the arm, she shot him through the door. "Ah, no," she sighed, as she resumed her interrupted train of thought; "my love for George is not a sister's love. It is something sweeter, purer, higher, and holier."—*London Figaro*.

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The Crystal City. Translated from the French André Laurie by L. A. Smith.

The Acrobatic Muse. By Richard Kendall Muntrick. Chicago: Way and Williams.

The Froggy Fairy Book. By Anthony J. Drebbel. Philadelphia: Drexel-Biddle and Brad Publishing Company.

Without Prejudice. By I. Zangwill. New York: The Century Company.

"It is indeed hard," said the melancholy gentleman "to lose one's relatives."

"Hard?" snorted the gentleman of wealth. "Hard it is impossible."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

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LIFE TO HIS READERS.

GOOD greeting, gentle reader, and have patience to step aside a moment, and learn that among all the blessings of the coming year, not the least will be the joys of **LIFE**.

If **LIFE** in the past has been frank, fearless, and judiciously frivolous, do not hesitate to believe that **LIFE** in the future will breathe the same spirit as heretofore. But it will be something more to you than this. It will be bigger, brighter, and better.

It will contain new features to amuse, to interest, and to charm. It will take on an added wisdom and sprightliness, while of malice or uncharitableness there will be found among its pages no trace; rather, as in the past, a wholesome contempt of all fraud and humbug, for you will have read it in vain if you have failed to detect the true spirit of its being.

Those who know **LIFE** well will have no cause to complain. The old contributors, and many new ones, will be there to cheer the way, gladden the eye, and dwarf the spirit of dull care. But there will also be fresh departures and constant surprises to satisfy the wants of all.

LIFE will contain the best, in whatever line. Its pictures will be made by the first artists, and will not be cheap reproductions of popular photographs. They will depict flesh and blood ideas, and the lover of art, the student of humanity, and even the jaded reader who wishes only to be amused, will all be satisfied.

Its writers will be the best writers, and in its warfare against all that is cruel, and unjust, and wrong, the shafts of its wit will not lose their potency. Every line of **LIFE** during the coming year will be worth reading.

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HOW TO USE IT. Take three dessert spoonfuls to a cup of boiling water or milk. Stir briskly a moment, and your Chocolate is ready to serve. Put up in 1 lb. and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. tins.

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• LIFE •

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THIS MAY BE



"The Winter of your discontent," with chills, coughs, and colds, and the long train of sickness following. Life will be a burden unless you are wise and lay in a goodly supply of our "Old Crow RYE." That is the best relief possible to obtain. You can depend upon its purity if you are

careful to see that the word RYE is on the label, and our firm name on the case, cork, capsule, and label.

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YES

Other railroads HAVE made as high as a mile a minute for SHORT SPURTS, with light SPECIAL Trains, but the New York Central's Empire State Express, a REGULAR train weighing 525,000 pounds, has been running EVERY BUSINESS day for nearly five years. The speed of this train now averages 53 1-3 miles an hour for the entire distance between New York and Buffalo, 410 miles, including four stops and twenty-eight slow downs.

Over certain portions of the line the regular time of the Empire State Express considerably EXCEEDS a mile a minute.

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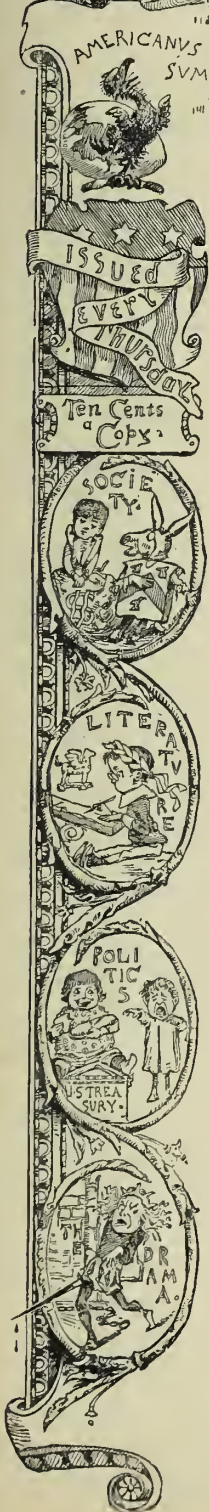
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AN OBSERVER.

She: IF YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT THE BIBLE, TELL ME WHAT THE FOOLISH VIRGINS SAID WHEN THE APPROACH OF THE BRIDEGROOM WAS ANNOUNCED.
"THEY ASKED IF THEIR HATS WERE ON STRAIGHT."

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Novelties that are essentially distinctive
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Ladies' Furnishings.

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twenty full-page drawings
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ly bound in illuminated
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publishers, R. H. Russell
and Son, 33 Rose Street,
N. Y., or at the Office of
Life Publishing Company.

PRICE, \$1.25.

SANCTUM
TALKS.

"WHY, how are you, Doctor?"

"Good day, LIFE.

That Thanksgiving sermon of mine —"

"Ah, yes. Seems to have raised a hornet's nest. But you don't care, do you?"

"N-no. Why should I? I'm honest, and I'm here to —"

"Exactly, Doctor. You're here to make trouble, but you don't know it. Have you ever heard, Doctor, that there's a certain place paved with good intentions? Also that the same place 'hath no fury like a woman scorned'?"

"You're speaking of hell, aren't you?"

"Well, yes."

"Then why not say so? Why not call a spade by a worse name if possible? That's *my* way."

"I know it; but that's the difference between you and me, Doctor. I move in refined society, and have to be particular."

"And I —"

"Well, you talk shop to others."

"Then you don't like me?"

"You mean well, Doctor, but if it were not for that superfluous accomplishment do you know what you would be? More or less of a —"

"What?"

"Humbug. Ta-ta, Doctor."

"Good day, sir!"

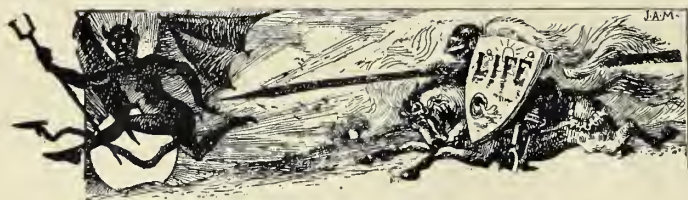
MEDICAL ITEM.

UNDER the tutorship of Coach Lehmann, the Harvard crew is slowly recovering from its paralytic stroke.

WHEN a woman is deceived some man is avenged.

"WHY is it that so many novelists have been newspaper men?"

"The first thing that every reporter learns is to write fiction."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVIII. DECEMBER 17, 1896. No. 730.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents.
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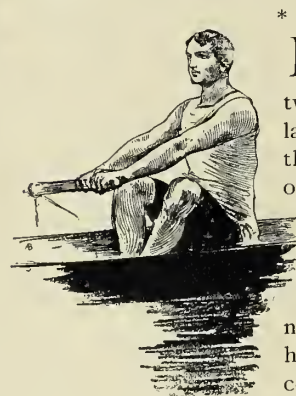


AMBASSADOR BAYARD has declined to receive the Christmas present for the purchase of which the London *Telegraph* was receiving subscriptions. He wrote affectionately to the *Telegraph* expressing his gratification at the response its proposal had received, but saying that it wouldn't quite do for the American Ambassador to receive such a gift. Inasmuch as his habitual critics in this country had begun to howl, it is a relief to have this new occasion for their maledictions dismissed. They rail at the amiable Ambassador as though it were a national misfortune for Uncle Sam to have a representative in London whom the British like. It seems to LIFE that they rail on slight grounds, and that this is in reality a cause for congratulation. Mr. Bayard in London has been the right man in the right place, and Uncle Sam, as well as Mr. Bull, has the best of reasons to be pleased with him.



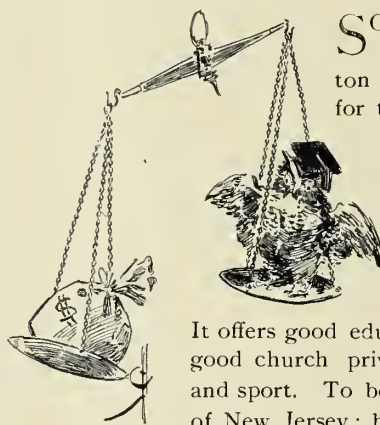
MISSTATEMENTS have been made in some American newspapers—in the New York *Herald*, for one—about the conditions under which Mr. R. C. Lehmann came to this country from England to coach the Harvard crew. It has been reported that Mr. Lehmann, who is an Oxford graduate, had supported himself for some years by training college crews, and the impression was given that the incident of compensation entered in some form into his connection with Harvard boating. The truth is that when he was invited by Mr. Watson, and later by Mr. Peabody, to come and coach the Harvard oarsmen, he was told that the Harvard men would be glad to pay his expenses and entertain him as their guest while he was here. He said he would come, but that it must be not only without pay, but entirely at his own costs; explaining that if he received compensation in

any form, for expenses or anything else, he would cease to be an amateur, and would be properly debarred from engaging hereafter in amateur sports.



It will be seen, therefore, that his sole motive in making two trips across the ocean and laboring for four months with the Harvard men is the love of sport, and the pleasure of putting an interesting accomplishment to use. It is worth while to correct the misstatements about him, not only because it is due to him that his position should be correctly understood, but also because his example is very timely and useful. Our amateurs, even our college men, are slow to appreciate the vital necessity of keeping sport and money-earning absolutely separate. There is a fight going on all the time against the disposition of managers of college sports to win players to their teams by assurance of some kind of indirect compensation, and it is time that the growth of this spirit should be stopped. LIFE is informed, too, that the referees and umpires of the college football games are paid round sums for their services. This is clearly contrary to the British understanding of an amateur's obligations as Mr. Lehmann illustrates it, and should be quite as contrary to ours.

What is done in the way of amateur sport should be done for sport's sake, and for nothing else. Men who cannot afford to cultivate amateur sport on those terms should keep out of it. There is no middle course that is creditable.



It offers good educational opportunities, good church privileges, learned society, and sport. To be sure, it is in the State of New Jersey; but, after all, there is no State to which a New York man can move with less of a jolt than to Jersey. Mr. Cleveland will do Princeton good, and, spending his summers in Massachusetts and his winters in New York and Florida, will doubtless prosper and be happy.

SO Mr. Cleveland is to have a house in Princeton and become a "rooter" for the orange and black! Princeton is a town of merit. It is beautiful, salubrious, and a good place to keep household effects. One can raise a family there with comfort.



He (with suspicious tremulousness): THEY SAY THAT MARRIAGES ARE MADE IN HEAVEN.
She (encouragingly): YES, BUT THE ENGAGEMENTS ARE CONTRACTED ON EARTH.

A DEFECTIVE GRACE.

JACKEY: But, mamma, it's not about what I'm going to receive that it's so hard to be contented.

MRS. EARLE: What is it then, Jackey?

"It's about what I'm not going to receive."

THE millenium will be a time of universal peace, but it does not follow that all mankind will be professional pugilists.

EVERY man thinks he understands women perfectly, until he falls in love with one.

AN EXPRESSED HOPE.

ORIGINALLY Mr. Pulitzer's business was profitable, which explains his former interest in it; but it seems improbable that at present either he or Mr. Hearst is making money. What seems more likely is that Mr. Hearst keeps on because he has money to burn and likes to singe Mr. Pulitzer's wings with it, while Mr. Pulitzer doubtless keeps on because he dares not let go.

LIFE earnestly hopes that the result may be that Mr. Pulitzer and Mr. Hearst may convince one another after a while that there is neither pleasure nor profit in sowing sensations and tattle broadcast, and that both may presently turn their surplus funds and energies to some better account.



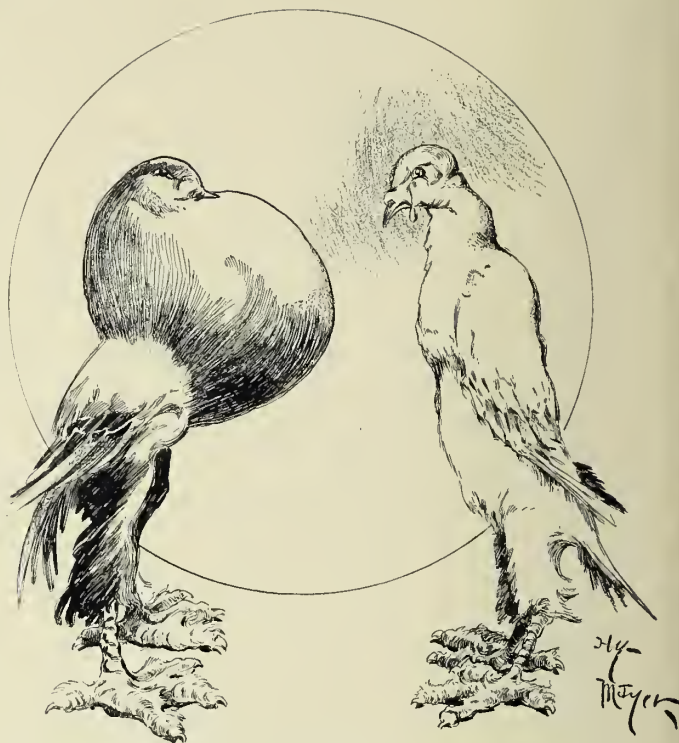
A BEAR CHANCE.

BOOKISHNESS

"MARGARET OGILVY."

IT would be difficult to pick out a book with more in it of what the Christmas spirit ought to be than "Margaret Ogilvy," by her son, J. M. Barrie (Scribners). It is a pathetic little book, because it ends with death, as all real biographies must, but it is full of the sunlight of a cheerful home where poverty and sickness never quenched the joyful spirit, the ready wit, the alert mind of the ever active mother who was the inspiration of the household.

Many an ardent admirer of Barrie will take up this book with the apprehensive feeling that a man's own mother is not a subject for literature. But he will finish the book with the assured conviction that Barrie has fully justified it. Being what she was to him—an inspiration and an essential part of everything that he wrote—this book must have been written. It is the



"WHAT'S THE MATTER, ALPHONSE? YOU'RE GETTING AWFULLY THIN."

"PUNCTURED MY PNEUMATIC."



ANOTHER USE FOR THE CENTAUR

natural and simple expression of a sympathetic, artistic soul—the spontaneous effort to lessen a debt of gratitude that can never be paid. A single line of self-conscious posing on the author's part would forever ruin such a book as this. But you will search in vain for that line—as you will also fail to find any mock humility or "vain regrets."

There was always perfect sympathy and understanding between mother and son, and he says so; his ambition from boyhood was to make life easier for her, and he did it. Without pose or reservation he therefore frankly says: "That is my reward, that is what I have got for my books. Everything I could do for her in this life I have done since I was a boy; I look back through the years and I cannot see the smallest thing left undone."

There is something more than the artistic spirit in that kind of honesty; it takes a brave man to write it. There is no pride in the statement, no egotism; there is only one inference from it—no other course of action was possible with such a mother.

WHY IS IT THAT MR. LEVI IS NEVER



THUS

OR

THUS?

AND THAT MR. CASEY NEVER DOES



THIS

OR

THIS?

And that is the highest tribute he can pay her memory.

THE book is not written in heroics. Humor and wit were the constant guests in Margaret Ogilvy's cottage, with that fine acid touch of sarcasm in talk that tries all sentiment and discovers the false and tawdry.

The humor of those chapters in which Barrie describes his early efforts to catch a London editor with Auld

Licht sketches, and his mother's part in what she considered the fooling of him, is better and finer than anything in the avowed fiction by the same author.

Margaret's scheme to propitiate the editor with "a lippie of short-bread;" her fear that London folks would find them out; and her belief that she could manage the editor if she only called upon him wearing her silk and Sabbath bonnet—these are characteristic touches of the gentle humor of it all.

For simple pathos and beauty of style, without a hint of effort at display, there is nothing in recent literature to match the closing chapters of this book. The only way to justify a superlative statement of this kind is to read the book. In it young and old, man and woman, meet on the common ground of the domestic hearth—and the best of it is that the story is true.

Droch.

THE rumor is rife that Miss Frances Willard has obtained from Major McKinley a promise that he will serve no intoxicating beverages to his guests while he lives in the White House. LIFE hopes it isn't true. Wine is inexpedient for some people; but while the President is fully entitled to determine for himself whether he will drink it or not, it is hardly fair for him to deprive his guests at State dinners of the same privilege. Let the Major follow polite usage in this matter, and if his guests practice abstinence let it be voluntary.

CAUTIOUS.

CLARA: He says you have been twice as nice as you usually are.

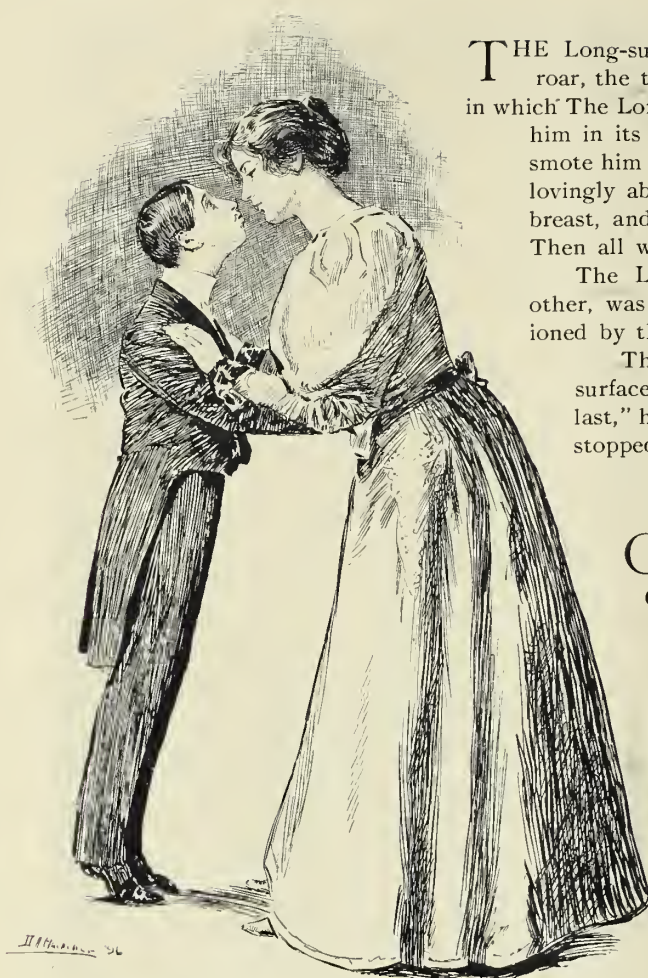
MAUDE: Yes. I was afraid he would try to break off the engagement before Christmas.

THE ALARM IN BOSTON.

THE Nude is abhorrent to Boston; even the naked eye is draped in glasses there. Boston is seething; it is on the untrimmed edges of a revolution; the bones in the Granary yard rattle in the night; shadowy spectres gnash their diaphanous teeth on Brimstone corner; the cops on the Common wear a look of anguish; horror and indignation stalk the streets; Barrett Wendell writes writhingly in the *Transcript*; football is losing its savor; the tail of the State House codfish droops; sardonic smiles wreath the Cass statue, and scholarly motormen weep as they dash athwart the Public Library. The so-called Art Committee of Boston has dared to affront the morals of all Nova Scotia, and part of Boston, by placing in the back yard of the library a naked copper woman, a naked copper boy, and a bunch of copper grapes in their bare skins. They hid this Bacchante in the back yard; but Boston is not to be tampered with, and will find out a naked exhibition, no matter how cunningly hidden. It is no palliation of this crime to allege that the Pilgrim Fathers found lots of copper young persons when they landed at Plymouth, for they had on tidies, at least, and were not addicted to the dull-red grape habit.

But recently the vigilant Common Council of Boston laid its heavy hand on the naked boys on the library building, and caused them to be decently garbed in all-wool \$2.59 suits; and Puvis de Chavennes was thwarted in his insidious attempt to debauch Boston by an oil-painted, bare youth, and was forced by the moral sentiment of the people to adorn him with a bath towel, of the moral Bok pattern.

Boston is aroused, and more of her indignant inhabitants have



"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

viewed this shameless thing than patronized the Living Pictures, for the outrage is free, and well advertised in the churches. Crowds gaze on the copper nymph, speechless with horror, and have to be led away from the awful sight by relays of weeping policemen.

The passionate parson calls treason from his pulpit; the Y. W. C. U. quivers with indignation; and Brother Brady, just arrived from Ulster, calls in no uncertain megaphone for the Governor's glittering colonels to unsheathe their stainless blades and drive Bacchante, boy and grapes, to Moon Island. Public indignation is spreading; excursions at reduced rates from the rural districts are invading Boston to see this wanton before it is clothed; and conscientious Sunday School superintendents rush to town to see it, that they may join the chorus of denunciation. The excitement grows apace; the militia are under arms; a supplementary Thanksgiving proclamation has been issued by the Governor, warning McKim and Macmonnies off the sacred soil of Boston; and unless the copper thing of shame consults a modiste or gets a coat of paint, blood will flow in the subway, the guillotine be set up on the Common, and Lynch law be administered at the People's Church.

The offer of Harvard College to contribute a soiled and discarded pair of football bloomers for the Bacchante may calm the excited populace; but something must be done soon, if the Puritan Commonwealth is to endure.

Joseph Smith.

AT LAST.

THE Long-suffering Man was trying to read, when, with a crash and a roar, the train left the track. Down, down, down it went. The seat in which The Long-suffering Man sat, shut up like a jack-knife and caught him in its tenacious embrace; a seat across the aisle rose up and smote him in the side. The steam-pipes hissed, and coiled themselves lovingly about his knees. Two valises flung themselves upon his breast, and the water-cooler slid up and jabbed him in the back. Then all was silent.

The Long-suffering Man tried to move. One foot, then the other, was found firmly imbedded in the débris; his arms were pinned by the wreckage. It was dark, and warm, and still.

The Long-suffering Man nestled his cheek down on the cool surface of a plate-glass mirror and heaved a sigh of relief. "At last," he murmured, "at last those two cranks behind me have stopped talking golf." And a blessed silence reigned.

M. J.

NO ROOM FOR DOUBT.

CUMSO: Do you think that the Indians are really capable of civilization?

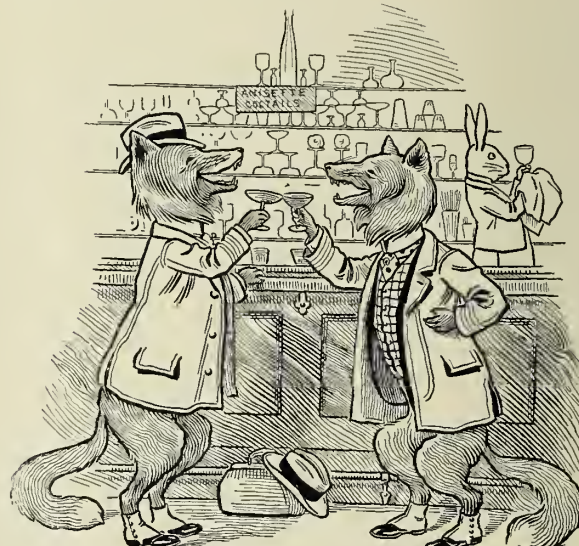
CAWKER: How can you doubt it, when you consider what a stiff game of football they can put up?

A DEFINITION OF CHRISTMAS.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER: Johnny, what does Christmas mean?

JOHNNY: My pa says Christmas means swapping a lot o' things you can't afford, for a lot o' things you don't want.

IT is rumored that the rolling stock of the New York Central system is to be newly equipped with breaks recently made by Chauncey Depew.



THE END OF THE HUNTING SEASON.

"HERE'S TO THE FRAGRANT ANISE-SEED BAG: MAY ITS SHADOW NEVER GROW LESS."



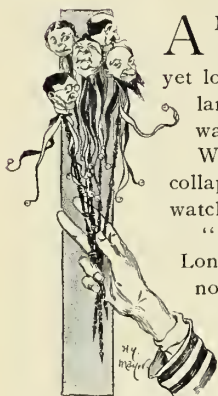
Mr. G.: I HAVE TAKEN OBSERVATIONS FOR THREE NIGHTS AND FIND THE SAME REMARKABLE PHENOMENON. IT MUST
PORTEND GREAT DESTRUCTION.







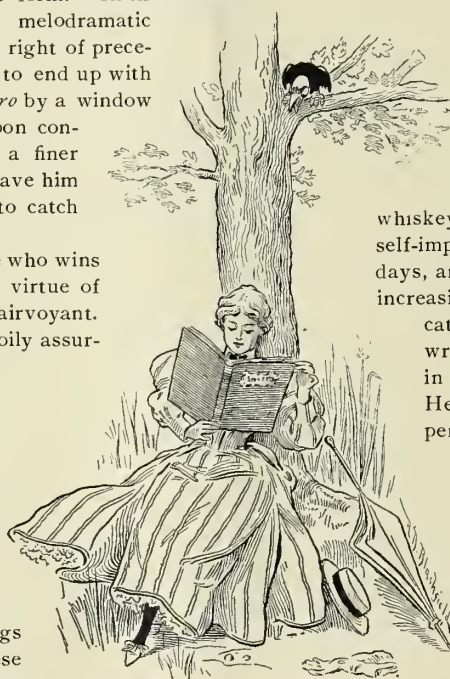
THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON.



A NEW name has been added to the list of stage rogues whom one knows to be rogues, and yet loves in spite of their roguery. Mr. E. S. Willard's *Bailey Prothero* is as arrant a knave as ever walked the streets of London, and yet, as Mr. Willard pictures him, we feel sorry when his final collapse occurs and we know that the cherub who watched over him has come off his perch.

"The Rogue's Comedy" is one of the best plays London has sent to us for a long time. Its plot is not a remarkably strong one, but it depicts well an unhackneyed phase of life and one which, as Mr. Jones has treated it, lends itself well to dramatic effect. It also absolves Mr. Jones from any sin he may have committed in leaning towards the Green Carnation school of drama. He is too virile a dramatist for that sort of thing, and in this piece of Mr. Willard's he gets back into his true form. In the final climax he has evidently stifled his melodramatic instincts, but even the spectator, who by right of precedent might have expected the last act to end up with a suicide, or a thrilling escape of *Prothero* by a window with the police close at his heels, will upon consideration admit to himself that it is a finer ending, from the artistic view point, to have him drive off quietly in a cab with his wife to catch the steamer for America.

Bailey Prothero is a professional rogue who wins his way into fashionable connections by virtue of a few lucky hits in his character as a clairvoyant. Mr. Willard gives to the character the oily assurance, the exaggerated manners and the underlying coarseness which go with the charlatan who has won his way to temporary success. He also adds something without which the character would have been only commonplace and vulgar, and lacking which it could never gain the sympathy, almost the liking, of his audience. To the loyal affection for his wife, provided by the dramatist, the actor brings his own methods of expression, and these win for him with his auditors every time and without fail. The frank and amused recognition of his own rascality is also portrayed in such fashion that his audience sympathizes with the rogue rather than with his dupes.



A HA-HA BOOK.

THERE WAS A YOUNG GIRL DOWN IN FLA.
WHO READ AS THE SUN GREW TA.
IN A BOOK; AND SHE SMILED:
"WITH DEEP JOY I AM WILD:
WHY, THIS GROWS HA, AND HA!"

The company is excellently trained and thoroughly competent. Miss Olga Brandon permits the character of *Prothero's* wife to be thoroughly merged in his stronger personality, and therefore does nothing to mar the picture. From the other members of the cast no great things are required, but they speak their lines intelligently, and are stage-managed into a most agreeable *ensemble*. A clever bit is the work of Mr. Bromley Davenport as *Sir Thomas Dovergreen*, a young man whose attack of intoxication is most natural and amusing without being disgusting.

It is not overwhelming praise to say that "The Rogue's Comedy," with Mr. Willard as *Prothero*, is about the best thing New York has seen this season.

IT seemed good to have the name of "Wallack's" restored to the theatre, and makes one wonder why Mr. Palmer ever had the bad taste to change it.

MISS ADA REHAN'S *Lady Gay Spanker* is not the best interpretation of the character ever seen. Her mannerisms are conspicuously present, and she seems to lack the peculiar kind of whole-souled vivacity which goes with the part.

And what a strong vitality "London Assurance" possesses! Among the earliest of Dion Boucicault's plays, and saddled down with long speeches that would blast the work of any contemporary dramatist, it comes back to the stage after each absence always grateful and always refreshing.

THE best part of Mr. Crane's work in Miss Martha Morton's "A Fool of Fortune" is his depiction of *Elisha Cunningham*, the Wall street operator, in the days after he has "gone broke." The old mania for the ticker is there, but sustained only by frequent reference to the whiskey-bottle. The combination of the old self-importance dating back to more powerful days, and the present weakness and incapacity increasing to the point of death, is a more delicate task than either Mr. Crane or his writers usually allot to him, but he succeeds in making it both amusing and impressive. He even succeeds in submerging his marked personality somewhat—an infrequent accomplishment for Mr. Crane.

Metcalf.

LADY: But it seems to me you ask very high wages, when you acknowledge that you haven't had much experience.

BRIDGET: Shure, marm, ain't it harder for me when I don't know how?

HE: Dear me, my watch has run down.

SHE: There's a calendar in the other room.



DIVORCE.

AS OBTAINED IN THE TROPICS.

THE PRIMA DONNA'S
RIVAL.

"DO you see the great prima donna?"

"I see a woman. Is she a great prima donna?"

"She is."

"But this woman is not singing."

"No; she is doing what prime donne do when they are not singing."

"What is that?"

"They sulk."

"Then the great prima donna is sulking now?"

"She is, and she is sulking for all she is worth."

"I suppose she is sulking because her salary is slow in coming."

"Your supposition is wrong."

"Perhaps some other prima donna's name has been printed in larger letters on the posters, or has been more highly spoken of by the critics."

"Once again you are wrong."

"Do you know why the great prima donna is sulking?"

"I do."

"Please tell me."

"It is because she is no longer asked to write testimonials about soap, pianos, and malt extracts."

"Has some one else supplanted her in those useful occupations?"

"Yes."

"Who is the fortunate person?"

"Mark Hanna."

NO FOOL OF A DOG.



A SOLACE FOR THE UNKNOWN.



LITERATURE may roughly be divided into two parts: that which pays before death, and that which pays after death.

At the first blush the former may seem the more intrinsically desirable, for what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world afterwards, and lose his credit during life? There is, however, about the

latter method a compensation not to be sneezed at. For it is not necessary to be great; it is only necessary to believe you are so, and all the whips and scorns of an unappreciative audience will be healed by the balm of this sweet solace. To know that the MSS. which you have just been told is lacking in merit, or unavailable for ten thousand other reasons, is nothing to you as you smile and think cheerily that one hundred years from now it will be posing on the shelves of some future bibliomaniac as one of his priceless treasures. And why should there be any doubt of this? We are asked to base our whole hopes of happiness on other beliefs not one whit more probable. And so, budding authors, when you scribble your unknown thoughts on the backs of unreceipted bills, do so in the sweet consciousness that there is a great time coming;

And when with wings you pause
To hear faint sounds from earth,
You'll know 'tis the applause
At thoughts you've given birth.

THE GREAT SUNDAY PAPER.

THE Great Sunday Paper is an institution that has come to stay. How happy homes got along without it until now it is hard to say.

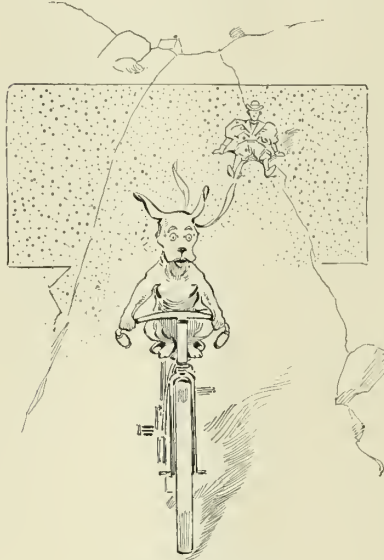
Suffice it that its circulation and size have grown until one wonders when it will be that both shall reach the end of their respective tethers. The one by reason of the fact that there will soon be a time when every breathing human buys it, and it can gain no more for the simple reason that everybody on earth secures a copy. The other reason arises from the fact that there is not, or will not be, enough paper made to supply the demand should The Great Sunday Paper

decide to increase the size of its issue from two thousand to three thousand pages. Not to count the over-supply of material for the making of paper boxes, if it be true, as some assert, that paper boxes are mostly made from the ground over unsold Great Sunday Papers with fake circulations.

But we could not do without The Great Sunday Paper. The pleasing chromatically colored supplement, in the hues of the Mandril monkey, gladdens the artistic eye; and the chaste, gentle, refined humor of that particular portion, both in literary and illustrative form, appeals to the most cultured home circle.

In the other portions of The Great Sunday Paper pleasing descriptive, illustrated articles on freaks, fat boys, and contagious diseases of all kinds, arouse all that is best and noblest in our natures. These are given variety in turn by "young lady reporters," with accounts of nights spent in sewers, dissecting-rooms, and other pleasant places, that hold the reader's interest by their accuracy of detail in every sickening circumstance. These are spiced and served up with descriptive headlines, such as "How It Feels to Be a Floater! One of the World's Young Women Reporters Lays Four Days in the Morgue Awaiting Identification." Pleasing pictures accompany this.

Signed articles by persons who, if they have not achieved fame, have gained



ACQUIESCENCE.

THE pictures of the Might-have-been
Before our mental visions dance;
How, while we supped at Idle Inn,
Before the gate passed Fleeting
Chance;

How while we loitered by the stream
And listened to the zephyrs sigh,
Along the highway on to Fame
Great Opportunity sped by;

How, though 't were morning bright and clear,

We yielded unto sleep once more,
And consequently failed to hear
Good Fortune knocking at our door.

And yet, the while we've had our ease,
Calm joys without Ambition's stress—
Ah! it is better to know these

Than wield the Sceptre of Success.

Wood Levette Wilson.



"MACHINE IS ALL RIGHT, MISS MARY."

notoriety, add timely touch and up-to-dateness. "How I Became a Morphine Fiend," by Fannie Dashington, the Burlesque Queen, and "The Secrets of the Sawdust Game, and Bunco Steering in all its Branches," by Appetite Ike, the celebrated dispenser of gold bricks, are perused eagerly by all. To add to this, The Great Sunday Paper, always on the lookout for diversity, is anxious to give instruction in all interesting branches of popular sciences—thus not only teaching the young idea how to shoot, but to stab, garrote and sandbag as well.

* * *

AN article on "How Knockout Drops are Made and Used" will be followed by "New Ways of Flim-Flamming," and then, next in order, "The Art of Safe Cracking," with directions and diagrams so explicit that the veriest novice could not help but grasp the subject first and the securities afterwards. These timely tips for the criminal classes have not



THE YOUNG CHAP WHO LOST HIS GIRL ALL ON ACCOUNT OF A CARELESS SPEECH IN WHICH HE SAID HE PREFERRED LAMB TO MUTTON.

been unappreciated, either. For instance, an article on "Toxicology; or, How to Make Poisons at Home," created quite a furor at the time of publication among persons unhappily married, and others with aged but hale and hearty

wealthy relatives, as the formula of many "insidious deadly drugs, that leave no trace," were published in full.

"Murder as a Fine Art," "Great Criminals and Their Methods," and other similar interesting topics, are treated week by week in the same complete and interesting manner.

* * *

IT is no wonder, then, that we can afford to laugh to scorn the discordant croakings of those who claim The Great Sunday Paper is the instigator of crime, a panderer to the depraved and vicious, and a hand-book of horror and evil doing.

According to the test by which we determine and the standard that we have set—success from a money-making point of view—The Great Sunday Paper is a survival of the fittest, an epitome of modern advancement and higher culture for the lower classes, and long may it prosper!

If we have insane asylums, jails, reformatories and penitentiaries, they should be filled, or the puerile philanthropy of criminal molly-coddling and slop-shop reformation would become a lost art. Therefore the part played in this, if nothing else—if it so be we are unappreciative of the delicate humor of the comic section, or the deeds of daring done at space rates by the young lady reporters—should at least be remembered to the credit of The Great Sunday Paper!

THE only thing more entertaining than anticipation of the unexpected is expectation of the impossible.

THOSE MEDICAL LECTURES.

DR. ALBERT LEFFINGWELL made the following statement in reference to the so-called "infamous experiment" of Magendie:

This experiment—which, we are told, passes even the callousness of Germany to repeat; which every leading champion of vivisection in Great Britain reprobates for medical teaching; which some of them shrink even from seeing themselves, from horror at the tortures necessarily inflicted; which the most ruthless among them dare not exhibit to the young men of England—this experiment has been performed publicly again and again in American medical colleges, without exciting, so far as we know, even a whisper of protest or the faintest murmur of remonstrance!

According to which the American medical student is not likely to turn out a "hysterical sentimentalist," as the vivisectors call us. No human agony—unless his own—is going to disturb him very much. For ourselves, personally, we would much prefer falling into the hands of a surgeon who has sought amusement in other fields.



"WHEN WILL WOMEN TAKE AN INTEREST IN POLITICS, PROFESSOR?"
"WHEN IT BECOMES A FAD."



HYGIENE.

I cannot eat but little meat,
By microbes it is spoiled;
And sure I think I cannot drink,
Save water that is boiled;
And I'll endure low temperature,
Since by the doctors told
That to live long and keep us strong
'Tis better to be cold.

So let bacteria scourge and scare,
With ailments manifold,
To do us good we'll eat no food,
And keep our bodies cold.

I love no roast except dry toast,
And that at stated terms;
And little bread I eat, in dread
Of pathogenic germs;
Of milk no whit I take, lest it
Zymotic ills enfold,
And fevers breed; yet most I heed
To keep my body cold.

A keen east wind I never mind,
And fifty Fahrenheit.
Is the degree that best suits me,
By day and eke by night;
Thus wise I strive to keep alive,
And haply to grow old,
With beef uncarved, athirst and starved,
And perished with the cold.

So let bacteria scourge and scare,
With ailments manifold,
To do us good we'll eat no food,
And keep our bodies cold.

—St. James's Gazette.

THAT story of a Caribou potato raiser who refused an offer of 48 cents a barrel for eleven barrels of potatoes, declaring that he would have \$5 or nothing for the load, is matched by a yarn that comes from Grand Lake Stream of a man who recently went after a calf that he had pastured out all summer, and asked what he owed for the pasturing.

"Well," said the farmer, "I've got a bill of \$7 against you, but I will take the calf and call it settled, provided you are willing."

"No, sir," was the answer, "I will not do that; but I will tell you what I will do. You keep the calf two weeks longer and you can have her."—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal*.

AN evangelist who lives in the mission is so devout that he never permits himself to think a secular thought, and his tongue cannot frame a worldly word. The salvation of souls in peril is his single thought, his sole occupation.

The evangelist has a very bright little daughter, five years of age. The other day she answered the door-bell and found the coal man there with a bill.

"Papa is not home," she informed him, "but if you will come in, you poor, perishing soul, mamma will pray for you."—*San Francisco Post*.



CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK.

The Poems of H. C. Bunner.
That First Affair. By J. A. Mitchell.
Nancy Noon. By Benjamin Smith.
Margaret Ogilvy. By Her Son, J. M. Barrie.

HARPER AND BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

The Ship's Company, and Other Sea People. By J. Jerrold Kelley.

Tomalyn's Quest. By G. B. Burgin.
Harper's Round Table for 1896. Bound in one volume.

DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Richelieu; or, The Conspiracy. By Edward Bulwer (Lord Lytton).

Love's Demesne. 2 vols. By George H. Ellwanger.

COPELAND AND DAY, BOSTON.

Sonnets from the Portuguese. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Gold Stories of '49. By a Californian.

WAY AND WILLIAMS, CHICAGO.

The Lucky Number. By I. K. Friedman.
The Real Issue. By William Allen White.

Palladia. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. London and New York: The Macmillan Company.

Jack. By Alphonse Daudet. Translated by Laurens. 2 vols. London: J. M. Dent and Company.
The Anglo-American Annual.

"John," said his father to the heir, aged five, "you want your grandmother to put you to bed?"

"Any old thing will do," replied the little man.

—*Minneapolis Journal*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

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With which the sweetest flowers allure:
To such a dainty gown and face
The touch of soap seems out of place—
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THE COURT—What is your age, madam?
THE PLAINTIFF—Must I answer?
THE COURT—You must.
THE PLAINTIFF—Why, Judge, I thought people didn't have to testify against themselves.—*Green Bag*.

MISS SCRAGGS—Yes, once when I was out alone on a dark night I saw a man, and oh, my goodness, how I ran!
"And did you catch him?"—*Tit Bits*.

OLD GENTLEMAN (year 1919)—In my younger days I was a dramatic critic, and I have called to beg the privilege of renewing my youth by being allowed to write the criticism of one of the performances this evening.

NEWSPAPER EDITOR—I beg your pardon, sir, but times have changed since you were in the newspaper profession. Our critics nowadays only write the advance puffs; the criticisms are written by the managers of the companies.—*N. Y. Weekly*.

"My dear," expostulated his wife, "why will you eat such a hearty breakfast on Sunday morning? You know you are almost sure to have a nightmare in church."

—*Detroit Tribune*.

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TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY.

A MUSICAL BURLESQUE.

If you want to write a musical burlesque,
The recipes you never must ignore;
You needn't be amusing or grotesque;
Per contra, you should never fail to bore.
You needn't care a jot for the nature of the plot—
Coherency may run the booking dry;
But you certainly will fail if your idiotic tale
Doesn't introduce a nigger lullaby.

You must make a naughty reference now and then,
To the funny little things they do in France,
And, if failing to express it with your pen,
You can illustrate your meaning with a dance.
While no matter what your story, you must mouth about the glory
Of the soldier or the sailor far away;
Like a stripling of a Kipling, or like Tommy when he's tipping—
You are bound to write a patriotic lay.

Then you introduce a broker or a Jew;
A soldier must be pitted with a snob;
And the idiotic heroine must woo
In a song that is supposed to make you sob.
If you start Act I, at home, in the second you must roam
To the Continent, to India, or Japan;
And of late the dolly ditty is considered rather pretty,
For it's well to be domestic—when you can.

You needn't be particular with rhymes,
"Mamma" and "far" are jingled by the throng;
While "love" and "move"—how many, many times!—
Are coupled in the sentimental song.
A lavish lot of frocks (that display the wearers' clocks)
Must never, never possibly be missed;
While your prospects will be bright if the risky opening night
Sees your "comedy" most vigorously hissed. —*The Sketch.*

BISHOP WILLIAMS, of Marquette, was recently invited to serve his alma mater, Cornell University, as university preacher. He did so, coming straight from the Synod of the Canadian Church at Winnipeg and bringing this story with him: "There was a missionary Bishop there," said Bishop Williams, "who had been six weeks in coming, most of the way by canoe. He rose and began by saying that he would speak for himself and for a brother Bishop who, unfortunately, could not be present. He was sorry to say that his brother's diocese had gone to the dogs! A general gloom followed these words. He went on to say that the Bishop had found so many inquirers after religion among the Esquimaux north of Hudson Bay that he had to build a church. As there was no wood he used whale's ribs for rafters, covering them with tanned walrus hide, and so made a church to hold eighty persons. 'All went merry as a marriage bell' for a time, until—the dogs grew famished and ate the church."

—*Troy Times.*

MRS. BINGLEY, the occult leader of the Band of Hope circle of the Society of Purple Pence Theosophy, stamped her foot and frowned darkly at the ragged child who had come into the parlor with a pail of surf sand and scrubbing brush.

"Flossie," said the imperious woman, "go back to your work instantly." "I want to be reincarnated, mamma," pouted the child as great salt tears welled up from her ultramarine optics and dredged channels for themselves down her begrimed cheeks.

"Poor, ignorant, unreasoning creature," said Mrs. Bingley, as a look of ineffable sorrow almost dislocated her new Blavatsky face. "Don't you know that you are Cinderella come back to us from the bygone ages? It is meet that you should scrub. Some day the Prince will come and give you a glass slipper. Now, be good, and by and by when you know your theosophy primer by heart I'll take you to an insane asylum." —*New York Herald.*

BLYNKINS—A girl who can sing just as soon as she gets up in the morning must have a sweet disposition.

WYNKINS—Not necessarily. She may have a grudge against somebody in the neighborhood. —*Baltimore News.*

A PERSIAN philosopher, being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, he answered: "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I am ignorant." —*Green Bag.*

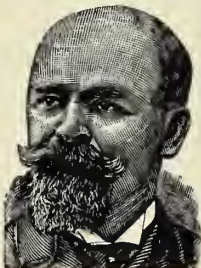
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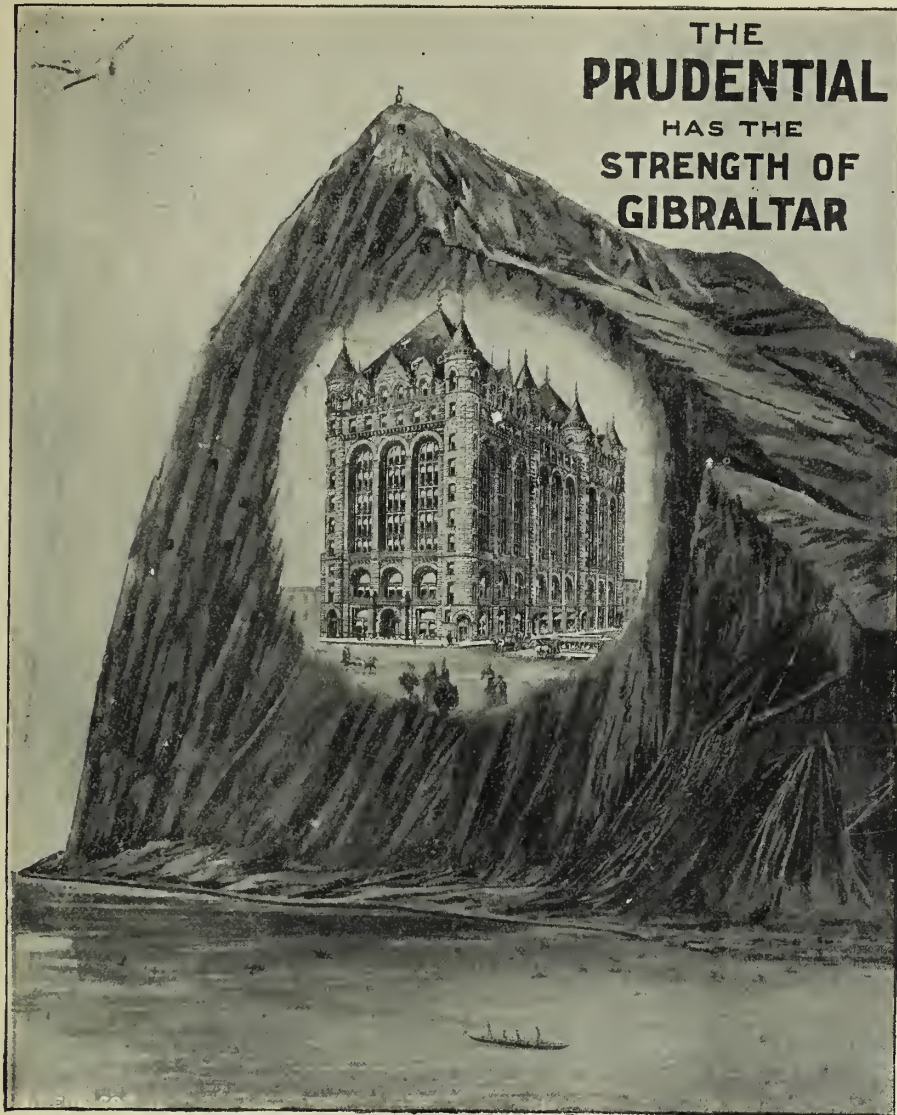
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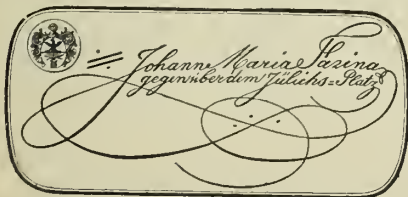
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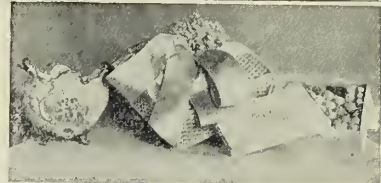
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Those who know LIFE well will have no cause to complain. The old contributors, and many new ones, will be there to cheer the way, gladden the eye, and dwarf the spirit of dull care. But there will also be fresh departures and constant surprises to satisfy the wants of all.

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"For preventing disorders arising in several places within this jurisdiction by reason of some still observing such festivals as were superstitiously kept in other communities, to the great dishonor of God and offense of others: it is therefore ordered by this Court and the authority thereof that whosoever shall be found observing any such day as Christmas or the like, either by forbearing of labor, feasting, or any other way upon any such account as aforesaid, every such person so offending shall pay for every such offense five shillings as a fine to the county."

— Records Mass. General Court, May 11, 1659.

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 "YOU'VE KEPT HER WAITING FOR SIX MONTHS."

ATTEST.

SMALL profit if we make our mark,
 And demonstrate our fitness,
 Unless, acknowledging the deed,
 The world shall be a witness.

Wood Levette Wilson.

APPROPRIATE.

ETHEL: What motto has the
 Bloomer Club adopted?
 MARIE: Excelsior.

THE THING TO DO.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL, the English novelist and essayist, has just concluded a successful lecturing tour in England. He is said to be contemplating a visit to the United States next year.
—Daily Paper.

Does Zangwill ken aboot the mickle bonny Scot racket? Wi' patience he should go tae Scootland and thair stoiter roond, mon, a weel, an' juist gie's ears a chance tae pik oop soom giberish. Then, mon, let um write a brigcht book un when um kooms here he'll mak siller, un be kissed all aroond. Hoot, mon!

THERE is very little celebrity that will bear analysis.





"While there is Life there's Hope."

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19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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value always. Fly, dollars, and make glad the merchant's heart.

NOW the dollars fly. The institution known as The Holiday Trade, which comes annually to the support of retail business, is fulfilling its office. Now people who have money spend it, and people who have credit run in debt. Now folks buy things which they don't want and which nobody else wants, in order to give them as presents to acquaintances who will return in kind. Now is the time to sell trash; books that no one will ever read, ornaments that do not adorn, knick-knacks for which no service will ever be discovered. Innumerable properties will change hands this week, and many of them will be intrinsically worthless; but with each transfer good-will will go, and that is good

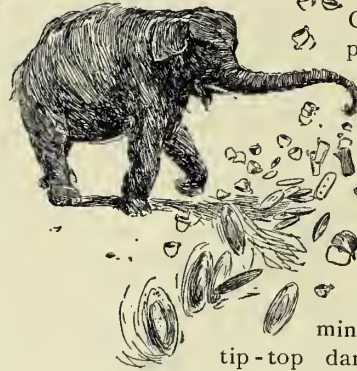


THE news of General Maceo's death has been received in this country with deep regret, and the report that

it was accomplished by treachery and was practically an assassination excites disgust and resentment. It seems impossible that any American should not sympathize warmly with the Cubans in their struggle. They have rebelled against hopeless, stupid, rapacious misgovernment.

Spain wants Cuba simply as a thing to squeeze, pluck, and fry the fat out of. Such uses of a colonial dependency as she has made of Cuba, and always will make while she has the power, are as much out of date as Armenian massacres. If England attempted to pursue the policy with her colonies that Spain pursues with those that remain to her, the British colonial empire would tumble to pieces like a house of cards. Spain knows considerably less than England knew a century and a quarter ago. She is far, far behind the times. Poor Spain; poor, stupid, cruel, haughty Spain, shackled to the middle ages by temper and tradition, that cannot learn, cannot remember, cannot perceive. Cuba will be free. The most dangerous element in her future is the Spanish strain in her people's blood. But perhaps so much of the Spanish

blood will be drained out of the Cubans in their great fight that when they set up for themselves they may start pretty nearly fair.

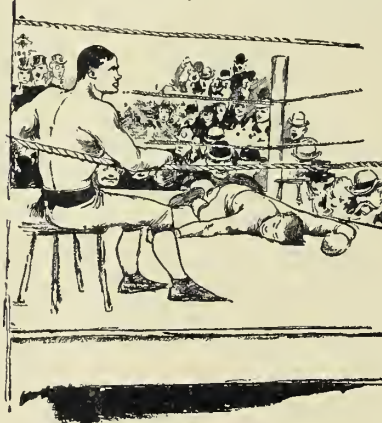


* * *
MR. HANNA declares that he is neither a Cabinet maker nor a prospective Cabinet officer, and that Major McKinley is concerned with Cabinet construction, and not he. What, at last accounts, was on Mr. Hanna's mind, was the inauguration ball. He likes balls, and he wants the Major's Administration to open with a

tip-top dance. Mr. Hanna had viewed the new Congressional Library, and had been impressed with its fitness to hold his ball, but Mr. Spofford and the joint Library Committee of Congress feared that Mr. Hanna's friends would muss up the new building in their enthusiasm, so there was a hitch in the proceedings and a prospect of friction.

Mr. Hanna's career in the immediate future is matter for curious speculation. It is supposed that he supposes that after the new Administration gets fairly on its legs he will return to Cleveland. If so, he is probably mistaken. The Scripture has it that, where a man's treasure is, his heart is also. The Major is Hanna's treasure, and Hanna isn't going to abandon him at the White House door. Pal-at-large-to-the-President is about what he will be, and it will be mighty interesting to see how he fills the place.

* * *
THE results of the late dispute between Messrs. Sharkey and Fitzsimmons in San Francisco are



not flattering to the hopes of patrons of the manly art. There seems to be no reasonable doubt that the fight was given to the beaten man without excuse, while appearances, and some sworn testimony, indicate that the whole matter was prearranged by local sports with intent to defraud

the visiting pugilist and the public. Considering how strenuously friends of fist-fighting like Commissioner Roosevelt maintain the moral value of that exercise, it is surprising what contemptible qualities can co-exist with exceptional fistic proficiency.

A PARADOX.

CUPID is blind; yet still the wingéd boy
With sportive courage does his fate defy,
And, smiling, teaches lovers to employ
The language of the eye.

P. Leonard.

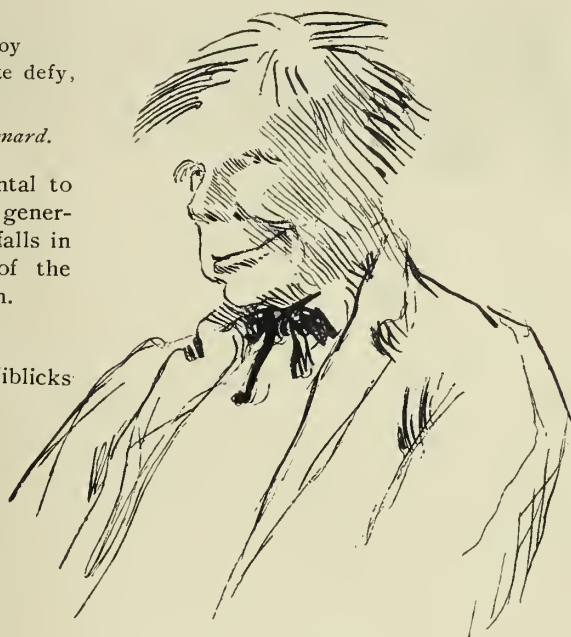
THE man who was too sentimental to
burn his returned love letters gener-
ally finds them useful when he falls in
love again. He can use some of the
most effective phrases over again.

THE BALL.

"WHAT golf-ball does Niblicks
prefer?"
"A shandy goft."

MORE EXTENSIVE.

"WHICH do you consider the worst—*The World* or
The Journal?"
"*The Journal*. I understand it has a larger circulation."



DONALD MACSLUSHEY.

WE are glad to present our readers a portrait
of this gifted writer, of whom we made men-
tion in a recent issue. He is a master of Scotch
dialect, and his charming little story, *Ma Wee, Wee
Galoot*, will probably send the female readers of
America into fresh hysterics. Mr. Macslushey is a
clergyman, and his stories are not only highly moral,
but sweetly pretty. As an illustration of Mr. Mac-
slushey's command of language, perhaps we cannot
do better than quote a passage from his last story,
O' Scots Wha' Whiskey!

An' brocht back that day, an' mony a time hev we wantit tae
dae gien up yir glebe ma hert loupit, an' a' said tae John.

This may be harsh and incomprehensible, but it is
certainly beautiful—for Scotch—and may have a
meaning to somebody.

DISCUSSION of the Bacchante begins to languish
a little in Boston, but rhetorical deliverances of
the sort known as "yawps" are still launched not un-
often on the quivering atmosphere. The *Boston Literary
World* proclaims that the court of the Public Library
is the very hub of the Hub, and that the trustees have
placed there—not an ideal statue of literature or poetry,
not a statue of Ticknor, or Prescott, or Emerson, or Long-
fellow, or Lowell, or Parkman, or Holmes:

No, none of these; but a statue of a woman;
a naked, tipsy woman; a naked, tipsy woman, dancing in her
shame, with a helpless infant on her arm! That is just what it
is in plain terms.

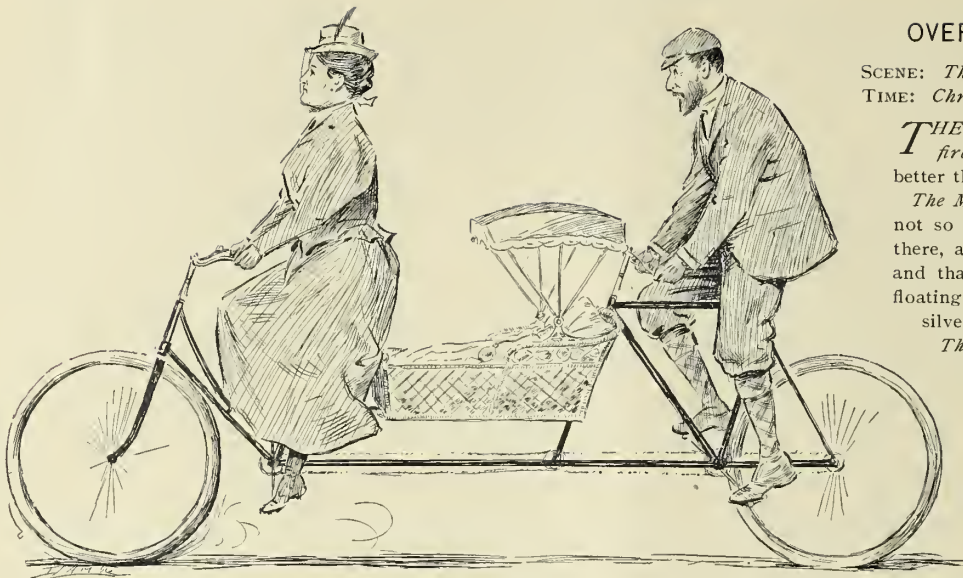
Dear! What a curious notion of plain terms this ec-
centric publication has.

WHENEVER you see Ambition and Digestion
working well together, you may confidently
expect effective results.

A CULINARY HORSEMAN.

She: I IMAGINE YOU MUST BE VERY FOND OF HORSEFLESH, MONSIEUR.
"AH, VERA MUCH, MEES ZHONES, WEN EET EEZ WAT YOU CALL WELL
COOKED."





A BROOKLYN TANDEM.

THE BALLADE OF MISTLETOE.

WHEN a brave fire roars in the smoke-stained grate,
 When the heart with a new-found hope beats high,
 When young Love takes up the threads of Fate,
 A fig for the wintry winds, say I!
 When the hours seem minutes in passing by,
 When the pulses leap and the fair cheeks glow,
 And the silence breaks at the startled cry—
 Ay, then is the time for the mistletoe!
 When the Frost King flings on the panes in hate
 The frozen tears of the lonely sky,
 When the old folk thoughtfully abdicate,
 A fig for the wintry winds, say I!
 When your sweetheart looks so timid and shy,
 Like a fay from the bourn where the roses grow,
 And her lips give vent to a well-feigned sigh—
 Ay, then is the time for the mistletoe!
 When the flames in her cheeks intoxicate,
 When her hair falls down o'er her brow awry,
 When we hear our hearts as they palpitate—
 A fig for the wintry winds, say I!
 When her full red lips, where the kisses lie,
 Are wreathed in a pout like a Cupid's bow,
 And a challenge darts from her roguish eye—
 Ay, then is the time for the mistletoe!

L'ENVOI.

So, Prince, when the white-bulbed branch hangs nigh
 A fig for the wintry winds, say I!
 When it's "Love for two and a ring to show"—
 Ay, then is the time for the mistletoe!

Harold MacGrath.

WHY HE DARED.

SHE: I think I might love you more if you were not so extravagant.

HE: It's my extravagant nature that makes me love you so.

OVERHEARD IN ARCADY.

SCENE: *The Bower of a Bookman.*TIME: *Christmas Eve.*

THE GIRL (*tossing a pine-cone on the fire*): Christmas time in Arcady is a heap better than over there on that snowy planet.

The Man (*closing a book with a sigh*): I'm not so sure of that. It is *real* snow over there, and real people trudging through it; and that is the laughter of real children floating over here to us, like the sound of silver bells.

The Girl: Well, aren't we real? (*Pulling his iron-gray locks.*) Don't you feel that? (*Kissing his forehead.*) And is that an unsubstantial phantom?

The Man (*laughing*): Oh, you

only do that sort of thing because you've read in books that women flirt with men like that. That's what's the matter with Arcadians—they live on other people's dreams.

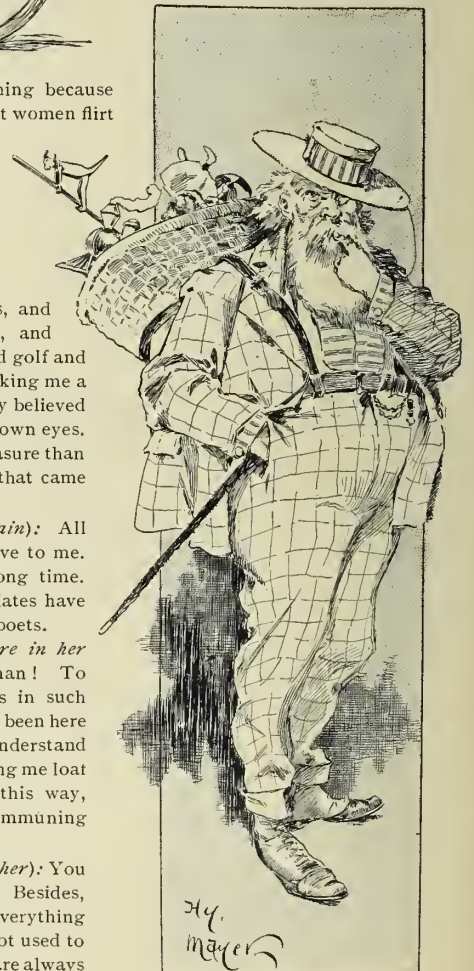
The Girl: I like it. I came over here to get away from social duties, and philanthropic problems, and athletic fads. Horses and golf and the bicycle were fast making me a rank materialist. I only believed in what I saw with my own eyes. There was no higher pleasure than the color and joy of life that came from out-door sports.

The Man (*sighing again*): All that sounds very attractive to me. I've been in Arcady a long time. For years my only associates have been great thinkers and poets.

The Girl (*with rapture in her eyes*): You fortunate man! To have lived all these years in such company! And I've only been here a few months. I can't understand how you can endure having me loat around your bower in this way, when you might be communing with the Immortals!

The Man (*patronizing her*): You are an intellectual rest. Besides, you seem to appreciate everything that I say to you. I'm not used to that. These Arcadians are always measuring themselves with each other. I tell you it is pretty cold business associating with Great Minds! It makes one feel so small.

The Girl: Oh, I see! I'm a simple poultice for your vanity. You



JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

Santa Claus: H'M! I BETTER CONSULT THE WEATHER BUREAU. I'M NOT GOING TO PUT ON FURS JUST FOR THE SHOW OF IT, AND MELT!



A PROBLEM.

The Guest: WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO PUT THE CHRISTMAS TREE IN YOUR FLAT?

"WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO DECIDE YET BETWEEN THE BATHROOM AND THE FIRE-ESCAPE."

don't feel yourself so ignorant when you talk with me? (*rising*): I'm not used to playing cipher to big figures. So good-night to you!

The Man (catching her hand): Don't go. It's Christmas Eve, and I can't go back to my books for consolation. You've brought the breath of the real world in here to-night. I've been realizing what I have missed in all these years. Beautiful thoughts, and pure reason, and lofty imagination, are poor substitutes for

human nature. I've followed my bent—oh, so many years! Over there I'm told that they speak my name with awe when anyone mentions Dramatic Poetry. Characters that I have created in Arcady are household words on Earth. I am simply a few black letters on a page. But the idle phantoms of my brain are the real thing over there. Men and women go to see the places where I said the phantoms lived. They even love my characters,

but they think of me as a soul content, living on his fame.

The Girl (laughing): What do you want, anyhow? You do the kind of work that pleases you; Arcady is your home, and the problems of daily bread and social competition touch you not. (*bowing saucily*) Moreover, you have the admiration of choice creatures like me!

The Man (pointing through a cloud): Look at that picture! A blazing hearth, an easy



THEIR REWARDS.

THE Optimist and the Pessimist each has his reward: the Optimist in the sense of virtue that engulfs him as he reflects upon that singular nobility of his mind which makes this hard world seem to him so much better than it really is; and the Pessimist, while he wanders in the unlighted gloom of his melancholy, has so much the keener satisfaction in knowing that outside of his professional opinion, life is a round of joy.

chair, a grizzled man with children climbing all over him—a row of stockings on the chimney-piece waiting to be filled! Arcady has no compensation for missing that.

The Girl (laughing at him): You're a sentimental goose. Look closer and you'll see that the man is dead tired and glad that it is almost over. He has been tramping around for hours collecting things to put in those stockings, and now he is telling awful lies about Santa Claus to those children—trying to quiet them down to sleep. *(Pushing aside the rose-bushes at the door.)* Go back to your books, old dreamer, and thank the fates for being kind to you. *(Vanishes.)*

[The Man opens the book, but the laughter of children keeps floating across the clouds, and tears dim the pages. The fire flickers out, just as the Christmas bells begin to ring.] Droch.

A CORRECTION.

DEAR, honest girl, you know that I Could not afford to buy it—
The Christmas gift you coveted—
And so you write "Don't try it."

But you forget, dear heart, that love
Ne'er stops to count a folly:
To please you thus I'd live for months
In moneyed melancholy.

And so accept with Christmas hopes,
Sweet one, this little locket.
'Twould break my heart to keep it back—
I'd rather break my pocket.

Dear Jack (she wrote), there's some
mistake—

I'm feeling quite dejected;
This one cost only half as much
As that which I selected.

HOW HE FELT.

"I SAY, Jones, do you never hunger for the good old times you had at college?"

"I frequently thirst for them, Brown."

WE hear that Princeton College offered Dr. Watson (Ian Maclaren) a degree, but as the cautious Scot had never heard of that institute he declined the offer. Learning afterward that Princeton was more of a college than he at first supposed, he informed the gentlemen in control that he had reconsidered his refusal and would accept the tribute. Whereupon he was told in the most polite terms—and probably not in Scotch dialect—that they must consider as final his previous refusal.

While it is mortifying to believe that Princeton lost her head and became hysterical, it is correspondingly soothing to learn that she possessed sufficient spine to recover her equilibrium before she fainted on the doctor's neck.

ESTIMATED.

BINGO: That doctor must have found out how much I am worth.

MRS. BINGO: Why?

"I just got his bill."

A MERE man can never tell whether two women are friends because they like each other or because they hate each other.



"IT WAS A COLD, DARK KNIGHT."



CHRISTMAS.
AT THE OTHER END OF THE CENTURY.



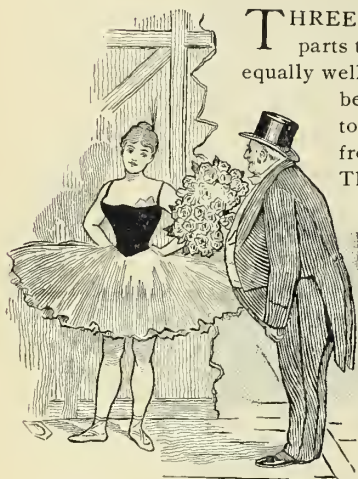
A CHRISTMA



SURPRISE



A MIXED BILL.



THREE clever actors of burlesque, with parts to suit them, and two clever women, equally well-fitted, form a combination rarely to be met with in one piece. They are to be found, however, in "The Girl from Paris," at the Herald Square Theatre. The piece itself is not much better nor much worse than a lot of similar things which have found early graves in Broadway play-houses. It has no plot, its lines are not particularly funny; but the music, the costumes, the dash of the performance,

and the cleverness of the people, unite to make an entertainment which, if one does not happen to be in an especially pessimistic frame of mind, is funny and pleasing.

Against the success of the piece was the loudly-heralded fact that it had run over two hundred nights at a London theatre. That announcement would naturally count for a good deal with the local Johnny element, but with other people would be more or less of a handicap. As against this disadvantage, a fair quantity of local color is introduced, and, best of all, the production is under the supervision of Mr. Edward Evangeline Rice. To the initiated this latter statement means that the piece is brilliant with proper lights, and that its background is made up of shapely femininity, properly grouped, becomingly made up, and costumed to make it look its best. Mr. Rice has always believed that the chorus girl was quite as important as the scenery, and his name on a programme is a guarantee that the bald-headed row, at least, will have nothing to complain of.

The principals are really clever and funny in their parts, which is an exception to the usual rule in Broadway productions of this sort. They are Mr. Joseph Herbert, as a typical Frenchman of the Jardin Mabille school; Miss Clara Lipman, as a more typical Parisienne of the Bullier group; Mr. Louis Mann, as a German of the kind more frequently met with on the American vaudeville stage than in Germany; Miss Josephine Hall, as a servant girl impossible anywhere; and Mr. Bigelow, as a Dissenter of the American Baptist or Methodist brand. But they are all funny, and therefore "The Girl from Paris"

is successful in that it is bright and merry and tuneful, and calculated to keep away the blues.

* * *
"THE Late Mr. Castello," at the Lyceum, is funny in spots, but the spots are not sufficiently close to make one think of a leopard. Mr. Sydney Grundy has labeled his play a comedy, but that doesn't make it so; for, as we know, Englishmen are notoriously inaccurate about things where humor is concerned. Calling skim-milk cream doesn't make it cream, and two or three laughs in a three-act piece don't make it a comedy, Mr. Grundy and the programme to the contrary notwithstanding.

Miss Mary Mannering, the new leading lady in Mr. Frohman's Company, gains no fresh laurels, but makes a good deal of a part which hasn't much in it. Mr. Felix Morris has lately been added to the Lyceum ranks and in this piece, and is not permitted to become too tiresome with his wonderfully microscopical art. Mr. Hackett, having a rather farcical rôle, is forced to unbend from his usual dignity and show that he is not of the accepted type of comedian. To sum it up briefly, Mr. Grundy's piece is not suited for the Lyceum stage nor the Lyceum Company, and could be a success only in London and the British provinces—if there.



MARY MANNERING.

* * *
IT was rather interesting to note, a week ago, that out of New York's twenty leading play-houses, only ten were occupied by farce-comedy, light opera and vaudeville. The other ten ran the gamut from straight farce upwards. To the credit of New York be it said that on one stage Shakespeare found a place. Five per cent. Shakespeare as against fifty per cent. nonsense isn't so bad, after all, and the present condition of theatricals isn't absolutely hopeless. Of the twenty entertainments, only five were direct importations from London. This is a pretty high percentage, but is offset somewhat by the fact that an equal number were absolutely American in authorship and production.

* * *
YVETTE, the divette (if that word describes the music-hall thing she has done in her artistic career has been her sensational comments on a sensational preacher, printed alongside of his sensational comments on her sensational self, all vended to a gaping public as valuable news in the sensational columns of a sensational newspaper. This is a great country for fakes and fakirs, on and off the stage.

Metcalfe.



YVETTE GUILBERT.



Polar Bear: ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME FOR YOU TO START ON YOUR CHRISTMAS JOURNEY?

Santa Claus: NO, OLD BOY, I'VE ABOUT DECIDED TO DROP THE FARCE. THESE FIN-DE-SIECLE CHILDREN HAVE GOT EVERYTHING, AND I MUST BOW TO THE LAW OF SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

NOVELISTS.

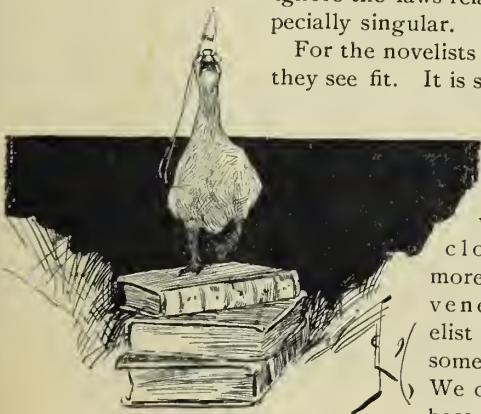
NOVELISTS in their novels often disregard the laws of nature, and of late they even defy our stately laws of morality, but the intrepidity with which they ignore the laws relating to crime is especially singular.

For the novelists kill a man whenever they see fit. It is so usual a thing that

we expect it, and when we have read a dozen pages of a novel we can estimate closely how many more pages will intervene before the novelist takes the life of some unhappy character. We can estimate closely, because pity and gentle

commiseration never divert the novelist from his purpose. The taking off is a matter of calculation only. When an objectionable character has completed his objectionable career—then, if he is in the way of other things, he is led to the block. A redundant villain, as soon as he has completed his villainy, will be secretly assassinated without the slightest attempt at disguise.

It is not the villains alone that the novelist takes the liberty of slaying. If there is a white-robed heroine who has been wooed in vain by a haughty duke, why, immediately after she refuses him and weds his penniless cousin the haughty duke is made away with, and the penniless cousin, after nobly struggling six weeks for a living, comes in for a bank full of money and for the broad acres of Foolsholm, and begins, as natural as life, to talk about laying in some good sound wine. And I have known novelists to take life in their novels for no other reason than that they judged it would end a chapter pathetically, and make women weep. I have even known novelists to



HOW THE PROFESSIONAL SURPRISED THE PASSENGERS.

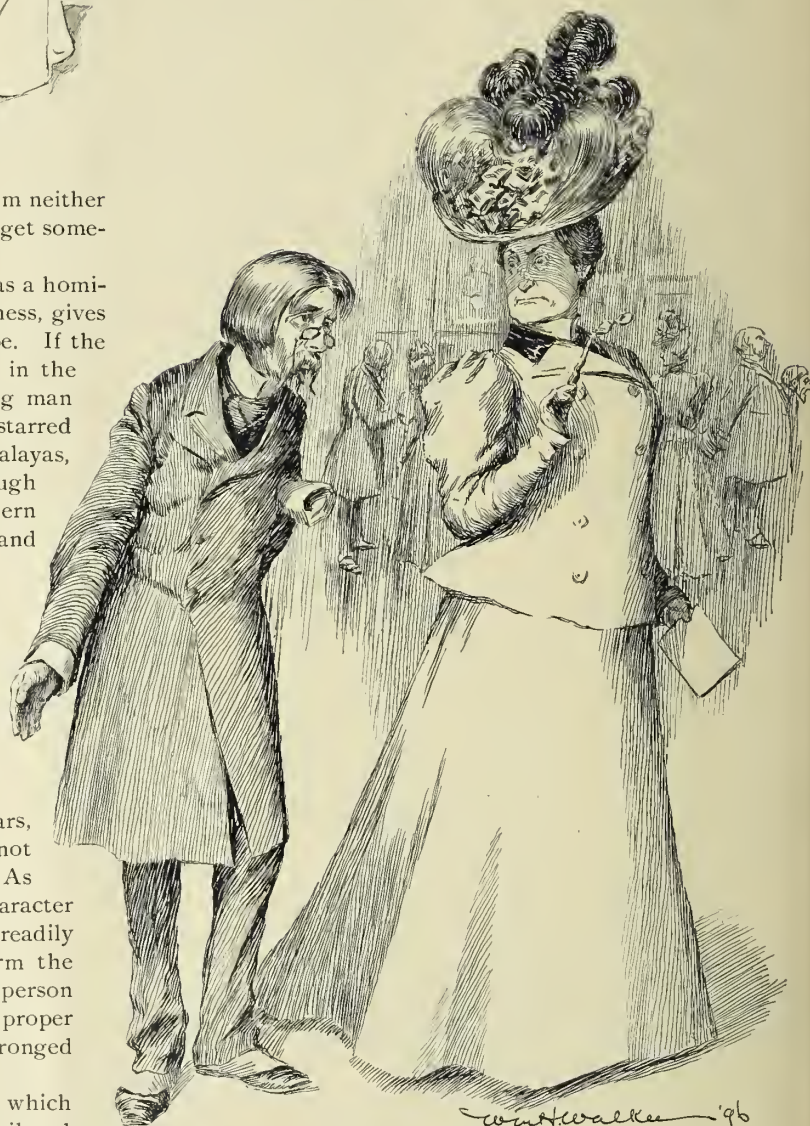


start a novel right out by killing some person whom neither they nor anyone else ever heard of before, just to get something to talk about.

A novelist, too, has an omniscience about him as a homicide, which, added to his rancor and relentlessness, gives his intended victim practically no chance of escape. If the continued existence of some ill-starred person is in the way of the succession of an estate to a noble young man in whom we are interested, then, though that ill-starred person has secluded himself at the foot of the Himalayas, the novelist will find and dispatch him; nay, though he is cruising alone in the solitudes of the Southern Ocean, the novelist will discover his whereabouts and capsize his coracle.

But though the novelist never hesitates for a single instant about getting a character killed, yet he will be very nice and squeamish about the mode of it. Thus, the novelist will on no account allow one of his noble characters to destroy the proscribed individual. He will not allow a noble character to think of such a thing. A villain may, in his malignity, keep a noble character immured in a dark dungeon for forty years, or step on his foot in the street car, and it will not occur to the noble character to kill the wretch. As before said, the novelist will not let a noble character think of such a thing. But the novelist will very readily provide some ignoble character who will perform the deed. Sometimes the novelist will have an insane person act as the destroyer, and it is considered quite proper to have a wicked lord cut off in his bloom by a wronged peasant.

Novel-readers may recall, too, instances in which characters have been so unfortunate as to be in railroad or steamship wrecks. These fatal affairs are deliberately planned by the cold-blooded novelist. It matters not how careful the managers of steamship and railroad companies may be, they cannot avoid having their ships



A PRIVILEGED CHARACTER.

The Poet: I WOULD HAVE MADE A STRONG PROTEST, BUT YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T QUARREL WITH AN EDITOR.

The Editor's Wife: OH, I DON'T KNOW THAT.



and cars wrecked when there is a villain aboard whose time has come. I have read perhaps a thousand novels in which the novelist coddles a villain and puts everything right in his hand for three or four hundred pages, and then, just as the adventurer has got the old lord into his power, and just as this unscrupulous adventurer is going unscrupling down, by the Broncton Express, to crown his villainy by wedding the old lord's beautiful daughter, why, the fickle novelist runs the train off the track, kills the adventurer, and very likely sets the train on fire and burns up the papers that made all the trouble, and that the adventurer had in his pocket.

It may be asked if these actions of the novelist are justifiable. If they undoubtedly are, and if in fact the novelist, by his keener intelligence, simply anticipates the higher civilization of the future, the question arises, Would we not all be justified in slaying by some virtuous means any person whom, after mature deliberation, we found an undesirable or even an uncongenial inhabitant of this planet?

Williston Fish.

HOOT, MON!

IF the sense of a people is to be judged by their taste in literature, what hope for us when a popular craze is possible over stuff like this? Ian Mac-laren is the gifted author.

Div ye expect the new wumman 'ill ken hoo mickle stairch tae pit in yir stock, an' hoo mickle butter ye like on yir chicken, an' when ye change yir flannels tae a day, an' when ye like anither blanket on yir bed, an' the wy tae mak the currant drink for yir cold?

When may we look for relief?

Is it not about time for New England to have an inning? There is certainly as much sense and rhythm in "Wall, by gosh, I snum," as in

Askit ye tae py naethin' mair but juist gie's oor keep, an' noo the time's come.

Good Scotch is hard enough, but why Americans should become hysterical over a jaw-breaking dialect they cannot understand is one of the unsolved mysteries.

SOME people seem to win success by happening to open the pot when everybody else has to draw four cards.

WE were not surprised, at the time, that LIFE should have been suppressed in Turkey, or that King William of Germany should have ordered it out of his kingdom. But this hurts:

NEW YORK, December 9, 1896.

Editor of LIFE:

SIR—While I have been a regular reader of your journal, I have at times observed the tendency to vulgarity which you have not been able to completely stifle. Much as you may strive to eliminate it from your columns you will not succeed, for the very plain reason that it is innate with most Americans.

Your insult to the Scotch race proclaims you an ass, and the men whom you dub as Donald Macslushey in your last issue come from the stock that have brought into your country all that is respectable in it. Keep your gibes for your own countrymen.

I am, sir,

A better man than you,

"CALEDONIA."



A WHEEL OF FATE.

The shadowy night was falling
To evening, many starred,
When a young and lovely maiden
Rode down the Boulevard.
And a thrill ran through the people,
The thrill all good folk feel
When they watch a charming novice
Learning to ride a wheel.

A lady, peacefully crossing,
Sat down ere the wheel was gone,
And wondered what had hit her,
For the maiden wobbled on.

A man was leisurely riding
Through the rapt, admiring throng,
When he heard a shout that echoed
Full many a block along.

He turned and saw her coming,
Her face one anxious frown,
And he fled for his life, but unerringly
She followed and rode him down.

Then all men turned to follow
That bike, and pressed it hard,
While for several blocks she wobbled on
O'er a desolate Boulevard.

Till a pile of stones loomed nearer,
Stacked up beside the street,
And helplessly she rode for them
With automatic feet.

With a face of fate she landed,
And scattered the stones up-piled,
Then sat in the midst of the debris,
And smiled like a yearling child.
And when they hurried to lift her,
"Don't you think I'm doing well?"
She said, "I rode for seven blocks
That time, before I fell!"

—Florence E. Pratt, in *New York Herald*.

"BUSINESS" is the watchword of the day, and the small boy is developing on that line with a rapidity which astonishes the previous generation. But the practical side of his nature has not obscured the poetry of childhood. The fairy tale is as potent as ever, and there was a smile of pleasure on the face of the lad who remarked at breakfast:

"I had a beautiful dream last night."

"What was it?" his father asked.

"I thought I was out in the woods and I saw a most gorgeously dressed lady coming toward me."

"That is a good deal like some of the stories that you have been reading."

"Yes. It doesn't get very different until the end. I knew by her looks that she was the fairy queen, and I made up my mind that I wasn't going to lose chances, like some of the boys in the story books, who didn't know a good chance when they saw it."

"Did she offer you three wishes?"

"Yes. And I called to mind how she sometimes took advantage of a mortal's being excited and nervous when he wished, in order to make him waste his opportunities and have a good laugh at him. So when she said, 'Little

NEW PUBLICATIONS

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK AND LONDON.

A Princetonian. By James Barnes.
The Substance of His House. By Prosser I. Frye.

Municipal Reform in the United States. By Thor C. Devlin.

In My Lady's Name. Compiled by Charles W. Moulton.

Old Dorset. By Robert Cameron Rogers.

On the Trail of Don Quixote. By August F. Jacc. Illustrated by Daniel Vierge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Clubmen of New York.

Life the Accuser. By E. F. Brooke. New York: Edwin Arnold.

The Quest of the Golden Girl. By Richard Le C. lienne. London and New York: John Lane.

In Childhood's Country. By Louise Chandler Moulton. Pictures by Ethel Reed. Boston: Copeland & Day.

boy, I'll give you three wishes, I didn't jump at chance. I said, 'Will you give me whatever I ask for?' She answered, 'Yes, you may have three wishes.'"

"What did you do?"

"I wished for four."—*Washington Star*.

A MENTAL AFFLICTION.

"It's a sad thing," said the sympathetic man, "Blykins has become a veritable miser."

"Impossible!"

"It's true. The last I heard of him he didn't get a pleasure out of anything except sitting down in cellar counting his hoard of anthracite coal over and over again."—*Washington Star*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

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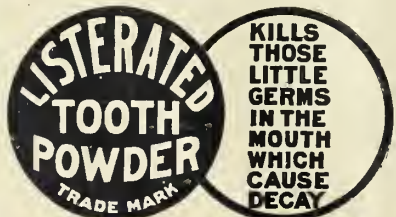
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"OH, NO! I SHALL ALWAYS OCCUPY IT TO PROTECT IT FOR YOU."

—Petit Journal pour Rive.

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THANKS, NEIGHBOR.

THE Christmas number of "LIFE" begins to be artistic and beautiful on its very cover, which bears a sparkling design by Mr. A. B. Wenzell. Within the issue is packed with timely squibs, clever fiction, some genial moralizing and a lot of good drawings. "LIFE" might be said to have surpassed itself in this number if it were not that from year's end to year's end it is one of the brightest and cleanest and most artistic of comic journals.

ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR, in his "Leaders of Thought," etc., tells a story of an Eton head master known as "Flogging Keate." Finding one morning a row of boys in the study he began, as usual, to flog them. They were too terrified at the awful little man to remonstrate till he had gone half-way down the row, when one plucked up courage to falter out: "Please, sir, we're not up for punishment—we're a confirmation class!" "Never mind," said Dr. Keate; "I must be fair all around, and it will do you good." So he finished them off.—*Exchange*.

SCOTS, TAKE NOTICE!

THE success of Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) in his recent American lecture tour was very notable. Major Pond says he never had a lecturer, except Stanley, who did better. Stanley made more money not because he drew more people, but because seats were sold at higher prices. Dr. Watson began his labors by giving nine free lectures at Yale on theological subjects, and all to overflowing audiences. After Major Pond got him started on his travels and discovered the energy of the public desire to hear him, he worked him hard, thrusting odd lectures at short notice into spare chinks of time, and trying hard to spread the doctor out enough to make him go round. He seems not to have fully succeeded, for though Dr. Watson responded gamely to the demands upon him, Major Pond parted with him with sore reluctance, and not without making him a heavily gilded offer for an additional six months' engagement.—*Harper's Weekly*.

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Three tours to CALIFORNIA and the PACIFIC COAST will leave New York and Philadelphia January 27, February 24, and March 27, 1897. Five weeks in California on the first tour, and four weeks on the second. Passengers on the third tour will return on regular trains within nine months. Stop will be made at New Orleans for Mardi-Gras festivities on the second tour.

FLORIDA

Jacksonville tours, allowing two weeks in Florida, will leave New York and Philadelphia January 26, February 9 and 23, and March 9, 1897. Rate, covering expenses en route in both directions, \$50.00 from New York, and \$48.00 from Philadelphia.

WASHINGTON

Tours, each covering a period of three days, will leave New York and Philadelphia December 29, 1896, January 21, February 11, March 11, April 1 and 22, and May 13, 1897. Rates, including transportation and two days' accommodation at the best Washington Hotels, \$14.50 from New York, and \$11.50 from Philadelphia.

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'Twas midnight, in his guarded tent
The Turk was dreaming of the hour.

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promotes sound sleep and
sweet dreams, the Turk may
have indulged in a nightcap
before retiring, though against
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OH, THERE ABOVE THE LITTLE GRAVE,
WE KISSED AGAIN WITH TEARS!"

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AMBIGUOUS.

"I AM SORRY TO HEAR THAT YOU HAVE LOST YOUR WIFE, CICERO."
 "YES, PAHSON, BUT DE LAWD KNOWS WOT'S BES' FOH US."

MARY'S LITTLE CALF.

MARY had a little calf,
 'Neath stocking white as snow,
 And everywhere the sawdust leaked
 The calf was sure to go.

DR. BEAN, who runs the Castle Garden Aquarium, wants a man-eating shark. It is suggested that application at the office of the *Evening Post* would almost certainly result in

permission to use the Hon. Thomas C. Platt for bait, or even to exhibit Mr. Platt until the desired monster can be procured. Mr. Platt's presence in the Aquarium would excite much interest.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVIII. DECEMBER 31, 1896. No. 732.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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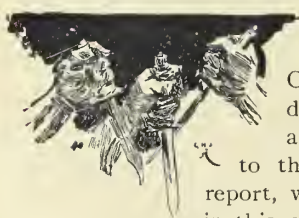


THE disposition of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations to have a war with Spain is interesting, of course, but does not seem at this writing to be a cause for immediate anxiety. The

resolution which the Committee recommends, that the United States shall recognize the independence of Cuba and intervene to stop the war, is not likely to come to a vote even in the Senate until after the holidays. The Foreign Affairs Committee of the House is understood to be almost unanimously opposed to it, so it

is not certain that it would pass the House, and if it would we have what amounts to an assurance from Secretary Olney and the President that it will be vetoed. Whether, if Congress should pass the resolution over the President's veto, any action would result, is a question for constitutional lawyers, and the grounds for a negative answer are so good as to discourage the experiment. It seems pretty safe, therefore, to believe that we will not risk coming to blows with Spain until either she compels us to, or the President gets ready.

* * *



THE immediate incentive to this latest action of the Senate Committee was the report that the death of Maceo was due to treachery, and was not accomplished according to the rules of civilized warfare. This

report, which stirred such resentful emotions in this country, as was noted last week in LIFE, has not at this writing been confirmed. We have no reliable information as to the circumstances of Maceo's death, but stories of Spanish treachery have been varied with rumors that the Cuban General was not killed, after all, but is alive and still active in the field. The case illustrates one of the chief embarrass-

ments in all dealings with Cuba—the extreme difficulty of getting a reliable diagnosis on the strength of which a course of treatment may be prescribed.

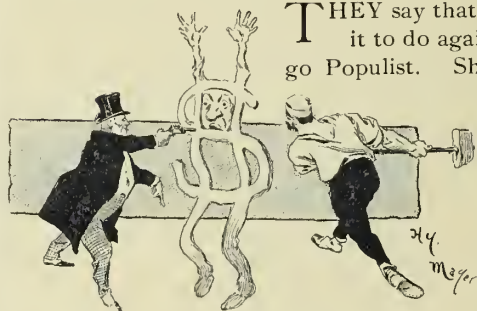
* * *



THE notion that there is a possibility that Mr. Joseph Choate may succeed Senator Hill in the Senate is full of enlivening possibilities. Dr. Andrew D. White was complaining the other day that the reports of Congressional proceedings published in the newspapers were meagre and inadequate. The quickest and most effectual cure for that would be to get Mr. Choate, and a good many other men as much like him as possible, into Congress.

There is never any trouble about getting reasonably full reports of any public utterances Mr. Choate may have discharged. He would make an exceedingly lively and creditable Senator from New York.

* * *



THEY say that if Kansas had it to do again she wouldn't go Populist. She shows symp-

toms of realizing that she has not done well for herself in choosing a Socialist Chief Justice and a Populist State

Government. Some of her people have been explaining and others protesting, and the very fact that protests and explanations are thought desirable is a good sign. She has poured out her medicine, though, and will have to take it. Her new rulers begin on their job after New Year's, and if they carry out half of their stated purposes in law-making the effect will be very interesting to watch from a safe distance. Hostility to capital as the root of all evil is the great Populist principle. When Populism comes in, Capital gets out as fast as possible. There is enough capital left in Kansas, however, that can't get away, to make good sport for Populist legislators, and to form the basis of useful object lessons for honest men.

Kansas has been foolish; but she is not too old to learn. Nearly half of her voters voted for sound money as it was, and among those who didn't there are thousands of decent people who have been deluded by various false theories, and especially by that most mischievous one of all—"Whatever of yours is within my reach is mine, provided I can pass a law that says so." Kansas must realize the inexpediency of that theory before she can hope to prosper. No doubt she will realize it mighty soon, even if she does not already.

DECEMBER

SARDON



== APOTHEOSIS OF BERNHARDT. ==



COMING!! COMING!!
WAIT FOR MARCH 4TH!

HANNA'S OWN
AND ONLY



GREATEST MORAL SHOW
ON EARTH.
COLOSSAL STREET PARADE !!

== HANNA IN WASHINGTON. ==



"Guess I'll look in
and see Grover!"



CUBA

"CANT YOU RECOGNIZE IT, SIR?"
"NOT YET. I CANT MAKE OUT
MUCH BUT SMOKE."

== CARNEGIE'S PLATES. ==



SEE
HERBERT



"What is wanted
in politics is less
business and more
principle."
That Query



== " ==
THANK YOU JUST THE SAME!

LAISSEZ FAIRE.

OH, let this year, that's just begun,
 Be as the old one was !
 Of course, mixed in among the fun
 Were troubles, faults and flaws ;
 But as a whole, or day by day,
 With good and bad, and work and play,
 According to my lights, *I* say
 For growling there's no cause.
 May there be no worse luck in store
 For us, in this new year,
 Than that which we pulled through
 before,
 And come out sound and clear.
 And if we get as much of Joy,
 As pure, no more of Grief's alloy,
 And just as well our time employ,
 Our growl no one shall hear.

Wood Levette Wilson.



NEW PHASES OF THE SHORT STORY.

THE American Short Story has gone through a number of phases in the past ten years, and each of the steps in its evolution is well-represented at the present day by writers who follow their original methods, and retain a good audience of those who first admired their work when it was a novelty. A number of volumes of short stories that appeared during the prolific book season just ended, exemplify the steps in this evolution.

Mr. Page's "In Ole Virginia" (Scribners), in the gorgeous dress that betokens a well-established favorite, recalls the beginning of a school of dialect fiction. He and Mr. Harris and Mr. Cable started hundreds of young men and young women on a course of atrocious spelling. That was the penalty of their fame. But they also opened the eyes of people who would write to the value of local customs, character and tradition as material for American short stories. This influence has produced in almost every State writers who are adding something to the National spirit by making the rest of the country familiar with local characteristics.

Ruth McEnery Stuart has pushed this kind of story to its latest development in the series of sketches in Arkansas dialect, put together under the title "Sonny" (Century Co.). They are full of humor, and carry with them a distinct picture of the rural life in that distant State.

* * *

BUT a shadow fell on local fiction a few years ago—the shadow of popular discontent in the West. About the time that rumbles of populism began to be heard in



The Actor: WHAT SHALL I WEAR IN THE SNOW SCENE?

"WHY, YOUR REGULAR CLOTHES, OF COURSE."

"BUT AT PRESENT I AM WEARING MY LAST YEAR'S SUMMER SUIT."

Western political conventions, Mr. Hamlin Garland began to write the stories afterward put in "Main Travelled Roads." The note of pessimism, that Americans had looked upon as a curiosity of fiction imported from abroad, came with a new sound out of what we considered the free, aggressive and optimistic West. (E. W. Howe struck it years before in his powerful "Story of a Country Town.")

Since then the West has been self-conscious and somewhat sad of countenance in its fiction. The tales that Mrs. Peattie put in "A Mountain Woman" (Way & Williams), and Miss Pratt's "A Book of Martyrs" (Scribners), give with unusual acuteness of perception this minor tone of Western life as it falls on woman's ears. Miss Pratt's stories show a remarkable faculty of compressing a whole tragedy into a very few pages, and making no fuss about it.

* * *

THE East has already got beyond groaning over its inevitable tragedies, and has for several years been easing its hurt by social and philanthropic experiments. No better interpretation of these has found its way into fiction than Miss Margaret Sherwood's "An Experiment in Altruism," and the very recent "A Puritan Bohemia" (Macmillan). In them we get one step away

from the people who make the social tragedy, and study the people who believe that they are alleviating it. This sort of fiction has reached its culmination in the novels of Mrs. Humphry Ward. In England they call it the "problem novel." Over here it creeps into our short stories with a good deal of the humor of a popular fad. It is hard to make a healthy American believe that his fellow creatures are permanently miserable.

* * *

WE take more kindly to the latest phase of the American Short Story—that of pure Romance for the sake of the romance. It is highly amusing, and it does not hurt. The novels and stories of Robert W. Chambers have been among the best specimens of these. His latest volume, "The Maker of Moons" (Putnam), is notable for the vein of phantasy that glitters in the first three stories. Not only does he permit his imagination to run riot, but he carries the reader with him, believing in it all—and that is what a romantic story is made for.

Mr. Clinton Ross has followed the romantic method in his clever story of adventure, "The Puppet" (Stone & Kimball)—where what is improbable is made to seem feasible. Mr. Ross is making rapid advances in his construction of romantic tales, and in the ease of his narrative.

Droch.



A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO
ALL OUR READERS.

THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

PAPA: Where did these wooden sticks on the floor come from?

MAMMA: Oh, those are pieces of Willie's indestructible tool-box.

"And these bits of plaster?"

"Why, that is part of the unbreakable doll we got for Mary."

A YEAR COMPELLED.

IT was the first minute of the first day of January. I had been waiting for this moment, and had determined upon a course of action which should forcibly break the hated monotony of my life.

It seemed that my plan was likely to be successful. The clock on my mantelpiece had barely finished striking the hour—the whir of the gong was still audible—as I seized the hand of the New Year.

The Child drew back from me; in his clear blue eyes there was no trace of fear, though in my right hand I held a whip of many thongs.

"New Year," I said, "I have you in my power. Grant my wishes and I set you free. Refuse me, and I will scourge you from the face of the earth, though thereby I break the

power of your father, Time, and plunge the world into dark depths of Eternity."

The Child did not flinch.

With his clear eyes he looked into my very soul.

"What can you want, more than you already possess?" he asked. "You are counted happy; successful; you have many friends."

"Listen: I want love, riches, fame; these three. You can bring them to me if you wish. Will you do it?"

The Child looked at me incredulously. "But those three—you have them already."

I shook him, impatiently. "Child,"

I said, "you cannot understand. Do you imagine that such scant measure satisfies a full-grown soul? Love, riches, fame; I will have them in their fullness. What is mine, now, is as nothing. It is all so petty. A friend or two; money enough for to-day—yes, perhaps for to-morrow; a fame that extends from here to a neighboring village. Can these things satisfy? Riches, fame, love, in fullest measure; bring them to me ere you pass from earth. Do you promise?"

The Child's face seemed to lose for a moment its child-like character, and to assume an expression of stern reproof. Perhaps it was merely a fancy, for when he spoke there was a ring of sincerity in his voice that made it impossible for me to doubt the honesty of his purpose.

"Love, riches, fame," said the New Year; "these three in their fullest measure shall your soul possess before my time is over. I promise."

I did not doubt his word. I let him go.

A silvery sound echoed through the room. Did the New Year laugh, mocking my trust? I hastily snatched at him as he passed, and caught his hand. But one look into the depths of his eyes satisfied me. Once more I let him go.

* * *

The last night of December. I was waiting to seize the Old Year ere he escaped from the world.

All good things had been taken from me; revenge, at least, I would have. I would make him rue his broken promise.

From my clock came the preliminary click preceding the first stroke of the hour. A few seconds more and the false Year would have passed beyond my reach, into the place of things that have been and are not. I summoned all my energies; every power I possessed I centred upon the one determination. Revenge I would have.

The Old Year, who had been the New Year, stood before me. The little, clear-eyed child had changed to a tall, shadowy man, his eyes hidden away under shaggy brows.

I seized him roughly by a shrunken arm. He wavered in my grasp, like a weed in the wind.

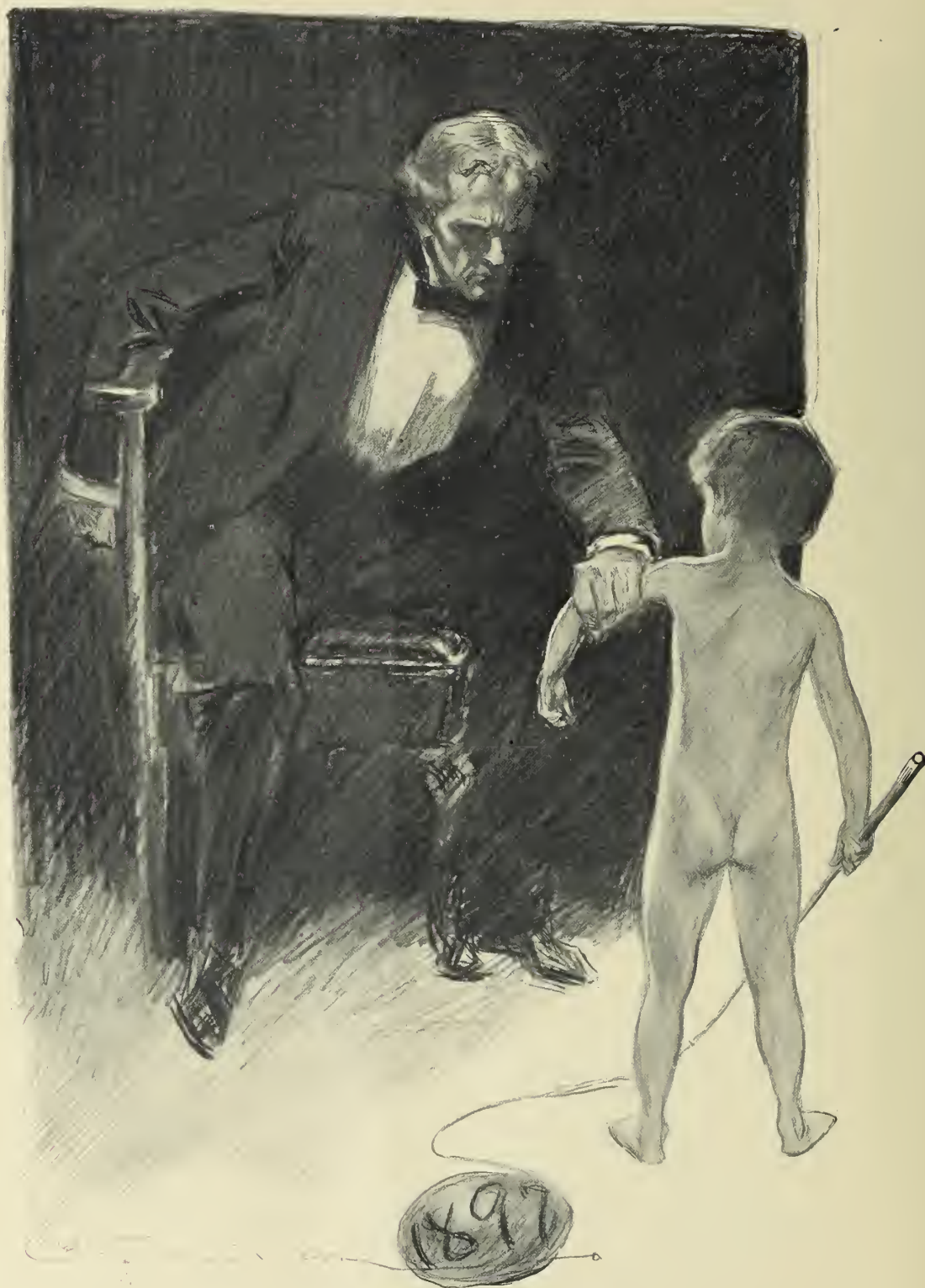
"Liar!" I hissed in his ear. "Liar! where are your promised gifts? You have played me false. Liar! Liar! Liar!"

At every word I raised my arm to strike him; but one cannot strike a shadow, the shadow of an old man.

And suddenly, from under those shaggy brows, his eyes gleamed out at me like burning coals. I fell back



ON A GOLD BASIS.



"With his clear eyes he looked into my very soul."



Query: "DOES THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF MAN RENDER HIM UNFIT FOR DOMESTIC DUTIES?"

before them; they made me afraid, as I had never thought to feel afraid of anything.

"You are talking wildly," said the Old Year; and his voice was clear and very calm. "You are talking wildly, and I have little time to listen. What is your complaint?"

With an effort I restrained my wrath. I would try to put the case before him plainly.

"You promised me, at the first moment of your existence, that you would bring me riches, fame, love. Have you forgotten?"

"I have not forgotten," said the Old Year; and the shadows round his mouth quivered, so that he appeared to smile. "I have not forgotten. Well, what has happened to you?"

The question, recalling my wrongs, renewed my wrath.

"What has happened to me?" I cried, fiercely. "Why, so far from bringing me those three things, or any one of them, you have taken them from me. A year ago to-night

I had money, friends, fame. To-night I am penniless, friendless, utterly forgotten by the world. Is it so you keep your promises?"

"Slowly, my friend, slowly. An old man cannot follow your hasty words. You say that I have taken from you love, fame and riches. Is that your meaning?"

"Yes," I answered, giving him a sudden shake to emphasize my accusation.

Again he turned his glowing eyes upon me; and there was a gleam of anger in them now which stopped the hot words of denunciation that were ready on my tongue.

"My time is short," said he, sternly. "I ought not to waste words on you. Judge for yourself whether I have wronged you. When I came you told me that you lacked three things: riches, fame, love. Now you say that I have taken them from you. How can that be?"

"O—but I had them—I didn't realize," I stammered. "But now I know."

"Ah, yes. Now you know what love and riches and fame are?"

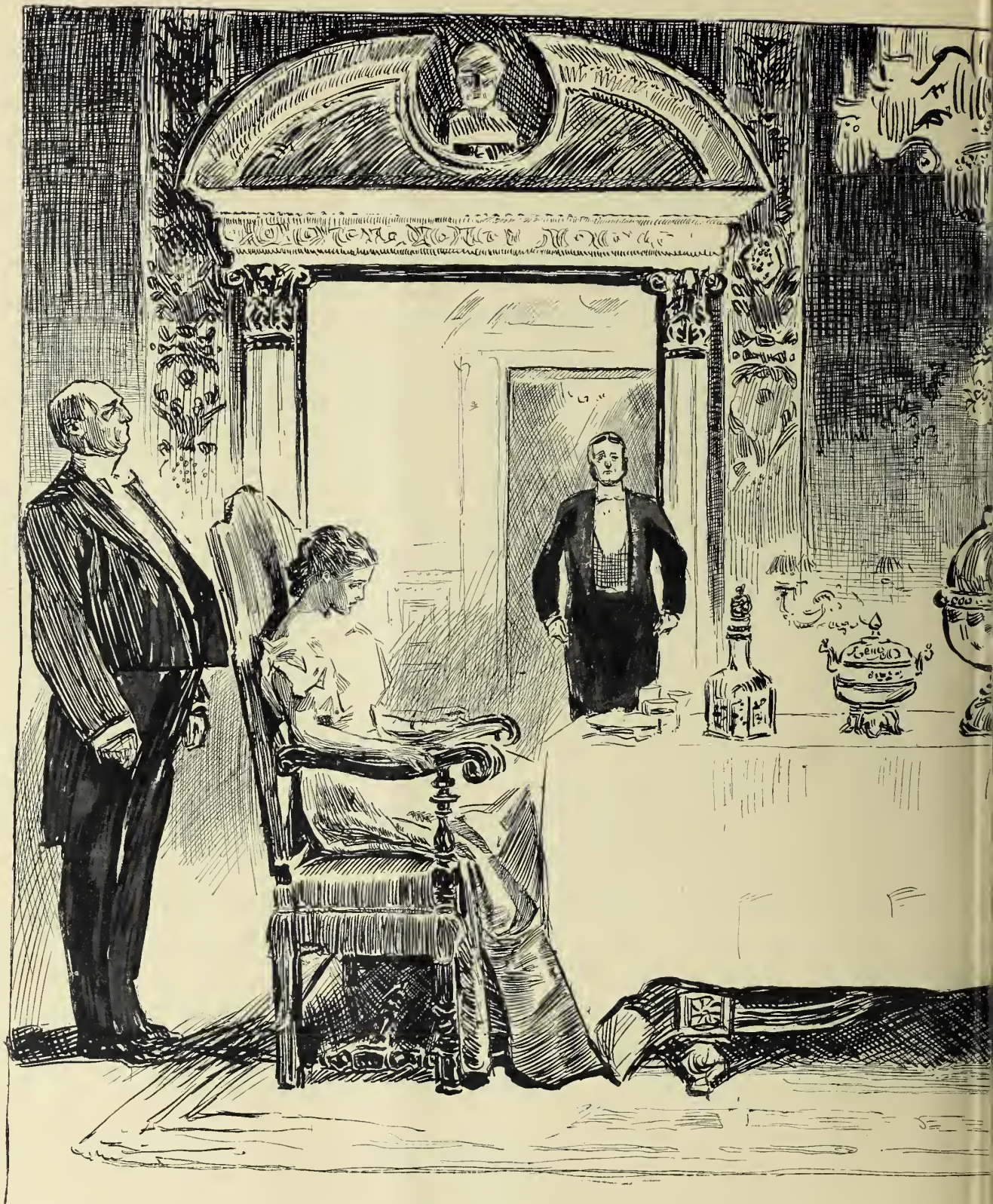
"Yes, yes," I answered, eagerly. "I can appreciate them now. Give them back to me—quickly, before you go."

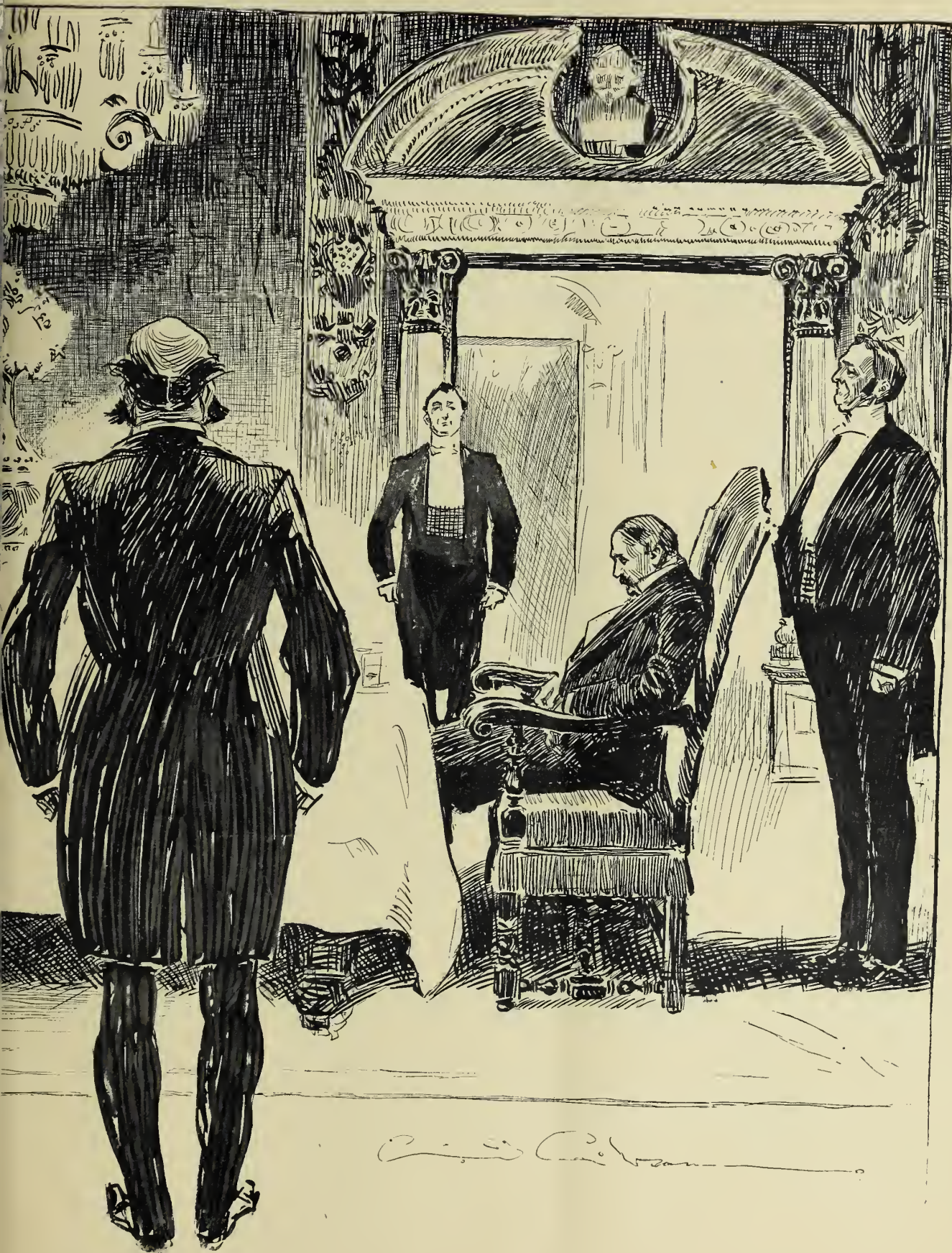
"Fool," said the Old Year. "Do you not yet understand? Riches, fame and love are yours now. I have fulfilled my promise. That which the soul knows, that it possesses. Riches, fame and love belong not to the man who has them outwardly, but to him who has learned to know them inwardly. When you had them, you had them not. What you have lost is gained. What I have taken from you, I have placed in your possession. Henceforth their outward forms may come or go; the realities are yours forever."

The last stroke of midnight sounded. The Old Year vanished. A clear-eyed child stood in his place, and seemed to wait my word.

"New Year," I said, humbly; "New Year, bring me whatsoever you will."

Geraldine Meyrick.







HALCYON DAYS.



THE IMPORTED "TRILBY."

IT wasn't necessary for Mr. Beerbohm Tree to do "Trilby" in New York, except possibly from his own point of view. We have had it so much better done in every particular that his production was a work of supererogation. Every part in the well-known dramatization has been better done than by Mr. Tree and his company, and in its entirety the New York rendering was certainly more spirited and adequate. The text of Du Maurier was more faithfully adhered to, and at no cost of dramatic effect.

To a good many people this will seem a paralyzing statement. What! An American playwright take the work of a British author—only it must be remembered that Du Maurier was not altogether British—turn it into a play, produce it in this country with an American stage setting and a cast of New York actors, and yet get a better result than the same version fixed over to suit British ideas and produced on a London stage by a British actor-manager and his London troupe! Yes, and one has only to bear in mind the book itself, to remember Mr. Palmer's production and then witness Mr. Tree's version, and though it may hurt to admit that New York can possibly do anything artistic better than London can, the admission will have to be made. The changes in the scenario and text made by Mr. Tree and Mr. Potter to

please the British fancy are departures from the story as Mr. Du Maurier wrote it, and detract from its truth to life. The spirit of the production is British and heavy, lacking the France and the Bohemia which pervaded our version. The cast, taken character for character, from *Svengali* down to the dancing grisettes, is inferior at every point.

LIFE knows that it is unpatriotic to admit this. There isn't a Johnnie nor a Chappie in town who could conceive its possibility. It is part of our

local faith to acknowledge that we are behind all the rest of the world in everything, except, possibly, patent medicines and buckwheat cakes. Conscience knows that we are behind in a good many things, but when we find one little one—especially in the artistic way—where we excel, let us flap our wings just a trifle and give a very modest crow of self-congratulation.

This is not at Mr. Tree's expense. He is nothing like so great an actor as he would have us believe, but he produced "Trilby" in a fashion that pleased the British public, and it is said gained a lot of money as well as won the approval of Mr. George Du Maurier himself. We are only sorry that the lamented author could not have seen the American production, to learn how much more

closely we adhered to his ideals, and how much more sacred we held his text. Mr. Tree may hold that his changes make a more effective play, taken as a play simply, but even this claim is open to very serious dispute. "Trilby" was a far from probable story, but its great merit lay in its pathos, its vivid reproduction of an atmosphere, and its carefully drawn characters, so drawn that they seemed alive. The American production sought to transfer this carefully to the stage, and succeeded so well that it gave us the "Trilby" of Du Maurier, instead, as in the British version, the "Trilby" of Tree.

* * *

IN commenting on the proposed theatre-hat legislation, some sections of the press assume to be afraid that coercion may move the spirit of obstinacy in women, and after the bill becomes a law our condition will be worse than it is now. We are not in favor of a law on this subject, but we don't believe well-bred and thoughtful women are going to be made any worse by its existence, and it might possibly reach the cases of those women who are not to be moved by any considerations of decent regard for the rights of others. For the one kind no law is necessary; to the other no law could appeal, unless backed up by a policeman's authority and a prospective ride in a patrol-wagon.

Metcalf.

THE Horse Clippers' Union wants a law passed in New York State that horse clippers shall have to serve a three years' apprenticeship, pass an examination, and take out a license before they can practice their vocation. Avast, horse clippers! It doesn't take three years to learn to clip a horse, and a clipper has no more need of a license than a barber. Monopoly is what you are after, horse clippers. We all want little monopolies in our several trades nowadays, and we should make it our business, severally and collectively, to put obstacles in one another's way. There isn't enough monopoly to go around, and the distribution of what there is should be arranged with an eye to the interests of the whole community.

RIFFETT: That was a terrible accident that happened to the air-ship.

SPARKS: What was the trouble?

"They ran into a Chicago cloud."



AN EYE FOR COLOR.



ANNOUNCEMENT!

LIFE FOR 1897.

AN EXTRAORDINARY INDUCEMENT.

IT will pay you to read 'his, because it means much to many burdened households. During the coming year, LIFE will not publish any articles by the Hon. Benjamin Harrison, Stephen Crane, Dwight Moody, J. M. Barrie, Willie Bryan, Mrs. Rorer, Conan Doyle, Anthony Comstock, E. W. Bok, Poultney Bigelow, Hall Caine, Ruth Ashmore, Steve Brodie, James Corbett or Hoot Mon Maclaren. This is worth thinking about, but it is not all. By herculean efforts, and the expenditure of nearly eight hundred dollars in cash, we have succeeded in getting together the following

ABSORBING FEATURES.

A beautiful photogravure frontispiece of Rudyard Kipling's back-door step, with full view of author.

A superb series of snap shots taken at Drumtochty, showing Dr. Watson in his daily life, as follows: "In Bed," "Feeding Himself," "Breathing." Also his tooth-brush (actual life size), hat, shoes, and other interesting articles of wardrobe actually worn by the great Scotsman.

The Life and Times of Napoleon Bonaparte, George Washington, and W. D. Howells, written especially for LIFE by the latter. The author, although hitherto unknown to the public, is peculiarly fitted for his work, having been employed on nearly every magazine in the country. New anecdotes, spark-

ling text matter, daguerreotypes to burn, and portraits till you can't rest, will be thrown in.

"Science As It Does Not Exist." By an ex-Congressman and former reporter of the *World*, who naturally withholds his name. This wonderful series of articles will be illustrated by portraits of some of the most inconspicuous actresses of the day, showing them as they really are.

"Untrodden Fields of Art." A beautiful collection of reproductions of some of the worst examples of modern art, with explanatory text matter written by an office boy hired especially for the purpose. Among some striking types may be mentioned: "Meet Me at the Sewer," by Pulitzer; "The Battle Field," by Theodore Roosevelt; "Waiting," by M. Hanna; "The Limit," by Hearst; "Marooned," by Bryan; "The Proxy," by McKinley; and "Posing," by Parkhurst;

NONE OF WHICH WILL BE PUBLISHED.

And this is one among many reasons why LIFE will be one of the most desirable papers to read during the coming year.



DONALD IS HERE!

YES.

Donald Macslushey is with us!

Donald Macslushey, the writer of dialect, the author of "Sentimental Soosie," "My Wee, Wee Galoot," and "In the Bonnie Briar Pipe," is really here.

As he stepped upon the wharf a great shout rent the air, and when the American woman realized that a Scotch story-teller was so near her she fainted by dozens from pure hysteria.

Hundreds fell upon his neck, and would have clung till now had it not been for the stiffness of his crimson whiskers and a strong odor of Inverness.

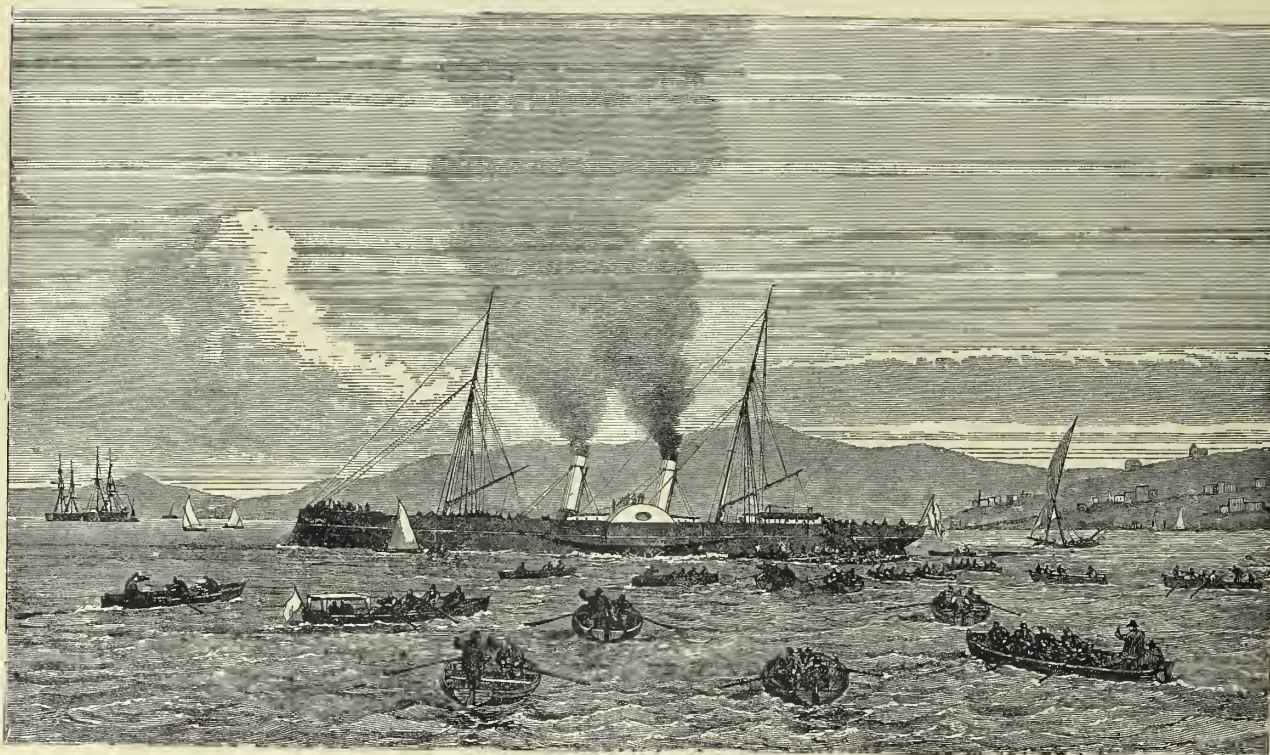


DONALD MACSLUSHEY AS HE LOOKS TO-DAY.

page of any one of Donald Macslushey's volumes will bring tears to a woman's eyes. Like others of his countrymen, he prefers a minister for a hero. It is whispered in literary circles that his forthcoming novel, "The Ticcit Parson," is a masterpiece of its kind. Perhaps his most popular novel to-day among the women of America is his touching story of "Goody-Goody MacGoody." Of course it is difficult to surpass Ian Maclaren or James M. Barrie in the lachrymose field, but Mr. Macslushey holds his own.

HIS LECTURES.

He has been offered ninety-two thousand dollars a night for a series



ARRIVAL OF DONALD MACSLUSHEY IN THE LOWER BAY.

HIS APPEARANCE.

Mr. Macslushey is tall and short, red and yellow, with light-blue eyes. He wears no trowsers. His head and nose are bald; his voice is full, and so also, at times, is Donald himself. His legs are thin, but his feet are wide, and altogether he is a splendid specimen of what haggis and oatmeal can accomplish.

HIS WRITINGS.

He employs dialect to a great extent, which, of course, renders his books incomprehensible to American readers, but this has no evil effect upon the sales. His great power, as with other modern Scotch authors, lies in making his feminine readers weep. It is asserted by his publishers that the perusal of the title-

of eight hundred lectures on *The Superiority of Scotch Dialect Over Other Modes of Expression*. It is expected by his friends at home that he will make some money while he is over here. At his first lecture, night before last, all traffic in this city was stopped, and it is estimated that three hundred thousand people were in the streets about the building



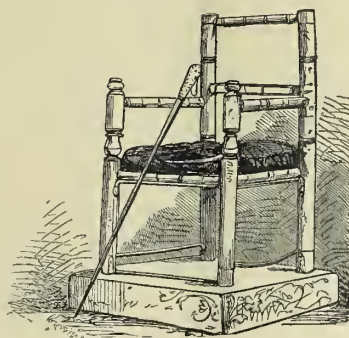
DONALD MACSLUSHEY DANCING IN DIALECT AT A FÊTE GIVEN IN HIS HONOR LAST THURSDAY BY THE BRA SICCIT MACRUBBISH SOCIETY OF WEST ORANGEPEEL.

waiting for a glimpse of the great author as he came out.

His delivery was poor and his lan-



BIRTHPLACE OF DONALD MACSLUSHEY IN TUMTITODDY.



CHAIR IN WHICH THE IDEA FOR "MY BONNY PRAFITS" WAS CONCEIVED. Now in Metropolitan Museum.

guage incomprehensible, but the excitement was unprecedented. Women, as they fainted, were packed away in the cellar.

HIS MANNERS.

Although more of a gentleman in his manners than Mr. Barrie, there is yet room for improvement; but this is his first absence from home, and much should be forgiven. He has a good appetite, eats rapidly and well, and does not care to converse at his meals.

WHEN you turn over a new leaf it is just as well not to mention the number of the page.

"IS de earth round?"

"Course 'tis!"

"How d'yer know?"

"D'yer s'pose thim cable cars 'd wurk round a square earth, yer bloke!"



"THE female sex," said Monsieur Calino, lately, "is the most illogical in the world."

"What new proof have you of the want of devotion of women to the canons of logic?" he was asked.

"Why, take my wife," answered Monsieur Calino. "I had all the trouble in the world to get her to enter her thirties, and now, a dozen years later, I can't get her out of them."—*The Wave*.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT was not always the fluent orator and ready extemporaneous speaker that he is today, but this is not a matter of surprise, as precocity is never proof of greatness, although it has in many noted instances characterized those who afterward became great. Theodore Roosevelt was a wide-awake, hustling youth, good at his books, but better at his sports, a lover of all outdoors, and a healthy, hearty, sturdy American boy. At school he was required to write essays, deliver orations, "speak pieces," just as are all schoolboys in those modern days, and his old playmates still delight to relate how "Ted" brought the house down by his method of rendering that old stand-by, "Marco Bozaris."

Everybody knows at least the beginning of the stirring poem:

At midnight in his guarded tent
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knees in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.

When young Roosevelt's turn came to speak he rose with all confidence and began:

"At midnight in his guarded tent
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knees—"
Then his memory failed him and he repeated:
"Greece her knees—"
In vain; his memory stubbornly refused to work.
Once more he shouted desperately:
"Greece her knees—"
The old professor looked over his spectacles and encouragingly remarked:
"Grease her knees once more, Theodore; perhaps she'll go then."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

A RECENT elopement and wedding in Chicago have revealed the fact that there is an elopement club among the girls of a Chicago high school. Its written constitution has been discovered, and its salient features are as follows:

"This organization shall be called 'The H. P. H. S. Elopement Club.'

"Absolute secrecy as to time and particulars of elopement shall be maintained even between members.

"Membership shall be limited to seven, and shall cease the moment the wedding-ring is placed on a true sister's finger.

"The older the man inveigled into eloping, the more credit shall be given the departing sister.

"Boys under eighteen years are not to be considered responsible.

"Milwaukee is the Gretna Green preferable.

"Trunks and trousseaus absolutely forbidden. Long wedding trips are also barred.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

HARPER AND BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

The Relation of Literature to Life. By Charles Dudley Warner.

Frances Waldeau. By Rebecca Harding Davis.

In Bohemia with Du Maurier. By Felix Moscheles. Original Drawings by G. Du Maurier.

English Society. Sketched by George Du Maurier.

The Square of Sevens. By E. Irenæus Stevenson.

A Virginia Cavalier. By Molly Elliot Seawell.

George Washington. By Woodrow Wilson. Illustrated by Howard Pyle, Harry Fenn, and others.

F. TENNYSON NEELY, NEW YORK.

Noble Blood. By Captain Charles King.

A Professional Lover. By Gyp.

Boss Bart, Politician. By Joe Mitchell Chapple.

Lyrics of Lowly Life. By Paul Laurence Dunbar. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

How to Listen to Music. By Henry Edward Krehbiel. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Matins. By Francis Sherman. Boston: Copeland and Day.

The Harvard Index. Vol. XXIII. Cambridge: Co-operative Printing Society.

"The penalty for being a member for longer than two years is expulsion.

"Each departing member shall suggest a sister to take her place.

"First, last, and always, the motto of the club shall be:

"'Elope, elope! We care not where,
Just so we find a husband there.'"

—*Argonaut*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saabach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

IVORY SOAP

A fine complexion is too rare
To run the risk of losing;
But everyone who takes good care
(All other kinds refusing)
To get pure Ivory, grows more fair
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HOT SCOTCH.

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It was a kald miurning i' Abernethshire near the krag. Ean Mac Clooren goot cop and thressed as foost as he coold in the kald. His twa wee bairns koodled doon i' the bloonkets. "Ach weef," sad hee, "oor Scotch kilemat goos ageen mi grain. Only yester whe' E tried to tooch an auld freend for a guinea or twa he answered: "Na, Ean, wee Scotch be canny and E hov auny enoof for E'.

"Whoot,koon E do to ge' the goold?" sad E.

"Go to Amereeca and lectoor to the sauvages theer, get goold put a' tul' ma' ther',spa, und ven sie geld genughaben coom back and spend it here in Scootland and 'roast' those Americans in a brand new guide-book to America.' Dear weef, E will go und geet goold so that the wee bairns kon cuddle doon soom moor." Whan the milentfu' gentlema' la' sai' tha' h' thoct of a wed-dent that, be gorra, he had to perform tha' day. Twa of his choorch meembers, Mr. Hand ond Miss Foote, were to be married. As he thoct oof this he suddntly clasped his hoonds twagither moaning: "Ach, dear weef, E cand marry Meester Hoond and Miss Foote." "Why, (aber) nit?" answered his wife. "Beca," sad he, "tha' couldna' get a divorcee."

"But gimme your reasons for sayen so," spoke his wife.

"Beca' tha would be bound Hand and Foote."—*Texas Siftings.*

It was on a train going through Indiana. Among the passengers were a newly-married couple, who made themselves known to such an extent that the occupants of the car commenced passing sarcastic remarks about them. The bride and groom stood the remarks for some time, but finally the latter, who was a man of tremendous size, broke out in the following language at his tormenters: "Yes, we're married — just married. We are going 160 miles further on this train, and I am going to 'spoon' all the way. If you don't like it, you can get out and walk. She's my violet and I'm her sheltering oak." During the remainder of the journey they were left in peace.—*Exchange.*

It is said that, on account of their depth and coldness, the waters of Lake Superior do not give up their dead. A recent traveler there asked the captain of a Lake Superior steamer why he carried life preservers, the water being so cold that one could not long survive immersion. "Oh," was the nonchalant reply, "we carry the corks so that it will be easier to recover the bodies!"

—*Argonaut.*

DURING his last season in New York an irate creditor, who had sued out a writ of attachment, courteously went to see Colonel Mapleson about it a few hours before the time for beginning the performance. Afterward he told his experience to Arditi. "Well, did you get your money?" asked the latter. "Get nothing!" was the reply. "I listened to him talk, sent the deputy sheriff home, and when I came out of his office I had loaned him \$75 in cash."—*The Wave.*

THE palm for absent-mindedness is probably taken by a learned German, whom a Berlin comic paper calls Professor Dusel, of Bonn. One day the professor noticed his wife placing a large bouquet on his desk. "What does that mean?" he asked.

"Why!" she exclaimed, "don't you know that this is the anniversary of your marriage?"

"Ah, indeed, is it?" said the professor, politely. "Kindly let me know when yours comes around, and I will reciprocate the favor."

—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

THE new woman orator waxed eloquent.

"And what," she demanded, as she came to the climax, "is to be the result of our emancipation?"

She looked around with the calm assurance of one who had asked a poser, and this was too much for the little man who was waiting for his wife in a far corner of the hall.

"I know," he shouted.

"Ah," returned the new woman on the platform, scornfully, "the little man with the bald head thinks he has solved the problem that we came here to discuss this afternoon. We will gladly give our attention while he tells us what is to be the result."

"Cold dinners and ragged children," roared the little man.—*Chicago Post.*

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Jacksonville tours, allowing two weeks in Florida, will leave New York and Philadelphia January 26, February 9 and 23, and March 9, 1897. Rate, covering expenses en route in both directions, \$50.00 from New York, and \$48.00 from Philadelphia.

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Tours, each covering a period of three days, will leave New York and Philadelphia December 29, 1896, January 21, February 11, March 11, April 1 and 22, and May 13, 1897. Rates, including transportation and two days' accommodation at the best Washington Hotels, \$14.50 from New York, and \$11.50 from Philadelphia.

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